THIS COPY HAS BEEN REPRODUCED FROM AN ORIGINAL HELD BY

THE NEW YORK STATE LIBRARY

THE ART JOURNAL

NEW SERIES

LONDON: J.S. VIRTUE & Co. LIMTD.

NEW YORK: THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS CO.

1887

THIS,

THE FIFTIETH VOLUME

OF

THE ART JOURNAL,

IS,

BY SPECIAL PERMISSION,

Dedicated

TO

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN,

IN

THE JUBILEE YEAR OF HER REIGN.

11 Jan 23 Robert Olatt 3

326413

CONTENTS

LIST OF PLATE ILLUSTRATIONS.

LINE ENGRAVINGS.

	ENGRAVER.	ARTIST	TO FACE PAGE	DESCRIBED ON PAGE
1. THE LAST BIT OF SCANDAL	*Louis Godfrey*	W. F. YEAMES, R.A.	33	52
2. IONA	*E. P. Brandard*	J. MACWHIRTER, A.R.A.	129	140
3. THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN AND ALBERT DÜRER	*T. Brown*	G. KOLLER	225	230
4. THE LAST VOYAGE OF HENRY HUDSON	*W. Greatbach*	THE HON. J. COLLIER	289	300
5. A DIALOGUE AT WATERLOO	*J. C. Armytage*	SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A.	385	396

ETCHINGS.

		TO FACE PAGE	DESCRIBED ON PAGE
1. VENETIANS	C. O. MURRAY, *after* LUKE FILDES, A.R.A.	*Frontispiece*	24
2. FROM THE FIELD OF SEDGEMOOR	C. O. MURRAY, *after* SEYMOUR LUCAS, A.R.A.	65	69
3. HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN	*Original Etching by* E. SLOCOMBE	161	162
4. THE ROUND TOWER, WINDSOR CASTLE	*Original Etching by* ALEX. H. HAIG	177	162
5. THE GRAPE HARVEST	HENRI LEPIND, *after* E. DEBAT-PONSAN	257	264
6. THE RAISING OF JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER	W. UNGER, *after* GABRIEL MAX	321	340

REPRODUCTIONS IN FAC-SIMILE.

		TO FACE PAGE	DESCRIBED ON PAGE
1. CURIOSITY	*From the Picture by* LUDWIG PASSINI, R.I.	97	112
2. CONSULTING THE ORACLE	*From the Picture by* J. L. GEROME	353	368

LITERATURE.

ACADEMY Schools, The, 118
American Gift Book, An, 40
American Millionaire's Gallery, An, 153
Anti-Academy Movement, The, 29
Architecture of Queen Victoria's Reign, The, 203
Art Education during the past fifty years, 221
Art Notes, 29, 30, 127, 383
Art on the Continent :—
  Belgium, 416
  Canada, 256
  France, 350
  Paris Salon, The, 284
Art for Schools Association, The, 320
Art Sales of 1887, The, 337
Art Sales in America, 293
Art Workmen, Prizes for, 350
Autotype Co., 256

BALMORAL, 215
Barnard Castle, 333
Bernadus Pictor, 39
Black-country Heroine, A, 14
Bowes, 249
Bronzes, French, 254
Busts, 160

CENTURY Guild, The, 295
Ceylon Scenery, 322
Coinage, The New, 319
Consulting the Oracle, 368
Continental Art, Recent, 394
Copley Fielding, 30
Coronation Chair, The, 319, 349
Correction, A, 127
Cromer, Old, 265
Crown Collection of Pictures, The, 181, 385
Curiosity, 112

DIALOGUE at Waterloo, A, 396
Drama in Pasteboard, The, 105, 141
Dyck, Van, 57

EGGLESTON, Brignal, and Wycliffe, 390
Eiffel Tower, The, 160
Elizabethan State Salt-cellars, Some, 75
Emperor Maximilian and Albert Dürer, The, 230
Excavations and Discoveries, 349
Exhibitions :—
  Australian Artists' Winter Exhibition, 63
  Autotype Co., 256, 351
  Bellman & Ivey's, 254
  Birmingham Corporation Art Gallery, 127
  Birmingham Society of Artists, The Royal, 255, 382
  British Artists, Society of, 62, 253
  Buck and Reid, 126, 383
  Burlington House, Old Masters, 93
  Burton Gallery, 63
  Continental Gallery, The, 382
  Dowdeswells, 126, 254
  Dudley Gallery, 125
  Fine Art Society, 125, 254, 319, 350, 383
  French Gallery, The, 253
  Glasgow Institute, The, 158
  Goupil's, 254
  Grosvenor Gallery, The, 94, 315
  Hanover Gallery, 125, 320
  Lady Artists' Society, The, 253
  Lincolnshire Exhibition, The, 317
  Liverpool Walker Art Gallery, 29, 320, 381
  MacLean's, 253
  Manchester Academy and School, The, 158
Exhibitions (*continued*) :—
  Manchester Jubilee Exhibition, The, 281, 313, 413
  Manchester, The City Art Gallery, 381
  Mendoza's, 63
  National Portrait Gallery, The, 384
  New English Art Club, The, 254
  Nineteenth Century Art Gallery, The, 159, 320
  Nottingham Autumn Exhibition, 415
  Print Room, British Museum, Engravings in, 319
  Royal Academy, 277, 309, 350
  Royal Scottish Academy, 157, 351
  Royal Hibernian Academy, The, 287
  Royal Institute of Painters in Water-colours, 62, 316, 414
  Royal Society of Painters in Water-colours, 62, 287, 414
  Royal Yorkshire Jubilee Exhibition, Saltaire, Art at the, 317
  Salon Parisien, 126
  Suchorowski's Pictures, 383
  Verestchagin Exhibition, The, 414
  Vokin's Gallery, 30

FISHER Folk, Some, 25
Flemish Embroideries, Old and New, 377
Foreign Artist and Author in England, A :—
  Dover, 33
  Canterbury, 70
  Barmouth, 134
  Snowdon, 225
  Llanberis, etc., 269
  Chester, 345
Forgotten English Painters, Robert Streater, 375

Fortune Teller, The, 276
Flemish Brass, Some, 330
Furniture Designs by Mr. Alma Tadema, 288

GERMAN, A, Military Painter. Anton von Werner, 5
Girtin, Thomas, 361
Grandfather in Charge, The, 147
Grape Harvest, The, 264
Graphic Arts, Fifty Years' Development of the, 210
Gros and Delacroix, 405
Guildhall of the City of London, The, 353

HEIDELBERG, 257
Her Majesty's Marine Painter, Sir Oswald Brierly, 129
Holman Hunt in Autotype, 351
Home Arts:—
No. VIII.—Pressed Wood Work, 89
No. IX.—Mosaic Powder Work, 149
No. X.—Gesso Painting, 341
No. XI.—Decorating Horns, 358
No. XII.—Shell-Cutting, 409
Houghton Hall and the Walpoles, 76
Humourist Painter of Bavaria, The, 122

ICELAND, 301
Iona, 140
Irish Lace, 145

JUBILEE, The Queen's, 95
Jubilee Number, Our, 161

KEEPER of the Prints, The, 29, 319

LACE-School at Bruges, A, 81
Last Days of Edward VI., The, 230
Last Voyage of Henry Hudson, The, 300
Little Sisters of the Poor, The, 113
Lucas, Seymour, A.R.A., 65

MADONNA and Child, 329
Marks and Devices of the Early Printers, The, 103
Meaning in Ornament, 237
Meissonier, J. L. E., The Life and Works of. (See Art Annual.)
Michetti, 16, 41
Mountain of the Monks, The, 332
Museums and Galleries, Short Notes, 64, 95, 127, 159, 255, 288, 318, 349, 383, 416

NAPOLEON and the Sphinx, 368
New Rooms at the National Gallery, The, 312
Norwegian Fjord, A, 274

OBITUARY, 30, 95, 127, 160, 256, 288, 319, 350, 416

Official Taste, 255
Old London Picture Exhibitions, 44, 85, 245, 397
Old Schau, The, 298

PERSONAL Notes, 64, 94, 127, 159, 255, 288, 318, 349, 383, 415

QUEEN'S Dogs, The, 241

RAISING of Jairus' Daughter, The, 340
Raphael, 320
Recent German Art, Illustrations of, 325
Reviews:—
Alexander's Empire, 256
Architecture in Dalmatia, 384
Art of Pen-and-Ink Drawing, The, 128
Art of the Saracens in Egypt, The, 96
"Artistes célèbres, Les," 96, 384
Basque People, Legends and Popular Tales, 32
Bewick Gleanings, 96
Bibliothèque de l'Enseignement des Beaux Arts, 30, 320
Bibliothèque Internationale de l'Art, 95
Carthage, 32
Closing Year, The, 40
Cruise of the Land Yacht *Wanderer*, 256
Crump and Smiles, 63
Die K. K. Wiener, Porzellanfabrik, 128
Down the Snow Stairs, 63
Engravings, 32
Etchings, Various, 32
Etudes sur l'orfèvrerie Française au dix-huitième Siècle, 351
Fantaisies Decoratives, 352
Francesco Bartolozzi, 352
Handbook of Painting, 160
Histoire de l'Art Byzantin, 96
Histoire de l'Art dans la Flandre, etc., avant le XVe Siècle, 128
History of Rome, 96
History of Painting, 160
History of Old English Letter Foundries, A, 128
Italian Pre-Raphaelites, 357
Jack and the Beanstalk, 64
La Carità of Andrea del Sarto, 160
La Dame aux Camelias, 256
La Tour (Les Artistes Célèbres), 96
Legendary History of the Cross, The, 160
Leone Leoni, 128
Life of Sir Henry Raeburn, R.A., 160
Magyar Müveszek, 160
Manual of Oil Painting, 128
Meuble en France, Le, 352
Ministry of Fine Art to the Happiness of Life, The, 96
Modern Ornamentation, 256
Modern Methods of Illustrating Books, 128
Mountain of the Monks, The, 332
Naturalistic School of Painting, The, 128
New Amphion, The, 96
On Dutch Waterways, 96
Ornamental Arts of Japan, The, 31
Philadelphia Photographer, The, 352
Photogravure, A Reading from Homer, 160
Principles of Art, 352
Principles and Practice of Harmonious Colouring as applied to Photographs, 128
Retrospections, Social and Archæological, 32
Rip Van Winkle, 63
Saint Cecilia, 128
Saint Hildred, 128
Sketches of Life in Japan, 320
Society in the Elizabethan Age, 160
Song of Songs, 96
Songs from Shakespeare, 96
Tour, La, 96, 305
Variations of Fortune, 256
Wagner, Richard, 31
Ruskin's Publishers, Mr., 256

SANTA Barbara, 10
Sales, 127
Scandal, The Last Bit of, 52
Scott's, Sir Walter, Country, 1, 49, 109, 232
Sculpture, 177, 350
South Kensington, 159
Statues, 160, 319
Streater, Robert, 375
Swiss Italian Town, A, Locarno, 289

UNAVAILABLE Art, 366

VENETIANS, 24
Verona, 369
Victorian Fine Art, 163
Victorian Progress in Applied Design, 185

WAGNER, Caricatures of, 53
Wellington, Boehm's, 64
Werner, Anton von. A German Military Painter, 5
Westminster Abbey, Vandalism at, 349
Whistler, 97
Wrought Iron in Bruges, 402
Württemberg, Industrial Art in, 20

LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS.

WILLIAM ARCHER.
WALTER ARMSTRONG.

ALFRED BEAVER.

JOHN CAPPER.
BASIL CHAMPNEYS.

LEWIS F. DAY.
WALTER DOWDESWELL.

URQUHART A. FORBES.

DAVID HANNAY.
A. HARRIS.
W. E. HENLEY.
J. S. HODSON.
HERBERT P. HORNE.

MARCUS B. HUISH.
MRS. ALFRED HUNT.

ROSE G. KINGSLEY
F. G. KITTON.

CHARLES G. LELAND.
W. J. LOFTIE.

HUGH MACMILLAN.
ALICE MEYNELL.

JOHN OLDCASTLE.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

GILBERT R. REDGRAVE.
EDWARD ROBERTS.

H. R. ROBERTSON.
LIONEL G. ROBINSON.
MABEL F. ROBINSON.
SIR J. C. ROBINSON.
T. L. ROGET.
WALTER ROWLANDS.

EVE BLANTYRE SIMPSON.
F. G. STEPHENS.
R. A. M. STEVENSON.

STEPHEN THOMPSON.

P. VILLARS.

LILLIAS WASSERMANN.

HELEN ZIMMERN.

THE ART JOURNAL.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S COUNTRY.*

HE would, even in these days of easy voyaging, be a widely travelled man who should know all the country which Sir Walter Scott has made his own. If the word is to be used of the lands associated with his name and his works, then these articles would have to survey a great belt of the old world, from Skye to Southern India. The journey would be a pleasant one for any man who had the leisure to make it himself, with the hundred volume edition—no very great weight—in his baggage. Orkney would be the starting point with the Pirate, and the goal would be Mysore with the Surgeon's Daughter. All Scotland, and the greater part of England, could be covered in the best company in literature. The Betrothed would justify a raid into Wales. Then the traveller could visit Burgundy and the Ardennes with Quentin Durward, by far the most living of Scott's heroes. Lorraine, Switzerland, and Provence belong to Anne of Geierstein; Spain to Don Roderick; Constantinople to Count Robert of Paris. As our imaginary, but enviable traveller has all Sir Walter in a trunk especially made to pack the hundred neat volumes, he would want no excuse to zigzag abundantly on his way to the Dardanelles. Is there not the life of Napoleon to follow from Corsica to Moscow, or even to Saint Helena? The intrepidity of error which another famous Scotchman found in this book need not disturb our traveller, who is indifferent to the truth about Napoleon (perhaps the followers of Sir Walter have come no nearer it than he), and intent only on seeing with his own eyes what was visible to his author by second sight only. After biography, romance begins again in Syria with the Talisman; and then it would be an heroic ending to cross the Desert and work round by Persia, Afghanistan, the Punjaub, and Central India to the country of Hyder Ali. Indeed, it is by no means certain that a conscientious traveller would not feel bound to cross the seas to the West Indies. Cleveland had been there, and so had others from Rokeby and Kenilworth. To follow Wandering Willie would be unadvisable. Without this last expedition, however, it is already too much.



"Day set on Norham's castle steep."—Marmion.

Even in a far more restricted sense the country of Sir Walter Scott might be made to mean more than all but a very few could profess to know. If it is to be taken to include all those places which he visited, which he has described from personal knowledge, where he had friends, and left memories of his kindly courtesy, it would still be almost the whole of one of the united kingdoms and part of the other. No square mile of Scotland could be left out, and not very many in England. Of Ireland there would be less to say, but even so it would not be little If the subject is to be restricted within manageable bounds, the country of Sir Walter Scott must be made to mean much less even than the country which was made more famous by him than by all it has done in war or science or literature. He belongs to all Scotland. He made its name familiar wherever readers read, writers imitate, or there are men of letters to be influenced by genius; and let us hope that there is no part of the ancient kingdom which would refuse to claim a share in him. Other Scotchmen have been as thoroughly Scotch. If one likes the practice of measuring men of genius against one another, and deciding which is tallest, it is possible to give plausible reasons for believing that some three or four Scotch-

* The articles of which this is the first are the outcome of a summer's work undertaken by Mr. MacWhirter, A.R.A., with a view to illustrate Sir Walter Scott's country, and which he has been so good as to place at the disposal of the *Art Journal*. The exigencies of his task necessitated the artist's handing us, in the first instance, some drawings which are not included in the ground covered by this article; they will be referred to later on.

men were in intellect greater than he. But no other was at once so Scotch and so universal—no other represents his country to the world so completely. His work is as national as the work of Cervantes or Fielding, and yet, like theirs, it belongs to the imperishable literature of the world. Therefore in every sense all Scotland is the country of Sir Walter Scott. He knew it all as well as he loved it. He made its history the most delightful of reading. He filled every part of it with characters more real, and much more dear to us, than the men and women who have actually lived. Still there is one part of it which is emphatically his, where he was born, lived, did his work, hunted, fished, fought for his cause in politics, and to which he came back to die after that last inexpressibly sad voyage to the Mediterranean. This is what is meant here by the country of Sir Walter Scott.

On the title-page of the third volume of Lockhart's Life (the second edition) there is an admirably engraved little map, marked "Country about Abbotsford," It gives the whole of that part of Scotland which was, in a peculiar sense, Sir Walter's. Starting from Boness, at the north-western corner, your finger follows the outline of the map down the Forth and its Firth. Then along the coast past the flattish land of Haddington and the grim crags at the end of the Lammermuir which culminate in St. Abb's Head, and from there to the end of Holy Isle. At this point you strike inland, and keeping some way within England, follow the south-westerly trend of the Border. At Hexham you strike the Roman wall, and follow it to Bowness. From there across the Solway Firth to the mouth of the Nith, and so by Nithsdale past Dalswinton, Drumlanrig, and Sanquhar, through the very heart of the Covenanter country, and then across Upper Clyde to Boness again. Within this line, a rude circle, lie the Lothians, the Border, Galloway as far as the Nith, Peebles, and Lanark. For precision's sake it may be added that the diameter of this circle is, roughly speaking, a line of about sixty miles in length. Within this pale Sir Walter Scott was born, did his work, and died. He traced his descent from a race belonging to the heart of it, and he lies buried at Dryburgh, by the river which divides it nearly equally. The fatal ambition which ruined him was to found another family of Scotch lairds with his branch of the Scotts of Harden. There is not a law, a stretch of moor, a lynn, a river, or the remnant of a peel on a bleak hill-side, but was familiar to him, and dear. His homes at Edinburgh, Lasswade, Ashestiel, and Abbotsford, all lie within this district.

The proper starting-point for a visit to Sir Walter Scott's country is Edinburgh. He was born there, in that house in the College Wynd which was pulled down to make room for improvements. To the end of his life he had a house, and spent part of each year, in the town. On the "kittle nine stanes" of the Castle Rock, at the manning of the Cow Port, or in the yards of the High School, he got what were the Scotch boy's equivalents for the cricket and boating of an English public school. It was from Edinburgh that he started on his yearly raids to the Border or his expeditions to the Highlands, to the house of Stewart of Invernahyle, the half original of Bradwardine, or on such very unromantic business as the serving of writs on the Maclarens. "I doubt, I greatly doubt, sir, you were born for nae better than a *gangrel scrapegut*," was the well-known comment of his excellent father after one of these expeditions. They were doubtless very trying to the writer to the signet. What was a serious person who read Wodrow and put cold water in his soup to make of a son who went out for the day, and stayed for the week, hunting after ballads? It is infinitely to the old gentleman's credit that he suffered him with such exemplary patience. Now if railways, commercial inns, and other triumphs of civilisation would only let us do it, there would be no better way of learning the south of Scotland by heart than a careful imitation of Sir Walter's raids. Unfortunately they make it so easy to visit, that it is hard to see a country in any proper sense of the word. The temptation to go straight to this or the other interesting spot, as the guide-book justly calls it, is so strong that one misses the country between. At the end of much running to and fro, one too commonly finds that the background has been overlooked.



"Coriskin call the dark lake's name."—Lord of the Isles.

At the end of an exploration of Edinburgh, a hasty doubt is apt to arise whether, after all, it is the town Sir Walter knew; "Has been pulled down to make room for improvements," or "No longer exists," has had to be written under the name of so much which was still existing in his day. And what is gone can by no effort of ingenuity or patriotism be restored. Within the last year or two a town cross has been put up, but it is not, and cannot be, "the town cross." It may stand where the old building stood, and it may be made in its exact image, but it is not the cross from which the messenger of another world was heard to summon the Scottish lords before Flodden, and James VIII. was proclaimed king. No copy even has been made, or well can be, of so much else which Edinburgh patriotism, not the coldest in the world, now strives to save from oblivion by reproductions of old plates and copious writing. The history of what has vanished out of "auld Reekie" is now a literature by itself, and no prudent person will venture on the subject who has a proper fear of the local critic. Still, without undertaking to know exactly where Hume lived, or President Lock-

hart had his rooms, or all about the high jinks at Luckie Fykie's, or the sayings of Lord Braxfield, the reader of Scott has some knowledge about his old Edinburgh. The Tolbooth, the Luckenbooths, the Mahogany Lands, and much more, are familiar enough names; but where are they now? Gone, every one of them, the same road as Robert Gourlay's house, and the "lands" of that "disgusting fellow," and "most ungentlemanlike character," Major Weir. So Lord Kinnedder called him, but Scott thought better of the Major, and made a promise to put him in a book—a promise which, alas! was never kept. Improvements, real—in some cases very real—or imaginary, have taken the place of all these old things, and it may seem that they have also displaced or buried old Edinburgh.

Without feeling any indifference, however, to what the late Edmond About, in an access of bourgeois common-sense, called the rat-holes of ancient cities, one may doubt whether these changes have greatly affected the general look of Edinburgh. The disappearance of an historic building or of a fine specimen of seventeenth-century street-architecture is to be lamented. Even more lamentable is the erection, in place of them, of some pretentious modern heap of stones, built in no style at all, or in one totally unfitted to the place, the climate, and the material. Still, when the worst has been done in the way of unnecessary or even necessary change, much remains.

It is indeed hardly conceivable that Edinburgh should be utterly spoilt, even by a Town Council of Vandals. There are towns which are interesting only for their buildings, and in them the pickaxe can work irretrievable ruin. A great fire, a sudden zeal for improvement, or a fresh outbreak of the passion for stucco, might reduce Canterbury to insignificance or make Norwich commonplace. But nothing short of an earthquake on the South American scale could quite vulgarise Edinburgh. While the Castle Rock continues to tower over the Grassmarket, while the old town stands on the ridge sloping down to Holyrood, while the houses are still built of a stone which becomes black in the air, Edinburgh can never wholly cease to be picturesque in its own grim way. Taken by themselves, by far the greater part of the buildings on either side of the Canongate are now commonplace enough. They have height, and that is nearly all. Much the greater part of the Castle itself is the work of the barrack builder, and is hopelessly ugly. It is their situation that saves the towering dark edifices on the rock and its long spur. Take, for example, the view of the Castle to be got on the road to Corstorphine. The barracks entirely shut out the ancient part. Uglier pile of stone was never heaped up, and yet it rises so sheer from the sheer precipice, that it attains, when seen at a distance, to the dignity of a cliff itself. Perhaps if this triumph of purely business-like masonry, with its rows of windows all of the same size, and at the same space from one another, overhung the Grassmarket, it might be less endurable. Happily what is seen from there is the older part of the Castle, built when architects had still an instinct telling them how to mass their shades, and how not to make windows a mere instrument for the production of monotony.

The old town of Edinburgh has this much in common with Melrose, that it is best to see at night. By day it hangs grimly over the new town, and, ending as it does in the mighty mass of the Castle Rock, has an undoubted grandeur of its own. Still it gains by the dark. Then, when the outline of its roofs is just visible against the sky, and a few lights are twinkling in its windows, it has, even in ordinary times, the look of a city in the air, over against the rather showy prosperity of Princes Street. The lamps on the roads and bridges across the gardens, or the railroad, seem to hang from it less than to lead up to it. Nobody who saw the old town when it was illuminated will readily forget the spectacle. The particular occasion was the marriage of the Prince of Wales, and the method adopted for adorning the town was of the simplest. White lamps were placed all round the Castle, and there were candles in every window. It was enough to make a spectacle of a beauty hardly to be exaggerated. The night was dark in itself, and was made darker by heavy clouds of tarry smoke sent up from a failure of a bonfire on Arthur's Seat. This blaze was to have covered the lion's head and mane with flame, but, as a matter of fact, it belched out clouds of darkness visible. On the whole it was better as it was. The smoke helped the cloudy sky to make an absolutely pitch-



"Though now she sits on Neidpath's tower to watch her love's returning."—The Maid of Neidpath.

dark background to the old town. Against this curtain of blackness the tall line of light from the Castle to Holyrood showed up with perfect effect. Where else, unless it be in a fishing village on the rocky Yorkshire or West Country coast, can one stand in one street and look down on the lights and movement of another under foot? There is not only an Edinburgh which is hung in the air, but an Edinburgh which is buried in the earth.

This indestructible picturesqueness of Edinburgh asserts itself most emphatically when it is seen from without—and inevitably so. Its beauty being so much in the situation, shows at its fullest when the town can be seen as a whole. Associations, literary or historical, affect the eye itself, no doubt, and all that Edinburgh has been, has contained, or has inspired, unite to make it look, perchance, more beautiful than it is. But even if it were possible, or desirable (and indeed it is neither one nor the other), to put these memories aside, he who looks at the city from Rest and be Thankful must be stupid indeed if he does not feel that he has one of the most beautiful of cities before him. The Castle Rock is seen just where its noblest feature, the precipitous fall to the Grassmarket, is most prominent. In a straight line over the Rock are the Crags. The Carlton Hill stands out to the left, and on the right is the mass of Arthur's Seat, dominating the country round like a mighty mountain, with ten times the dignity of its bare thousand feet. Not even the absurd disfigurements on the Carlton Hill—that overgrown dice-box, the Observatory, or what looks like a row of model factory chimneys, and is the never-to-be-finished beginning of a classical temple in honour of the mediæval



Edinburgh from Rest and be Thankful.

heroes of Scotland—can spoil the whole. If there is a finer view than this it is not visible from dry land. From outside of Leith, and from the deck of a boat, Edinburgh is a noble picture. The bulk of the Seat and the Crags, the long ridge with the old town on its back and the Castle Rock at its end, compose themselves with a completeness beyond improvement, even by the intrepidity of Turner. But from this point of view the town itself is a little crushed by the weight of its hills.

In these hills Edinburgh has such a park as surely no city in the world can show. The view from the walk cut round the side of Arthur's Seat has a magnificence of sweep, all the more delightful for the immediate neighbourhood of a smoky town. Duddingston is at your feet, far enough below to be seen all at a glance, the Pentlands to the right, and on the left the blue waters of the Firth of Forth, almost shut at the end by the flat land of Haddington. To complete the line, climb to the Castle, and then you can see far up Forth itself, and away over to the Fifeshire Hills.

Looking eastward from over Duddingston, the eye covers a land where every name was full of associations to Sir Walter, and which he has made familiar to all the world. The Pentland Hills, the valley of the North Esk, Hawthornden, Rosslyn, Carberry, Musselburgh, Crichton, and, behind all, the Lammermuir are there. Into no equal space of the earth's surface has any part of the progeny of Adam put more fair and unfair, more successful and unsuccessful, fighting; and that, let philosophers say what they please, is the salt of history. The land and the fighters were Sir Walter's. DAVID HANNAY.

(To be continued.)

A GERMAN MILITARY PAINTER.

GERMANS have complained, with some reason, that before 1870 universally, and since then in a great measure, their painters have neglected the national history. While Frenchmen, under the inspiration of the wars of the first Napoleon, were forming their great school of battle painting, Teutonic Art was obstinately occupied with Trojans and other heroes of the far antique. This was true of historical painting, especially as displayed in national and monumental and civic decoration; in genre there has almost always prevailed in German Art a contemporary spirit, a homely liking for actuality, which gave to pictures of this class a truer—albeit a humbler—vitality. German life among the people was painted in cabinet pictures, while the gods and Titans contended in the frescoes of the national galleries. But since 1870 there has been a change. The victors in the great struggle took a lesson from the vanquished. For the French, who had the failure of war to treat, far from shrinking from its presentment in Art, developed their school of military painting in a manner that might almost indemnify them for their defeat. The triumph and caracolling and the glory of Horace Vernet were indeed past and gone, but the pathos of loss produced the newer and far more human realistic French Art, which is emphatically the Art of our day, and which has set an example to the world. There has been in the study of the events of 1870 and 1871 a whole education for French painters. Moreover, other things besides Art have been



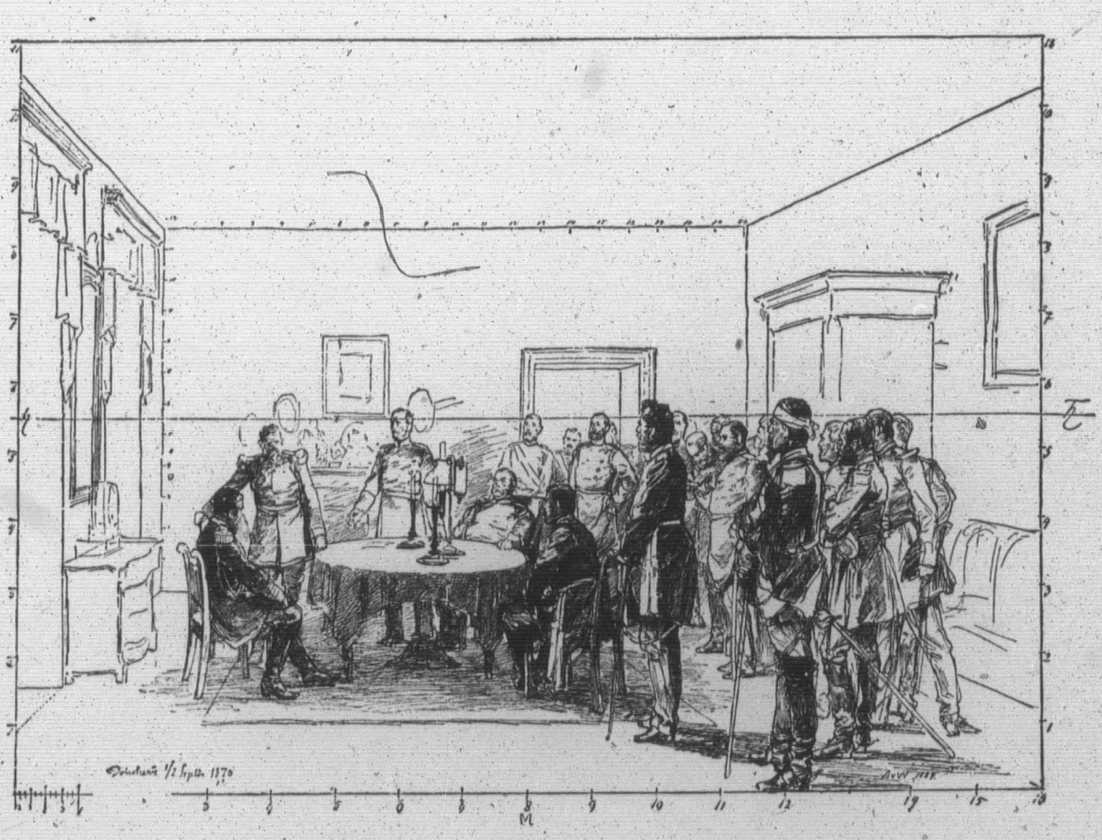
Meeting of Bismarck and Napoleon at Donchéry.

served. Love of country has surely gained more by De Neuville's notes of French bivouacs in the snows than by Vernet's boastings in the galleries of Versailles. And Art was intimately concerned with the disasters of 1870, for it was in taking their own personal part in the defence of Paris that the painters of the realistic school found out what painting could do with the byways and incidents and fringe of battle. The Germans had not the pathetic and artistic advantage of defeat. The war left them in the inevitable though unacknowledged bitterness of enormous victory. Does not Coventry Patmore make a successful lover indefinably envious of his rival's generosity and sorrow? "If fortune had made me as unfortunate," he murmurs, "I had been as great." Nevertheless the vast effort of Teutonism in the war inspired Teutonic Art to become national. And the man was there with the hour, for Anton von Werner became the German painter of 1870.

The essentially German characteristics of Werner's genius add greatly to the interest attaching to the fact that he has made historically German subjects his own. The kind of intelligence with which he renders the scene he has witnessed or strongly imagined is Teutonic in its deliberateness, and yet full of the faculty of observation. He knows how to render, with fine watchfulness, the accidental actions

and expressions which give to a scene from life all its vitality. Belonging to an intellectual nation, he lets his thoughtfulness inform his whole work, but he never permits it to take the place of that power of right seeing which is the painter's one chief force. It has remained unfortunately the characteristic of the English school that our painters present a scene as it might be supposed, by a kind of traditional imagination, to have occurred; whereas the Continental schools of to-day all aim at presenting it either as it actually was, by verification, or as it must have been, according to the closely-watched and verified characters of the actors. The distinction is extremely simple and elementary, but it remains clear after very much criticism has had its say. It is not for nothing that the nations of the Continent, however differing in race, have frontiers easily passed, while England is "walled with seas." We feel less of the contemporary movements in Art than is felt abroad, and our kinsmen, the Germans, get more of Latin example and habits in Art than we catch in England. Verification and observation, and the practice of the faculty of seeing pictorially, are more found with the meditative German than with the Englishman of mingled mind. The old satire as to the Teuton's evolving the camel from the depth of his moral consciousness, does not hold good in modern painting; he has learnt the objective methods, and uses his eyes to good purpose. Assuredly no accusation against Werner could be more unjust than that of a lack of actuality or of outward study of the matter in hand.

Werner is no painter of the panorama of battles. He is a military painter inasmuch as he is most thoroughly informed with military spirit, and because he treats the politics of war with generals and marshals for the diplomats. To such an



Sketch for 'The Negotiations for Surrender.'

artist Sedan with its memorable events was rich in subjects. Especially is the quiet significance and force of deliberative meetings by the battlefield worthy of his peculiar capacity. Accordingly, his greatest pictures deal with 'The Negotiations for Surrender,' and with the coming together of Napoleon and Bismarck on the morning after the battle.

In the first instance we have a scène of deliberation, almost of silence. Nevertheless it is the evening of the 1st of September. The battle called the Battle of Sedan—a series of quickly-following and furious engagements—began before six o'clock on the autumn morning of the day just closed, with a cannonade six miles long, which shook the mists from the September fields. By four in the afternoon the surroundod armies of France had taken shelter under the fortresses of Sedan; twenty minutes later the city was shelled and burning, and the villages of the plain were going up in flames together. Bismarck, at the King of Prussia's side, has watched the long day's fighting from the hill of Chevenge; and now he sits to receive from the hands of Wimpffen the capitulation of four thousand officers, fourteen thousand wounded, and eighty-three thousand fighting men; the hosts of the dead alone escape surrender. The presence of the soldier Moltke dominates the little assembly, as he stands up by the table with the lamplight striking upwards on the tense lines of his face. As a portrait this is beyond question a masterpiece. Bismarck sits in a kind of presidential place, in stable repose and thought. Behind him General von Podbielski stands watchfully; and between him and Moltke Graf Nostitz takes notes in his pocket-book. Five other staff officers stand by, erect and solid as a wall; and a sixth sits

at the farther side of the table in an excellently real and natural attitude. The whole group is a study of expression, but of expression so undemonstrative that it has negative qualities, true to life and rare in Art. It is only in Moltke's face and bearing—he has evidently just spoken—that the artist has allowed himself to render activity or vivacity. In the other faces there is a calm which implies the whole history of the day just closed. Yet with a fine and natural tact Werner has abstained from making these faces express even a forbearance from triumph. No one, however, could doubt that these are the victors in one of the battles of the world. Nor in the opposite group of French officers has he yielded to any temptation towards sentiment or drama. The French character is naturally allowed to make more sign of emotion, but this is very restrained and moderate. General Wimpffen, to whom the command of the wounded MacMahon had passed, and to whom the Emperor had referred the request for surrender, rises from the table. He has given the formal reply that the fortress and the force are in the hands of the Prussian King. And the burden of the task that falls to him—the beaten general of France—bends his figure as by a stroke. General Faure keeps his seat. The other officers are erect, with a little more spring in their bearing and fire in their glances than belong to the Germans. But beyond all mistake this is a group of defeated generals, with the country in flames behind them.

Werner's admirable draughtsmanship tells well in these soldiers' figures. For no artist not exceptionally strong in drawing should attempt war, whether in its activities or in its deliberations, or even in its politics. Obviously a figure



The Negotiations for Surrender on the Evening of Sedan.

in fighting action requires the utmost power and the utmost knowledge of a painter for the rendering of forms in strenuous attitude and in movement. But hardly less is sure force of drawing needed in repose—certainly it is indispensable. A thought of weakness in the artist's pencil would indefinably destroy the dignity of the soldier, even if the figure were nobly conceived and of noble form. The precision of drawing must be in the very technique, in the quality of the line—going beyond mere correctness. And this grasp in draughtsmanship—this power of taking hold by the stroke—is unfortunately rare in England, simply because our painters have so generally neglected the study of organic line, just as they have neglected that of organic touch in painting.

In the 'Meeting of Bismarck and Napoleon at Donchéry' (see page 5), also, Werner chose a grave historical moment, and presented it with the quiet simplicity of fact. It might have been wished that the figure of the defeated Emperor—who has now long passed into history—had been more prominent, especially as he does not appear in the other scene of the surrender. But only a German could have rendered the figure of Bismarck riding alone to his business. De Neuville and others have studied the German, political and military, but have not forborne the touch of Gallic feeling which emphasized, if it did not altogether exaggerate, the subject. Or at least it may be said that the French painters studied the Teuton as a curiosity. That famous commandant who is

ordering the bombardment of the church of Le Bourget is a German in every line and accent, but a German with a Frenchman behind him observing the movements of his arm and the flushing of his stout neck and the fit of his uniform. It is impossible to call that memorable figure a caricature, but impossible also not to conclude "an enemy hath done this," and a defeated enemy. Werner, in painting Bismarck, paints from within the pale of the Fatherland, yet he keeps an observant eye upon the peculiarities which are familiar to him—as genius has a faculty of doing. The scene has a perfect completeness, even to the suggestion of the single wire of telegraph which has sent the news of the battle of Sedan to the four corners of the world. It is early morning of the 2nd of September. The capitulation has been virtually consummated, and King William has received by the hands of Napoleon's own Adjutant-General, Reille, the letter:—"Not having been able to die at the head of my troops, I lay my sword before your Majesty." And the old King goes on with the narrative:—"My answer was that I deplored the manner of our meeting, and begged that a plenipotentiary might be sent with whom we might conclude the capitulation. After I had given the letter to Reille, I spoke a few words with him as an old acquaintance; and so this act ended. I gave Moltke power to negotiate, and directed Bismarck to remain behind in case political questions should arise. I then rode to my carriage and drove here (Vendresse), greeted everywhere along the road with the loud hurrahs of the trains that were marching up and singing the National Anthem." So the meeting of the two monarchs is not yet, and it is left to Bismarck to speak first to the Emperor. They meet, as Werner shows them, by Donchéry, and finish their talk in the empty village street, at the deserted door of a weaver's shop. It is from the Chancellor that we have an account of that talk. "The great point of the conversation was peace, but, as far as his Imperial Majesty was concerned, no assurance of it could be obtained. The Emperor stated that he had no



Sketch of the Berlin Congress.

power. He could not negotiate a peace; he could not give orders to the army, nor to Marshal Bazaine; the Empress was regent of France, and on her and on her ministers must devolve negotiations. Count Bismarck thereupon remarked that it was of no avail to hold any further conversation on political matters with his Majesty, and that it would be of no use to see the King. The Emperor desired to see the King in person, but Count Bismarck declared that it was not possible to accede to his Majesty's wish until the capitulation had been signed. 'Then, as the conversation was becoming rather dangerous, and as the situation was growing difficult, we ended it.'" Truly enough did Napoleon declare that he could not speak for France. Four days later his regent and her ministers were in flight from Paris, and the war was in the desperate hands of the Republic.

So far we have seen Werner in his pictures, when his studies must needs be arranged and ordained according to the laws of composition and other pictorial necessities. But Werner is also well worthy of study in his sketches, whether these are the mere jottings of his note-book or studies for his pictures. He has sketched the Sedan negotiations, with the principal figures in the same places and poses, but with the backward-standing groups rather differently disposed. Here, too, Bismarck is in the chair, Moltke standing at his right, giving the soldier's opinion and announcing the soldier's terms of capitulation, while the Chancellor holds himself in reserve for the possible political questions alluded to by the King. Here, too, General Wimpffen, the French general with the German name, rises from his gloomy work at the table, a dignified but broken man, and General Faure sits in passive grief at his side. All the accessories of the room are the same. Another sketch, which looks like a study for a picture, shows a ceremony at the golden wedding of the Emperor and Empress of Germany. The Pomeranian

deputation are presenting their address through the hands of the Crown Prince, who kneels before his father and mother. The throne of the imperial couple is surrounded by the hosts of the German house—the grey-haired daughter who watches her own child clasping her little ones within her arm; children and children-in-law and grandchildren, so many and so various in age that the generations dovetail in a manner distracting to any one excepting the courtier born. It is a scene of state in the most patriarchal court in Europe; a homely family keeping its festival among the ministers and generals of the most massive empire of the modern world.

Werner took this last-named subject in his official capacity as Court painter—a kind of Laureate of the Germanic State—whose task it is to commemorate not national events only, but the royal and imperial birthdays. For Werner was a famous man before the Franco-German war made him the painter of 1870. He was even then, indeed, no more than twenty-seven years old, but his reputation was so established that when such a scene in the history of races was acted as the proclamation of the Germanic Empire in the Galerie des Glaces at Versailles, it was to him that the great fortune fell—the fortune of a subject which touches the Victor Hugoesque, the melodrama of history. For it is really almost too emphatic—such a proclamation in such a place. The event has none of the usual moderations and reserves of truth and fact; it was an event such as the imaginations of 1830 might have conceived, but such as the reluctant, impartial, incomplete Muse of History seldom puts on record. But for the obstinate fact, one might object to the whole thing, that it was much too complete, rounded, and perfect, and that a touch less of emphasis would have saved the situation from the *théâtre romantique*. But Werner happily is, as has been said, a realist, and has made the necessary apology for this one extravagance of history—this extravagance of truth—by presenting it as modestly as possible in his art. It is really pleasant to find the facts melodramatic, and the art so modest. It is a reversal of the old *banal* order of things, when fact and art were in the reverse relation, and truth was held to be too mingled and too hesitating until art had exaggerated it. Nor indeed did 1870 employ Werner uninterruptedly during the years which still kept the reverberation and echo of the campaign. Before 1876 we find him exhibiting decorative designs—inspired by German fairy-stories—at that Royal Academy of Berlin of which he had become the director. Nor did he ever abandon the Bohemianism of the sketch-book. His Emperor, and his Emperor's Chancellor and Field-Marshal, he presents with the decorum and dignity of their responsibilities; but he gives us himself as we have him here, with very little of the Court about him.



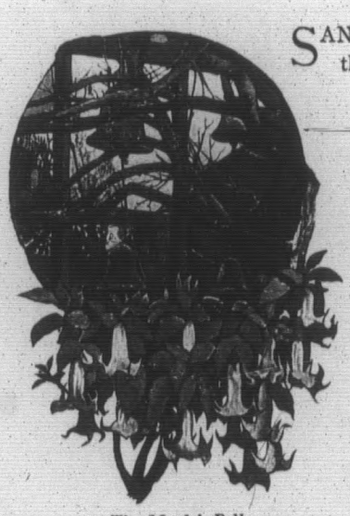
Portrait of Anton von Werner. By Himself.

Soon, however, after the great commemorative pictures were painted, Werner was called upon to make a record of another event, more diplomatic and less military than the meeting of generals at Sedan; and, still young himself, he may hope to see the still young Empire through other Congresses, if not through other battles. In the sketch of the Berlin Congress Englishmen must be specially interested, inasmuch as their own representative is so easily recognisable in the assembly whence he brought home peace with honour. The drawing is full of vivacity and movement. And, indeed, Werner is an excellent sketcher; his rapid touch is never given, however carelessly, in unpleasant lines. And no sensitive critic fails to see the difference between a pleasant and an inelegant touch even in the roughest note-taking. The pages from Werner's sketch-book that have been reproduced, here or elsewhere, are full of spirit and impulse—a rare merit for the sketching of so restrained a painter. And the quality of humour is by no means absent from his drawings of civil and military life—especially military. The patriotic respect which the painter of Sedan must feel for his heroes has not dulled his sense of a certain human comedy which, pervading the world more or less as it does, is not conspicuously absent from the great armies of the Fatherland.

We are indebted to the courtesy of the Berlin Photographic Company, of 43, New Bond Street, for permission to reproduce the two pictures of 'The Negotiations for Surrender on the Evening of Sedan,' and 'The Meeting of Bismarck and Napoleon on Donchéry.' The Berlin Photographic Company are the publishers of reproductions of most of A. von Werner's important pictures, notably 'King William proclaimed Emperor of Germany' and 'The Congress at Berlin.'

ALICE MEYNELL.

SANTA BARBARA.

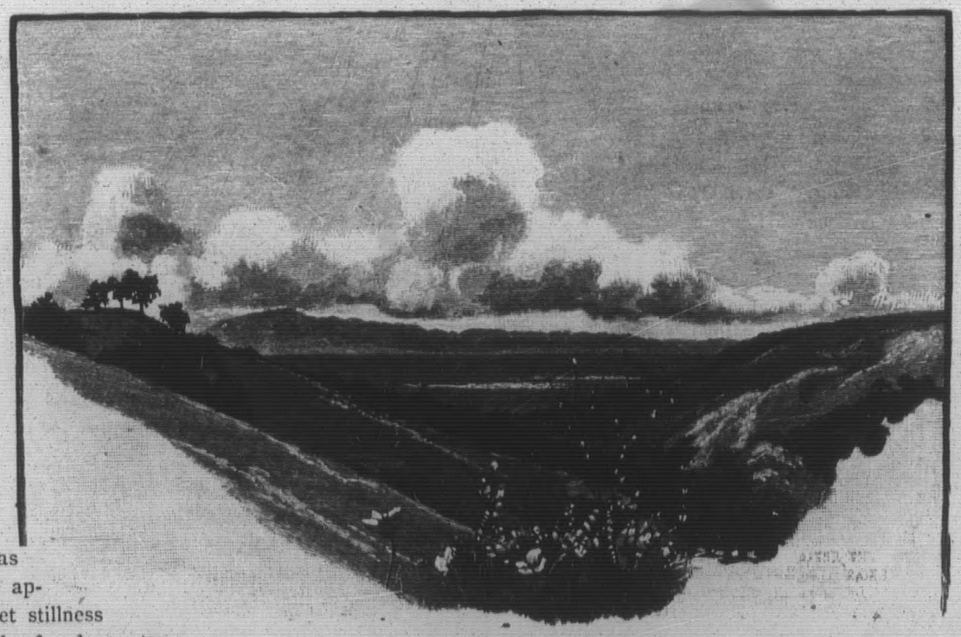


The Monks' Bells.

SANTA BARBARA enjoys the same distinction in America that Nice does in Europe. It is the only winter resort in the country having a climate equal, if, indeed, not superior, to that of the Mediterranean Mecca, and in itself the little village possesses a picturesqueness that is almost indescribable. Nature appears to have been in her most genial mood when creating the valley in which Santa Barbara is nestled. Visitors from far and near never tire of singing its praises. Its beauty captivates the poetical and the prosaic. At its one end lies the sea, pressing landward upon a long beach of yellow sands, and at its other rises a high range of hills, with lateral spurs crowned with magnificent oaks, and elevated peaks that are torn and rugged.

Between the mountains and the ocean, with its face to the south, lies Santa Barbara, its houses and vine-clad cottages surrounded by bright green lawns and graceful trees, and its one main street creeping slowly up from the beech toward the Santa Ynez range. The nearest railway to the town is eighty miles away, and as yet no noisy mills have appeared to disturb the quiet stillness of the place. At intervals of a day or two the steamers that ply up and down the California coast stop at the little wharf which extends out into deep water and land there their cargoes of living freight; and every morning the stage-coach, bringing the mail, arrives from the outer world. Except for these visits, however, the valley is neglected, and pursues without molestation its quiet, uneventful existence. Visitors come for a week and remain a month or a year; they are captivated and, in time, so genial is the climate, so restful is the spot, lose all desire to go away.

The early history of Santa Barbara is as uneventful as its daily life. Centuries ago, when the Spanish adventurers went sailing along the California coast, the valley was inhabited by a now-forgotten tribe of Indians living in huts of mud, and upon the nuts and berries which the rich soil and warm weather produced in great abundance. Later on, somewhere about the year 1780, the Spaniards, who had then obtained possession of California, made the valley their headquarters, and half a mile inland from the beach built a fort or presidio, at which the governor lived, and to which in time came the Franciscan Fathers, those zealous preachers of the gospel who everywhere followed the advent of the Spanish conquerors in their wanderings about the New World. For years they ruled the land, forcing the Indians into service in the vineyards and fields, compelling them to bring the materials with which to construct an imposing mission church; goading them on with the sword while holding up before them the cross. From the year 1780 until that of 1822 Santa Barbara was the exact counterpart of the village one may find to-day in old Spain. No other language but the Spanish was spoken; the cottages were all *adobe*, or sun-baked mud; there were fête days and dances in the open air. At the presidio were the soldiers and bluff old captains, at the mission were the Fathers. For the Indians the life was one that gave them food and shelter, even if it brought them work; and for the Spaniards themselves there was not a day that did not have its pleasures. Now it was the arrival of some long-looked-for ship, bringing sweethearts and wives from across the seas; now it was a hunting excursion into the mountains or a *festa* among the trees. Life was one long holiday, during which the Indians worked,



Santa Barbara. Drawn by W. H. M. D'Urban.

the Fathers directed, and the governor and his *confrères* sat idling the time away beneath the shadow of the vines on their open verandas. By degrees, however, the general serenity that existed was disturbed and destroyed. California had been lost to Spain and had become a province of Old Mexico. As such its revenues were often misapplied. Money intended for the support of the missions was used for other purposes, and in time an Act was passed by the Mexican Congress that aimed at the utter overthrow of the mission system. The Fathers, robbed of their liberty as well as of their money, fled in dismay, and the churches were pillaged and destroyed. Mission lands were confiscated and the Indians were left without protection. Matters grew steadily worse for the many, that a few, high in power, might add to their wealth. Then came the invasion of the Americans, to whom California had been given. Many of the new comers settled in Santa Barbara and attempted to establish a city of commercial importance in a valley hitherto only occupied by a quaintly fashioned village. When San Francisco, now a metropolis, was in its infancy, Santa Barbara was in the enjoyment of an excitement it has never since experienced. New and rather prosaic buildings were rapidly erected; there were schemes for railroads and public improvements that were to cost thousands of dollars. But fate had willed Santa Barbara a different life than that the first Americans planned, and before many years had passed the bubble of expectancy burst, San Francisco forged ahead and the little village settled back into that half-awake condition which is so particularly its characteristic to-day. If at present it has any dreams of commercial greatness in the future, it gives no sign thereof. To all appearances it rests content with what it so surely has—a climate that scarcely knows a change from one end of the year to the other, a



The Franciscan Mission House. Drawn by W. H. M. D'Urban.

situation unsurpassed for picturesqueness, and a quaintness that leaves one enjoying the place, in constant doubt whether he is in America or is taking his ease in some secluded corner of old Spain.

The present population of Santa Barbara is rather less than five thousand. The homes have for the most part gardens surrounding them, filled with trees, shrubs, and flowers, while the streets are richly shaded with trees that never lose their leaves, no matter what the season is.

In nearly the centre of Santa Barbara stands the one imposing building of the place, the Court House. Its façade (see Illustration) is ornamented with an imposing portico, supported by a double row of Corinthian pillars, and the structure rises high above the surrounding trees. It was built during the years of Santa Barbara's "great expectations." The interior contains the various offices connected with the county government. The house is of brick, with stone trimmings, and except for its portico possesses little architectural excellence.

Not far away is a locality known as Spanishtown. Here, in the past, the Spanish grandees had their homes, and here, in a district of their own, a few of their descendants still live. It is this quarter which gives to Santa Barbara its foreign aspect. The houses are small, one-storied cabins, and time has so coloured the thick adobe walls that they seem a very part of the ground upon which they stand. There is much of interest connected with Spanishtown. In the gardens one sees gnarled old fruit trees that were standing a century or more ago, and many of the houses are covered with red-tiled roofs that slope to within a few feet of the earth. In one of the Spanishtown streets the Chinese have made their home. In one place they have their "Joss" (see Illustration), and

the balcony of the room containing this much-worshipped idol is usually filled with Celestials. The narrow lane is lined with shops stored with goods brought over from China and often presents a strikingly foreign appearance. The few Spaniards that remain in Santa Barbara still speak their native language, and earn a precarious living by breaking colts to the carriage or saddle, and by gardening. They are a people fond of light, colour and idleness, and may always be seen riding about the quiet streets of the village or enjoying a restful *siesta* in the shadow of their courtyards or verandas.

The beach at Santa Barbara is popular with all, and at all seasons of the year. It extends along the entire front of the village, and may be followed on horseback for a distance of nearly twenty miles. It slopes out gradually into the deep blue waters of the bay, and in summer is the scene of many a bathing party. The bath houses are comparatively rude in construction, but the water is warm and the sands are free from stones and pebbles. To the right of the bath houses the high level elevation known as the *Mesa* projects across the beach in a point called Castle Rock. A narrow trail crosses this, and beyond leads to the beach again. From the rugged crest of Castle Rock an extended view is had of the bay, guarded by its mountain islands, twenty miles seaward, and of the valley, shut in by hills and holding in its lap that eternal summer which Santa Barbara enjoys.



The Court House Façade.
Drawn by W. H. M. D'Urban.

To the left of the bath houses the beach follows the edge of low sand dunes that creep down to the water's edge from the outskirts of the village, and beyond where they end clings to the base of high cliffs that in winter, during the rainy season, are carpeted with bright green grasses. It is while on the sand dunes that one is enabled to study the peculiar lights of Santa Barbara. For there, at evening, the sands are tinged with yellow; far out upon the calm Pacific the waters are of deepest blue; the distant mountains are purple, and the cañons in their sides are filled with deep dark shadows. There are few houses along the beach. Here and there one finds a neglected bath house or a half-finished cabin belonging to some forgotten fisherman; but as a rule, the region is the home of sand birds, and is left for the waves to creep over, leaving as they go wide shallow pools, in which the reflections of sky and mountain are as perfect as though the water were a piece of plate glass.

But of all there is at Santa Barbara to render it attractive, the old Franciscan Mission that still stands upon a bit of elevated ground at the upper end of the valley possesses the most interesting features. It is an admirably well-preserved pile of stone, brick, and adobe, and is clearly outlined against a green background of wooded hills (see Illustration). The church was founded just a century ago, and was fully completed in 1824. The site was selected by Padre Junifero Serra, the best known of all the Franciscans, but the work of construction was not begun until several years after the death of that pious Father.

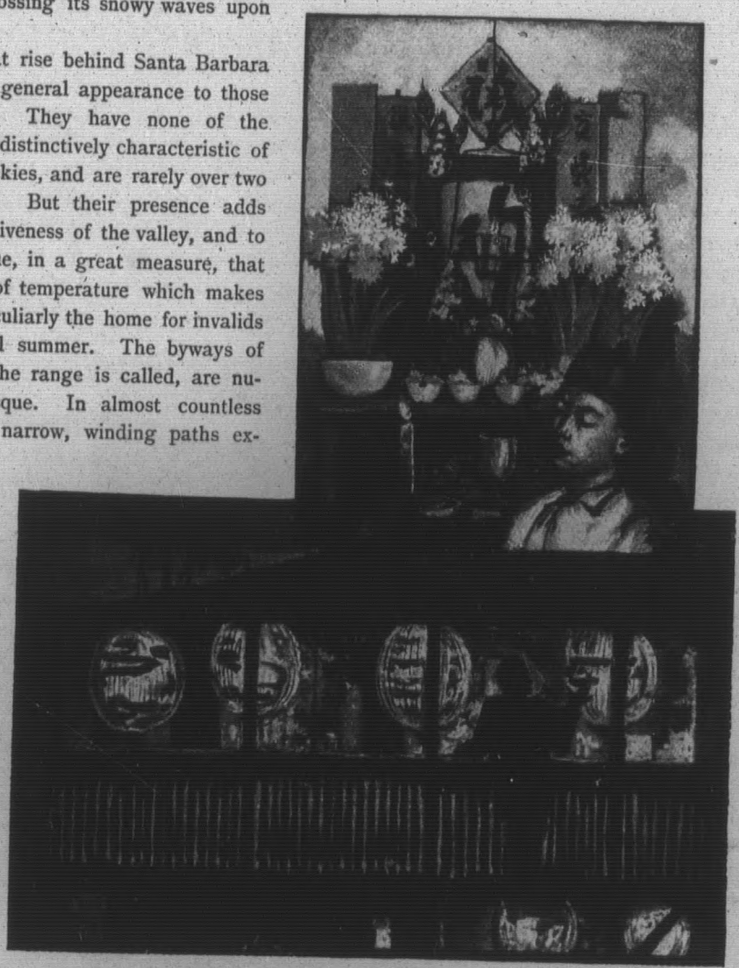
The plan of the Santa Barbara Mission is similar to that of the other old churches found in California. It is built around three sides of an open court or garden, and is flanked by a long wing or corridor in which are the cells of the resident Fathers. That portion of the building containing the church is guarded by two high towers, each with its open belfry and trio of bells, and rises from a series of broad stone steps leading to one large doorway. The walls are thick and massive, of heavy stones plastered with mud and painted a yellowish white.

But by far the most interesting section of the Mission is the garden belonging to the Fathers. Entrance to its quiet precincts, filled all the year with green shrubs, trailing vines and myriads of bright flowers, is through the sacristy, at the left of the altar, and thence down a short flight of stone steps. Wandering into the sheltered spot one finds himself isolated from every suggestion of activity and worldliness. In the centre of the garden is a large stone fountain basin, filled with clear water, and from this centre radiate a number of paths that lead beneath the shadow of orange and lemon trees and to a corridor containing long rows of wooden benches, on which one may sit and look out upon the peaceful scene. The garden is sacred to man. No woman is allowed to enter it, and the only exception ever made to this rule was during the visit of H.R.H. the Princess Louise. To the Fathers now in charge of the Mission the garden is a world in itself. There they take their walks, and there they read or sit in meditative idleness, listening to the birds, watching the doves that are always circling about the towers, drinking in the rich perfume wafted from the flowers they so carefully nourish. The place is restful to look at and to live in. The one side not protected by the church and its wings is guarded by a high stone wall, and the only sound that ever disturbs the stillness is the clanging of the tower bells calling the monks to prayer.

In front of the Mission are the Fathers' olive-trees. Years ago this and the vineyard near it gave no inconsiderable revenue to the guardians of the church, but to-day the one has been utterly destroyed, and the other, the olive grove, contains only a few hardy trees which bear little fruit. They afford sufficient shade, however, for all purposes, and are often resorted to by the Fathers, who may be seen, clothed in long coarse robes, taking solitary walks up and down the neglected paths; and it is from here that one obtains the best possible view of Santa Barbara. At his very feet lies the little valley, its houses gleaming among the trees and open fields, filled in winter with green grasses, and in summer a mellow brown. Beyond is the bay, guarded by a group of islands. The picture presented is a well-nigh perfect one, fresh and fair, the colourings always exquisite and varied. In the distance, closely following the contour of the shore, the moun-

tains fade away to mere shadowy outlines of palest blue, and at their base runs the crescent beach of sand, fringed on the one side with grasses and reeds, and on the other bathed by the sea, tossing its snowy waves upon the shore.

The mountains that rise behind Santa Barbara are similar in their general appearance to those that guard Algiers. They have none of the rugged grandeur so distinctively characteristic of the Alps or the Rockies, and are rarely over two thousand feet high. But their presence adds greatly to the attractiveness of the valley, and to their protection is due, in a great measure, that wonderful evenness of temperature which makes Santa Barbara so peculiarly the home for invalids and lovers of eternal summer. The byways of the Santa Ynez, as the range is called, are numerous and picturesque. In almost countless directions there are narrow, winding paths extending among the foot-hills, which have a beauty all their own. Here the shrubbery is dense, and again it entirely disappears. From an elevated resting-place one looks far away across the valley to where the ocean lies glimmering in the strong warm sunlight. Few of the paths are wide enough to drive over, but all admit a horse; and riding parties make many a pilgrimage to the mountain fastnesses for a day's picnic, or to sketch the scenes that so baffle one's power of description. In many of the cañons are found noisy streams that flow over confused masses of rock, and form many a quiet pool fringed with rankly-growing ferns. In places, too, are miniature Niagaras, falling over high ledges and filling the cañon with murmurings.



New Year in China Town. Drawn by W. H. M. D'Urban.

One need not hope to discover in a day all that Santa Barbara has to offer. The attractions are varied, and are a multitude. Adjoining the main valley are those of the Montecito and Carpenteria, both delightful regions, and lying closely beside the sea; and in another direction is La Patera, an extension of the Santa Barbara valley, famous for its groves of walnuts, oranges, olives, and almonds. One passing a season, or, better yet, a year, at Santa Barbara, leads an out-of-door existence. The temperature is uniformly warm, there being an average heat of seventy-five degrees during the summer and winter. There are two good hotels, and the society of the village — inhabited by people gathered from all parts of the world — is most delightful. The English colony is large, and the place enjoys as much popularity abroad as in America itself. Our illustrations are from the brush of Mr. W. H. M. D'Urban.

EDWARD ROBERTS.

A BLACK-COUNTRY HEROINE.

IT was the late Lord Beaconsfield who was responsible for the advice to "read no history; read biography." The people of Walsall are determined that the good deeds of "Sister Dora" shall lose nothing at their hands. They have done honour to one of the bravest and noblest of women, by erecting amidst the smoky chimneys and roaring furnaces of their black-country city the only statue to a woman, other than of royal blood, that exists in England. The record of her work in Walsall is a chronicle of unswerving devotion and sisterly love. We may borrow a few passages in her life-work from the biography which Miss Lonsdale, some six years back, gave to the reading world.

Dorothy Wyndlow Pattison was born in the quiet country village of Hauxwell, in Yorkshire, of which parish her father was rector, on January 16, 1832. In childhood she was never strong, and chiefly from this, and the refinement of the home influences, she gained the spirit of true sympathy for, and interest in, sick persons, which led her in after life to dedicate her unusual powers to their care. Throughout her life, however, she had to struggle against her duty to her parents and the ungovernable "call" she felt to leave the narrow sphere of action in her native village for a broader and more extensive field of labour. Despite the opposition of her father, however, we find her, a beautiful high-spirited woman of twenty-nine, finally leaving her home and becoming nominally village schoolmistress in the parish of Little Woolston, near Bletchley, on the borders of Buckinghamshire. Here, ignoring the change from her home life of comfort and comparative luxury to one of hard work and humiliation, she spent three years happily enough, and soon became known both in the village and neighbourhood as a lady by birth and education. She won golden opinions from all, and her devotion to children, in which her fitness for her task was amply proved, is a tradition in the parish to this day. In 1864 a serious illness drove her from here to Redcar; and upon her recovery she joined the Sisterhood of Good Samaritans there, following her mission of nursing at a small cottage hospital at North Ormesby, near Middlesborough. In the early part of 1865 Sister Dora was sent to Walsall to help in the nursing at a small cottage hospital of which the Sisterhood had charge. From this time dates the commencement of the career of good work which sheds around her name a halo of love and veneration, a greater than which no other woman of this century has gained in "the black country." Sister Dora had scarcely begun her work when she was attacked with small-pox; and upon her recovery she had to fight against much opposition. In 1868, however, the number of beds in her hospital was doubled; and although all these twenty-eight beds were generally occupied, she undertook the nursing with the assistance only of an old family servant and such lady pupils as came to her from time to time.



"*Sister Dora.*" *From the Statue by F. J. Williamson.*

Her patients were mainly navvies and colliers, who had been injured in accidents in the pits and workshops which abound in this dark and busy spot of fair England. Her devotion and courage, her abnegation of self seems quite heroic, and more than mortal. A full night's rest was unknown to her, for she would take the entire care of her many patients for the night, trusting to the ringing of a bell suspended above her bed to awaken her—and the bell never had to be rung twice. Many are the records of actions, which were in the way of her every-day life, as would be each considered an heroic deed in the life of another. It needs no record from us here that the love for her in the hearts of the patients, of strong men and weak children, was of the deepest. Nor is the record which is written on the hospital walls, had they but tongues to tell of what went on within them, all that Sister Dora did in Walsall. During the terrible raging of

small-pox in 1868, when the sick and dying were shunned by their own relatives, the presence of this brave woman brought hope and comfort into the dark alleys and fever-stricken courts by night, and happiness and rest into the hospital by day. When a second outbreak of this awful scourge occurred, and the people attacked declined to leave their homes, she volunteered to go to the special hospital, knowing that her presence there would have the result of bringing patients.

Moving as she did almost hourly within the circle of some terrible infection, it is small wonder that throughout the long years which she cheerfully spent in this great and self-imposed labour, she had several serious illnesses; in fact, she remarked to a friend, "I always catch everything that's going."

Her charity was almost as great in other ways, for all this time she was spending her small fortune also in unostentatious almsgiving.

In the winter of 1876, Sister Dora discovered that the beginning of the end had arrived. She was suffering from cancer, yet with undiminished courage she worked bravely on until the August of 1878, when she was compelled to stop; and, lingering until the following Christmas Eve, she quietly passed away to her reward.

The outlines of the work of Sister Dora in Walsall, which we have here broadly sketched, may appear to have the elements of the impossible, so heroic are the details, so fair is the picture. Yet there are many in Walsall at this day who retain the memory of this heroine of the black-country-side far too vividly to admit of any doubt. Two instances, touching in their simplicity, show how much the "Sister's" spirit went out to her patients. In opposition to the wishes of the surgeons, who were all for amputation, she endeavoured, and with complete success, to save the right arm of a young man who had been carried to the hospital with the limb in a seemingly hopeless condition. When she herself was seriously ill, this grateful patient walked regularly every Sunday morning from his place of work, eleven miles distant, to inquire about her, and to leave a message for her that it was "her arm" that had rung the bell. The dying remark of a little girl whom she had carefully tended was no less heartfelt—"When you come to heaven, Sister, I will meet you at the gates with a bunch of flowers." She was equipped in a special manner for her task. Her presence a joy; for she was beautiful, graceful, and robust, well fitted alike for the gentlest service and for extraordinary exertion. Added to a natural cheerfulness, which never gave way, was a fund of humour refreshing to herself and to every one around her. Gifted with a strong will, her determination once taken never swerved from its purpose. In more than one instance she came into collision with the managers of the hospital, and, at times, with the surgeons; yet she was essentially feminine in all her instincts, and those who know the true secret of this, can understand the irresistible power for good of this warm-hearted, tender, unaffected woman.

We have spoken occasionally of the personal beauty of Sister Dora, but the statue which Mr. Williamson has sculptured can give more lasting record of this than inadequate prose. It is executed in Sicilian marble, the height of the figure being more than life-size, and the granite pedestal 8 feet 6 inches. The Sister's dress, cap, and apron has been chosen as the costume most associated in the minds of Walsall folk with Dorothy Pattison. In her hand she holds a roll of bandage as if preparing to dress the injured. The features express the sweetness and gentleness of the face of the living Sister Dora. She was tall and slender, about 5 ft. 7 ins. in height, and perfectly well made. Her features were naturally perfect in their regularity, the forehead singularly wide and high; her mouth, which when shut was small, with full red lips, opened rather widely when she spoke or laughed, and showed to the day of her death a perfect row of white teeth. In the corners of it lurked an expression of fun, with which her not large but very brilliant dark-brown eyes, set widely apart, twinkled their merry sympathy. Perhaps later on in life the powerful form of her chin and jaw, reminding people of Dante's profile, became too marked for beauty. The dark tightly curling brown hair, the extreme beauty and delicacy of her whole colouring and complexion, the softness and roundness of youth, and the liveliness of her expression made her, at the age of twenty, says Miss Lonsdale, a fascinating creature to look upon. So much of this as she retained at the time when the sculptor learnt his model Mr. Williamson has given us:

> "A sweet attractive kind of grace,
> A full assurance given by lookes;
> Continuall comfort in a face,
> The lineaments of gospel bookes."

Writing of Sister Dora, one who knew her well has said, "Should we be tempted some day to despond of humanity, we will think of her; should we be shaken some dark hour concerning the possibilities of Christianity, her image will reassure us; should we be told, amid scenes of perplexity, that religion is a disease, then we can point to her as to one who possessed, at all times, a fulness of joyous life beyond all we had ever known."

Such an one was Sister Dora, the "Black-country Heroine" whom the poor of Walsall, who have subscribed so largely to the expense of the statue, have delighted to honour. The army of scoffers see in it only another statue added to what is in their eyes already too long a list; but Walsall folk are right, and theirs is a noble purpose; for wherever else

> "Heroes in animated marble frown,
> And legislators seem to think in stone,"

in that black centre of commercial activity a statue has been raised to the memory of a woman whose fame is not for to-day alone but for all time. This is the sermon in stone that they would teach us. As for themselves, they wish her to live, not only in their hearts, where no memorial of her, indeed, is needed, but in the minds and before the eyes of their children and children's children. In the recollection of her life among them they feel a pride, which makes them all ready to echo the words of one of the eighteen railway servants who had volunteered to be her bearers to her long last resting-place, when he was asked why he thought her monument ought to be a statue. "Why, nobody knows better than I do that *we* shan't forget her—no danger of that; but *I* want her to be there, so that when strangers come to the place, and see her standing up, they shall ask us, 'Who's that?' and then we shall say, '*Who's that?* why, that's *our* Sister Dora.'"

W. L. C.

MICHETTI.

IF Morelli was the first among Neapolitan artists to emancipate himself from sterile traditions of every form and kind, he has found a follower and successor in Francesco Paolo Michetti, who has left him far behind in the striving after originality of view and treatment. Influenced in a measure by Morelli, more perhaps by Fortuny, with his gipsy wildness and strangeness, Michetti withal is, *sui generis*, an artist of no common type, whose manner and development are too personal and individual to be cramped into any school designation or labelled with any fossil etiquette. It is more than probable that his potent influence has not been wholly to the good upon modern Italian painting; it is possible that he is rather the outcome of an Art arrived at maturity, an Art that loves to allow itself caprices and fantasies, than of a tendency that is fecund and robust. That he is not a good all-round artist, that he is a better colourist than draughtsman, that he is audacious at times to the point of impertinence, all this and more may be urged against him; but when the worst is said, there remains a painter whose work is *hors ligne*, and whom it is as impossible to ignore as it is impossible to withhold admiration from the marvellous works that emanate from his brain and brush.

It is only a "paradisaical pandemonium," as an Italian writer aptly calls Naples, that could produce a genius so *bizarre*, so complex and apparently incoherent, so rich, so facile and so strange. For some eight or nine years now the name of Michetti sounds to Italian ears as the expression of everything that is new, unexpected, hare-brained, and extravagant. His name is synonymous with brilliant stuffs and dazzling flesh tints, conjoined to shadows of dark cobalt; of clashing tones sought for designedly; of delicious child faces caressed patiently by a cunning brush; of full-bodied women inundated in an atmosphere of sun and heat; of landscapes created in the brain of the artist, where trees cast no shade, or shades are cast by trees outside the canvas; in short, synonymous for Tiepolesque hardihood and Japanese ingenuity; for strange and unusual frames; for a carnival of comic personages; for peasant idyls scorched by a southern sun; all this pervaded by a youthful freshness of power, an artistic good-humour that tells of a thought-unburdened artist, rich in strength and creative ability. It has been said that most artists have their eyes in their brain; of Michetti it might be said that he has his brain in his eyes.

Francesco Paolo Michetti was born in 1851 at Chieti, in the Abruzzi Mountains, that Italian district which to this day the newer civilization has not touched, where Catholicism has but veneered the ancient Paganism, where progress is a word of unknown meaning, and personal liberty unesteemed. His father, whom he lost while quite young, was a musician and a composer. From boyhood Francesco Paolo showed a disposition towards drawing, and he had some lessons from a local master. But on his father's death the poverty of the family made them dependent on friends. Some of these, seeing the boy's talent, obtained for him a small pension from the local municipality, with which he set out for Naples to study at the Royal Academy. He was a mere lad when he arrived at the lovely city, so poor that he had neither shoes nor stockings on his feet, so miserably clad that his hair stuck out through the cap that was planted upon his head. His dirty and dishevelled aspect, ragged and squalid even for Naples, made the other students refuse to work with him, and hence Michetti had to study as and when he best could, in off hours, or often after dusk had fallen. One day the artist Dalbono, who happened to visit the Academy school, noticed the boy who worked when others went to play. He asked him what he was doing, and when Michetti showed him his drawings, he was greatly struck by their ability. "Who are you?" he asked. "Francesco Paolo Michetti; and who are you?" "I am Eduardo Dalbono." "Oh, he who painted—" (naming one of the artist's earlier pictures). "The same." "Then I will show you something about your picture." And forthwith the lad opened his sketch-book and showed the elder artist a number of pictorial notes that revealed the errors of drawing and effect of which Dalbono had been guilty in his work. The maturer painter was so much surprised and impressed with this boy that he took him home with him then and there, and insisted upon painting his portrait, shabby clothes, torn cap and all. This cap has therefore become historical. From that time forward the two were fast friends, and Dalbono helped his young *protégé* whenever and wherever he could. But these were bad times for Art in Naples, native pictures were neither bought nor sold, and even an excellent artist like Dalbono had to descend to making copies, which alone were in request. For some time he, Michetti, and yet another painter, produced for a dealer a quantity of false Meissoniers, many of them so beautifully handled that it is hard to tell them from the originals. This is why there are so many false Meissoniers at Naples. Still, for all their hard work, these artists were not paid in hard cash. The dealer remunerated them in kind, now giving them a new coat, now a hat, now a pair of shoes. An umbrella appears to have been the highest prize: for an umbrella these artists would do anything.

But Michetti's nature was of a too restless kind to allow him to settle down thus quietly in Naples. He was a true son of the open air, of freedom, and of nature. Born among the mountains and beside the dark blue Adriatic, he could not long be absent from the fascinations of both. To this day social conventionalities irritate him; he cannot comprehend or tolerate the false varnish of drawing-rooms. What

he loves best is to scour his mountain home in the roughest, most careless of costumes, to live among the peasants and study their ways; to be free—in short, to do exactly as pleases him best. From some of these flights he brought back a great number of studies and sketches of figures, cattle, and landscapes, that found not only admirers, but purchasers. A large picture of cocks and hens attracted the notice of a Parisian dealer, who, struck with the young man's talent, offered him a pension if he would work exclusively for him. Michetti accepted the offer, and in the course of a few years painted works that pleased much in Paris. He also went thither himself, profiting by the Art atmosphere of the place. He came to London too, but our nebulous city could not long hold an artist whose first life and Art requisite is sunshine, not to say daylight. Neither could Paris retain him, for all its grandeur and gaiety. He longed for the primitive, sun-steeped region that alone could inspire him with themes. Returned to his native place, he painted a number of works taken from the life of the Abruzzi peasants. Among the finest of these are 'Good Friday at Chieti,' 'A Marriage in the Abruzzi,' and 'The Return from the Pumpkin Harvest.'

Indeed, Michetti's art, like the life of his Abruzzi compatriots, divides itself between church festivals and the free out-door existence of the woods and fields. On this account his pictures are interesting and valuable as *documents humains*, to use the favourite phrase of our modern realists. His secular scenes should be supplemented by the foreign spectator with the works of his compatriot and ardent admirer, the writer Gabrielle d'Annunzio. They would then better comprehend those Abruzzi pastorals in which pulsates all the untutored, sensuous, impetuous, hot-loving, fierce-hating blood of these Southerners. What a tragedy in colour is, for example, 'La Figlia di Jorio,' the peasant maiden who slinks along with downcast eyes and shame-faced attitude upon the field-path that is skirted by idling, reclining peasants, who jeer and gibe at her as she goes by! 'Pastorelle Abruzzesi' is an idyl quite, and yet as true to life as a photograph could be; such scenes are and can be witnessed any day in these far-distant regions. It is a modest picture of no pretensions, and yet very lovely in its naïveté and unpretentiousness; merely two peasant children, youthful shepherdesses, such as we encounter in these parts, taking their lambs down to a green and shady pool to drink. Another similar idyl is 'Flavia,' the girl walking with a gourd-bottle slung behind her back, doubtless taking refreshment to the distant field labourers. In the background is the village, perched, Italian fashion, upon a hill; the foreground is filled with the picturesque large leaves and fruits of the pumpkin, with its manifold colours and eccentric shapes. For cocks, hens, and sheep, Michetti has quite a speciality; above all, he is happy when drawing lambs or newly-hatched chickens. There is a winning naïveté and simplicity about his rendering of this young life, as about his youthful peasant maidens. It is easy to see that he cares for, as well as observes, these things.

Such were among the earliest results of Michetti's return and life of retirement in his mountain home, the home where he could enjoy the spectacle of an almost virgin nature, on which culture had not yet set its disfiguring mark; a nature half savage, wholly picturesque, in which dwells a people beautiful of aspect and true of heart; good, too, for all their southern heat of temperament, and laborious for all their reputation of idleness; a land of grand sunrises and sunsets, of moonlights bright as an English day; a region where the roar of the buffalo alone disturbs the silence of the lonely marsh lands, where the sharp tones of the bagpipe, the clashing of the tambourine, betray the presence of hamlets inhabited by a light-hearted population. These people, who recall the ancient Pelasgi or Tyrrhenes, their forefathers, still retain many of the lovely and poetical customs of those long past days. Hence from quite another world that has its roots in remote antiquity, Michetti drew the inspiration for those marvellous and wild Abruzzi scenes with whose truthful delineation he has astonished even his countrymen.

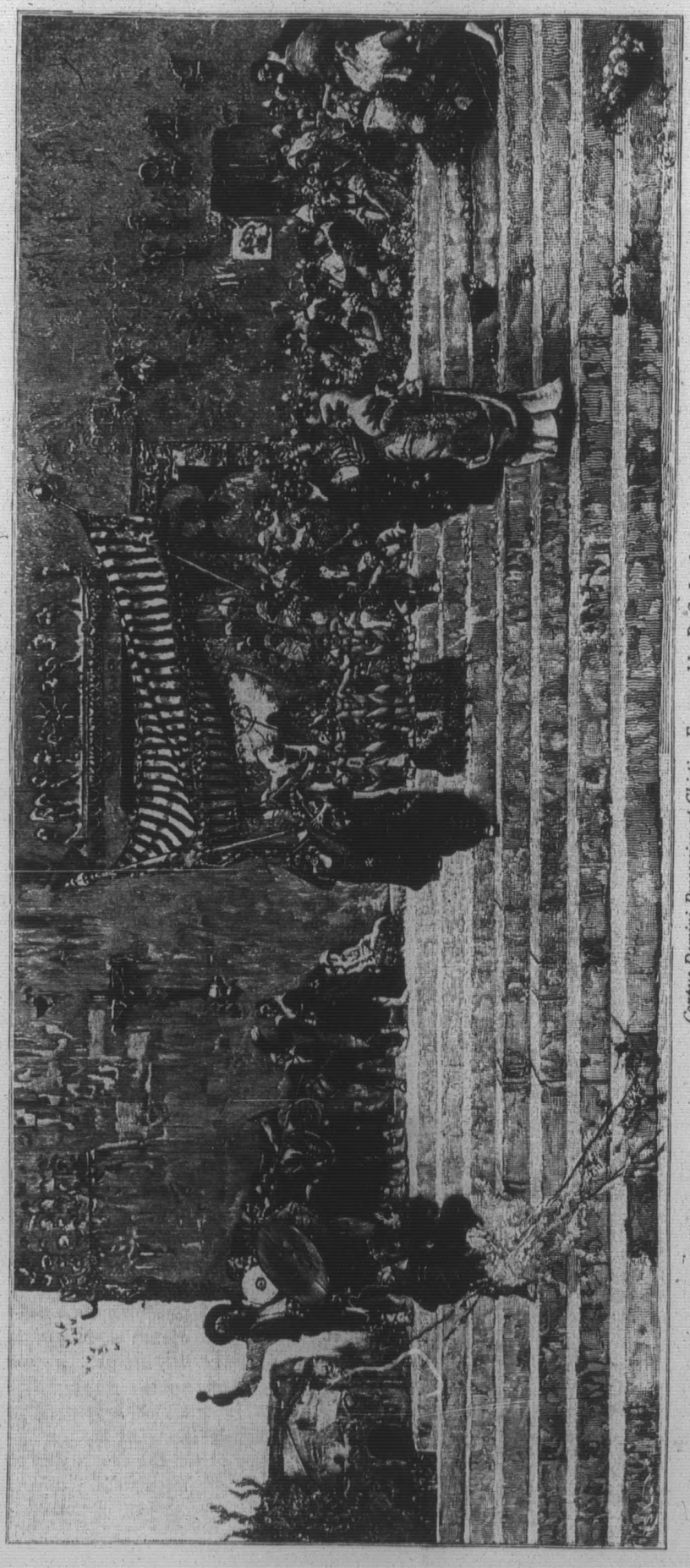
The picture that revealed the full strength of his powers, and which made his fame, was the 'Corpus Domini Procession at Chieti' (see Illustration), exhibited in the Naples Exhibition in 1876. The work roused an indescribable sensation. It burst upon the Art world like an effect of fireworks; it attracted and amazed at the same time. Here was a creation both original and potent, that could be placed in no category as yet known, either for idea or treatment, for the picture is painted in oil, water colour, and *guazzo*. It was certainly in no wise academic; it might be classed as impressionist—but even here Michetti follows no school, but gives his individual impression solely. Now that out-door religious demonstrations are forbidden in the towns of Italy, only those who have had the good fortune to spend early summer in the country districts may have seen one of the impressive and picturesque Corpus Domini processions—processions concerning whose deeper meaning and purpose not even the most devout Catholic can furnish an explanation. Michetti's picture, in which the ripe colour, the full voluptuousness of the south has free play, furnishes some clue perchance to the query. It is just as pagan as anything we could hope to see by putting on Hans C. Andersen's "Goloshes of Happiness," and wishing ourselves back into the heyday of Greek life, and assisting at one of the national festivals. Here in the Abruzzi we are in true Magna Græcia, and the paganism of those days can scarcely be said to be effaced. The astuteness of the Catholic Church has merely laid a varnish over ancient ceremonies by giving a different name to external ordinances that, to all intents and purposes, are the same as those practised some two thousand years ago, when man was younger and the world more gay.

Chieti is a small but busy town "set upon a hill," like many another Italian city, and though nominally a railway station, it is at a considerable distance from the line. Steam may therefore be said as yet little to have modified its ancient traditions, and superstition is still rampant to an almost incredible degree. The Teate Marrucinorum of the ancients, in modern times the site of an archbishopric, Chieti church bears evidences within and without of much artistic wealth, and is, like many another Italian country town church, of a size altogether disproportioned to the importance of the place. Michetti's picture, which is long and narrow, shows us the façade up to the height of the principal door, as a rule only opened on such state occasions, and the flight of steps that very commonly surround the churches in Italy—steps that are apt to supply to the inhabitants the place of a Sunday lounge, a club, a gossiping centre, a meeting spot. All the ground occupied by these steps is held to be within the jurisdiction of the church, and out on to the platform formed by these steps processions are allowed to come, except in cities like Rome, Genoa, or other large centres, where their appearance at all outside the walls of the building inevitably provokes to

riot and disturbance. Whoever has been witness of such a riot between the bigoted believers and the more enlightened town population, when the soldiery has to be called out and shots are often fired, will not desire to be present a second time, and will recognise the wisdom of the Italian government in interdicting in certain cities, each time that Corpus Domini falls, that the procession shall neither issue from the church door nor open the central portal to the daylight. Having myself once been in the midst of such a popular uprising on this day, and seen its horrors and dangers, I can speak from experience. But Michetti's procession is held amidst an ultra Catholic population, priest-ridden and ignorant, to whom such an uprising would be a sacrilege and a blasphemy. In his work we see the procession issuing from the central portal and about to show itself upon the steps to the crowd of townsfolk stationed without. That even they do not propose to go farther than the platform we gather from the fact that the noisy city brass band that is placed at the extreme left-hand corner of the platform, and is braying, trumpeting, and clashing away with all its might and breath, is clearly stationary on this spot, for otherwise it would precede the sacred show. The baldachin that must always cover the host when it issues from the church walls, is being borne well out upon the platform by sturdy acolytes. Still within the shade of the door follows the officiating priest, bearing under his ample cloak the "most holy." He is preceded by nuns crowned with chaplets of fresh white roses, behung with enormous rosaries, who are chanting the hymns of praise proper to this feast:—

"Pange lingua gloriosi
Corporis mysterium
Sanguinisque pretiosi
Quem in mundi pretium."

Men of the people, fantastically bedizened, carry relics and other church properties. The permission to bear these in the procession is regarded as a great honour, and is permitted only



Corpus Domini Procession at Chieti. Engraved by R. S. Lueders.

to persons of good repute and faithful church observance; it is eagerly sought after, in some places even balloted for and bought. Behind the officiating priest will be as many more as the church owns. The cross of the cross-bearer is just visible in the picture behind the host-bearing priest, while a great glittering banner seems to form a huge glory about his head. But what will strike English observers even more than all this loud-toned, half-barbaric show of gaiety and gaudiness, is the group of merry little boys who, hand-in-hand, precede the priest, laughing and shouting for very glee. They are just as naked as they were born, with the exception of soft white felt shoes and strings of rosaries and beads hanging round their chubby necks and falling over their fat little bodies and entwined about their little heads. Could anything be more ancient and pagan than this group of youngsters, some of whom are cutting capers for pure enjoyment of this bright-coloured, noisy holiday, while others are impressed a little with the dignity of the occasion, and try to bear themselves with gravity and importance? They might have come straight from the brush of Rubens, these little monkeys, so full, so luscious is their flesh painting. Two—too young, or perchance too tired to walk, for it must be remembered that there has been a long ceremonial in the church preceding this exit—are borne in their mothers' arms. It is a pictorial as well as a physical error that Michetti lets the mother's hand, sustaining the child upon her arm, sink deep into its flesh. The flesh of a healthy child, however fat, is firm, and though a grasping hand might make some dents, it would not make them at this depth. Compare with this the Virgin and Child of Andrea del Sarto in the Tribuna of Florence, where the Mother holds her Child in the same way. It is in points of this kind that Neapolitan would-be realism sinks into exaggeration and error, not to say want of taste and ugliness.

At the right-hand corner of the platform and down the steps devout spectators are crowded together—a crowd consisting in all ages and countries mostly of women. With few exceptions they are kneeling, as is customary at the sight of the host, and are flinging at the procession the fresh-cut flowers and showers of rose-leaves, which are also traditional. In the very foreground kneels a peasant, letting off one of those *feux de joie* in which Italians deal so largely on these occasions. It is an exact portrait of the painter, who has here, in antique fashion, introduced himself into his composition. And down upon all this gay, brilliant, noisy, merry, strange, and unsolemn scene, gazes solemnly the dark, huge Byzantine saint, painted in fresco, many times above life-size, beside the entrance portal of the church. His eyes gleam and glare like a negro's from out his dark visage; he no more understands how the faith that produced him developed into this masquerade and sensuous carousal than does the unheeded, sorrowful Man upon the cross who hangs to his right, His head crowned with thorns, His feet resting on a skull and cross bones, all emblems of sorrow and sadness.

A strange picture is this truly, whether we regard it from the point of view of its theme or of its pictorial presentation. It is painted with a delicacy and finish that were doubtless learnt when fabricating false Meissoniers, and yet with a bold and broad touch that savours in no wise of over minuteness. It is brushed from a palette charged with a richness of colour possible only under an Italian sky. Into this, as into each of Michetti's creations, he has put all his soul, and for this reason he is very jealous concerning reproductions from his works. He knows that with him, as with all the Neapolitan artists, ancient or modern, colour rather than draughtsmanship is the strongest point; that black and white can give no just or adequate notion of his powers. Still, all things considered, this Corpus Domini picture does not photograph badly, and, default the original, can give some idea of the work of a painter so unique and individual. Certainly those who would gain a just conception of how wide is the gulf that separates the country life from that of the town in Italian civilisation, should study this picture, in which it is made graphic.

Through the kindness of Signor Paolo Tosti I was able to see the first sketch for this curious work. It is in pastel, a medium much loved and often employed by Michetti, and is even more heathen in conception than the finished composition. This talented composer, cousin to the artist, who designs for him those quaint and clever covers which distinguish their author's songs, told me that in the Abruzzi, during processions, quite savage customs prevailed; thus, for example, at one place the women walk half naked with serpents twined round their busts. Michetti, seeing this, desired to make a sketch of the scene next time the ceremony occurred. By favour of the local syndic the procession was made to halt for a few minutes, to enable Michetti to throw his impressions on paper. But when the priest who was carrying the host at the head of the *cortège* got wind of the reason for this halt he was furious, and but for a precipitate flight the artist would have been torn limb from limb by the enraged populace, who regarded his act as that of an unbeliever and a scoffer.

The Corpus Domini picture—which, like most of Michetti's works, is enclosed in a *bizarre* frame, the design of his sculptor friend and house-mate, Constantino Barbella—was bought when first exhibited by the Neapolitan family, De la Field, in whose collection it hangs to-day. During the course of the exhibition at which it made its first public appearance, a dinner was given to the artist, and at this dinner Michetti was introduced to the syndic of the city, the Duke of San Donato. This functionary pompously felicitated the painter upon his great success, adding, "You are so young, and yet you can do so much." "I can do yet other things," replied Michetti. "What others?" asked the Duke. There was no reply, but to the amazement of the official, and to the no small amusement of Michetti's friends, who knew his mad, merry temperament, the artist hastily stripped off his coat and waistcoat, and at one bound proceeded to cut before the astonished Duke capers that would not have disgraced an acrobat. Fortunately the Duke was an Italian, which is to say he had a keen sense of fun, and the incident passed off with a merry laugh all round. It is, however, extremely characteristic of the artist, who is full of caprices and whims. Thus, for example, for more than a year he wholly abandoned painting, and devoted himself to nothing but bicycling, and at this moment he has once more foresworn painting for ceramic manufacture.

HELEN ZIMMERN.

(*To be continued.*)

INDUSTRIAL ART IN WÜRTTEMBERG.

I HAVE been asked by the Editor to open the series of papers in the *Art Journal* which will, during 1887, deal with Industrial Art, with one descriptive of a recent visit to those districts of Germany which, more than any other, are competing for supremacy in the manufacture of several commodities in which England has hitherto held its own. The introduction of such a subject needs, I think, little apology in a Journal which has for nearly half a century consistently striven to raise the standard of our Art manufactures. It is now an admitted fact that the very large sums of money we are spending upon our Art education—this year the estimates of the Science and Art Department alone exceed £400,000—are not utilised to the best advantage, and it behoves every one who has the welfare of his country at heart to do all that lies in his power to better this state of things.



No. 1.—Oak Panel. Designed, Modelled, and Carved by I. Fais. Kunst Gewerbe School, Stuttgardt.

So long ago as the year 1869 I wrote a letter to the *Art Journal* from Stuttgardt, giving a short description of the system of Art teaching as applied to industry which had recently been inaugurated in Württemberg, and was then beginning to develop a strong vitality. I drew attention to the thoroughly practical nature of the instruction, and to its close connection with the trades of the country. In a recent visit to the same State, I have had the benefit of visiting schools, workshops, and factories in various parts of the country, and am able to report on the progress which has been made since my former visit. The result of my researches fully justifies the expectations I had formed, that the system which I had seen in its infancy in 1869 would prove successful in raising the quality of the manufactures of the country, and in promoting the prosperity of the traders and of the people.

With regard to the general scope of the system I may briefly state that the direction is undertaken by a Government department in Stuttgardt. The Industrial Museum, the principal Kunst Gewerbe (Industrial Art) school, the central collection of copies and models, the final training of teachers, and the distribution of State grants, are under its disposal and management.

By the active operation of the central department, by constant personal supervision, and by judicious aid both in models and in money grants, every town and village of importance has been stirred up to exertion, and all have, in course of time, realised the advantages to be derived from Art knowledge as applied to their special industries.

The central department is under the control of men of experience, who are not theorists, nor even artists, but who understand the requirements of the trading communities, and work for their benefit.



No. 2.—Embossed Work in Copper. By Gust. Weitmann, of Gmünd, Apprentice, sixteen years of age. Executed in the Fortbildung School.

The corporations and local bodies co-operate with the Government department, and afford liberal assistance, both by personal supervision and money grants, to the Industrial Art schools in their districts. They provide the rooms and pay towards the school expenses a sum at least equal to the grants made by the central department.

The manufacturers and handicraftsmen vie with one another in supporting the schools, and by their co-operation in work-

ing out the intentions of the Government system, the attendance of the young men and apprentices in their employ is universally secured.

The teachers are all expected to know the trades of their districts, and to be practical workmen before they become teachers. They obtain their final Art training in the Kunst Gewerbe school at Stuttgardt, under experienced professors and practical designers.

The impracticable system of payment on results of pupils' work, as applied to design and Art workmanship, does not exist in Württemberg. The teachers are selected for their knowledge and skill in technical work and design, and are paid according to their merits and the success of their schools, which are judged both by the local authorities and the central department.

Pictorial art is kept distinct from industrial art. The two are under different administration. They are both carried to the highest pitch of excellence as regards the schemes of instruction.

In Stuttgardt the whole system may be seen in operation, and the higher schools there serve as models to those in the provinces. Drawing is taught in all the elementary schools, both for boys and girls. The time allotted to it is generally two lessons per week, of an hour each. Considerable proficiency in free-hand outline is attained by the elder scholars.

At the Fortbildung (further progress) schools, for youths of fourteen to twenty, a great advance is made, and the students are carried forward into modelling, shading, and colour, with elementary design. These schools are well furnished with models and copies, and have numerous classes for various subjects in Art. The attendance (although not absolutely compulsory) is very large.



No. 3.—Design for the Tombstone of a Child. By Mr. Hans Peter, Teacher of the Fortbildung School, Geislingen.

The Kunst Gewerbe school in Stuttgardt deserves special notice. The work done here is the highest development of the influence of Art upon materials; it is also the chief training school for teachers of industrial Art for the whole country. It is conducted by professors of great ability. They are men who can not only teach but practise applied Art in its highest forms. Some of them are practical designers, and they do a good deal of outside professional work in augmentation of the very moderate stipends which they receive for tuition. The number of students varies from about fifty in summer to eighty in winter. The regulations for their admittance are strict, and rigidly observed. They must show proof of having worked for at least two years at a trade, and must produce drawings or work to evidence sufficient talent and training. The period of attendance is three years. The fees are very moderate. Great care is bestowed upon each student. A special course adapted to his trade or occupation is laid down, and he has to follow it carefully, and attend regularly.

The subjects taught in this school are geometrical and architectural drawing, light and shade, perspective, figure drawing from casts and life, decorative ornament, wood carving, modelling and casting, painting (as applicable to decorative trades), architectural style, anatomy, and history of industrial Art.

The work done here is thorough and systematic. For example, Wood Carving. Every work goes through a regular course. First the design is drawn on a board, then the model in clay or wax is superadded, and finished with sharpness and precision; finally the work carved in oak or walnut is copied from the model. The designs are thus rendered in a masterly fashion. All slipshod work or alteration is avoided. The illustration No. 1 is from a panel executed by one of the students from his own design.

The other branches of industrial Art are carried out on similar lines of thoroughness.

GMÜND.

Among the provincial towns of Württemberg, Gmünd is one of the most interesting. It abounds in objects of picturesque character, and, although in recent years many of the old gabled houses have been pulled down, or spoiled by restoration, plaster, and paint, yet enough remain to redeem its character from the sameness of modern domestic architecture. Lofty roofs and gables, dormer windows, antique signs in ironwork of grotesque design, carved doorways and shutters, wrought iron hinges—all these, not only here and there, but in every street, and in rich profusion. To crown all, there are two magnificent churches, one Byzantine, date 1100 to 1150 (recently restored in an indifferent manner by the energy of the parish priest), the other somewhat later in date, but far more beautiful, with rich stone carvings, and magnificent columns. Near this church is the quaint old bell tower, a rustic structure, with a tapering roof of red tiles and woodwork. The town itself is an admirable school for the student of Mediæval Art and architecture.

Gmünd, as regards its trades, may be described as the Birmingham of Württemberg. A good deal of machinery is employed in the factories, which are numerous, but much of the finest work is done by hand in the cottages, both by men

and women. You will see whole families busily engaged, the men in chasing and engraving, the women in cleaning and polishing jewels, gold, silver, and other cheaper metals. Both men and women are well dressed, and there are no rags to be seen, thanks to the excellent system by which every girl in the country is taught to be a proficient needlewoman. There is a general air of moderate prosperity about Gmünd, and the other provincial towns of Württemberg. There are few signs of great wealth, none of extravagance, and very few of extreme poverty. The artisans do not overwork themselves, nor attempt to become wealthy by saving. Their chief aim is to obtain good instruction for themselves and their families. They are industrious while at work, earn as much as they require, spend freely, and are fond of good living and enjoyment.

The first factory I visited was that of Messrs. Erhard and Sons. Their work is in silver, copper, brass, and nickel, also electroplating in gold and silver. Their chief designer, Professor Bauer, is the teacher of chasing, engraving, and repoussé at the Fortbildung school. His designs are good, and the workmanship of the firm has obtained a high reputation for its solid and substantial character.

I visited the Fortbildung school. There are nearly three hundred students under four professors, each of whom undertakes a distinct department.

In Class 1 the students, who have previously had instruction in free hand and outline at the Volks-schule, are carried forward in the higher branches of drawing. They remain about a year in this class (more or less, according to proficiency) and then go forward into one or more of the advanced classes.



No. 4.—Design for a Vase in Silver (gilt) and Ivory. By Mr. Hans Peter, Art Teacher, Geislingen.

Class 2 contains about sixty youths, who are taught to model in wax and clay. They attend about twelve hours a week. The examples are executed neatly and with great precision, on slates. They are not encouraged to make original designs, but to execute models from antique and modern examples of first-rate work. This method of instruction is extremely interesting; it may be considered to take the place of "light and shade" studies in our schools. For practical purposes it is far more useful. The results are excellent, and prove the admirable skill of the master and the attention and adroitness of the pupils.

In Class 3 there is a mixed course, including drawing from natural objects (plants, etc.), all bearing upon design, copies of standard works of excellence, and original design.

I cannot speak too highly of the work done in this class. The drawing is excellent. The original designs show extraordinary ability, and being done by practical students, under a master who knows the requirements of the industries of the town, they are all suitable for trade purposes, and are valued only as being so applicable. The floral and conventional drawings show good taste in arrangement and composition, and delicacy in outline and colour. The proficiency gained in the elementary class is of great account in its further application to more important and highly finished work. I may enumerate the following articles for which I saw designs made by the students in this class:—Goblets and cups, epergnes and plates, vases, beakers and beer mugs, candlesticks, napkin rings, etc.

Class 4.—Professor Bauer, the teacher, is, as I have said, the chief designer in Messrs. Erhard's factory. The work in this class is entirely in metals, and consists principally in copying from engravings or models, die-sinking, engraving, chasing, and repoussé. (Illustration No. 2.)

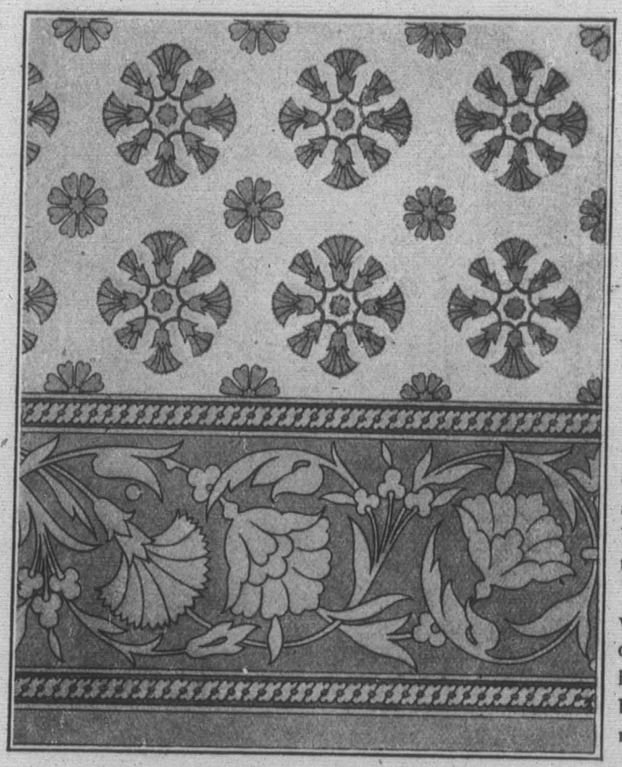
The whole of the teaching at Gmünd appears to be as near perfection as can be attained in a school, and approaches in its results the best work of the factory. Its effect upon the trade of the town is marvellous, and it has led to the substitution of local for foreign articles in Württemberg, as well as to a considerable export trade. English wares are no longer used, and the manufacturers of Gmünd and Esslingen send their goods to London, where they are stamped with the name of a shopkeeper and sold at high prices.

In addition to the classes the school at Gmünd has a library and a well-selected museum, also a reading-room for the use of the students. The Government grant to this school is about £260 a year.

REUTLINGEN.

This town is not so interesting as Gmünd in its architectural features. There is a fine church; and a few old towers, which are neglected and going to decay. The old houses have for the most part been restored or remodelled with stucco and paint, and there is a general air of modern improvements which gives it a commonplace appearance.

The trade of Reutlingen is in textile materials, and a vast amount of small matters of needlework, knitting, etc., widely known as Reutlingen articles.



No. 5.—Design, Linen. By Andreas Schmid, fifteen years of age. Weaving School, Laichingen.

The best weaving school and the best Frauen Arbeit (female work) school are here. The Fortbildung school has about three hundred students, and is presided over by Prof. Schmidt, who appears to be a man of great ability, as he superintends the teaching of all the departments, which include elementary instruction in drawing, ornament as applied to house decoration, modelling, and design.

The decorative teaching is thorough. Large works of original and applied design are executed by the students, such as ceiling and wall decoration in full-sized panels. The modelling is good, and here decorators can complete their work in the school, not only by modelling in clay, but by executing plaster casts of cornices, panels, etc., from the models.

The Government grant to this school is about £220 a year.

The "Frauen Arbeit" school is in a large building outside the town. There are two hundred students, who come from all parts. Among them I saw six young ladies from America. To describe the elaborate system of teaching needlework in this school would require an article to itself. I must content myself by saying that the course of instruction in all the higher branches is founded upon careful drawing and design. Under the hands of skilful female teachers, needlework and dressmaking are well entitled to rank among the artistic industries of the town.

The weaving school, the oldest and probably the best in Württemberg, has had a great influence upon the trade of the town. The top floor of the factory in which it is located is devoted to design, and draughting patterns for the looms. Many of these are elaborate, and are woven in the lower rooms by the students. They work at the looms from eight to twelve hours per day. The fees vary (according to the department in which they study) from £3 to £7 10s. for the course of twelve months. They receive wages for work done, which are subject to deductions for expenses, faulty work, and defects caused by negligence. The whole practice of ordinary weaving is taught, including plain and fancy goods, damasks, plush, velvets, and carpets.

GEISLINGEN.

The principal industries of this place are metal work and ivory carving.

The Fortbildung school is doing excellent work here. The master is Mr. Hans Peter, a young man, but a practical designer of great ability. He was educated in Stuttgardt, and later in Munich and Nuremberg. He is now chief designer to the extensive brass factory at Geislingen, belonging to a joint-stock company. He commenced as a stone-carver. He spends all his time at the school, where he has a small studio and workshop. When I was there he was engaged upon a vase of admirable design in silver and ivory, as a wedding present from the town to the Crown Prince of Württemberg. The students of the school were carrying out the design under his instruction. (Illustration No. 4.)

The school is carried on in an old high-gabled building, with large rooms, well lighted but rather low. It is devoid of any approach to luxury or extravagance in fittings, but it has an abundance of casts and models. These are provided by the Central Department at Stuttgardt, and are largely augmented by the works of the masters and pupils; modelling and cast-making being an important branch in this school.



No. 6.—Design, Coloured Border, Linen. By J. Wegst, eighteen years of age. Weaving School, Laichingen.

The population of Geislingen is 6,000. Government grant to the school, £150.

LAICHINGEN.

Leaving Geislingen in a carriage, we ascended for some miles, until we reached a plateau or alp, many hundred feet above the valleys which bound it on either side. This plateau is about one hundred miles in length. It is sprinkled over with villages, and intersected with numerous roads.

Thirteen miles from Geislingen is Laichingen, a village of 2,600 inhabitants. Here we first visited a small weaving establishment, and saw the people at work on the manufacture of linen table-cloths of all sizes and of elaborate designs. Only hand looms were used. There are two or three of these small factories in Laichingen, but a great part of the work is done in the cottages, where the looms are so closely packed that you wonder how the men can get in and out of the benches.

We then visited the Drawing School. The teaching here is eminently practical—some would perhaps say prosaic. We did not find the students aiming at the production of landscapes, or figures, or portraits, nor do any of them dream of becoming picture painters, but the course of instruction is carefully planned for teaching Art as applicable to the trade of the place. The study of geometrical figures and curves, flowers single or in groups, mostly in outline or with slight suggestions of shade, and arrangement of colours all leading up to original design. The teacher, M. Weiss, attends two days a week. The aim in this village is to impart a general knowledge of drawing as applicable to the local manufacture, to a considerable number of students, so as to fit them for the production in the looms of the elaborate designs which are woven here, and to train a few of the most promising among them to become designers for the trade. Of these I saw four at work. They appeared to spend their whole time at the school during the two days when the teacher is there. The other students, some of whom were boys from the Volks Schule, attend for two hours in the evenings. (See Illustrations Nos. 5 and 6.)

There is a weaving shed connected with the school in which the students carry out the designs as ordinary workmen. The looms belong to a firm in Stuttgardt who take all the produce. There is also a loom in the school, in which the students are expected to work out their designs in small articles. They also make elaborate calculations of cost.

It is evident in a place like this which has great and numerous disadvantages against its success in trade, that the industry which flourishes here can only be maintained by excellence of work, novelty of design, and the tasteful application of colour to material. By the energy of the people, the skill of the teacher, and the assistance of the Central Department for Industry, this result is achieved, and a prosperous manufacture is superadded to the ordinary pursuits of what would otherwise be a poor and purely agricultural population.

The foregoing are only examples of a system which prevails in the other German states. It is to this practical Art that the Germans are indebted for much of their success in trade, and is one of the causes of the competition from which we suffer in England. Whilst our manufacturers are apt to sneer at what they call the inferior quality of German goods, they would perhaps adopt a wiser course if they acknowledged that tasteful articles are made in Germany at lower prices than they themselves can produce them, and would bestir themselves to see that the money spent in Art teaching in England is applied in the schools to the actual requirements of manufacturers and handicraftsmen. There are, no doubt, great faults in our system of teaching Art in its application to trade, and there is little chance of improvement until manufacturers take a more active interest than they do at present, in the class of instruction imparted in our provincial schools.

A. HARRIS.

'VENETIANS.'

ETCHED BY C. O. MURRAY, FROM THE PICTURE BY LUKE FILDES, A.R.A.

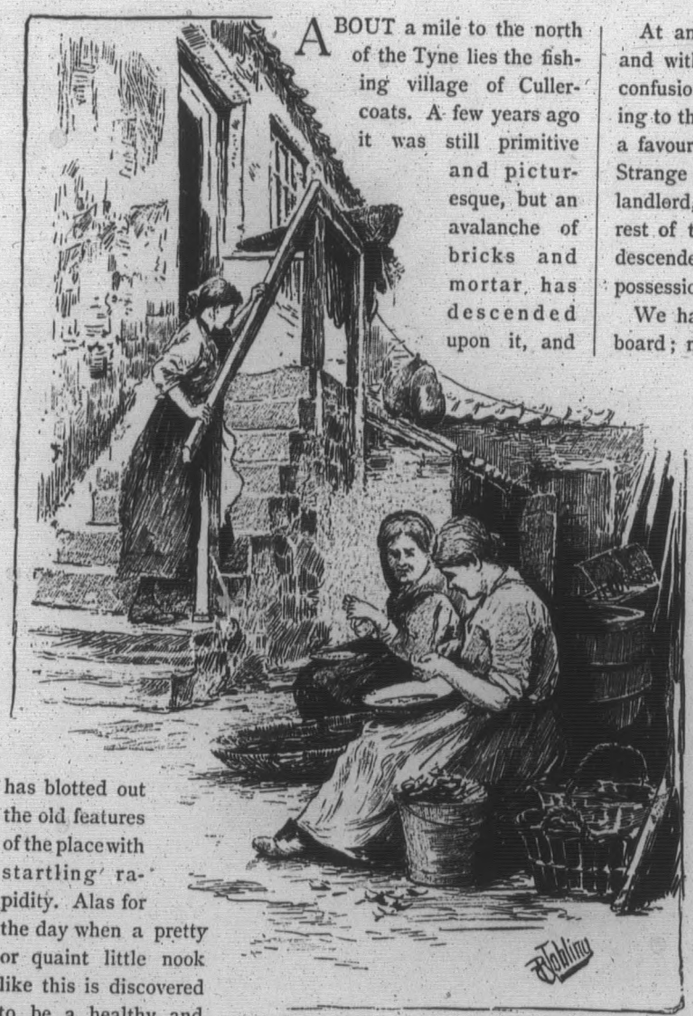
IN this charming picture Mr. Luke Fildes has only endeavoured to depict, superficially if you will, one of those canal-side doorway groups so characteristic of Venice in the hot summer.

In the summer afternoons and evenings the many tenants, or rather the womankind, of the once-splendid palaces that line the canals come out "to take the air" in the shade, bringing their work, bead-stringing, sewing, or other simple employment, and their babies. It is the time for chatting, singing, gossiping, for the making of toilettes, and for the children's bath.

These old palace doorways are the usual rendezvous of the poorer people who occupy the different tenements, and to those who go with a preconceived intention to see nothing but squalor there is doubtless much that will reward their quest. Still, scantiness of money in Venice does not carry with it that depression and misery that overwhelm the English poor. There is a natural peace and beauty and a brightness and gaiety with these Venetians that appear to envelop them, and is so characteristic to those who can perceive it, that to represent them otherwise would be to burlesque them as a class. These are the impressions which Mr. Fildes formed of the people when he painted the picture, and how true to nature it is all those who have visited Venice will bear witness.

The picture is one of those which have contributed to form in our minds those pleasant impressions of latter-day Venetian life, which we are year by year accumulating from the brilliant transcripts of Mr. Fildes, Mr. Henry Woods, and Mr. Van Haanen. The 'Venetians' is in the collection of good modern work to which Mr. John Aird is every year adding new treasures—a collection which contains some of the best of the canvases which have added special interest to the exhibitions at Burlington House and the other leading Art exhibitions of London in recent times.

SOME FISHER FOLK.



Baiting the Lines.

ABOUT a mile to the north of the Tyne lies the fishing village of Cullercoats. A few years ago it was still primitive and picturesque, but an avalanche of bricks and mortar has descended upon it, and has blotted out the old features of the place with startling rapidity. Alas for the day when a pretty or quaint little nook like this is discovered to be a healthy and convenient bathing resort for a neighbouring town! Not that they have quite managed to spoil Cullercoats yet. There is one view of it you get from the sea, or the rocks at low water, when the old parts group well together, and the harbour, with fishing boats and pier, makes a telling foreground. Here and there, too, in walking through it you come upon good "bits," a quaintly-shaped gable, or an outside staircase draped and festooned with nets.

"Sparrow Hall," the oldest specimen of architecture here, is a queer dilapidated mansion, about which all sorts of traditions are current, but facts are nearly unattainable. When the popular mind has been exercised in inventing the history of a house for some generations, it is difficult to get hold of authentic information on the subject. I have been told two very contradictory tales concerning it; that it was built by a great duke in the time of the Stuarts, and that it was simply a dower house belonging to the Delaval family, whose estate of Seaton Delaval is a few miles along the coast to the north. The latter seems the more probable.

At any rate it is now tenanted by a colony of fisher folk; and with groups of them busy about and within it, and a confusion of baskets, creels, and other impedimenta belonging to their vocation, it is a good subject for the pencil, and a favourite one with the artists who come here to sketch. Strange to say, the families who live in it acknowledge no landlord, and pay no rent. So it has always been, and the rest of the people do not question their right, since it has descended to them from the remote ancestors who first took possession.

We have no luxuriance of nature on this northern seaboard; no rich vegetation creeping lovingly down to the very edge of the water, as in warm, moist, beautiful Devon. All plant life here is of a coarse hardy kind. The few stunted trees which struggle on for bare existence are torn, bent, and twisted by the scathing breath of the east wind which sweeps in from the sea with pitiless force. Flowers bloom sparingly, and are of a dwarfish habit, as though they dare not venture to rear their tender heads aloft, in dread of being beaten down.

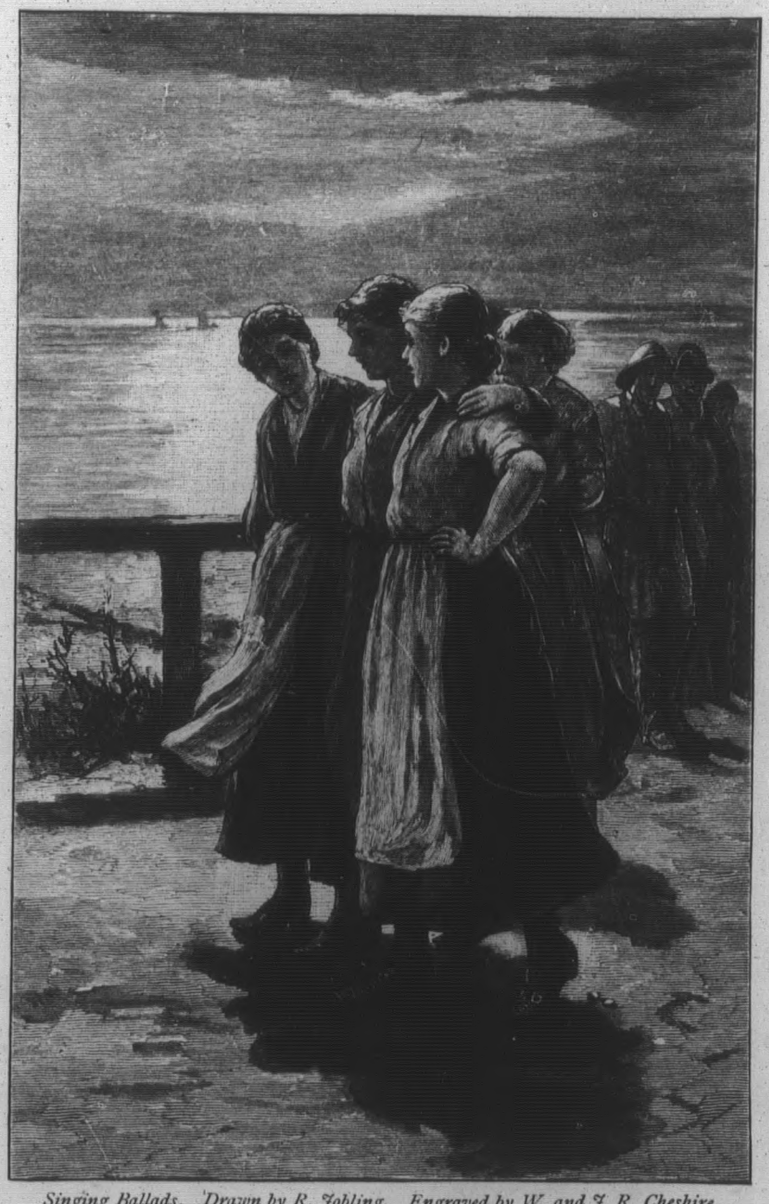
With all this poverty of the softer embellishments of nature, the cold bleak north has a charm of its own—a charm which is difficult to analyse, and all but impossible to describe, but which is nevertheless very strong and sweet.

The sea may not be so blue nor the skies so sunny as on the south coast of our island, but the horizon seems farther off, the expanse of sky and sea grander, and the effects more striking. It is not that the cliffs are bold and rugged, or rocky headlands imposing in height. In truth, the grandeur is atmospheric rather than anything else. There are few things so impressive as our gigantic panoramas of cloud, or so beautiful as our wind-swept seas, with their innumerable hues, fleeting and returning as the lights and shadows come and go. And summer, though late in arriving, is worth waiting for. There are worse ways of passing a summer noon than lying on the short turf, which literally sparkles with daisies, and noting the ships and steamers come sailing out of the Tyne, between the busy towns of North and South Shields, which lie on either side of the river like a couple of watch dogs; past the piers and past the fine, rugged, crumbling cliff crowned by the grand old ruin of Tynemouth Priory; and so on into the open sea, until they dip below the horizon and are lost to view.

It is our fisher folk, more than our scenery, that make Cullercoats interesting and unique. It is surprising how strongly they retain their peculiar characteristics, while places and things about them change continually. There must be a great amount of individuality in the race to withstand the influence of this flood of new life which has poured in upon it of late years. They keep apart, intermarry amongst themselves, stick to their own ways, and wear their own particular

costumes, just as their fathers and mothers, and grandfathers and grandmothers did before them.

Endurance is not so much a necessity to fisher nature as courage. The men—and women too, for that matter—have not only to bear with the elements, they have to battle with them for daily bread. They must perforce be quick, strong, and self-reliant in their dealings with wind and wave. So perhaps do they gain that look of—how shall I describe it?—mental power—hardly that perhaps—complete development, which, added to their fine, strong, robust looks, raises them far above any other section of the working classes that I know. Their very walk has individuality in it. It is free, decided, unfettered. Some of the fisher lasses are very good-looking indeed, and even the plain ones are pleasant to look at, from their fine colour and graceful bearing. The women stoop as they grow older, from the pressure of the creel; but the younger ones have generally fine upright figures, and splendid heads of hair, which, save in very rough weather, they leave uncovered. Nothing could well be more becoming than their costume, the print bodice, with coloured neckerchief tucked inside, the blue flannel skirt, worn short and with a profusion of tucks (the more tucks a Cullercoats belle has the better style she is counted), and the home-knitted stockings, and strong, but neat shoes.



Singing Ballads. Drawn by R. Jobling. Engraved by W. and J. R. Cheshire.

It sounds dreadful to speculate on the fact of their great want of education having tended to keep them original: and yet it is true that the most intelligent of them can neither read nor write. Of course the limited intercourse with the world which arises in consequence has drawbacks. It renders them narrow, prejudiced, unreasoning. But these are blemishes easily forgiven in the general interest they awaken.

And if you try to win their friendship this interest will deepen. They have a rugged independence which makes them intolerant of patronage; but meet them as man to man, and, above all, avoid letting them imagine that you are talking down to them, and it is not difficult to win their hearts. It is well, however, to be prepared for a very unconventional style. Not that they mean the slightest disrespect, but they fail to see why they should not discuss your affairs to you, as you do theirs to them. If you can overlook this, they will do far more for you than many who would cringe before you, hat in hand. Nothing can exceed their devotion and warm partisanship of any one they take to. But they decline to be impressed by any social superiority, though they acknowledge it in a way compatible with their native dignity.

The life they lead is a picturesque one, full of vigorous action and variety. But the work is toilsome and laborious, and often very unprofitable. Many people think their occupation is quite an easy way of earning a livelihood. Poets and artists are fond of dealing with it in a fanciful manner, calculated to mislead. The pretty harbour, the shimmering sea, the boats sailing out at eventide to cast their nets and wait for the silvery shoals. It sounds simple and idyllic, but the reality is no pleasant idyl. There is a lot of patient, disagreeable work to be done on shore before a sail is set or a boat ready to start. Net-mending, baiting the lines for white fish (see Illustration), overhauling the cobles (fishing boats), painting and tarring them, patching sails, making crab and lobster pots, and a hundred other items do not count in ideal representations of fisher life, but they form an important part of it notwithstanding. And the return for this work is so uncertain. All the gear they use is expensive and non-durable. Every salmon season they require a new fleet of nets, and each net costs five pounds. The reason the nets last so short a time is partly owing to the fact that the salmon is one of the wariest of fishes, and some subtle sense warns it from the dangerous meshes if the nets are tanned, like those used for the herring.

Then, too, there is always the risk of the nets being cut to pieces in a night, through the carelessness of those on board steamers, who disregard or overlook the twinkling lights of the cobles. Of course these destructors are liable for the damage, but they have got off scot-free so often that they do not seem to care. The fishermen are averse to appealing to the law. They find that the time wasted in all legal business makes it too costly a process for poor people.

There seems a fascination about salmon fishing which is difficult to account for otherwise than by a sort of gambling spirit. The prizes are big, and worth risking something for. Early in the year the men may be doing fairly well at the line fishing, if the weather is favourable; but directly the salmon season begins, they leave the certainty, and make ready for the more valuable uncertainty. Yet it may be a month or more before they take a single fish, when their chances of high prices are gone. It is only fair to consider this when we grumble at the extravagant price of salmon at the beginning of the season.

It is not to be wondered that these poor ignorant people, who live on or by the sea all their lives, are imbued with queer notions and superstitions concerning it. They do not acknowledge this readily, are rather ashamed of it, indeed, and it takes time and familiarity to bring these superstitions to light. They appear to endow the sea with sentient power, with an intelligent and generally malignant will. It is ever ready to undo human labour and destroy human hope. Before very rough weather there occasionally comes a strange calm, a hush—like to nothing save the holding of a breath before a furious outburst of rage. It has a weird effect,



Launching the Lifeboat. Drawn by R. Jobling. Engraved by W. and J. R. Cheshire.

coming, as it often does, at nightfall. After this a dull, wailing, muffled sound creeps out of the darkness—a sound as of lamentation and entreaty heard from afar. "The sea is calling," they say here; and when this happens the fishermen expect a gale before morning.

When the sea has got hold of its prey, and there is a house or houses desolate in the village, they hold that it mourns, making quite a different sound to any other time.

About funerals there are odd observances and ideas. It is unlucky either to meet or to cross a funeral train. There are girls in the village who are a sort of professional mourners (though unpaid) for children and young women who die unmarried. They are dressed in black, with white hoods, and shawls of white spun silk on their shoulders. Six of these mourners is the mystic number, and whenever one is married another is selected to fill her place. Probably it is considered a post of honour, for there never seems a vacancy, though I do not know how the selection is made. They are grave-looking damsels, so it may be by their fitting appearance. At a young man's funeral there are only two of these girls, who walk before, and are called "servers." The Dissenters have a custom of singing a sort of dirge over their dead, not unlike in effect the chanting of the monks at a funeral in Rome. But when the sad duties are done comes a time of feasting. Their pride forbids them to have anything but "a menseful funeral." Another peculiarity is that when the people are asked to attend, it is by men and girls named "bidders" (not necessarily relatives of the deceased).

About their work they have many quaint notions. One is that while preparations for fishing are going forward, no mention of *pigs* must be made. This brings great ill-luck, and either the lines which are being baited will be lost, or the boat's crew will beat about all day and take nothing. If any of the men happen to forget their big sea-boots, and send back for them, the said boots must be carried to the shore in a particular way, viz., one under each of the bearer's arms, with the toes pointing forward. Should they be carried together over the shoulder, with the feet behind, the men hold that so will the owner be carried home drowned before night. There are certain people whom it is considered unlucky to meet when the boats are going off; in fact, so deeply rooted is this fancy, that it reminds one of the "evil eye" superstition, or the belief in witches. Since "there's always a woman at the bottom" of mischief, these terrible people are all of the feminine persuasion. I heard quite a long story concerning this. It was told by the owner of a "keel" boat. When the crew met the cause of their bad luck, they put their thumbs inside their doubled fists (after the approved fashion of breaking the spell), but it was all of no use. She "hoped they would have a different year," and accordingly they had, but the change was all for the worse. The first day one man fell down the hold, and was lamed for weeks; the second, another was twice knocked overboard. And they beat about for a week without hitting a shoal. Imagine with what effusion the poor "witch" was greeted as she met them on landing, and asked, innocently enough no doubt, "Ha' ye had better luck this time?"

Fishermen are good weather prophets. They are not often taken at a disadvantage, save in the sudden squalls which arise on the calmest days, and which no amount of experience serves against. This is the sort of weather most fatal to our fishing fleet. Then follows a time of intense excitement. The lifeboat is got in readiness. The women run to the beach screaming, and throwing their arms aloft in a most dramatic fashion, which might strike a stranger as affected, but which is simply habitual to them. They are very emotional, and husbands and sons are there in danger, yet in sight of land. They are children of nature, and completely unused to self-control.

When the boats are coming in the crowd in the haven is one to delight an artist: the cobles nearing shore one after another, their brown sails flapping, lowering, furling, as they come to land; the men splashing about in the water with gaily-painted oilskins and huge sea-boots; the women in their blue flannel dresses, standing in groups, waiting and gossiping, or perhaps knitting: or if they have got the fish, washing it in the shore pools, and getting it ready to be packed in the creels and taken on their backs to be sold.



Cullercoats Harbour. Drawn by R. Jobling. Engraved by W. and J. R. Cheshire.

A man who is often painted gains a certain respect for artists, at least for his own particular one. Perhaps this respect is partly because he holds that he himself has something to do with making the fellow's fame. Nature and life being here of the heroic type, painters must needs paint heroic pictures. This necessitates the posing of the models in grand attitudes, whether their real natures correspond or not.

The salmon boats look very well during a summer sunset, as they catch the last rays on their sails of ruddy brown. This is a very transitory glory, and soon they show dark against a sky where clear opaline tints still linger. The water loses the wonderful hues it has been reflecting, and ceases to glow and sparkle with flecks of gold. A cool air breathes over the earth, and the only sound audible is the lapping of the little wavelets against the pier below, until two or three of the fisher lasses go by, their arms interlaced, singing as they walk (see page 26). They have good fresh voices, but the words are difficult to catch. Perhaps they are—

"Coquet side and willow fair
Ma bonnie laddie's there."

Or a sort of taunting duet they sing, when the girl says—

"The hoose is taen, the goods is bowt,
Oh, laddie, dinna rue;"

and is met with the reply—

"Ye wadn't ha' me when ye could,
Ye shanna ha' me now!"

LILLIAS WASSERMANN.

ART NOTES AND REVIEWS.

THE anti-Academy movement is still dragging its slow length along. There has been more correspondence in *The Times;* Messrs. G. Clausen and Walter Crane have resigned their membership of the Royal Institute; an organization having for its object the foundation of a "National Exhibition of the Arts" has been established and, "up to a certain point," completed; a sub-committee, consisting of Messrs. Clausen, Crane, Holman Hunt, La Thangue, Kennington, S. J. Solomon, and J. K. Thomas, with Mr. Frederick Brown as chairman—has been appointed, and has sent round for signature a document affirming that "the juries for the selecting and placing of works of art must be elected from and by the artists of the United Kingdom." It is understood that so far the appeal has met with scant success; also that the difficulties in the way of such a scheme as is proposed—difficulties of funds, of locality, of patronage—are insuperable; so that (it is hoped) the union may go no farther after all, and the conspiracy may presently be allowed to lapse. In any case the scheme is foredoomed to failure. What is wanted is not a new association, which nobody knows and for which nobody cares three straws, but a reform of the old one, which has the eye of the country, and, with all its faults and shortcomings (and they are many and gross), is recognised as representative of English Art. We hold that no stone should be left unturned to bring such reform about, but we cannot believe that the so-called "National Exhibition" is a step in any but the wrong direction; and we are strongly of opinion that to start it, and to fail in its establishment, would help the anti-reformers more than anything that could happen.

The Keeper of the Prints has of late been singularly fortunate. Among the more recent of his acquisitions are eighty mezzotints from the Addington Collection; eighty drawings by the late Randolph Caldecott; a fine collection—of portraits, caricatures, fantasies, and so forth—of drawings in pen and ink and water colours by the late Richard Doyle; a number of drawings by the Old Masters—Leonardo, Watteau, Aldegrever's 'John of Leyden,' Van Dyck, Michelangelo, Sir Joshua, Timeoteo Viti, and others—from the collections of Lord Breadalbane and Mr. F. T. Palgrave; an example of Jehan Fouquet, 'The Vision of Saint Louis,' from the volume in the Brentano gallery; and the largest collection of toy theatre scenes, prints, characters, and portraits in existence. This last is mainly composed of the publications of William West, the ancestor of Green, Skelt, B. Pollock, Marks, and other famous tradesmen, and includes the dramas of *Blue Beard, Ivanhoe, The Elephant of Siam, La Perouse, Casco Bay, Hyder Ali, The Red Rover, Black-Eyed Susan,* and *The Miller and His Men;* with a number of character portraits of eminent actors on a larger scale. As West was not only the first, but the best of the toy-theatre makers, the interest of this unique collection is considerable, from the point of view of Art as well as those of history and drama.

The Birmingham Museum has been open ten months, and has had in that time over a million of visitors; the Colonial Exhibition, open during six months, has had over five millions and a half. The Society of Lady Artists will hold their next exhibition at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly; the sending-in days are the first Friday and Saturday in March. At the Burlington Fine Arts Club there will be an exhibition of McArdells in December. There will be a Fine Art Exhibition at Elgin, under the patronage of Lord Thurlow, Lord Fife, the Duke of Richmond, and others, at the end of the year. The Bewick Club will next year merge their annual show in the Jubilee Exhibition of Mining and Engineering, to be opened in Newcastle on the Queen's birthday. Finally, an exhibition of the work of Mr. Whistler—pictures, etchings, and pastels—will be held next March in the galleries of the Society of British Artists.

The attendance at the Autumn Exhibition of Pictures at the Liverpool Walker Art Gallery has been considerably affected by the Shipperies Exhibition; but artists will be more concerned to know that the sales of pictures are considerably in excess of last year—at the time of writing one hundred and sixty works have found purchasers. The Corporation have bought for the permanent collection a work by Professor Geets, of Malines, entitled 'Awaiting an Audience.'

Sir John Millais is painting a sequel or companion picture to 'The Huguenots;' it has been purchased by the proprietor of 'The Vale of Rest' and 'The Knight Errant,' Mr. H. Tate, of Streatham. The so-called Lausanne Raphael, which has been described as a daub of the meanest type, has been sold for 8,000 francs. At Leipzig the Solex Collection has realised a total of £51,695. Dr. Bode has bought in Paris, for the Berlin Museum, the 'Jan Arnoulfini' of Jan Van Eyck, which was sold in London with the Nieuwenhuys Collection to Mr. Sedelmeyer for £326.

M. Berne-Bellecour has painted 'The Abdication at Fontainebleau' on a large scale and with the utmost attention to all details of costume and portraiture. The French Minister of War has commissioned, for the Salles d'Honneur of the Ministry, ten pictures representing the feats of arms of ten several regiments. For this first series M. Protais will paint 'The Storming of the Malakoff by the First Zouaves;' M. Delahaye, 'The Charge of the Twelfth Hussars at Marengo;' M. A. Morot, 'The Charge of the Third Cuirassiers at Reichshoffen;' M. Dupray, 'The Eighteenth Dragoons at Wörth (1794);' M. Broun, 'The Eleventh Chasseurs à Cheval at Hohenlinden;' M. Sergent, 'The Charge of the Third Chasseurs d'Afrique at Cinq Palmiers against the troops of Abd-el-Kader;' while MM. Berte-Bellecour, Le Blant, Renard, and Arthus will immortalise the Seventy-Sixth Foot and the Eleventh Artillery at Solférino, the First Engineers at Sebastopol, and the death of Colonel Froidevaux of the Sapeurs-Pompiers. A second series of ten, to be devoted to the line regiments and the Chasseurs, is in preparation, and it has been decided that four others shall be put in hand as soon as possible.

An interesting exhibition, probably the largest display of

Copley Fielding's works ever brought together, is now open at Messrs. Vokins, in Great Portland Street. Though no very intelligent observer of nature, and by no means to be ranked among the great innovators of the beginning of this century, Copley Fielding was, in the true sense of the word, an artist. He handed on, and often modified, according to his personal feelings, the traditions of the past—traditions of a school in which formal beauty of composition and exquisite purity of paint were paramount qualities. Thus he has handed on the sacred fire to many painters of the present day, who, like him, cherish the cult of the old decorative water-colour painting in preference to the new and vigorous religion of naturalism. In 'Vessels in a Stiff Breeze' (6), 'Vessels in a Storm' (59), and many others of like complexion, we see the prototype of the sort of work now produced by Mr. E. Hayes and Mr. A. Parsons. The convention has probably more or less of a Dutch origin, but Copley Fielding added an easy grace to it, and made it his own by adapting it so legitimately and skilfully to his favourite medium, water colour. He, indeed, as much as any painter, appreciated the intrinsic beauties and decorative quality of this material, and never allowed enthusiasm for nature, or any passionate human feelings, to interfere with the delicacy and orderly loveliness of his work. 'Loch Katrine' (18) well shows his limits: the hill forms are impossible, the relations false, the handling feeble, the foreground too evidently the cheap and common brown *repoussoir*. Nor can we say much more for (50) or even for (60), in spite of its lovely opal sky. But such instances of exquisite workmanship and delicate Art applied to a somewhat empty convention are common enough. 'Scarborough' (12) is one of those large spirited compositions not quite convincing as an aspect of nature, but handled throughout with mastery, and consistent as illustrating a mood and phase of Art. 'Raby Castle, Durham' (35), though less pretentious, will appear sounder and more complete to the modern artist occupied with truth as well as harmony of ensemble. 'The Bay of Naples' (29) resembles some over-detailed Turners. 'Composition, Surrey' (57), flimsy in tone, shows the influence of Claude and Turner; but the best and most perfect in this vein is the mellow and atmospheric 'River Scene—Sunset' (40), which almost rivals the purity and elegance of a Claude. 'A Landscape—Sunset' (31), one of the most striking of the large pictures, reminds one in the force and vividness of its colouring, as well as in the character of its sentiment, of the late Samuel Palmer.

The death is announced of the sculptor, Emilio Castellani, at the age of ninety years; of the Danish painter, C. Laude; of John Pritchard, diocesan architect of Llandaff, and author of "Views, Elevations, and Sections of Minster Lovell Church;" of the German sculptor, Dielmann; of Baron Charles Meyer de Rothschild (Frankfort), one of the most successful of modern collectors; of Ernest Eugène Hiolle, a pupil of Jonfraz and Graufils, sculptor of an 'Arion' (1867) and a 'Narcisse' (1865), both in the Luxembourg; of the Moscow painter, Paul Semenovitch Solokin; of Lord Monkwell, better known as Sir Robert Collier, an amateur landscape painter, but a frequent exhibitor at the Royal Academy and elsewhere; and of J. Beavington Atkinson, Art critic and historian, author of "An Art Tour in the Northern Capitals of Europe," and for many years a chief contributor to this magazine. Mr. Atkinson was born in 1822, and in due course articled to a solicitor. He, however, never seriously practised his profession, being more concerned to study and copy works of art. He travelled largely, visiting Italy, Greece, Turkey, Damascus, and Upper Egypt. On his return he commenced to lecture, and opened his literary career, which has been a long and busy one, by contributing to *Blackwood's Magazine*, *The Eclectic Review* and *The Art Journal*. He was also well known as the Honorary Secretary of the Burlington Fine Arts Club.

Sir Henry Layard has been for some time past engaged upon the correction and revision of Kugler's "Hand-book of Italian Painting," and by incorporating with it the results of his own researches and those of Morelli, Eugène Muntz, Bode, Lubke, Crowe and Cavalcaselle and others, has made it, we are told, almost a new work. The Rev. Thomas Burns (Edinburgh) has in hand a "History of Old Scottish Communion Cups, Baptismal Plate, and Tokens," to be illustrated with some fifty plates. Mr. Hunnewell has finished, and Mr. Murray will shortly publish, a set of "British Chronicles in Stone." Mr. Stanley Lane Poole is hard at work on his "Fasti Arabici," for the preparation of which he has journeyed of late through Sweden, Finland, Russia, the Crimea, Constantinople, and Smyrna. The success of the French and Dutch Loan Collection in the Fine-Art Section of the Edinburgh International Exhibition will be commemorated in a *catalogue raisonné* redacted (with a preface) by Mr. W. E. Henley. The volume will be published by Messrs. Constable at the University Press. The illustrations, some forty or fifty in number, will be the work of Messrs. W. B. Hole, A.R.S.A., and Zilcken.

The two new numbers in the excellent "BIBLIOTHEQUE DE L'ENSEIGNEMENT DES BEAUX-ARTS" (Paris: Quantin) are M. Henri Buchot's "Le Livre" and M. Louis Gonse's "L'Art Japonais." The first is in some sort a model of its kind. The point of view is purely French, of course; so that the Englishman who searches it for a satisfactory account of Baskerville and Castin, and Roger Payne, will come well-nigh empty away. All the same, it is capital work. The first chapter contains as good and explicit a summary of the origin of printing—the contributions of Coster, Guttenberg, Fust, and Schoeffher—as we know. The second deals with the men of the second generation, in Germany and Italy, France and Holland; the establishment of a press at the Sorbonne; the beginning of illustrations; "l'apparition du portrait;" marks, borders, initials, and signatures. The next two chapters deal with the innovations of the next two centuries (1600-1700); in the fifth the book of the eighteenth century is examined and discussed, with special reference to France and the illustrations of Gillot and Laurent Cars, Watteau and Boucher, Cochin and Eisen and Gravelot; but with a brief excursus upon England, Choffard and Moreau, Bartolozzi, the publications of Boydell, and "the Ariosto of Baskewille;" and a few lines concerning Chodowiecki. The heroes of the sixth chapter are the Didots; and among the names arrayed in it as examples are Daumier, Devéria, Jean Gigoux, Bewick, Doré, Gavarni, Johannot, and "le célèbre Benjamin West." Then comes a discourse on types, papers, inks, and presses; with a chapter on binding, from the achievements in wood and pig- and calf-skin, of old Mayence, to the Marius, Michels and Trautz-Bauzonnets of the present time; and a final note on libraries, in which the Bodleian and the British Museum are not forgotten. M. Buchot, it should

be added, is an excellent writer, so that his book is very easy reading; while his illustrations, which are many, are so well chosen and so successfully presented as to be deserving of special commendation. There is not nearly so much to be said for "L'Art Japonais" of M. Louis Gonse. It is at best an epitome of the author's larger treatise on the same subject, which has been completely superseded, as far, at least, as pictorial art is concerned, by the work of Mr. William Anderson. Had M Gonse delayed the publication of his book a little longer, and incorporated in it the immense amount of novel information contained in Mr. Anderson's "Catalogue" and "The Pictorial Arts of Japan," he had done his readers much better service than he has. He would have been obliged to recast and rewrite his treatise, but it would have savoured much less of empiricism, and have possessed a greater scientific value. It is a little annoying, indeed, to find him repeating himself to so little purpose. Of Mr. Anderson's eight historical and academical divisions—the Buddhist, the Yamato-Tosa, the Chinese, the Sesshiū, the Kano, the Popular, the Shiō (or Naturalistic), and the Ganku Schools—he takes no account, though some knowledge of them is essential to the understanding of the progress of Japanese painting, but makes his story one of individuals and individual practice. He declines to recognise the fact that Japanese Art is only a development of the Art of China; remarks that—the existence of Wu-tao-tz, and others notwithstanding—"il n'est même pas prouvé qu'avant le XIIe Siècle la Chine ait eu des maîtres plus habiles que le Japon;" says nothing of Korea and the Korean example, and nothing of the Græco-Indian inspiration, but insists, against all evidence, on the presence of Persia and Persian influences, and, in brief, misstates the case as clearly and categorically as he can. To Hōkusai he gives, as in his larger book, a separate chapter, written with the exaggerated enthusiasm which that admirable artist has from the first awakened in him in common with all French critics. In treating of printed books he asserts that there are no examples of block-printing anterior to the fifteenth century, whereas, according to Messrs. Anderson & Satow, block-printing has been a Japanese industry for over a thousand years, and there is extant a block ascribed to Jigaku-Daishi, one of the lights of the Buddhist school, who died in 864. It will be obvious from all this that as a text-book M. Gonse's work leaves much to be desired. It is written, however, with elegance and spirit; it contains a great deal of unimpeachable information and some intelligent criticism, and it is, on the whole, well illustrated, so that, until the appearance in English of a better book of the same class, it will be found not altogether useless.

Mr. G. A. Audsley has produced in "THE ORNAMENTAL ARTS OF JAPAN" (London: Sampson Low) what is probably the most sumptuous publication existing on the subject. It has pretensions to completeness, and it takes in fact as comprehensive a survey of the several arts of Japan—embroidery, enamel, lacquer, metal work, painting, textile, and so forth—as has yet been achieved. More than that, Mr. Audsley has collected his material from the best and richest sources—has gone to Mr. Anderson for information about pictures and engravings, to Sir Rutherford Alcock for his textiles, to Mr. M'Clatchie for his heraldry; so that, for some time at least, his work is likely to be of value as an epitome of what is known on the subject to which it is devoted. The best of its sections is that upon cloisonné enamel, which is readable and sound in no mean degree; and it may be said of even the worst that it is accurate so far as it goes, and with all its defects is thoroughly well meant. But it is, after all, as a publication *de luxe* that the book attains to eminence. That the examples illustrated are not all well chosen—are interesting commercially rather than as objects of Art—may be readily conceded. The fact remains that, good or bad, they are produced with such exemplary magnificence as to give a permanent value to the book in which they appear. To give any adequate account of them in the space at our disposal is impossible. Some are in photogravure; those in colour are the work of Lemercier of Paris. Among them may be mentioned, in the first part, a masterpiece in encrusted lacquer, which represents the escape from their demon conductor of a batch of souls bound for the gates of Tartar, which is simply as good as it can be. Conspicuous in the third part are the grotesque in ivory and wood of Chung-kwei engaged in combat with a crowd of demons; the portrait of Ben-kei as he appeared when he stole the bell of Mi-i-dera; the lacquer (in encrusted work), after Yōsai, of the lovely and accomplished poetess (a daughter of the illustrious Shunzei), who won the heart of a lettered prince and became a princess, by the grace with which she leaned upon an ame-tree, and the aptness and propriety with which she quoted verse; the superb *fukusa* embroidered with peacocks; all the lacquers and embroideries in general. In the last instalment is a fine ivory, representing the combat of Ben-kei and Yoshitsunē, with two admirable miniatures of the Brahma and the Indra at To-dai-jī; some wonderful specimens of champlevé and cloisonné, from the collections of Mrs. Adam Bell, Mr. Bowes, and Mr. Ernest Hart; and a piece of embroidery produced in Kioto in the seventeenth century, which simply beggars description. We might speak of a score besides; but we must leave our readers to see and admire for themselves. What is more, they will learn a great deal that is novel and true about a subject as delightful as any in the range of Art. With this subject Mr. Audsley has identified himself; and it will be long ere the association is dissolved, and the services which he has rendered to all students of the arts of Japan are forgotten.

The "RICHARD WAGNER: SA VIE ET SON ŒUVRE" (Paris: Rouam. London: Gilbert Wood) of M. Adolphe Jullien is a publication of singular magnificence. The paper and type are such as we might expect from the Librairie de l'Art. There are a hundred and twenty illustrations—portraits, scenes, landscapes, caricatures, and so forth—in the text. There is a portrait in lithogravure; there are etched portraits by MM. Unger & Abot; there is an etching, by Herr Fischer from Hoffmann's picture (a fairly bad picture it is) of an incident in one of the operas. Best of all, M. Fantin-Latour has contributed a dozen or fourteen designs (excellently lithographed) in his old imaginative manner: designs that impart a peculiar value to the book, and give it a *cachet* of its own. They are not all good. The first, for instance, 'L'Immortalité,' is commonplace in sentiment and effect; the second, 'La Muse,' has nothing to distinguish it from a hundred Muses besides; the intention of the fourteenth, 'Réveil,' is of the vaguest. The rest, however, are picturesque and suggestive; they form a capital plastic commentary on Wagner's work, and they are worth studying for themselves. Of M. Jullien's text it is less easy to speak with decision and assurance. To the anti-Wagnerite its terms must of neces-

sity appear preposterous and absurd; to his opposite, unstinted as is its eulogy, and ungrudging as is its enthusiasm, there are moments when it will seem not quite uncompromising enough. What is certain is that it is a spirited attempt—premature or not—to achieve the apotheosis of Wagner, and that, mistaken or the reverse, it deserves consideration for its own sake and on its own merits.

MISCELLANIES.—Mr. Church's "Carthage," in "The Story of the Nations" series (London: Fisher Unwin), is mainly a story of battles, massacres, and sieges; it is probably, even certainly, more accurate than "Salambô," but it is not nearly so picturesque and suggestive. The illustrations are appropriate, but inexpensive; Mr. Church acknowledges his indebtedness for most of them to Messrs. Perrot and Chipiez. The second volume of Mr. Roach Smith's "Retrospections, Social and Archæological" (London: Bell & Sons) contains a good many personal details, some pleasant anecdotes, and a certain amount of antiquarianism; it may be read without much difficulty. The text of "Legends and Popular Tales of the Basque People" (London: Fisher Unwin) is by Mariana Monteiro; it is very readable, though the style is heavy and the diction strained. The illustrations, which are in photogravure, are the work of Mr. Harold Copping; they mean well. The "Engraving" (London: Cassell), which Mr. Stevenson has translated from "La Gravure" of Vicomte Henri Delaborde, is infinitely better reading than the original, for Mr. Stevenson's English is not less vigorous and expressive than M. Delaborde's French is woolly and insignificant. The chapter on English engraving which Mr. William Walker has added to the original work partakes too much of the nature of a catalogue, but is useful and comprehensive. The illustrations are well chosen, but a trifle worn.

If it serves any real purpose to class engravings, they may broadly be grouped under three heads—those prints which command attention by reason of the subject; those which whilst faithfully following the spirit of the picture which they aim at reproducing, attract by the intrinsic merit of the reproducer's art; and those which belong to the class known as "painter-etchings." Under the first head comes the etching by Charles Waltner, after Frank Dicksee's 'Romeo and Juliet' (Arthur Tooth and Sons), A. Brunet Desbaines' etching of B. W. Leader, A.R.A.'s, 'At Evening Time' (Agnew and Sons), and the photogravure after W. Q. Orchardson, R.A.'s, 'Her First Dance' (Dowdeswell and Dowdeswells). The work of the etcher of the first plate, published as a companion to the painter's 'Harmony,' possesses a fineness and minuteness by no means too common, and it is from such as this that the locust host of amateur etchers could learn an instructive lesson. M. Waltner has attained to the nice boundary line between the brilliant facility of the etcher's art and the minute detail of the engraver's practice. Of very different character, and yet in some measure alike, is A. Brunet Desbaines' treatment of Mr. Leader's well-remembered picture. Here, whilst not a line is meaningless, the etcher relies largely for his effects on the adroit distribution of the lights in the picture. In this respect the black and white reproduction shows to advantage beside the original, to which the etcher has added something of direct force. The etching, too, is less "well 'groomed'" than Mr. Leader's canvas. The photogravure of Mr. Orchardson's 'Her First Dance' comes as a straggler at the end of the long array of reproductions, of which we hear on many hands that there is less in store for the future. The public, it is said, are tiring of "process" plates. There is one more plate, the etching by F. Slocombe after Farquharson's 'Twilight' (The Fine Art Society), which for convenience we include in this class. Its treatment is individual, yet the beauties of the original picture were such as to command more than average respect for the painter. There is no attempt to do more than the etcher can safely do, and, as a pure etching, it is bound to receive attention.

Before quite leaving this class of work we must record the recent issue of certain etchings of pictures by Chas. Cattermole, R.I., illustrating four important events in Lancashire history: 'The Visit of King James to Hoghton Tower,' 'The Battle of Preston,' 'Whalley Abbey,' and 'A Preston Guild in the Seventeen Century.' The etchings have that peculiar characteristic style which we have learnt to associate with the name of Cattermole, and as pictorial records of important historical events they should be of interest, especially to Lancashire men. They are published by L. S. Walmsley, of Blackburn.

The etching by Robert W. Macbeth, A.R.A., of the late Geo. Mason's 'Pastoral Symphony' (Thos. Agnew and Sons), comes well at the head of the class of reproduction on which the etcher indubitably makes his mark. It is a poetic rendering of a poetic subject. It is Geo. Mason's picture seen through Mr. Macbeth's spectacles. The result is happy, if we accept it for what it claims to be, an etching, and do not insist on too slavish a copy of the original work.

Of what the "painter-etchers" have been recently doing we have three examples before us, 'To Meet the Fleet,' an original etching by John Fullwood (The Fine Art Society); 'Windsor Castle,' original etching by David Law (Dowdeswell and Dowdeswells); and 'Charlcote,' by F. Slocombe (The Fine Art Society). At the outset we feel a little disappointed with the large plate which Mr. Fullwood has etched, but a longer acquaintance serves not only to eradicate this first impression, but to disclose many qualities not at first noticed. The scene is full of business and bustle, finding a healthy contrast in the quiet of the sea which rolls away to the horizon. Mr. Fullwood has grasp of a good subject, and the knowledge to enable him to freely execute it. Very different indeed, in style, in treatment, and in subject, is this plate from the work which David Law has last published. Windsor Castle is a time-honoured and oft-tried subject, and its attraction can no longer be that of novelty. Perhaps Mr. Law has recognised this, and put more than usual care and thought into his plate. The work is characterized by even more than Mr. Law's customary sensitiveness and delicacy of touch. The last of the plates now under review is the large upright by Fred. Slocombe. 'Charlcote' is issued as a companion to the 'Rookery,' a plate which has been hugely popular, and will, naturally, be the subject of comparison. Under such circumstances, we will not attempt to dictate, but simply record our impression that it can hardly fail of equal if not more acceptance with the 'Rookery.' What it lacks in other respects, it gains in effect and atmosphere. A contrast, yet a companion, it is in Mr. Slocombe's happiest vein; and that is saying much.



INTED BY W. F. YEAMES. R.A.

ENGRAVED BY LOUIS GODFREY

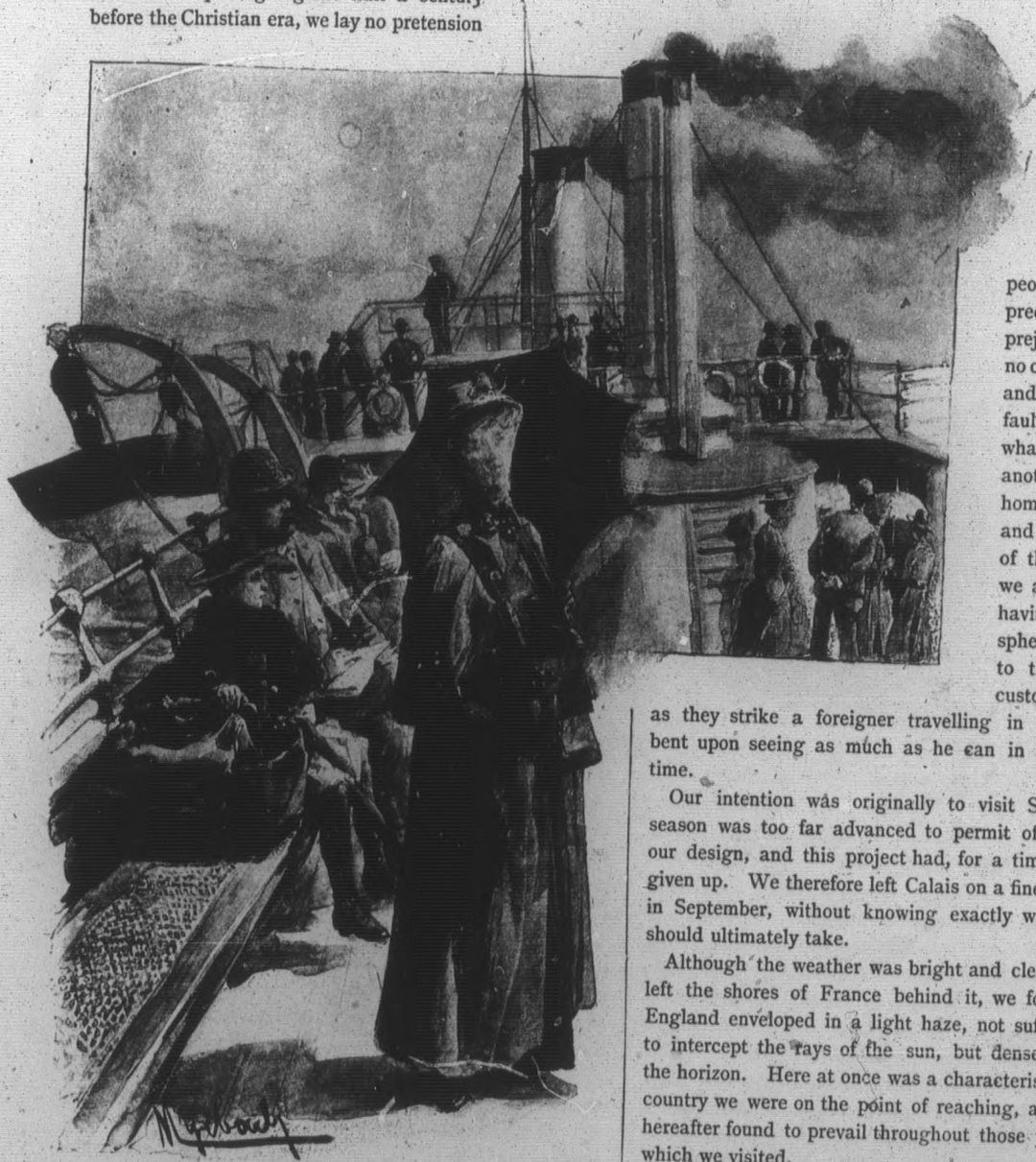
THE LAST BIT OF SCANDAL

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE SCHWABE COLLECTION AT HAMBURG

LONDON. J. S. VIRTUE & CO. LIMITED

A FOREIGN ARTIST AND AUTHOR IN ENGLAND.

THE British Isles having been known to the Phœnicians four or five hundred years, and invaded by Julius Cæsar and his conquering legions half a century before the Christian era, we lay no pretension to having discovered Great Britain or adding anything to the sum of geographical or ethnological knowledge acquired by preceding generations, and by them bequeathed to us. The following pages are simply the record in pen and pencil of a tour in various parts of England and Wales made during the autumn of 1886. Having no special object in view but to visit the country, we expound no theory and develop no system, our endeavours being confined to depicting and saying what we have seen of the land and the people, without any preconceived ideas or prejudice. We make no claim to infallibility, and may possibly find fault in one place with what we praise in another. With the home life and political and social institutions of the English people we are not concerned, having limited our sphere of observation to their exterior life, customs, and manners, as they strike a foreigner travelling in the country, and bent upon seeing as much as he can in a given period of time.



From Calais to Dover.

Our intention was originally to visit Scotland, but the season was too far advanced to permit of our carrying out our design, and this project had, for a time at least, to be given up. We therefore left Calais on a fine Sunday morning in September, without knowing exactly which direction we should ultimately take.

Although the weather was bright and clear as the steamer left the shores of France behind it, we found the coast of England enveloped in a light haze, not sufficient, it is true, to intercept the rays of the sun, but dense enough to limit the horizon. Here at once was a characteristic feature of the country we were on the point of reaching, and one which we hereafter found to prevail throughout those parts of England which we visited.

Dover, from the deck of the steamer, presented a pleasant appearance, and the mist, far from detracting from the beauty of the landscape, gave it a new and attractive aspect. The white houses of the town, nestling in a gap or valley between the heights, crowned on one side by the Citadel and on the other by the Castle, stood out against a dark background formed by hills, on which large barracks of remark-



The Arrival at Dover.

ably plain architecture have been erected. Above the town a cloud of smoke and mist was hovering.

To the right rose a tall rock on which stands the Castle, a mass of buildings of sombre hue, surrounded by thick walls bristling with towers, and looking altogether very formidable. On the opposite side the white cliffs, dazzling in the sun, extended in a broken line in the direction of Folkestone, dimly visible in the distance, and disclosed yawning chasms in their sides where they are tunnelled by the railway.

Whilst thus engaged the boat reached the Admiralty Pier, and soon we were on British soil, having made the acquaintance of the Custom House officer and the policeman, two worthy officials who, in all countries, are the first to greet the stranger. The British Custom House officer does not differ in any essential particular from his congener in other countries, but the British policeman is a massive and dignified being who seems only conscious of his importance.

It cannot be denied that the first impression of a foreigner on landing at Dover is anything but lively, and if, as in our case, he arrives on a Sunday afternoon, when the streets are deserted, the shops closed, the traffic entirely suspended, the contrast between the animation prevailing on the other side of the Channel and the dulness on this is overpowering. It is always said, and for some unaccountable reason accepted almost universally as a perfect truth, that England and France, though being the nearest neighbours, know less of each other than the rest of Europe. The latter part of the proposition it is not our wish to deny, but that England and France are the nearest neighbours seems a bold assertion. To come from France to England involves a sea passage of more or less duration, according to the route taken, whilst one step to the north, north-east, east, south-east, or south of his own country will carry the Frenchman to Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, or Spain. Nay, more, his own countrymen, in the provinces bordering on these countries, nearly always speak a dialect or *patois* understood on both sides of the frontier, and the manners of the people living on either side are, as a rule, very similar. England and France, on the contrary, being separated by the sea, there is not, and cannot be, between the inhabitants of the two countries that constant personal intercourse which exists among populations living on the same continent, and separated by, in many cases, artificial boundaries only, and, at best, by a river or a chain of mountains.

As already stated, the first impression made by Dover was



On Dover Jetty, watching the Fresh Arrivals.

one of considerable dulness, and exceeded the legitimate surprise felt at seeing, for the first time, a real English town having nothing in common with continental places. The brick houses, low and small, the peculiar sash windows, termed in France *fenêtres à guillotine*, because they slide up and down like the knife in Dr. Guillotin's ingenious machine, the curious inscriptions on the shops and signboards, were as nothing compared to the stillness and mournful appearance of the deserted streets, bordered by a double endless line of closed doors and shutters.

The only signs of animation visible in the narrow and tortuous thoroughfares of the town were in the vicinity of the churches, chapels, and mission-halls, the number of which appears to be comparatively large in proportion to the population. But even that was very little, and the only place where there was anything like a crowd was the open space in front of a hall occupied by our old friends, the warriors of the Salvation Army.

The next morning Dover assumed a very different appearance; it was quite another town, busy, animated, and lively. On the pier the railway trains brought their contingent of passengers, who embarked on the steamers ready to convey them to Belgium or France. Railway porters were transferring the luggage from the trains to the boats, and the mail bags, under the superintendence of a gold-laced official, were carefully placed on board. The London papers, just arrived, were eagerly bought up by the visitors as well as by the passengers, anxious to have the latest information available on the events of which Bulgaria was then the theatre. Behind those vast sheets of paper the readers disappeared almost completely, nothing being seen of them but their boots and hats. As a rule, the English do not cut their papers, probably for fear of losing half of them; they unfold and refold them, a manœuvre of some difficulty at the seaside when the wind is blowing.

The basins of the harbour presented a busy appearance. On the quays enormous piles of timber were being stacked, or removed on heavy carts drawn by fine, powerful horses to the railway station, thence to be conveyed inland. Timber seems to be the chief import. Two or three pretty sailing yachts were made fast to the iron posts on the quay. One of them, the largest and finest, as also the most elegantly furnished and appointed, had for its only visible occupant a lovely English child of some ten or twelve summers. The little maiden, in a costume of blue serge, wearing a sailor's cap, from under which flowed her beautiful fair hair, was leaning over the bulwarks of the yacht, whose sides were being washed by a party of sailors in a small boat; the arch and pretty child was chatting with and teasing the men, who good-naturedly replied, and seemed to enjoy her innocent jokes, whilst a monkey, tied by a chain, restlessly climbed up and down the rigging as far as its fetters would allow, and occasionally uttered piercing shrieks.

At a short distance from the yachts, alongside the quay, was a steamer belonging to the Royal Navy, as testified by the long white pennant flying from the mast. H.M.S. *Cherub*, as we ascertained her name to be, is a small and very old-looking gunboat.



Suburban Architecture at Dover.

Turning from the harbour to the streets a not less animated scene met the eye. A leisurely and composite crowd was moving up and down—sailors in heavy boots, smart officers belonging to the mail packets, policemen and railway guards, labourers and loafers, servant-girls and fine ladies, tourists and soldiers, whose gay and well-fitting uniforms here and there threw a brilliant patch of colour in a somewhat sombre picture. The shops on both sides seemed to be well filled with customers, but the shop-windows did not appear to be so tastefully and neatly arranged as in several other country towns we saw afterwards. On the whole there is comparatively little carriage traffic in the narrow streets of the town, probably on account of the railway stations being so near the port.

Towards two o'clock in the afternoon streams of people from all parts of the town could be seen hastily moving in the direction of the Admiralty Pier, and although this place appears to be the favourite promenade of the visitors, it was evident that the simple arrival or departure of the boats, a sight witnessed, on an average, four times a day, could not attract so large a concourse of spectators.

Evidently something unusual was going to happen, and we soon learnt that the cause of this general migration was the arrival of the Heir-Apparent to the throne of the United Kingdom, who was on his way home from Germany.

The scene that awaited us was rather curious; the crowd, two or three deep, were leaning against the iron railings from the extremity of the pier to the place where the steamer, then in sight, was expected to stop. Walking along the whole length of the pier there was nothing to be seen but a long row of backs of human beings, whose heads disappeared under the umbrellas and parasols held by the women as a protection against the rays of the sun. In a few moments the boat was alongside, and the Prince of Wales, in a brown suit, wearing a brown hat, buff-leather shoes, and carrying a stick in his hand, could be seen standing on the deck, a very picture of health and happiness. It would seem that the Prince's features, despite the number of photographs of him exhibited in all the shop-windows, are not so familiar to his future subjects as one might think, for he was not readily recognised by the crowd.

A general and two aides-de-camp in uniform, with cocked hats and plumes fluttering in the breeze, at this moment stepped on board the *Invicta* and gave the Prince the military salute. Tired, no doubt, of being stared at, the Prince went to the other side of the boat, and, leaning against the bulwarks, engaged in conversation with the Commander of the South-Eastern District, all the while turning his back to the admiring and well-meaning, but somewhat indiscreet crowd.

In the meantime His Royal Highness's luggage was being transferred from the depths of the steamer to the vans, the sailors and railway men being busy with the large and heavy boxes, whilst two or three servants in the royal livery carried to the saloon a quantity of smaller articles. All this took a considerable time, during which the crowd looked on silently. Not a hat was raised, not a voice was heard, when at last, all being in readiness, the Prince stepped on shore and entered the saloon carriage. The train immediately steamed out of the Pier and soon disappeared under Shakespere's Cliff.

The crowd then leisurely dispersed, enjoying the fine

weather, the sunshine, and the beautiful sight presented by the green waters of the Channel. And an interesting scene it was, yet not so new as might have been expected. These men, women, and children seemed as old acquaintances to the artist, who, however, had never before set eyes on an English crowd. How was that? Suddenly a thought flashed across his mind: "I have it," he exclaimed, "I have seen them all in Caldecott's drawings. I took him for a caricaturist, but he was a portrait-painter, and true to the life!"

And there they were all in the flesh—ladies and young girls in light-coloured muslin dresses with fur capes; what a combination! Men in shooting suits, in boating or cricketing costumes, striped jackets and caps of extraordinary colours, red and white, black and yellow, blue and green and white flannel. Here were two Scotchmen in kilts—a strange sight to the foreigner; there some soldiers, remarkably young, with bright scarlet coats; children in pretty and elegant costumes, with ruddy cheeks and healthy glow.

It was a delightful and picturesque scene, full of animation and colour, for the English have an apparently innate love of bright hues, and seem particularly fond of red, a colour of which all the shades are worn by men and women alike.



A Man of Kent.

Molière, in *Le Médecin malgré lui*, speaks of Hippocrates' "Chapter on Hats!" Had the Father of Medicine lived in Great Britain he might have written not only a chapter, but a whole treatise on head coverings. One must come to England to have an idea of what numerous and extraordinary shapes the head-gear of men and women can assume. The fertility of invention displayed by British hat-makers and milliners is positively astounding, no conception can be formed of it—it baffles all description. Then again the barbarous custom of cropping their hair short deprives many of the women and girls of what nature had meant to be their most beautiful ornament.

But the costumes and dresses are far from being the most interesting features in a crowd, although they give it a certain character; the people are particularly striking, and none can possibly be more so than the English. In the first instance the national type is most noticeable. On the Continent, Belgians, Austrians, Germans, French, Spaniards, and Italians, can, more or less, be taken one for another, but the English man or woman cannot be mistaken for any of these. There is about them an unmistakably characteristic appearance which precludes the possibility of an erroneous guess as to their nationality. The Anglo-Saxon race, owing to its insularity, has remained much purer than any other in Europe. This is apparent both in the higher and lower classes of the people, between which mixed marriages are comparatively very few.

The men, as a rule, are tall and good-looking; the women, especially when young, are remarkably pretty; many are really beautiful; they have a peculiar bearing which cannot be called graceful, and yet is not devoid of charm; one cannot imagine Englishwomen walking or talking like French or Italian women. They must be judged by a different standard. The most extraordinary thing about the English, men and women alike, is their complete lack of facial expression. They all have the same rigid, unmoved countenance, which might be described as the air of people who are tremendously bored; but as it cannot be supposed that the whole nation is bored—although they certainly look it—the task of describing their expression is practically impossible. Whether they talk politics, science, or religion, whether they make love or quarrel—and it may be reasonably assumed that in a crowd such as that at Dover all these might have been going on at the same time—the closest observer cannot detect any outward sign of what they are thinking or saying. As to laughing, such a thing as laughter never struck our ears.

It is certainly remarkable that amongst a number of people assembled together at the seaside, in fine weather, and having nothing to do but to enjoy themselves, as their dress and leisurely movements indicated, no visible sign of mirth or pleasure or excitement was discernible, although we tried hard to discover even the faintest mark of such expression. Do these people enjoy themselves? is a question we frequently, during a several weeks' tour in England, asked each other; but we could not make up our minds one way or the other. Yet, on the Continent, we had seen English people laughing and amusing themselves, or, at all events, looking as if they did, although in their own country they seem so bored. Now, what can be the cause of that? Is it because among themselves they feel bound to assume that highly proper, but eminently dull countenance, just as they put on a dress coat to go to a music-hall in London, when in Paris a shooting jacket is considered good enough for the Opera? Are there such things as mental or spiritual dress coats and shooting jackets?

Having seen this much, we next visited the Castle, to which the public has free access. A steep footway, at the end of a narrow lane skirting a churchyard, leads to the top of the rock on which stands Dover Castle. The Castle, that is, the numerous buildings, barracks, storehouses, batteries, bastions, and other specimens of military architecture which have gradually cropped up round the old Norman keep and towers, occupy a space of some thirty-five acres. The present fortress stands on the same spot as the Norman defensive works which replaced the Saxon stronghold, itself a substitute

for the Roman fortifications erected probably on the site of some hill fort built in early times by the ancient Britons. We are not answerable for this remarkable display of erudition, which is within the reach of everybody, and it mattered very little to us, who are but sorry archæologists, who were the founders of Dover Castle. What concerned us more when gazing on these walls, whether of fanes or of strongholds, which have stood the test of time, was to know what were the thoughts, the hopes, the passions, of the men who erected them; not of the chieftains, be they Roman or Saxon, Norman or Briton, but of the humble toilers who hewed the stones, or carried them to the top of the rock. What existence, what joys and sorrows were theirs? Were they prisoners, working without hope, and awaiting death as their liberator? Had those hands, whose work is before our eyes, wielded the sword in sunnier climes, far away, in defence of hearth and country; and were the builders of Dover Castle victims of war, paying the usual penalty of the vanquished, or free men raising stout walls to repulse the attack of an invading foe?

Ah! the record of the conquests, the triumphs of Julius Cæsar is a wonderful, a thrilling epic, but equally interesting would be the simple story, could we but get it, of a stonemason of the time of the great general and dictator.

From the earthworks adjoining the open space where stands the "pocket pistol" of the Virgin Queen, there is a very fine view of the Channel and of the town. Beyond the green waves, reflecting as in a mirror the rays of the sun, the coast of France could be distinguished, a darker hazy outline on the misty horizon; in the hollow, between the western heights and the bluff Castle Rock, was Dover, an agglomeration of white houses with sombre, cold-coloured slate roofs; over the town hung a pall of smoke and light fog, in which here and there played a beam of warm summer sunlight, giving forth occasionally a golden-coloured gleam, which lighted up the busy hive at our feet.

The sun was going down behind the Castle, and it was time to think of returning to the town. A row of artisans' dwellings, in a little street off Castle Hill, took the artist's fancy, and he accordingly began to sketch this picturesque row of gable-roofed cottages, composed of a ground floor and a story above, the lower part of the houses being faced with cement, whilst the upper portion is of red bricks of various patterns. Each house had a little garden before it, and was separated from the street by red palings. As one walked along the street, a good view could be obtained of the rooms inside —the doors and windows being open—all neatly furnished and scrupulously clean and tidy. At most of the windows were flowers, cultivated with evident care, and in the gardens grew, in great quantities, large sun-flowers, which seem to be much in favour, for they are to be found in the vicinity of all working men's houses or cottages in England and in Wales.

Having taken a stroll through the town, very busy and animated at this hour, we reached the road which was parallel to the beach.

Here another insight could be obtained into the life and customs of a superior and very different class of people. All the houses in the Marine Parade and Waterloo Crescent had their windows open, and the lamps being lighted, we had a sly look inside as we passed by. It was curious to find that the sameness so conspicuous in the outside appearance of the houses was equally striking in the interior arrangements. It was about seven o'clock; and every dining-room, occupying in each house the very same position, presented exactly the same aspect. At the back, facing the window, was the same sideboard, the same disposition of the furniture prevailed throughout, the same chairs were placed round the same table, at which were seated the same people, relishing, most probably, the same dishes. It used to be said of a French Minister of Public Instruction that, sitting in his official department and looking at his watch, he could say, "At this moment every school-boy in France is engaged upon a Latin translation." It can be asserted with equal accuracy that at seven o'clock punctually, every man, woman, and child visitor at Dover is sitting down to dinner.

Perhaps the same thing obtains in all countries, and allowing for the difference in the customs of their respective nations, the French, Germans, Italians, and Spaniards similarly perform the same acts at the same time. Very likely; but the peculiar construction of English homes enables one to see what is going on inside, and thus a very remarkable feature attracts the attention of all foreigners.

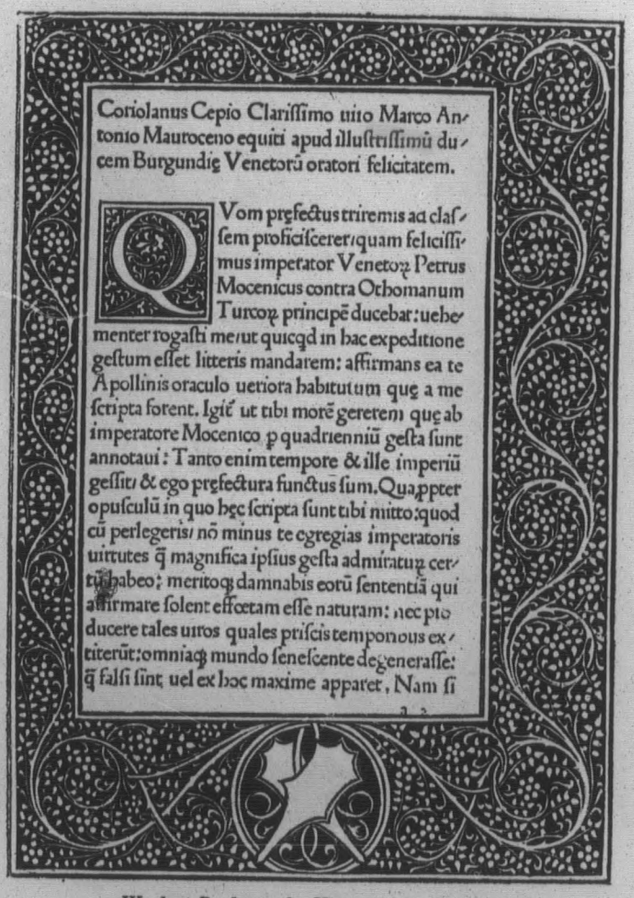
At night Dover seems as busy as in daytime, at least until, at half-past nine, the Castle gun booms forth and the bugles and drums intimate to the population in general, and to the soldiers in garrison in particular, that the time has come to turn in. We took the hint and retired to our hotel, for the next morning early we were to leave Dover for Canterbury.

(To be continued.)



BERNARDUS PICTOR.

ITALY was in the full glow and glory of the Renaissance, when throughout the length and breadth of the land there appeared for the second or for the fiftieth time an army of German invaders who came, not alone for spoil or plunder, nor for purposes of devastation, as many another northern host had done, but to bring with them the newly discovered printing-press, and to spread from city to city the knowledge of this most noble art. They were at Rome in 1467, at Venice in 1469, and in half a score of the principal towns a year later, and we can trace their march across Europe by the quickly succeeding dates when their earliest works were issued. We do not propose now to rewrite the history of the early days of printing, but to glance at the doings of a small confraternity of these German workers, who came to Venice about 1476. They seem in the first instance to have been three in number, for in a rhyming colophon to their earliest known work, a reproduction of the Calendarium of I. de Monteregio, they are mentioned in the following order: "Bernardus pictor de Augusta, Petrus Loslein de Langencen, Erhardus Ratdolt de Augusta." This calendar, which had a woodcut border to the title-page and some fine initials, was their first work in Venice. The earliest edition thereof was published probably in Nuremburg in 1473, and was in German, but there was a Latin edition printed at Nuremburg in 1475, the forerunner of the Venetian quarto. Panzer intimates that an Italian translation of this calendar was also produced by these Venetian printers in 1476, and in the following year he enumerates several works issued by Ratdolt and his companions, the Roman history of Appian being one of the most important. Dibdin indeed singles out this book as being one of the most beautiful examples of Italian printing. In the colophon of a rare little work by Coriolanus Cepio, entitled "Petri Mocenici Imperatoris Gestorum," we get a definite idea of the respective duties of the three companions, for we read, "Impressum est hoc opusculum Venetijs per Bernardum pictorem et Erhardum ratdolt de Augusta una cum Petro loslein de Langencen correctore ac socio. LAUS DEO, MCCCCLXXVII." So far as we know there is no trace of these printers at Augsburg, which is given above as their birthplace, prior to their appearance in Venice. Santanda states that in 1474 Bernardus Richel and Bertholdus Rodt printed the first book at Basle, and we have some suspicion that this Richel may have been the "pictor" or artist of the firm. Ratdolt might easily, in those days when contractions were so much the fashion, be shortened into Rodt, and the group with their heavy baggage may well have passed through Basle on their way to Venice. Be this as it may, we will only offer it as a surmise; all that we have to rely upon are the facts we may glean from those of their works which have come under our notice. The brief account given in Panzer of the appearance of Ratdolt in Venice, where he produced in 1476 the above-mentioned "Calendarium of Ioannis de Monteregio," with the aid of Bernardus and Loslein (surely this ought to be Löflein), is the first glimpse we obtain of the trio. Ratdolt, after a stay of somewhat more than ten years in Venice, returned to Augsburg, and in 1487 printed a work in the colophon of which he is described as "Viri solertis eximia industria: et mira imprimendi arte: qua nuper Venetiis, nunc Augusta excellit nominatissimus," and this work is said to be "Primus Ratdolti in patriam reducis labor." Bernardus seems to have printed one if not more works in Venice after he separated from Ratdolt, but we speedily lose sight of him. If he really was Richel, he returned to Basle. All who study carefully the beautiful borders he designed for these early Venetian books, and his graceful and refined initial letters will share with us the regret that we know so little of his history, and that even his surname is a matter of conjecture. If not absolutely the first, he was at any rate among the earliest exponents of the system of producing an effect in wood-engraving by working in white on a black ground. This method of using wood blocks is very characteristic of the early Venetian school, and it was brought to great perfection by the artist who has been aptly named the "dolphin-master," owing to the beauty of his designs


Coriolanus Cepio Clariſſimo uiro Marco Antonio Mauroceno equiti apud illuſtriſſimũ ducem Burgundię Venetorũ oratori felicitatem.

QVom prefectus triremis ad claſſem proficiſcerer/quam feliciſſimus imperator Venetoꝝ Petrus Mocenicus contra Othomanum Turcoꝝ principẽ ducebat: uehementer rogaſti me/ut quicqd in hac expeditione geſtum eſſet litteris mandarem: affirmans ea te Apollinis oraculo uerioꝛa habitutum quę a me ſcripta forent. Igit̃ ut tibi morẽ gererem quę ab imperatore Mocenico p quadrienniũ geſta ſunt annotaui: Tanto enim tempore & ille imperiũ geſſit/ & ego prefectura functus ſum. Quapꝛpter opuſculũ in quo hęc ſcripta ſunt tibi mitto: quod cũ perlegeris/ nõ minus te egregias imperatoris uirtutes q̃ magnifica ipſius geſta admiratuꝝ certũ habeo: meritoq; damnabis eorũ ſententiã qui affirmare ſolent effœtam eſſe naturam: nec pꝛo ducere tales uiros quales priſcis temporibus extiterũt: omniaq; mundo ſeneſcente degenerasſe: q̃ falſi ſint uel ex hoc maxime apparet, Nam ſi

Woodcut Border to the History of P. Mocenicus.

founded on that fish. There can be but little doubt that these designs were drawn with a brush of white body colour on a prepared black ground laid upon the wood, and that they were the work of one who had been in the habit of using his pencil freely as a missal painter. In the superbly printed little quarto by Franciscus Renner de Hailbrun, dated from Venice in 1478, the treatise of Pomponius Mella entitled "De situ orbis," we find some woodcut initial letters similar to those used by Ratdolt and his companions, and in particular a D which commences the third book is the identical block used by them. This shows a business connection between these justly famous printers, which has, we think, hitherto escaped the notice of bibliographers. The type used by Renner is, moreover, of the same fount as that employed by Ratdolt. We have reproduced the graceful border, together with the first page of Cepio's history, which will serve to show the beauty of the designs of Bernardus.

G. R. R.

AN AMERICAN GIFT-BOOK.

THE custom which prevails to a large extent in America of issuing small and tasteful *éditions de luxe* of representative works in the English language, as Christmas gift-books, might well find an echo in England. We know of no such effort outside the United States. It may be largely due to the great pitch of excellence to which popular appreciation and unhesitating enterprise has brought the art of wood-cutting in the home of "Scribner" and "Harper;" it may be due to the high rewards which a really first-rate wood-engraver is sure of reaping in the American continent, that attracts him thither. Whatever it is, the truth remains that American wood-engraving has almost, rightfully or wrongfully, passed into a by-word for everything that is excellent. "By your fruits shall ye be judged." In "The Closing Year" (Lippincott & Co.; London, J. Slark) we have a cheap edition of Mr. Buchanan Read's ornate and impressive elegiacs, illustrated with some twenty designs by American artists—Messrs. Hamilton Gibson, E. H. Garrett, Bolton Jones, Melville Dewey, W. H. Low amongst others—reproduced by such American engravers as Messrs. King, Lauderbach, Williams, French, and Juengling. The paper and type are excellent, the designs are often spirited and suggestive, the engraving is of uniform excellence. Perhaps the best thing in the book is Mr. W. H. Low's 'Distant Woodman,' but the specimen which we present, the work of Messrs. Howard Pyle and C. H. Reed, is graceful and pleasing in no mean degree. This little book is a good example of its class, and recalls memories of such fine work as the illustrated edition of Thackeray's "Chronicle of the Drum," which saw the light some few years back; of Mr. Abbey's almost ideal illustrations to Herrick's Poems, and of the Gray's "Elegy," which Messrs. Lippincott published two years ago. The thought arises, questioning, why there is no parallel series in England? Can it be that the English book-buyer has not the nice appreciation of sterling wood-engraving which characterises his trans-Atlantic cousin, and is content to go on his way rejoicing with plausible pink and white periodical publications?



From "The Closing Year."

The question is a hard one to answer. The popularity of American publications, appealing to a public through the excellence of the wood-engraver's art, in England points to an appetite for such material. And yet it is hard to think that the adroit English publisher will neglect an opportunity. We live in the days of a locust host of publications, very many of which are profusely illustrated; but a volume which depends for its success solely on the excellence of its wood-engravings is as rare in the English book market as a swallow in mid-winter.

MICHETTI.*

II.

AFTER the great and widespread success Michetti had achieved with his large 'Corpus Domini' picture, he continued to work with renewed fervour and zeal, throwing into his labour all his juvenile strength, all the impetuousness of his meridional nature. He burned with the desire to produce, ever to produce, to fix on canvas the number and variety of impressions of sea, sky, air, and earth, which were daily brought before his vision at his beauteous Italian home, that inexhaustible fount of artistic loveliness. Working in such hot haste, in a manner so careless, more anxious to preserve an impression than to complete a picture, it is quite natural that his ardour and fantasy at times overcame his judgment, and caused him to put forth now and again works that, for audacity and wilfulness, display the slipshod draughtsmanship of the most *outré* school of impressionism. All these tendencies, however, in the case of Michetti, were combined with a truer sense of beauty, a richer faculty for colour, than falls to the lot of our small and unattractive impressionists, who seem to see nothing but dirty greys and greens in nature and Art. Michetti's impressionist pictures rather resemble the *chef-d'œuvre* of which Balzac speaks, which having mounted to the brain of the artist who created it, in the end shipwrecks him in the undecipherable—a shipwreck from which he only saves a foot most admirably painted, as token of what the whole figure had been before the intoxication of the artist with his own work had overturned his artistic and critical faculty. But happily caprice, though it is the guiding star of this meridional nature, does not often lead him into these *baroque* vagaries. It sometimes, however, leads him into entirely other grooves than those of painting. Thus once for a whole year he gave up Art and would do nothing but bicycle. Quite recently he has once more renounced painting, having bought an old convent near to his home, in which, together with fifty workmen, he has established a ceramic manufactory, where decorative tiles will be



I Morticini della Febbre. (*See next page.*)

turned out under his management and from his designs. For some years past he has lived at Francavilla al Mare, a little village near Chieti, on a farm that he has bought. This is on the Adriatic side of Italy, and within access of the railway to Foggia. His housemates are his old mother, whom he still dresses as a *contadina*, though in the richest stuffs, and the sculptor Constantino Barbella, who belongs to the new Neapolitan school of terra-cotta artists, producing little Abruzzi scenes and groups of sheep and shepherds. This latter is also Michetti's framemaker and designer, for it is a theory of Michetti's that each frame should be adapted to the particular picture it has to hold, and should also in its colouring be in harmony with its contents. He further thinks that only one picture should ever be hung in a room, and that the whole surroundings should be adapted to it, so as to carry on its story and idea. On the impracticability, in this imperfect world, of such a suggestion it is not needful to dwell. What is beyond dispute is that Michetti is a man of the most versatile talents, who can do anything and in any style he chooses; and the mere fact that his pictures are painted in many styles and in various artistic moods is an excellent quality in a young man, in that it raises hopes he will escape from that tendency to work in a groove from which even the best artists of our day seem unable to steer clear. There is scarcely a branch of his own art Michetti has not attempted to follow. He is besides, like many artists,

* Continued from page 19.

an admirable musician, and, though quite untrained, he has taught himself to play and sing. He cannot read music, but has invented a notation of his own, by which he can put down everything he hears, even music as difficult and involved as Wagner's. His idea of notation is three lines in lieu of five for ordinary music, four lines for orchestral in lieu of twenty-four. One line stands for each form of instrument, wood, wind, brass, string; and then the different instruments are indicated by colour. An orchestral score drawn up from memory and ear by Michetti is indeed a curious sight to see, and musicians are by no means certain that his ideas are to be despised. They are, at any rate, a great simplification of their method.

But I have wandered far from Michetti's pictures, though these details will help to give some notion of the original character of his mind. After his success with the 'Procession,' he again exhibited at Paris, sending thither three pictures in 1878, all of which met with much favour. Though of no special importance as regards their theme, they all pleased by their sun-steeped, rich, and luxurious colouring. At the National Exhibition of 1880 at Turin, Michetti was represented by five pictures, that showed him at his best and strongest. They were all Adriatic folk scenes, three of the land and two of the sea. In two of them this artist, who hitherto had only laughed, threw on his canvas a melancholy note, which proved that his comprehension of life had deepened. 'I Morticini della Febbre' (see Illustration) is a touching village poem. A poor father carries the bier on which rest his dead little twins. Bowed down with sorrow, he has halted a second to wipe his eyes. The simple bier is followed by a woman who carries the cushion on which, in Italian fashion, the babies had reposed; behind her walk three peasants, playing the children's requiem on violins and bagpipes. In front is the rubicund, jolly-faced priest, who, together with his acolyte, is too well used to such scenes to be affected thereby. Indeed, all the small funeral cortège show themselves indifferent to the father's sufferings. The work, which might be called a noble "symphony in blue," is painted at the moment of sunset, when, in those twilightless regions, all the world grows bathed in an azure semi-darkness, through which the stars at once begin to glimmer. The blue Adriatic in the distance melts into the blue sky, and the whole blue tone is yet further emphasised by a frame of bluish tint and appropriate design. This exquisite work is in London, the property of Signor Paolo Tosti. In 'An Impression on the Adriatic' we have the same effect of rich southern azure as it shows itself in morning light. Michetti has rendered with wonderful fidelity the diaphanous character of the southern sea at dawn, when water and sky stand forth clearly from one another, and the ships upon the ocean are strangely accentuated. In the 'Pesca delle Tondine' (see Illustration), Michetti gives us that aspect of full mid-day light in which the hot sun and heated, vibrating air contrast with the placid blue water. In the waveless water, with bare feet and legs, stand sailors and women searching for "fruits of the sea," to employ a pretty Italian idiom. It is a very lovely marine scene this, with the gay dresses of the fishers. The picture would alone suffice to prove that Michetti might be a great seascapist if he chose.

Michetti's other pictures at the Turin Exhibition were both folk scenes of the kind that twine themselves around the church. The one called 'Palm Sunday' is a novelette in colour. The crowd are coming out of church, bearing in their hands the sprigs of olive that take the place of palms in those parts of Italy where these are not obtainable. A group of merry girls, women, and children, lead the way out of the richly decorated doorway, with its Saracenic arch and Byzantine ornamentation. At the door stands a little knot of village swains—it does not seem that they have been to devotions. They hold in their hands, however, the olive branch, which one among them, with the exquisite Italian peasant courtesy, is offering with grave and half-rueful face to one of the peasant lasses, who answers his offering with a smile that seems to promise forgiveness for any little lovers' quarrel that may have occurred. Anything more truly national, anything more truly reflecting the life and habits of the southern peasants than this picture could not well be imagined. It has about it that air of truth and intimate knowledge, also that touch of sympathy, of regarding such a scene from inside and not merely from out, that distinguishes the work of a native artist from the peasant scenes painted by a foreigner, in which conventionalism and affectation are rarely absent. The same remark applies to the fifth picture, 'L'Ottava.' It is an Italian custom that after the first eight days of marriage the bride and bridegroom go out together to visit their friends. Usually this is preceded by a visit to the church. In Michetti's picture we see the bride hanging shyly on her husband's arm, looking to earth and somewhat abashed by her new position. He, on the contrary, carries his head proudly and high, and eyes the crowd that surrounds them with a glad, triumphant air. Crowds are Michetti's strong point; he manages to convey an idea of number and variety of types, while avoiding a huddled look or the overfilling of his canvas. The many varieties of face and dress of a southern gathering are emphasised, and yet well subordinated to the main figures and the leading points of his story. The 'Ottava' is a merry, fresh, happy picture, full of smiles and kindly gaiety, whose good-humour must infallibly gain the beholder.

After these works Michetti reposed for a while from *ouvrages de longue haleine*. But he was not idle. Among other things, he painted a portrait of himself. It certainly does not flatter his strong, resolute, peasant features, and it is said that when he showed it to the Queen of Italy she upbraided him for thus calumniating himself. He has also painted portraits of himself, Dalbono, and Barbella, on one canvas as three mediæval saints, with hands demurely crossed on their breasts, and uplifted, fervent eyes. On one occasion, when the Queen of Italy came to Naples, a special carpet was made for her on which she should tread as she stepped from her carriage to the palace door. The foundation was of blue velvet, to represent the lovely blue seas that surround Italy on either side; the peninsula itself was outlined in gold, and bunches of *marguerites* were painted to indicate the chief cities. Each was the work of an artist. To Michetti had been confided the posy that should stand for Naples. He painted it most exquisitely; indeed, the whole was such a work of Art that the Queen, when it was thrown down for her, saw it, admired, and then stepped aside. She would not walk, she said, on such artistic treasures. The whole idea of such a carpet is thoroughly Neapolitan, and reflects their love of splendour, of rich colour, of *bizarre* and often quaint effects.

When the artist next appeared before the Italian public, in 1883, it was with an immense canvas, seven mètres in length and two and a half in height, unfinished in its details and

background, but so powerful, so strange, so impressive, that the sensation it created fell little short of that produced by the famous 'Corpus Domini Procession.' But both in treatment and in conception this picture was so diverse from its predecessor that it was difficult to believe it the work of the same hand, such a thorough change of aims and methods had taken place. Nothing gay or light-hearted in this new scene, no painting for the sake of patches of bright colour, no sun-flooded scenery, no charming flesh bits caressed with loving care, not even the customary disregard of drawing and perspective effects. Here was a picture drawn with care, solemn and sad in theme, terrible in the philosophic reflections it infallibly must evoke in the spectator. A crude, sad truth is here forced upon the Italian public, and one that who runs may read. 'Il Voto' is the name of this strange composition, that represents a number of peasant men and women who, to carry out a vow made either at their own instigation or at that of some priest, creep on their hands and knees along the church floor, licking the same with their tongues, until they arrive at the altar steps, where, on a carpet surrounded by tapers, stands the ghastly skull of St. Pantaleone, all encased in gold and jewels. The mouths of the votaries—often also the hands and knees—are all blood-stained and torn ere they arrive at their destination; but the greater the laceration, the higher the merit of their act in the eyes of the poor benighted people. It is a scene to make the blood curdle, to cause us to despair of progress and enlightenment; and it is remarkable indeed that this scene should have been painted of all men in the world by Michetti, whose brush seemed dedicated to the brighter, lighter, happier aspects of South Italian life. In this country church—perhaps a sanctuary on the summit of some hill—we behold a peasant population sunk in all the ecstatic convulsions of a blind, stupid, and ignorant credulity—a credulity that recalls the darkest ages of barbarism, and seems too remote from all higher and finer aspirations to be dignified with the name of faith. The



Pesca delle Tondine. (*See preceding page.*)

picture might be designated as the apotheosis of grovelling superstition. I feel I cannot do better than let a leading Italian Art critic speak in his own words of this curious work.

"Has the painter seen this scene," he writes, "as some aver? These men, these flagellants, who draw their bleeding tongues along the brickwork of the floor to wipe out their sins, are they our contemporaries, or do they represent some terrible artistic fantasy, the translation of some Dantesque scene? What a contrast between the serene quiet of the people who look on at the strange spectacle and the cruel ardour of the personages struck down with a sense of sin! It makes us think of the 'Fall of Lucifer' by Spinello Aretino. Oh, I believe it; that scene, these personages have been witnessed, have been hit off in midst of the most fervent expression of religious mania—

'. . . . . fanaticus aestro
Percussus,'

Juvenal would say. These are not men of other climes and times; these are not spinning dervishes who drop down worn out by dancing, in nervous convulsions, in a bestial stupefaction; these are not believers who throw themselves under the crushing chariot of Juggernaut; these are not flagellants of 1200, instigated by Frate Raniero, who walked the streets naked whipping themselves bloody. The mortification of the men we behold is more modern. It is still living; its practices are milder, but its faith is no less blind in the hope of future benefits. I have seen it myself in our southern country districts. A confessor—usually a priest more ignorant than the peasant—imposes this penance, with the calmness of a doctor prescribing a drug or a blood-letting."

The progress in thought indicated by this work is so vast, the technical advance so great, that there is no predicting to what heights this most richly endowed son of the sunny south may yet attain. For we must ever bear in mind that he has not yet reached even to the midway house of life.

HELEN ZIMMERN.

OLD LONDON PICTURE EXHIBITIONS.

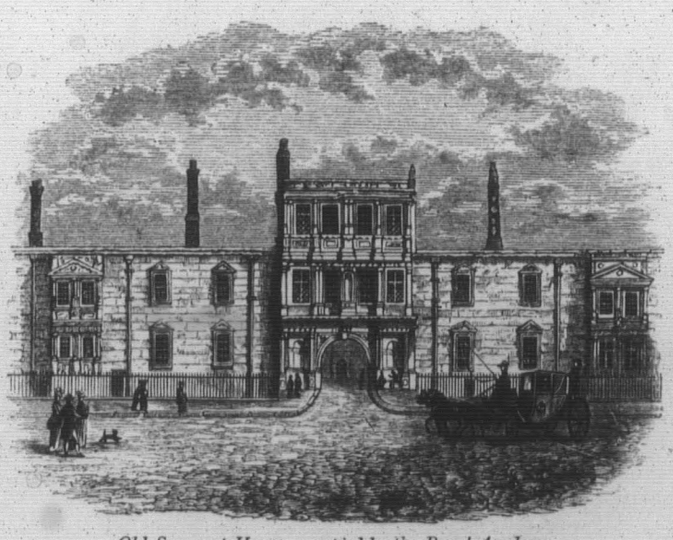
NO doubt the first example of a public exhibition of works of Art in Europe, analogous to those which are now superabundant in London, was given by the French Salon, which, years before anything of the kind was initiated in London, drew crowds of painters and *cognoscenti* to see the fine things by living artists, such as Watteau, his fellow-members of the Académie, and a host of the forgotten, which, in what was literally the Salon of the Louvre, or King's Palace, were hung over, or rather before, the royal collection of pictures, and, for a time, hid those masterpieces * which had been gathering anterior to the days of Francis I. and his predecessors of the House of Valois, nearly all of whom, from Philip Augustus (1180—1223) downwards, "had a taste."

Loud were the grumblings of the amateurs who were admitted to view pictures by living artists, while those of old masters were hidden.† Nevertheless the Salon was always thronged, and the people, not less than the magnates and scholars of Europe, flocked to see pictures, sculptures, and architectural designs, not a few of which retain their honours.

The establishment of an academy as a teaching body had indeed been discussed in the profession since the days of Van Dyck; the earliest attempt to form a school of this nature with which I am acquainted is recorded in an advertisement issued by Sir Balthasar Gerbier, when, in 1648, he strove to found a sort of general academy at Bethnal Green, of all places in the world, as well as, at another date, in Whitefriars, where he offered to instruct pupils in the arts of drawing and painting. This may have been, as Walpole suggested, a mere attempt to realise permanently the Museum Minervæ, to form which was one of the intentions of Charles I. The Museum had a brief existence in 1635—40. Among other subjects gentlemen were in this academy to be by competent professors instructed in painting, architecture, and numismatics.

Evelyn drew up a plan for an academy in 1662. This was to include an exhibition-room, then unthought of, and the distribution of rewards as well as the bestowing of dignities. Kneller founded a drawing school in London in 1723. Until 1724, with the exception of the Society of St. Luke, which is mentioned below, there was, so far as I know, no attempt made to establish an Art society of any sort whatever. In 1724, however, Sir James Thornhill submitted to the Government, that is, Lord Halifax, a plan for the foundation of an Art academy with many desirable elements, and needing only a little nursing to become serviceable.

Of course no English Government of that time vouchsafed the least attention to the proposal of the King's Serjeant-Painter, who, nevertheless, as Hogarth has related, opened a drawing school in a building erected for the purpose in the garden of his own house in James Street, Covent Garden, then quite a fashionable quarter. Here Thornhill formed a collection of casts for the use of students, casts which, at his father-in-law's death, passed into the possession of Hogarth, who handed them over to the St. Martin's Lane Academy, from which body they were, by means of Moser, the secretary of the society, transferred in an unwarrantable manner to the then newly-founded Royal Academy. These casts are, I have no doubt, among those now in use at Burlington House by the existing students of the Academy.* When Thornhill opened his school, he, according to Hogarth, who, of course, knew all about the matter, "gave tickets to all who required admission" to use the place; "but," added Hogarth, "so few would incur the obligation" that this academy soon sank out of sight. Meanwhile John Vanderbank, a respectable portrait painter of that day, converted an old Presbyterian meeting-



Old Somerset House, occupied by the Royal Academy.

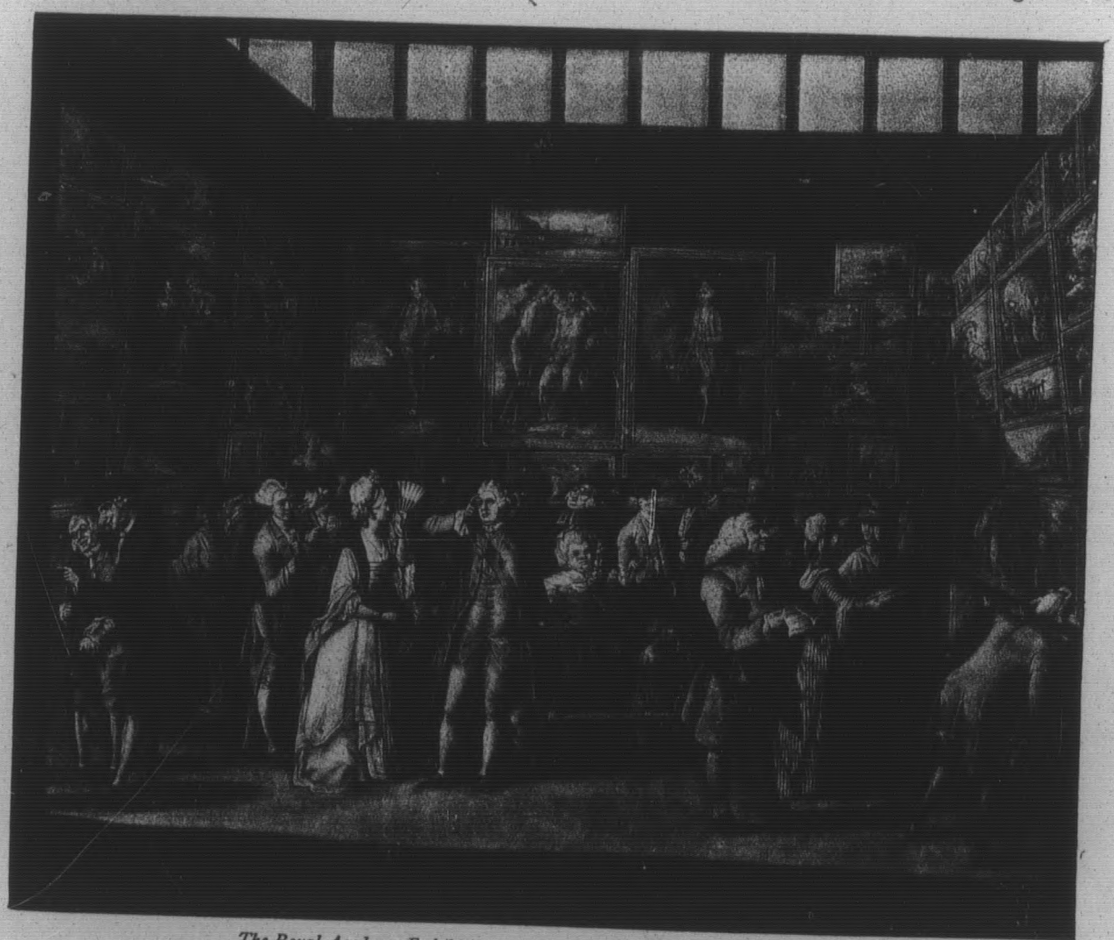
* It will be remembered that the Louvre at this time was chiefly given up to officers of the Court, among whom certain artists were reckoned, and who were furnished with studios and apartments, where, with all their families, they resided in state and comfort. Deep were the heartburnings of the fortunate occupiers of these quarters and those artists who were not lucky enough to obtain them. Anciently, artists lived at free quarters in the King's houses, and Italy and France furnished examples of this custom which must be well known to my readers. But the artists did not, except privately, exhibit their works in these palaces. In the Louvre was the first public *exhibition* in the current sense of the term. Of course private collections were rife, and galleries of portraits as well as pictures were accessible by most of those who cared to see them.

† This practice of hanging pictures by living men in front of those by the dead obtained till the R.A.'s left Trafalgar Square, where some of the old paintings in their possession were annually hidden during the exhibition.

* See in *The Art Journal*, 1882, p. 261, "John Linnell, Painter and Engraver," where I have already given some details of this subject, together with memoranda on the casts in these old drawing schools, associating the articles with the figures still in the Antique School of the Royal Academy.

house into an academy, and added to the attractions of the place the female model. As Vanderbank died in 1739, his school must, so far as he was concerned, have had but a short existence; the landlord finally seized the stove and other properties for rent, "and there was an end of that concern." According to Hogarth's father's account, it was he who established the drawing school in St. Martin's Lane, which, in St. Peter's Court, flourished for nearly a generation in a building which was pulled down but a few years since.

It is certain that with goods Thornhill had bought for his own academy Hogarth endowed this little institution. On his proposition, it was supported by subscriptions from those who used it, so as to be quite independent of public aid or "distinguished patronage" in any form. These associations were all academies proper, and, except what Evelyn's above-named suggestion may indicate, there was no concrete scheme in the minds of artists which, by the exhibition of their works, promised to enable them to hold their own, to educate students in their profession, and rescue from destitution their less fortunate fellows. Nearly all the earlier schemes relied on public aid or aristocratic patronage. Unable to obtain the former, the painters disdained the latter, and it was this disdain which led them to reject a well-meant scheme promoted by the newly-established Society of Dilettanti, according to which an academy of a stately sort might have flourished in the gracious patronage of wealthy British *cognoscenti*, who, on account of their "distinguished social



The Royal Academy Exhibition of 1771. *From a Print by R. Earlom.*

position and love of Art," would have shared professional honours with the men of the palette. Hogarth's hatred of "patronage," which never vouchsafed him a moment's countenance, bristles in every line of his writings, and gave force to not a few of his principles, while it directed his conduct in more than one crisis of his life.*

Rouquet, in his "L'Etat des Arts en Angleterre," published in Paris in 1755, gives us the next light on the growth of popular taste for picture-seeing to which the increase of exhibitions owes its support. He says, "They have built in London, during the last twenty or thirty years, many 'salles' for the sale of pictures. . . . Quand une vente est a affichée, la salle où elle doit se faire . . . est ouverte pendant deux ou trois jours consécutifs, tout le monde peut y entrer, excepté la vile populace. Un officier de police, revêtu des marques de sa charge, en garde la porte. Le public à Londres se fait un amusement de cet étalage, à peu près comme à Paris de celui du salon, lorsque les ouvrages des artistes de l'académie y sont exposés." The writer, who was a personal friend of Hogarth, and entrusted by him with some of his own views and intentions in respect to numerous works which fame has consecrated, goes on to tell us that the auctions attracted much attention, and were fields where many tricks were played by

* It is true that Hogarth himself occupied a post under the Crown, and took the pay attached to it; but, as he remarked on his own behalf, the office of Serjeant-Painter to the King was by no means a sinecure. It is more than doubtful if it was really profitable at all, and, notwithstanding the scandalous charges of Wilkes and Churchill, it in no way bound him to sell his political convictions for the small salary attached to the office.

dealers and others or half-informed *cognoscenti* and collectors. It was chiefly by means of these auctions, and the frauds which attended them, that Hogarth's bitter indignation was aroused against what he did not hesitate to call the "Old Black Masters," which he ridiculed—not works of the real old masters, but false daubs—and the ignorant dupes who professed to prefer bad copies and sham antiquities to modern masterpieces, such as he avowed he could produce.*

Rouquet was right when he told us that the taste for picture-seeing was much fostered by auctions, where, before half the belles and beaux of London, the forerunners of Christie the First wielded the ivory hammer. He dates this increase of taste about 1735, or twenty years earlier than a well-known society was formed for the "Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures and Commerce" which, as will be presently seen, took a momentous part in promoting the public exhibitions of works of Art in this metropolis. The "Society" itself was confessedly a copy of a similar body established in Dublin in 1740, which, like the body in the Adelphi, offered premiums for statuary and pictures sent in competition by amateurs and tyros of all sorts.

John Pye, that acrid and truculent foe of the Royal Academy, who never flinched from attacking the body, part of whose history is inextricably bound up with my subject, points out, in his "Patronage of British Art," that, despite the prejudices of Britons against the painters of their own country, those artists had drawn themselves together for the purposes of study, and, so early as 1750—1753, attempted to found a society which might be available to represent their interests before the world. As this body was intended to be little more than an academy for educational purposes, I shall pass its history with the remark that the members were merely attempting to improve on plans which, even in England, as I have shown, had been in action long before their time. Many years ere this scheme was mooted, the desirability of founding a society for the relief of decayed members had been a frequent subject of discussion in the artists' houses of call, such as the Turk's Head in Gerrard Street, Soho, which is now, alas! destroyed.

Nothing came directly out of these consultations; but to a charitable body the profession owes not only the initiative of a scheme which supplied means for those large benefactions which the present Royal Academy has for more than a hundred years administered with its own funds, but all the other benevolent institutions of the same kind which vie with it in everything else but wealth. In 1739 was incorporated the Foundling Hospital, to which in the next year Hogarth gave his celebrated portrait of that genuine enthusiast, Captain Coram, whose goodness very nearly produced effects the most demoralising and disastrous.* In 1745, when the building of the hospital was enlarged, a company of artists, desirous of honouring the society whose object had awakened an enthusiasm of which we have but faint conceptions, volunteered to give pictures to adorn the edifice, and in December, 1746, the General Court of the institution elected as governors those generous friends who made the offer, and allowed them to meet annually on the 5th of November in the hospital, where they dined "at their own expense."† John Pye says that their punch-bowl still exists, but although he gives a cut of it, he does not say where. It is at the hospital. The donors of pictures were nineteen in number, and the body included: (1) F. Hayman, originally a scene-painter, afterwards an R.A., the author of the once much admired and often mentioned series of large pictures in Vauxhall Gardens, and the designer of many book-prints of merit. He gave 'The Finding of Moses,' an appropriate subject, to the hospital. He was the first President of the Incorporated Society of Artists—of which more will be said later on—and, later, the first Librarian of the Royal Academy, in which office he died in 1776. As a "jolly fellow," he was a boon companion of Gainsborough and much in request at artists' clubs. As a great friend of Hogarth we almost as a matter of course find him at the Foundling Hospital. (2) Joseph Highmore, a portrait-



Hogarth's Satire on Art-patronage.
From the Catalogue of the Old Exhibition in Spring Gardens.

* No subject more frequently exercised the satirists of the period in question, from Hogarth to the dullest of the playwrights and would-be humourists, than the prevailing passion for collecting *bric-à-brac*, pictures, and statuary. For china, toys, and hideous idols of all nations, prices as astounding as those paid in our own time for similar articles were given. The toilette scene in the 'Marriage à la Mode,' exhibits a striking illustration of the fashionable folly, and a negro page is unloading a basket of recently bought *bric-à-brac*, part of the collection of the late Sir Timothy Babyhouse, which had then lately been sold by auction, and whence had been brought that elaborately-painted screen, the designs on which Counsellor Silvertongue is expounding to the Countess of Squanderfield, while the room is hung with lubricious subjects bought at the auctions, and painted in that "ancient" manner which was offensive to Hogarth. When this artist took it into his head to get rid of his own paintings by means of an auction—a most disastrous whim it was—he could not refrain from satirising the ignorance and bad taste of those who frequented auction rooms, and his ticket to admit persons to bid for 'A Harlot's Progress,' 'A Rake's Progress,' etc., is not only called "The Battle of the Pictures," but represents numerous ranks of ancient works jostling each other, so that three of them, which still bear an auctioneer's numbers, are driven through as many canvases of Hogarth's own, while one Hogarth destroys a sham Titian and another batters a false Rubens.

* Nearly 15,000 children, most illegitimate, were admitted in four years!

† The artists enjoyed their *symposia* in this place for many years, but it must not be supposed that, even apart from the Turk's Head, this was the original artistic club meeting in London. On the contrary, even in Lely's time, *c.* 1650—1680, the Society of St. Luke gathered in London on the day of the patron saint of their profession.



The Portraits Designed by P. Rowbery

P. Martine Sculpt.

PORTRAITS OF THEIR MAJESTY'S AND THE ROYAL FAMILY

Viewing the Exibition of the Royal Academy. 1788.

painter and engraver, who made the original designs for Richardson's "Pamela," in 1745, and wrote with zeal upon Art and Christianity. His gift to the hospital was 'Hagar and Ishmael,' another apt subject. He died in 1780. (3) Thomas Hudson, Reynolds' and Wright of Derby's master, himself a pupil of Richardson, whose daughter he married; he became a member of the Incorporated Society. His gifts to the hospital were two portraits, one of which represents T. Jacobsen, the architect of the building. (4) Allan Ramsay, son of the "Gentle Shepherd," afterwards Vice-President of the Incorporated Society, an accomplished portrait-painter and man of letters who travelled much, and, apart from his own productions, is memorable to us on account of Hogarth's satire in "The Times," Plate II., the print which was suppressed. He gave to the hospital a portrait of Dr. Mead, a renowned physician, collector and dilettante of that day. (5) G. Lambert, whose pictures are sometimes confounded with Hogarth's. One of Rich's scene-painters, and so highly distinguished in that line that many of the improvements therein are due to him, he was the founder of the famous "Beef-steak Club," which owed its existence to the fact that, being too busy to leave the theatre, he caused a steak to be broiled in the painting loft, where his friends found the jovial artist. So gay were these meetings that the company determined to prolong them elsewhere, and founded the club for the purpose. Lambert was first President of the Incorporated Society, but, as Edward Edwards tells us, he held that office only four days. He gave a landscape to the hospital.* (6) Samuel Scott, a well-known landscape-painter, who sometimes worked in conjunction with Lambert, and was not only a great crony of Hogarth, but one of his companions in the immortal "Five Days' Peregrination by Land and Water," 1732. (7) P. Monamy, a clever marine artist, whose portrait standing before one of his own pictures with a patron Hogarth painted in a small piece now belonging to the Earl of Derby. He died in 1749. (8) R. Wilson, or "poor Dick," afterwards an R.A.; at this time working chiefly as a portrait-painter. He gave to the hospital a portrait of one of the governors and two landscapes, representing the Foundling and St. George's Hospitals respectively; a founder-member of the Royal Academy, he contributed to the first exhibition of that body, and succeeded Hayman as librarian. (9) Thomas Carter, sculptor. (10) J. Pine, the engraver, or "Father Pine," whom Hogarth painted as the jovial friar in 'The Gate of Calais,' afterwards Blue Mantle Herald. (11) W. Hogarth, the motive-power of the whole arrangement which had such considerable results, and (12) J. M. Rysbrack, the sculptor. Besides these were G. M. Moser, the first Keeper of the Royal Academy; C. F. Zincke, the miniature painter; Sir R. Taylor, architect to many public bodies; the Rev. J. Wills, who presented 'Suffer Little Children to Come unto Me,' to the hospital; E. Haytley; W. Jacobsen, the architect of the hospital, and S. Wale. The last was afterwards an R.A. He was a landscape painter, copious designer for books, and, in succession to R. Wilson, librarian to the Royal Academy.

With some other pictures which have since been given to the charity, the gifts of these persons to the Foundling Hospital still remain in the building, and include four pictures from sacred history, the subjects of which were purposely selected, in order that they might assort with the functions of the institution, being, besides the above-named productions of Hayman, Highmore, and Wills, Hogarth's 'Moses brought to Pharaoh's Daughter,' which is one of his most graceful and sympathetic pictures, distinguished by its clearness, brilliancy, and firmness of touch.*

There is thus a group of pictures of charitable institutions analogous to the hospital itself; thus, the Foundling Hospital, by Wilson; St. George's Hospital, by the same; the Charter House, by Gainsborough (this was given later than the time in question); Chelsea and Bethlem Hospitals, by Haytley; and St. Thomas's, Greenwich, and Christ's Hospitals, by S. Wale; Lambert gave a landscape, Brooking a sea-piece, and Shackleton, Reynolds, Cotes, Hudson, Highmore, and Wilson gave portraits. What may be called the focus of crystallization of the whole affair is the life-size portrait of Captain Coram, which is inscribed, "Painted and given by William Hogarth, 1740." McArdell engraved it in an oval in the year preceding, and the print, one of the best productions of that master of mezzotinting, was sold in considerable numbers. The picture was exhibited at the British Institution in 1814, and at the National Portrait Exhibition in 1867. I dwell upon it here not only because it was the nucleus of the Foundling Hospital Gallery, and therefore the very first element of the first English exhibition of pictures, but on account of Hogarth's opinion of it, which is thus expressed: "The portrait which I painted with most pleasure, and in which I particularly wished to excel, was that of Captain Coram for the Foundling Hospital; and if I am so wretched an artist as my enemies assert, it is somewhat strange that this, which was one of the first I painted the size of life" [Hogarth had till then generally depicted his sitters in small whole-length groups, or conversation pieces, such as the 'Wanstead Assembly,' which we saw at the Academy lately, and the 'Strode Family,' which is now in the National Gallery], "should stand the test of twenty years' competition, and be generally thought the best portrait in the place, notwithstanding the first painters in the kingdom exerted all their talent to vie with it. To this I refer Mr. Ram's-eye" [here is a kick for Ramsay, who painted Dr. Mead, as above stated] "and his quick-sighted and impartial coadjutors."

In addition to this gift of the founder's portrait, Hogarth, never tired of benefiting the hospital, was the means of adding to the gallery there that which is still its greatest attraction, his own famous 'March to Finchley.'

The pictures thus brought together formed neither more nor less than the first exhibition opened in England. Crowds flocked to see them, and Pye, in this following the declaration of his illustrious predecessor, Sir Robert Strange, averred, "Hence arose the first idea of the whole body of British artists presenting themselves before the world, by making a public exhibition of their works." This statement is sufficiently, if not exactly correct. In effect the first English picture exhibition, which was held in the Culloden year, 1746, is—one hundred and forty years after date—still open to the public near Mecklenburg Square.

F. G. STEPHENS.

* Lambert and Pine were, with Hogarth, G. Vertue (whose materials furnished Walpole with the substance of the "Anecdotes of Painting"), J. Ware, G. Vandergucht (the engraver in whose house, in Brook Street, the first exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water Colours was held), and J. Goupy, the signatories of the petition to the House of Commons, by means of which the so-called "Hogarth's Act," conferring copyright in engravings, was, in 1735, obtained.

* This picture enjoys the high distinction of being one of the few works of Hogarth which had been within his own time engraved in pure line. Luke Sullivan was the engraver in conjunction with the painter himself; the share of the latter was evidently the etching, on which all the rest of the work is founded. The print, according to its publication line, was "Published as the Act directs, Feb. 5th, 1752."

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S COUNTRY.*

AMONG the many good stories Sir Walter Scott loved to tell, not the least amusing was that which describes how he contrived to mystify no less a person than the Czar Alexander I., who was indeed an admirable subject for mystification. During his visit to Paris, in 1815, he was presented to the crowned enthusiast. The Czar, seeing his lameness, asked the question which would naturally rise to his lips in those fighting times, "In what affair were you wounded?" "Scott," as Lockhart repeats the story, "signified that he suffered from a natural infirmity; upon which the Emperor said, 'I thought Lord Cathcart mentioned that you had served.' Scott observed that the Earl looked a little embarrassed at this, and promptly answered, 'O yes; in a certain sense I have served—that is, in the Yeomanry Cavalry; a home force resembling the Landwehr or Landsturm.' 'Under what commander?' 'Sous M. le Chevalier Rae.' 'Were you ever engaged?' 'In some slight actions, such as the battle of the Cross Causeway and the affair of Moredun Hill.'" At this point the face of Lord Cathcart wore an expression which stopped any further reminiscences from Scott, and the Emperor was no more mystified than just served to save Sir Walter from awkward questions,



Loch Achray and Ben Venne. ("*Lady of the Lake.*")

Battles such as that of the Cross Causeway, and "affairs" of Moredun Hill, were doubtless not very serious. The Czar would not have thought much of them, though they made Sir Walter soldier enough to be welcomed with effusion by the Hetman Platoff, who had never read his works, and could not speak his language. There must have been something soldierly and martial in Sir Walter's nature, or he would not have been instantly greeted as one of themselves by the hardened fighting men collected in Paris in 1815. Given this fine natural tendency to the noble profession of arms, two years of peaceful service as Quartermaster of the Edinburgh Volunteer Cavalry were enough to make Scott as good a soldier as any man can be who has not actually smelt powder. Indeed, he cannot possibly have been more ignorant of the mere business of soldiering than the officers of the Peninsular army, if the Duke of Wellington's judgment on that gallant force, as expressed in repeated general orders, are to be accepted as sound. As for the root of the matter, the readiness to lay about him in case of need, there never was any doubt on that point. The countryman who dismissed the story that the mob had stormed Abbotsford, with Sir Walter in it, without loss of life, on the ground that it was manifestly absurd, knew his man. Carlyle, for all he was so pharisaical and splenetic, and I know not what, in his famous essay, has noted, as well as the most unmeasured of Scott's admirers, that he too was as good a Borderer of the old Harden stamp as ever rode out intent on turning his coo into kye at somebody's expense.

The scene of Sir Walter's campaigns with the Volunteer Cavalry, from 1797 onwards, is the comparatively open country to the east of Edinburgh, for the most part on Musselburgh Sands, and near Portobello. This Spanish name, so curiously inserted among Scotch Musselburgh, Preston Pans, and Dalkeith, is itself the monument of a fight. It is one of few survivors of the innumerable memorials of Admiral Vernon's once-famous victory on the Spanish main. Indeed, the whole country is full of the memories of battles between the Scots themselves, or between them and their auld enemies of England. Pinkie is close at hand to Musselburgh. The Scots tried conclusions there with the Protector Somerset, and at a later day Davie Leslie's cavalry had a brush at the same place with the horsemen of the Lord General of the Parliament, who became the Protector Oliver in time. Neither of these fights ended very gloriously for the Scots, who, indeed, of all mankind have contrived to be the most continually defeated, and to suffer the least by defeat. Dunbar, Tranent, Pinkie, Carberry Hill, and the Pentlands, the scenes of big battles and of little, might all be visible almost at once to Sir Walter, sitting on his stalwart charger Lenore, and drilling with the Edinburgh Light Horse. That these events were often in his mind is certain. It was noted by Washington Irving and by others that Scott's interest in scenery as scenery was comparatively slight. He could see beauty as well as another, but it must be associated with something that men, and even men of his own race, had said or done or suffered, before it

* Continued from page 4.

could move him greatly. In his last year, when he visited the Mediterranean and Italy, it was the memory of the Knights of Malta, and not the purple sea, which had force enough to rouse him. He looked on Naples itself with an almost vacant eye, till he came across the heather which reminded him of the Scotch hills. Age and disease and unspeakable toil had broken him in those last years, but what had survived was what had always been the strongest in him.

Until 1804 Scott's home out of Edinburgh—and the best of his life was always passed out of Edinburgh—was at Lasswade, in the valley of the North Esk. It is even possible—strange as it seems now—that if strong pressure had not been put on him by the Lord Lieutenant of Selkirkshire, he might have been content to remain within easy reach of Rosslyn and Hawthornden. Lasswade itself had little enough to tempt him. It is, like all small Scotch country towns, as hard and forbidding as need be. A few streets running together down the sides of a dip in the rolling country, all built of cold grey stone, solid, prosperous in a grim way, clean, well tiled and well glazed it is, but beautiful not at all. The cottage shown as Scott's, and still, I believe, partly the same, stands on the rise of the hill to the west of the Esk, and shows a high-pitched thatched roof over a well-tilled garden. There are trees about, as there always are wherever he lived. Lockhart has told how faithfully Sir Walter held to the old Persian creed, that the three things needful are to ride, to shoot, and to tell the truth. These virtues he practised and inculcated on others; and a fourth also, which, according to Gibbon, the Persians valued. Once upon a time that people counted it a virtuous act to plant a tree, and in this Sir Walter agreed most heartily with them.

As a general rule the Lothians may strike the visitor with something of the disappointment felt by Washington Irving when he looked over the Tweed country from the Eildon Hills. He saw nothing but "a mere succession of grey waving hills, line beyond line, as far as my eye could reach, monotonous in their aspect, and so destitute of trees, that one could almost see a stout fly walking along their profile." The want of trees has been made good in parts, but line beyond line of grey, waving, and monotonous hills is still what the eye sees at a first glance. The beauty of the Lothians and Berwickshire is in out-of-the-way places in the rocky coast on both sides of St. Abb's Head, and the rifts worn through the soil by the rivers. First among them in size, and in wild beauty, is the Peaths, the chasm which runs down to the sea to the east of Dunbar; but the most famous is the course of the Esk. Here, within a short walk of one another, and at no great distance from Lasswade, are Hawthornden and Rosslyn Castle and Chapel. The river has cut its way so deep down in the land through soil and rock as to be invisible till one stands on the very edge of the cliffs on either side of its stream. From the chapel itself there is nothing to be seen, but the endless wavy lines of the hills. Heretical as it may seem to say so, the chapel—the famous chapel—is a little disappointing. It is as pretty as the handiwork of man can well be, but of all the arts architecture stands prettiness the worst. The chapel is a marvel of carving, but it is pinked out, and ornamented and even frittered away till it looks less like a small building than a gigantic stone jewel box, perched on the top of a round-headed green hill.

There is no mere prettiness about the course of the Esk. The burn, for it is hardly more at this point, is in itself of no imposing pretentions, but its banks are steep and finely wooded. Rosslyn Castle is everything that a castle ought to be, except in size. It is large as Scotch buildings go, but it would stand, rock and all, in the court-yard of one of the great English mediæval fortresses. But "it is not growing like a tree in bulk doth make men better be," or castles either, and Rosslyn is perfect in its own small measure. Its rock is precipitous, and its drawbridge was laid (there is a solid stone bridge there now) over a truly fearsome chasm. The cannon of the Protector Somerset and of Monk long ago knocked the upper work of the castle out of all shape, but a very creditable piece of Scotch domestic architecture of the seventeenth century stands in its place, and the lower part, built against the face of the cliff overhanging the river, is still perfect. From the look of this portion it is clear that Rosslyn's barons bold had a very sound notion of how to provide for their comfort as well as their safety. It contains its bakehouse and kitchen, with a lift, a speaking-tube, and a capital system of drainage. On the whole it leaves the impression that our Scotch ancestors, or some of them at least, were much more civilised people than is commonly supposed. The lady of Rosslyn at least had her house fitted "with every convenience" as completely as her modern representatives—considering that she had to live in a fortress. Still it is a castle, with its dungeon and its secret passage, now blocked up, leading to a cave some distance off. Possibly it was in front of this very cave that Sir Walter had the narrow escape described by Mr. Gilles. He had started from the cottage at Lasswade with that gentleman and Mr. William Erskine, afterwards Lord Kinnedder, on a walk to Rosslyn. With his usual recklessness when his neck was in peril, and in reliance on the wonderful strength of his arms (the arms of a cripple are generally exceptionally powerful), he had scrambled on to the face of a cliff, when his foot slipped; "had there been no trees in the way he must have been killed, but midway he was stopped by a large root of hazel, when, instead of struggling, which would have made matters greatly worse, he seemed perfectly resigned to his fate, and slipped through the tangled thicket till he lay flat on the river bank. He rose in an instant from his recumbent attitude, and, with a hearty laugh, called out 'Now let me see who will do the like.' He scrambled up the cliff with alacrity, and entered the cave, where we had a long dialogue."

Between Sir Walter's home up to 1804 and his head-quarters in later years between Lasswade and Ashestiel, or Abbotsford, lie the sea-coast of the Lothians and the Merse, the Lammermoor and Lauderdale. Of course "between" is used here in a very lax way. Geographically speaking Ashestiel lies a little east of south of Lasswade, and all this country lies well to the east of a straight line drawn from one to the other. But we have Sir Walter's example for not being too pedantic about geographical accuracy. When Mr. Guthrie Wright objected to Marmion's route from Norham to Edinburgh as absurd, because no mortal ever would think of coming by "Gifford, Crichton Castle, Borthwick Castle, and over the top of Blackford Hill," where there never had been a road since the world was erected, Sir Walter dismissed the objection as irrevelant. It was his good pleasure to bring Marmion by that road for the sake of describing the places, and that was enough. And, indeed, why not go to the Tweed by way of Tantallon, Fast Castle, the Lammerlaw, and the Leader? It is not very direct, but it will repay the waste of time.

The coast of Haddington and Berwickshire is more than most coasts best seen from the sea. Long lines of cliff can

never be appreciated either from the top or from the foot. They must be looked at from some distance off, and from the water. On shore not only can you not get a proper sense of their height, but you miss the feeling of their terror. They are a protection to the land, but a frightful and hostile barrier to such as go upon the sea. There are walls of sea cliff more uniformly towering and forbidding than those of the Lothians and the Merse. Here and there the land runs down to the water's edge, and shows stretches of links instead of cliff, but it has crags everywhere, and not the least imposing rise right out of the sea itself. Fidra, the Lamb, Craigleith, and the overpowering bulk of the Bass, stand like sentinels over against the coast of Haddington. Farther south and east where the Lammermoor hills run into the sea, the rocks present an unbroken wall rising from the very waves at many places even at low water. St. Abb's Head with its piercing light warns the seafaring man off from a line of cliffs not softened by a single harbour. It is a terrible line of coast, in which even Eyemouth, with its broken ledge of jagged rocks right across the entrance, passes for a good place of refuge from the sea. They have need to be good boatmen who fish in those waters, and they are the best in Scotland. Instant and inevitable death is the reward for bungling in the Berwickshire luggers.

Fighting men of the old world in search of an impregnable eyrie would find many ledges to build on here between the moorland and the sea. Long before and after the days of Bell-the-Cat, the red Douglases had their hold at Tantallon,



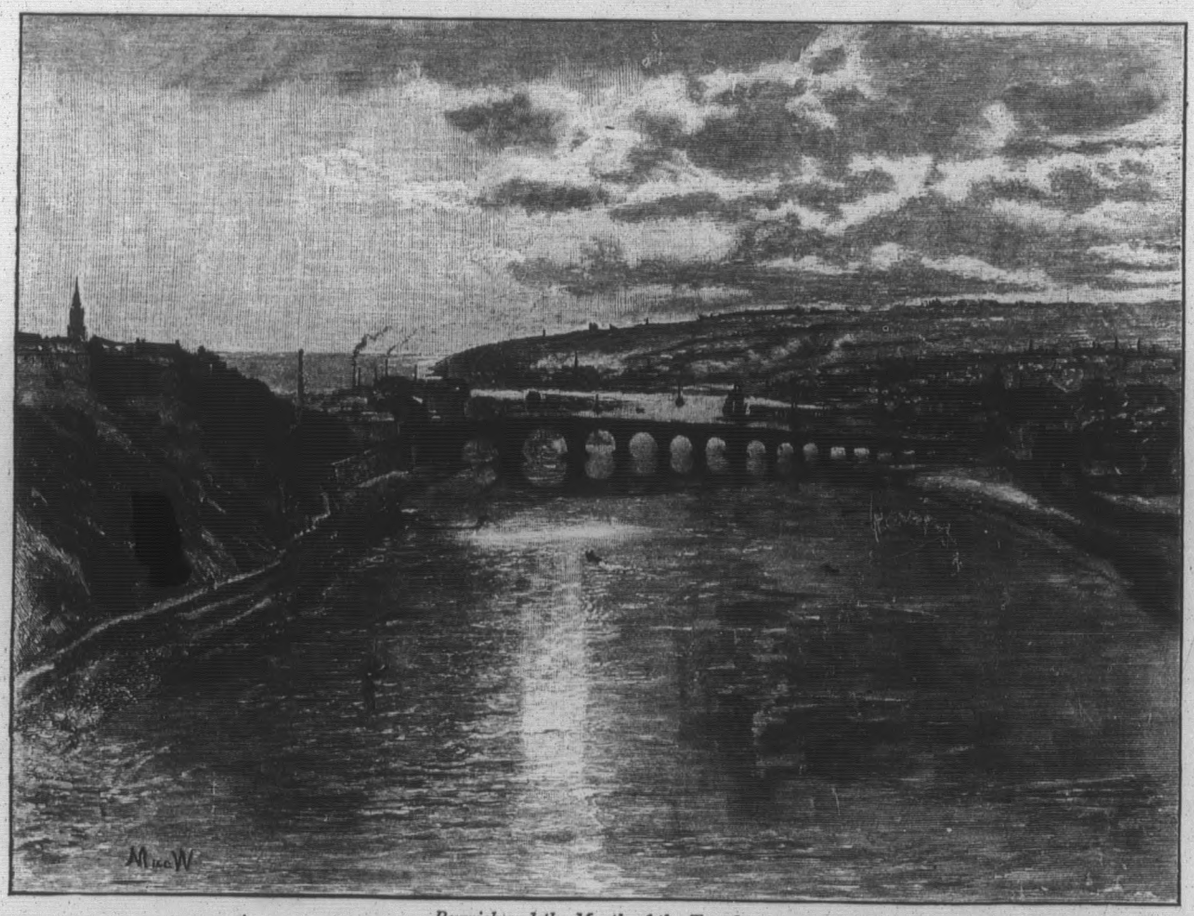
Twizel Bridge, crossed by the English the night before Flodden. ("*Marmion.*")

a solid little castle on a headland over against the Bass. Farther east and south, successive lines of chieftains had their keep at Dunbar. The ruins of the castle, now little more than heaps of red stone, still overlook the deep passage in the rocks through which the fishing boats are poled out to sea. Mary has been there with Bothwell; and inland is the Doonhill, down which David Leslie's army charged to ruin in 1650. Still farther east and south, perched on a ledge overhanging the sea, is Fast Castle, the peel of the Logans of Restalrig. This diminutive stronghold (it is not much larger than the cross at Charing Cross) Scott made wholly his. It has a history of its own in connection with the Gowrie conspiracy; but it is visited now, not because it was to have been the prison of King James, but because it was the original of the Wolf's Crag, and the home of the Master of Ravenswood.

If the visitor must needs find a thing big to admire it, he will be sadly disappointed by Fast Castle. It is almost incredibly small, and, more than that, it lies under your feet as you approach it over the high round end of the Lammermoor. The optical delusion—it is no less—is so complete that the ledge and its starved-looking remnant of masonry seem to float on the surface of the water. You must go down and stand on the narrow passage to the ledge and hear the hungry noise of the sea on the stones below before you recognise the height of the cliff's edge above the waves. The mere loneliness of the place is oppressive. The heath-covered hill seems to shut it off the upland, and round it there is nothing but salt water and precipitous, bleak rock.

The Lammermoor hills, which run inland in a line almost due west, have the character of all the high ground in the

south of Scotland. It is a confused jumble of steep round or flat-headed hills covered with grass and heather. They have none of the grandeur of rocky mountain scenery. No cliffs break the endless round contour of the hills, and yet they have a certain lonely and pathetic beauty of their own. The cultivated land has eaten out the moorland to the very foot of the hills. Gifford, where you leave the tilled land for the slope of the Lammerlaw, has, in spite of its harsh stone houses, almost the look of an English village, so well wooded is the country round. Behind it the ground rises rapidly, and



Berwick and the Mouth of the Tweed.

it is a good tramp over sheep walk and heather before you drop again into the cultivated land of Lauderdale. Until you turn the shoulder of the Lammerlaw there is an unbroken view whenever you look back of a rolling pastoral country, with the Frith of Forth behind it, and to your right the endless rounded summits of the moorland hills. Gifford itself is as much Scott's as Fast Castle, for it was there that Marmion had his battle with the phantom knight at the Goblins' Tower. It is a pleasant walk through highly tilled land by the stony little town of Lauder and Thirlestane Tower to the Tweed Valley.

DAVID HANNAY.

(To be continued.)

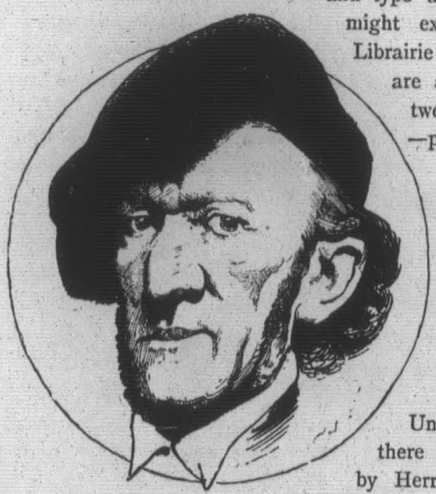
'THE LAST BIT OF SCANDAL.'

ENGRAVED BY LOUIS GODFREY. FROM THE PICTURE BY W. F. YEAMES, R.A.

IN these days of rapid modes of locomotion, of "hackney" cabs and steam, the old-world scene which the painter has here presented is a deep dip into the sands of time. An elderly "buck" and a fashionable beauty of the Georgean era have met, whilst taking the air in the now obsolete sedan-chair. The sturdy bearers have put their burdens down in one of those fashionable streets which even at this day give to the neighbourhood of St. James's an air of respectable and courtly antiquity. The fashionable coach, with its powdered flunkeys on the footboard, which has just turned the corner, the comely hawker, and the black page, contribute with the sedan-chair, to recall the true spirit of the period in which this 'Last Bit of Scandal,' about "the first gentleman of Europe," perhaps, is being told. The two leading actors in this social encounter have every appearance of being able to add zest to the latest, or any, scandal. It is a pleasant picture, and whilst we regret that it has passed from amongst us, it will give the good burghers of Hamburg, whither it has gone, an insight into the manners of a hundred years ago. The picture was exhibited in Paris at the Universal Exhibition in 1878, and attracted considerable attention there. It was purchased of the artist and belonged to Mr. G. C. Schwabe, but he lately gave the whole of his large and valuable collection of modern pictures to his native town of Hamburg.

CARICATURES OF WAGNER.

M. ADOLPHE JULLIEN'S "Richard Wagner: sa Vie et son Œuvre" (Paris: Rouam; London: Gilbert Wood), is a publication of singular magnificence. The paper and type are such as we might expect from the Librairie de l'Art. There are a hundred and twenty illustrations—portraits, scenes, landscapes, caricatures, and so forth—in the text. There is a portrait in lithogravure; there are etched portraits by MM. Unger & Abot; there is an etching by Herr Fischer from Hoffmann's picture (a fairly bad picture it is) of an incident in one of the operas. Best of all, M. Fantin-Latour has contributed a dozen or fourteen designs (excellently lithographed) in his old imaginative manner; designs that impart a peculiar value to the book, and give it a *cachet* of its own. They are not all good. The first, for instance, 'L'Immortalité," is commonplace in sentiment and effect; the second, 'La Muse,' has nothing to distinguish it from a hundred Muses besides; the intention of the fourteenth, 'Réveil,' is of the vaguest. The rest, however, are picturesque and suggestive; they form a capital plastic commentary on Wagner's work, and are worth studying for themselves.



Wagner. By André Gill.

For Wagner, the musician-poet, the inventor of the "new art," of which the great existing examples as yet are *Tristan*, the four numbers of the Tetralogy, and *Parsifal*, M. Jullien maintains an enthusiasm of admiration which is proof against everything. He accepts even the arguments—vague and incoherent as they are—by which the Master was wont to persuade himself of the necessity and the irresistible merit of the innovations which he invented and achieved; Wotan himself is not too long-winded for him; the memorable duett between Ortrud and Frederick, in the second act of *Lohengrin*, and the appalling narrative which Tannhäuser, returning from Rome, interposes so dexterously and with such effect at the very crisis of the action in which he is involved, are qualified in his pages with adjectives which will go to the heart of every good and true Wagnerite on earth. Now and then, it is true, M. Jullien permits himself to discuss the Master's motives, and to examine the ideas which are the bases of the Master's philosophy of Art. But he does it with extreme tenderness; and only once is he found in absolute disagreement. In fact, the impression he produces is one of worship. To him the mysteries of the New Art have been fully revealed; and he is moved, in the completeness of his faith, to as it were a scornful pity for the wretches who remain without the veil. He does not want to have their lives, as so many of his associates, following the example of the Master himself, are said to do. He would like to convince them if he could—to unseal their eyes and unstop their ears, with argument and illustration; not to harry them out with fire and the sword. Nothung. And, to this end, he checks his co-religionists for their unalterable intemperance in eulogy; he professes himself quite anxious for inquiry and discussion; he applies the traditional epithets—as "radiant," "prodigious," "supreme," "superhuman," and "magnificent"—with economy and a certain discretion. That this quality of moderation, though it is rather apparent than real, will commend his book to the approval of the faithful is, to say the least, a little doubtful. It is scarcely to be hoped that the professing Wagnerite will be changed of a sudden to a model of temperance in assertion and judicial equanimity in argument. But it is hardly too much to assume that M. Jullien is the inaugurator of a new era in the literature of the New Art, and that, such as it is, his example will in no great while be found to have had some weight with the zealots and hot-gospellers upon whom the business of the propaganda has hitherto devolved.

M. Jullien's treatment of Wagner apart from his work is as irreverent as you please; and on this point, we take it, he will have trouble with his fellow-sectaries, and be best applauded of the general public. His study of the artist is only convincing to such as have already suffered conviction; his picture of the man will appeal to all but those who will be content with nothing short of perfection in the idol of their worship. Mr. Louis Engel, in that amusing and suggestive book of his, "From Mozart to Mario," was bold enough to assert, and clever and wicked enough to prove, that Wagner was the greatest and the most successful *poseur* of his century; and his demonstration is admirably supported by the facts collected and advanced in M. Jullien's panegyric. Wagner, says Mr. Engel, was a good musician; but as an artist in advertisement he was simply incomparable. It has been said that Meyerbeer, considered as the cheap-jack of the wares which he himself produced, had many and great merits; but in this department of Art "he was an innocent baby compared with Richard



Before the Curtain. ("*Puck.*" *Leipzig*, 1876.)

Wagner." Not only did that gentleman puff, or caused to be puffed, to the skies every note and every word he ever wrote; he adopted "the doleful look and pose of a wronged woman, who thoroughly knows how to pass herself off as the silently suffering victim of malicious gossip;" and this he maintained with superb consistency from the beginning until the end, so that, "although living in luxury, in adulation, in clouds of incense, he always was, or pretended to be, the misunderstood or the ununderstood victim." Thus Mr. Engel, and thus, though in other terms and a different spirit, M. Jullien likewise. M. Jullien is a good Wagnerite, Mr. Engel a sceptic at best; and by different roads they both arrive at the same conclusion—that Wagner was, outside his art, a shocking and audacious humbug.



The Conductor. By Gustave Gaul. (1863.)

Le mot est dur; but the facts are beyond argument. Of all the artistic legends of the century there is none which has been more plausibly redacted nor more greedily accepted than the legend of Wagner's misery. Beside it the myth of Balzac's debts is (so to speak) as a common conjuring trick or a miracle of Madame Blavatsky beside the illusions of Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke. The eye of fancy beholds in him a type of the suffering artist, a sort of realisation of Ouida's most august and tremendous concepts in that line, the hero of a crucifixion thirty years long, and of an hour of triumph endured in the chastest spirit and with the finest possible display of good manners and good feeling. Messrs. Engel and Jullien know better; and the legend may be regarded as one with the snows of yesteryear. That Wagner was in the beginning poor and struggling is certain; but to say that he was hideously impecunious, or that, considering his temper and ambition, his circumstances were abnormally oppressive, is to say what is not true. There is no doubt that he was sometimes hungry and often disappointed; and there is none that he spent more money, ran more recklessly into debt, lived more luxuriously, invented more creditors, found more patrons and friends, and in the end achieved a larger measure of success, than any artist of his time. His beginnings were less arduous and difficult than the beginnings of Berlioz; and



At the Treasury Door, Munich.
("*Punsch.*" *Munich*, 1867.)

in the end he commanded such a following, and extorted such reverence, both practical and theoretic, from that following, that, compared with the details of his lot, the early triumphs of Rossini, "the Indian Bacchus of music," seem tame and insignificant. As in the meantime Wagner had indulged himself to satiety in the pleasure of writing down his rivals and libelling his benefactors; developed and satisfied a taste for luxury which obliges M. Jullien to describe him as "un des hommes les plus délicatement sensuels de son temps"; made himself notorious all over Europe, and tried his fortune all over Europe, and all over Europe exulted in creditors; it is hardly to be supposed that he had been altogether unhappy, or that he can with justice be sent on to posterity as anything but a charlatan of the rarest type and the finest accomplishment.

Wagner was born in Leipzig in 1813, five months before the battles of the 18th and 19th October. His father died



The Ear of the Universe. By André Gill. ("*L'Eclipse.*" *Paris*, 1865.)

when he was six months old, and two years afterwards his mother married the actor Ludwig Geyer. His early years were pleasant enough. He went to school at Dresden, where he saw Weber and heard the *Freischütz;* and at Leipzig his relations with the theatre were constant, intimate, and delightful. He learned what he pleased, he wrote verses, he made tragedies, he studied music now and then, he produced an overture. At seventeen he amused himself with revolution and the other gaieties most incident to youth; at nineteen, after two years' work with Gottlieb Weinlig, and the assimilation of a prodigious amount of Beethoven, he went off on his *Wanderjahre*, saw Vienna and Prague (where he heard his first symphony), and returning to Leipzig, frequented the Gewandhaus, and looked about him for a libretto. At Würzburg, where he was chorus-master in the theatre, he wrote his first opera, on a theme adapted from Gozzi; at Töplitz he produced a second, the book of which appears to have

been so bewilderingly scabrous, that nobody would look at the music. At twenty-one he was conductor at the Magdeburg theatre; at Berlin he saw Spontini and heard that master's *Fernand Cortez*; late in 1836 he married and went to Königsburg as conductor; next year he was at Riga, with a capital place in the theatre and a good engagement for his wife; and in the spring of 1839, having composed two acts of *Rienzi*, he sailed for France. He came by London; was storm-beaten along the Norwegian coast; met Meyerbeer at Boulogne, and arrived in Paris with his pockets full of letters of introduction from that distinguished artist, to whom he was to owe much kindness and advancement yet, and whom he was to repay with such ingratitude as is rare in the history of great men. It must be admitted that so far his fortune had been the reverse of ungenerous. His life had been full of movement and variety; he had gained a vast deal of experience, he had begun to practise, and with some success, the art of getting into debt; it is obvious that his luck was better than that of most young fellows who spring from nothing, and are determined to do as they like and not otherwise. In Paris, where he remained for three years or so, he suffered, it would seem, a great deal; but he appears to have had good friends, to have written much for the *Gazette Musicale*, to have earned money by transcriptions and arrangements, and to have made many creditors; so that he could not have been so very unhappy after all. What is certain is that he finished *Rienzi* and wrote the *Fliegende Höllander;* that by Meyerbeer's means both were accepted at Berlin, and that the former was put into rehearsal at Dresden, and played there by such artists as Tichatshek and Mme. Schröder-Devrient with prodigious success, in the autumn of 1842, that is to say before he was thirty years old. Some two or three months after (10th January, 1843) he was made *Kapell-meister* to the King of Saxony, with plenty of work, a fairly good salary, and an admirable opportunity of publicity. Of this last he availed himself to the fullest extent. It fell to his lot to receive the ashes of Weber; he produced, among other novelties, the *Vestale* of Spontini, the *Choral Symphony* of Beethoven, and the *Iphigenie en Aulide* of Glück, the last of which he was impudent enough to rearrange and score anew. He wrote his own *Tannhäuser*, which was played (without success) under his direction early in 1845, and *Lohengrin*. That the latter also was not heard at Dresden was Wagner's own fault. He was the king's servant, of course; but he was deeply in debt; his creditors would not let him rest; he wanted money, and, under the tutelage of the anarch Bakounin, he became a red-hot socialist, dabbled in secret societies, took arms against his master (1st May, 1849), betook himself to Liszt at Weimar, and from that place fled for his life to Paris and Zurich. He remained in exile for thirteen years, during which time he wrote *Tristan*, the *Meistersinger*, and the Tetralogy, and, Mme de Metternich aiding (Mr. Engel tells us how; M. Jullien does not), succeeded in failing horribly at the Académie de Musique with *Tannhäuser*, produced at a cost of 100,000 francs, and hissed, as Berlioz wrote, "splendidement." For the next three years he travelled the continent over, giving concerts, conducting festivals, making money and spending it madly, and asking for patronage wherever a possible patron could be found. Then came the sudden appearance in his life of the late King Ludwig of Bavaria; the triumph, at an enormous expense, and in a house that was "packed" in every sense of the word, of *Tristan* and the *Meistersinger;* the scandals of the Master's reign at Munich; the death of Mme. Wagner, and the elopement, divorce, and re-marriage of Mme. Von Bülow ("If it were only someone whom it were allowable to kill," said the forsaken pianist, with tears); the publication of the ignoble *Capitulation*; the establishment of the Wagner Society; the building of Wahnfried and the Bayreuth Theatre; the heroic business of the Tetralogy; the living apotheosis, the crowning mercy of *Parsifal*, the death at Venice, and the instant and eternal beatification. That a life of this sort should be described as a long martyrdom, an



Berlioz and Wagner: "*The 'Tannhäuser' asks to see his Little Brother, 'Les Troyens.'*"
By Cham. ("*Charivari*," 1863.)

agony of years, the tragedy of an heroic artist-soul, is too impudent a jest. One thinks of the end of Berlioz—old, broken, racked with neuralgia, with the first part of *Les Troyens* still unplayed, and so poor that he has to oblige himself not to write, lest performance bring ruin; and one knows what martyrdom really is.



At Rehearsal. By Gustave Gaul.
(*Vienna*, 1875.)

But Berlioz was an honest man, as well as a great artist; and Wagner, as presented by a sincere admirer, was not. He might, says M. Jullien, have been a millionaire, for—to say nothing of the beneficence of the King of Bavaria, which was lavish enough to go near to causing a revolution—in his later years he made enormous sums by his operas (he received as much as £12,000 for *Parsifal* alone); but he was heavily in debt when he died, and it was found that the money he had got had run through his hands like water. The fact is, that he was an egoist of the most formidable type. It is on record that he identified himself quite willingly with his heroes; as the circumstances of his life and constitution suggested, he was Vanderdecken, Tannhäuser, Lohengrin, Hans Sachs and Walther, Siegfried and Parsifal, in turn; it is written, indeed, that on one occasion—at Dresden—he was dunned and persecuted to such an extent that he had well-nigh written an opera on the awful theme of the Passion. It is not surprising that he could deny himself nothing. He could not live out of silk and satin; his milliner's bill came to thousands a year; he would only drink out of gold; he has been known to pay three thousand florins for a single couch; when he travelled he took his own hangings with him, and they were the costliest that money could buy. He believed in himself so furiously, indeed, that only apotheosis was life. He coined a medal to commemorate the production of the Tetralogy; he would have no inscription on his tombstone, not even his name, for none, he thought, was needed, to show where he, the unique, the incomparable, lay. He was not content with making music, as Glück and Beethoven had done before him; his ambition would only be stayed by the creation of a new art. He scorned to excel as an artist pure and simple; he must also be a philosopher, achieve the intimate and inalterable fusion of music and poetry, and express in sounds ideas, doctrines, theories, dogmas, which are not easily formulated in words. More than that, he must be alone of his kind; and, says M. Jullien, intoxicated with flattery, half-mad with vanity of spirit, he was wont to speak of such of his contemporaries and his predecessors as had anticipated him in his work—Berlioz, Schumann, Glück, for instance—in terms that an intelligent admirer is careful not to repeat. It is characteristic of him that, however bitterly he might resent an injury, he never forgave a benefit; a good example is his impeachment (after Sedan) of Napoleon III., who produced his *Tannhäuser*; a better, the black ingratitude with which he repaid the good offices of Meyerbeer. No sturdier beggar ever lived, for there was scarce a potentate in Europe but was subjected by him to solicitation, while the Wagner Society was the result of an appeal for faith and money to the world at large; but he must needs have felt himself too great to be assisted, for he had seldom magnanimity enough to say a good word for those who had shamed him with assistance. There is no doubt that he had the qualities of these defects—an irresistible will, an implacable resolve, an unequalled capacity of inspiration and dominion; but also there is none that he was, until success had sanctified him, the most disagreeable of men, and that his failures—Dresden, Paris, Munich—were the work of his own hands. For his astuteness, his commercial genius, his magnificent advertising talent, there



The Musician of the Future. By H. Meyer.
("*Le Sifflet.*" *Paris*, 1876.)

can be nothing but praise. He was for years the bugbear of musical and royalist Germany, and by sheer intelligence and strength of personality he got himself accepted as the representative German artist, so that the success of the Tetralogy was registered and applauded as the complement of Metz and Sedan.

W. E. H.

VAN DYCK.

THE forthcoming exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery will, if we may judge from the promises already made to Sir Coutts Lindsay, afford to the present generation an unique opportunity of studying the art of Van Dyck as a portrait-painter. We cannot perhaps hope for a gathering of works as select and as representative as the memorable group of pictures, including some of the gems of the Windsor collection, which graced the Fine Arts Exhibition at Manchester in 1857; nor can we confidently expect to find brought together adequate specimens of the master's style as a painter of sacred subjects, seeing that the elements for such a collection are hardly to be found in England; but we may look forward to the most numerous as well as one of the choicest collections of the great Flemish master's portraits which has yet been seen in England, and one which will owe a very considerable part of its attraction to the exceptionally interesting individuality of the various personages portrayed.



From a Sketch by Van Dyck in the possession of James Knowles, Esq.

Of few great artists is the career better known in its main incidents than that of Sir Anthony Van Dyck: some quibbles about dates, about routes of travel, about residences, remain to exercise the ingenuity of the industrious and the over-subtle; some quaint legends, some tales of mysterious gallantries remain to be placed in doubt; but the broad outlines of the life, both of the man and of the worker, are there before us. Yet, if the splendid, gracious art of the painter is not hard to define, to fill from the elements we possess the voids in the personality of the man, so as to make up a well-rounded and consistent whole, is not quite so easy as it may at first appear. It is not, indeed, that in the idiosyncrasy of Van Dyck, or in the distinctive character of his productions, there is any element of profundity or obscurity; it is rather that his too short life was in its earlier portion one of untiring devotion to art, and throughout one of untiring industry; that the hours not dedicated to his favourite divinity—the one to which he was most unswervingly constant—were devoted to a little less ardent, though always a decent, pursuit of pleasure, and that between the two furnaces the precious life was prematurely consumed. The master's personality perhaps hardly asserted itself to the full under these conditions; certainly it has not made itself completely manifest, though we may be able, or imagine that we are able, with the aid of some supposition, to reconstruct it for ourselves.

Some individualities in the supreme hierarchy of Art—those of a Michelangelo, an Albert Dürer, a Rubens—have made themselves in a thousand ways irresistibly felt; others not less august—that of a Leonardo da Vinci, for instance, the merely human side of whose vast personality is wrapped in deep shadow—still possess the attractions of the enigma. Raphael himself, with whose career, if we may venture to parallel the less with the greater, that of Van Dyck may in many points be compared, does not stand clearly before us. His life, still shorter than that of Van Dyck, passed like a brilliant dream, devoted to untiring labour, and crowned by immediate triumphs scarcely equalled in the history of the world; its intervals, as we may conjecture, though we cannot know, were occupied with an ardent passion such as we may readily associate with his pale, passionate features, as he

himself recorded them in his early youth. Yet of the real Raphael—Raphael the man—we may say that we know next to nothing. That peculiar feminine element which leavened and added a new charm to the supreme genius of Sanzio, was also an important ingredient of the personality of Van Dyck, whose Art, virile enough in its essence to bear the infusion, from it gained its most exquisite charm. This peculiar quality was, no doubt, derived by him from his mother, Marie Cuypers, of whom we learn that she was distinguished for gentle melancholy, and for a refinement beyond that naturally belonging to her station of well-to-do *bourgeoise*, and famous as an inventive and exquisite worker with the needle. From her came the constitutional weakness, the melancholy grace, the exquisite refinement of person, which were the exterior signs of Van Dyck's individuality, as to her

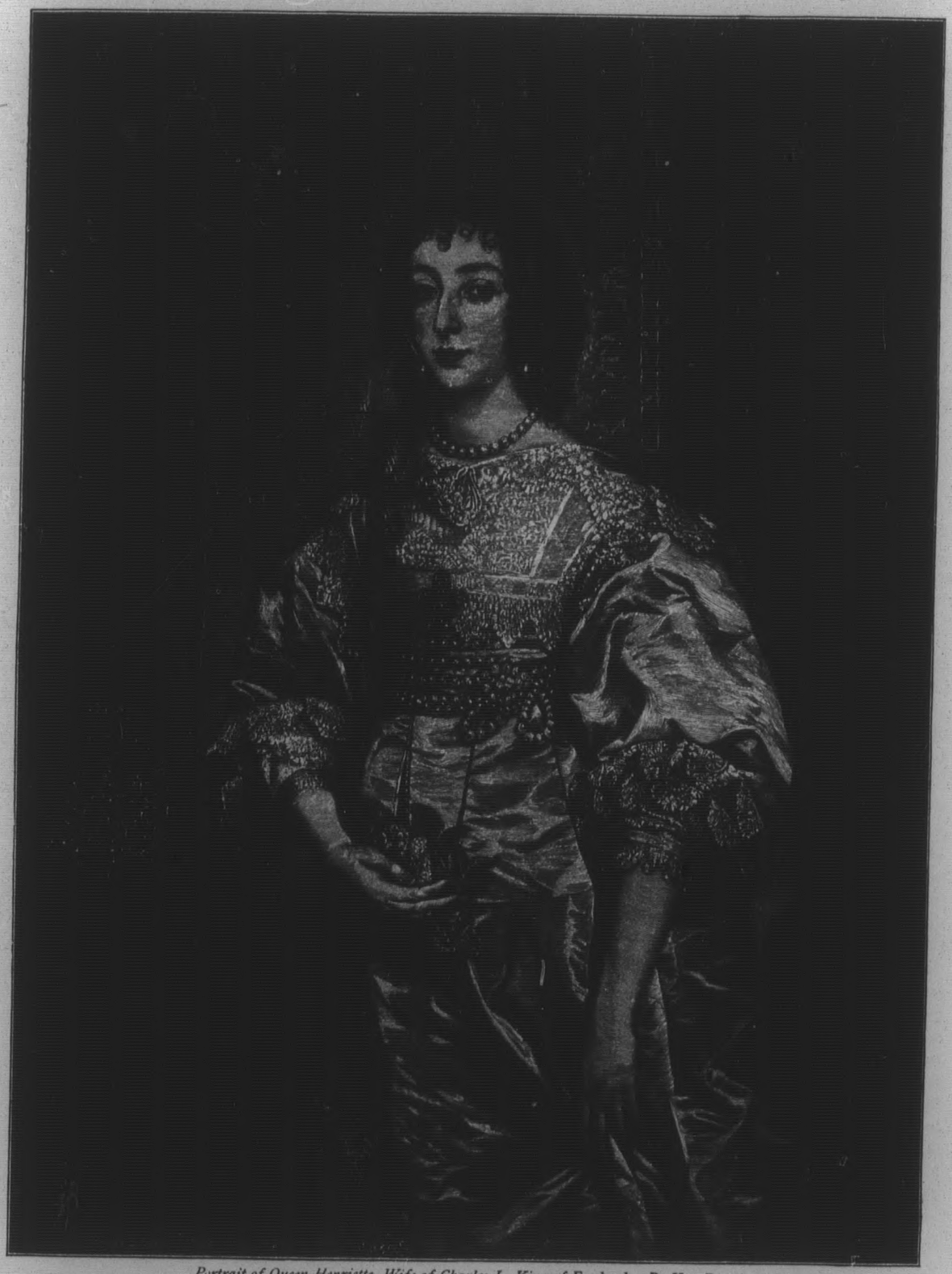


From a Sketch by Van Dyck in the possession of James Knowles, Esq.

must be traced the germs of the artistic genius, of which not a spark appears to have illuminated the prosaic nature of the worthy, over-devout Antwerp merchant who was his father. No influences could have been more calculated to nurture and develop the peculiar qualities of the youthful Van Dyck than those which were brought to bear upon him during those six years of his early youth which he passed as pupil and assistant in the sumptuous atelier of Rubens, then fast approaching the zenith of his artistic and social glory. The direct influence of the courtly, magnificent master, the sumptuous and well-chosen surroundings, above all, the fine collection of pictures, chiefly of the Venetian school, brought back by Rubens from Italy and disposed in his Antwerp abode, must have combined to foster the germs already implanted in the nature of the youthful painter, who was stirred to further efforts by the emulation naturally generated through competition with a crowd, too great for enumeration, of fellow-students, some already approved craftsmen of a very high order, others soon to develop into brilliant satellites of the great central sun of Antwerp Art. It is evident, however, that at this early period Van Dyck was exposed to a very great danger; in striving to emulate the grand naturalism and energy of the master, the spontaneity of whose style redeemed an ultra-frankness frequently verging upon brutality, the pupil fell upon more than one occasion into a deplorable exaggeration. Of this we need seek no better instance than the 'Mocking of Christ,' at Berlin, or the 'St. Jerome' of the Dresden Gallery, which, by a lucky chance, we are able to study in juxtaposition with Rubens's original work. A comparison of the canvases of master and pupil makes it very evident that the latter, seeking apparently to overcome an inherent distaste for the naturalism of the style, deliberately and without real impulse exaggerated its very faults, without completely succeeding in reproducing its spirit.

Thus the brilliant pupil, when, his *Lehrjahre* being at an end, he set forth, in the very flower of youth and grace, to commence by a journey southwards his *Wanderjahre*, mounted on the white horse which was the parting gift of his generous master, was in every respect well equipped for the enterprise on which, in imitation of that master, he ventured; and, as we have seen, it was time that he should be gone. Little wonder that he was at once accepted and treated on a footing of equality by the Genoese aristocracy, for whom, during his two sojourns—first in 1622 and again in 1624—he produced some of the finest works of his so-called Genoese or Italian period. Falling at first to some extent under the influence of the *maniera nera* of the Caravaggio school, he produced the portraits of the Brignole family, including his first great equestrian portrait, that of the Marchese himself, and several likenesses of the fair Marchesa, whose name the scandalmongers of the time did not scruple to couple with that of the brilliant Fleming. In seeking to emphasize the contours, and deepen the light and shade which go to make up the painter's fascinating personality, it is impossible to avoid all mention of the gallant intrigues, many in number, with which he is rightly or wrongly credited. Starting with the famous love passage at Saventhem, half truth, half legend, rumour has persistently to the very end of his busy career attributed to the painter adventures, some of which are enveloped in obscurity, or have but a slender foundation in fact, while others, like the fable which connects his name with that of Isabella Brant, the first wife of his master and benefactor, are baseless calumnies. If, however, we decline to credit the court gossip which later on connected his name with that of the beautiful Lady Venetia Digby, and content ourselves with smiling at the *gaucherie*, unusual for him, with which the court painter, by way of defence of the lady, represented her in a not very successful allegory, now at Windsor, as 'Prudence trampling upon Calumny,' certain other intrigues of that period, into the particulars of which we need not enter, are better established. As a typical instance may be taken that violent passion, at the end of his career, for the revengeful vixen, Mistress Margaret Lemon, whose portrait at Hampton Court—one of the finest pieces of flesh painting in the Venetian mode that Van Dyck has produced—fully attests the authenticity, in their peculiar way, of the lady's charms. The great limner's nature appears to have been ardent and impressionable rather than

deeply and truly passionate, easily moved rather than steadfast or constant. It may be surmised that in many cases he submitted unconsciously to the influences to which he was exposed, rather than deliberately placed himself within their circle of magnetic attraction. Delicate and fastidious we know that he was, sumptuous and yet not over-brilliant in attire, of manners modest and reserved, discreet and of unspotted honour, as the whole tenour of his life proves. He who



Portrait of Queen Henriette, Wife of Charles I., King of England. By Van Dyck.

was known in Rome as *Il pittore cavalleresco*, who declined to join that noisy brotherhood of Flemish painters there which, under the designation of *Schilderbent*, met and feasted at the *Sirena*, and for his fastidiousness was punished with gibes and sneers which must have had the effect of shortening his sojourn in the Eternal City, had evidently no taste

for vulgar intrigue or carouse such as in his own city of Antwerp delighted the soul of a Brauwer or a Craesbeeck. He was thus, perhaps, the more sensible to the higher and more refined attractions so frequently placed in his path. It is impossible to imagine the courtly young Fleming taking his pleasure with any of the riotous, exuberant gaiety which was a marked characteristic of his countrymen; he could not have imagined, he would not have painted, that terrible 'Kermesse' of Rubens at the Louvre, or the Bacchanals, or the series of Hunts and Combats; do what violence he might to his artistic nature in the earlier days of his career, he could never have had much real sympathy with subjects the chief elements of which were action, frank spontaneous passion, or the expression of mere physical vigour. These peculiarities of the master's temperament are no doubt to some extent to be explained by physical causes: even in the freshness of youth his health could never have been absolutely robust, and we can trace its gradual decline in the series of portraits from his own hand which we still possess. In that of the Munich Pinacothek he appears in youthful bloom; at the Louvre the features, which in their development are peculiar and distinguished rather than beautiful, already bear the marks of fatigue; in the oval canvas at Madrid, in which he has with some coquetry contrasted his own delicacy and elegance with the full-blown health of Sir Endymion Porter, the same signs are visible; and in the Windsor portrait the face bears marks of profound lassitude. Most virile in its aristocratic elegance, most admirable of all in conception and execution, is the magnificent head etched by him for the engraving which was to constitute the frontispiece to the famous "Iconographie."

Are we to attribute to the causes above indicated the indefinable indications of a restlessness and secret discontent which underlie the languorous repose of the outer man, indicating a temperament incapable of perfect mastery of self, or of perfect satisfaction with accomplishment? It is not surprising that Van Dyck, whose genius, though its highest manifestation is unquestionably to be found in the unsurpassed series of portraits which have won for him undying fame, was essentially of the subjective order, should have unconsciously communicated to many of his finest and most distinctive works of this class that very languid grace, that very gravity—melancholy rather than sombre—that curious foreboding of evil to come, which appear to have been salient qualities of his own individuality. Yet we would not be understood to deny to the master the faculty of the closest and most sympathetic observation, the results of which make themselves unmistakably manifest, leavened though they are by the potent yet indefinable element introduced into his works by the unconscious workings of his individuality. With him the patrician gravity of a Brignole or Balbi of Genoa is widely different from the pompous dignity of a Prince de Croy; the stately reticence and foreboding melancholy of a Charles I. or a Strafford are revealed in a fashion absolutely distinct from that which serves to characterize the sadness and unrest of Flemish burghers such as Van der Gheest, Lucas Vorsterman, or Jean de Wael. When the painter lighted upon a sitter with whom he was in entire sympathy, he displayed a penetrating power of interpretation such as has only been surpassed by the masters most highly gifted with this rarest and most precious of artistic intuitions. It is this quality that renders the famous portrait of Cardinal Guido Bentivoglio, at the Pitti, painted though it was when Van Dyck had not attained his twenty-fifth year, an incomparable masterpiece; it is this that lends a fresh pathos to the sombre, tragic figure of Strafford; it is this that has contributed more than ought else to embalm and keep fresh the memory of Charles I. Van Dyck has been somewhat unjustly accused of poetising the features and general type of the unfortunate monarch: the extant portraits by other contemporary painters, and still more the very faithful and beautiful series of effigies engraved on plaques of silver by Simon de Passe, prove the contrary; but they prove also that the great painter in this case intuitively divined and delicately accentuated the least obvious and most pathetic elements of the king's peculiar personality.

Posterity has reason to be thankful that Van Dyck's first attempt to settle in England, in 1627, foiled as it was by the painters Daniel Mytens and Cornelius Jansen van Ceulen, who then enjoyed the patronage of the all-powerful Duke of Buckingham, proved unsuccessful. The period which elapsed between that first journey and Van Dyck's final migration to England in 1632, was in all respects one of the greatest fruitfulness; within its limits his genius reached the full vigour and concentration of maturity, and his practice approached the technical perfection which reached its most perfect efflorescence during the first three or four years of the master's last and definitive sojourn in England. It is during this last Flemish period that was in all probability produced the magnificent series of etched portraits of some of the most prominent painters and engravers of the Low Countries, destined to serve as the foundation for engravings forming part of the "Iconographie," to which we have more than once referred. Never was the etching-needle handled with more supreme mastery and ease than in these incomparable works, indubitably one of the greatest monuments of Van Dyck's genius, and never has art received a more graceful tribute than in the exquisitely sympathetic delineation of this series of noble and successful workers.

It was during this period, too, that were executed most of the painter's great religious pieces, the 'Crucifixions' of Termonde, of Ghent, of Malines, the famous 'Elevation of the Cross' at Courtrai; as well as a whole series of similar works on a smaller scale at Antwerp and elsewhere. Although these productions, based in the main on the motives invented and the mode of religious expression affected by Rubens, with some admixture, nevertheless, of Venetian and Bolognese influences, were in their way magnificently successful; although it would be idle to deny the pathos of the Malines picture, or the tragic intensity and strangely unconventional aspect which Van Dyck has imparted to the figure of Christ in the Courtrai 'Elevation;' yet it cannot be said that he was in the highest sense a religious painter. The sentiment revealed in these works, though up to a certain point true and effective, does not attain the frankness and passion—exuberant rather than profound—which mark the great conceptions of Rubens; still less is it to be paralleled with the intense pathos and vivifying power which enabled Rembrandt to renew and metamorphose sacred art, adapting it to the wants of his own time. Van Dyck's religious passion has in it a savour of the rhetorical and the over-conscious, which prevents us from being deeply touched by its manifestations. He cannot be accused of cold calculation and insincerity, such as disfigured the productions of the Caracci, but he cannot, on the other hand, be credited, in this branch of his art, with spontaneous inspiration or with real fertility

of invention, though his admirable artistic tact and power of adaptation often enabled him gracefully to veil these shortcomings.

It is in England, after a short period of probation and assiduous labour, that the painter's position, social and professional, became for the first time commensurate with his incomparable powers. These, based upon the untiring study of past years, now shone forth complete and exquisite in such masterpieces as the 'Three Children of Charles I.,' at Turin; the several groups of the royal family, at Windsor; the equestrian portraits of the King, at Windsor and the National Gallery; the exquisite presentments of the King at the Salon Carré and the Dresden Gallery; the 'Lords John and Bernard Stuart;' the various versions of the 'Lord Strafford,' and all the well-known masterpieces of the English private collections. It was now that he was enabled to indulge to the full his open-handed generosity, to gratify that taste for refined magnificence and profusion acquired in youth in the sumptuous abode of Rubens. We gather from Belloni, and from the still more unimpeachable testimony of the famous connoisseur, Jabach, that Van Dyck's establishment at Blackfriars was on the most splendid scale; his horses, carriages, musicians, singers, buffoons, were such as befitted a great noble. This perpetual whirl of feverish excitement, this pomp of outward display, appears to have largely contributed to the rapid development of all that was weakest and least admirable in the master's moral and physical nature—a development, or rather degeneration, which ran parallel with the deterioration of much of his art during the last years of his life. This deterioration was, however, mainly due, not to an actual decline of artistic power, but to undue haste and indifference, and to the necessities which caused him at that time to send forth from his studio too many works of which hardly anything save the general conception and a few superficial finishing touches could be said to be his.

A certain weakness and pliability, which we need not, however, characterize as undue subserviency, is shown in the fashion in which, yielding rather to the persuasions than to the commands of the King, Van Dyck, at the close of his career, when he was already broken in health and spirit, accepted at the hands of his patron his wife, Lady Mary Ruthven, the daughter of an ill-fated and proscribed race, and entirely dependent for her dowry on the bounty of Charles. Some instability, too, some incapacity for sustained passion, must be charged to the man who could abruptly, with so little apparent struggle, break loose, as did the painter on this occasion, from the bonds in which he was held by that dangerous but sincerely enamoured Armida, Mistress Margaret Lemon.

The legend which recounts how Sir Anthony, seeing his sitters fail, his fortune diminish, his hopes vanish under the blight of the fast-growing discontent and sedition so soon to culminate in the Great Rebellion, gave himself up, with his friend Sir Kenelm Digby, to an ardent quest of the philosopher's stone, is a sufficiently picturesque one, well in accord with the time, and well calculated to account for the fading of the master's artistic powers, nay, of his whole being. Unfortunately for those who love local colour, his last and most careful biographer, M. Jules Guiffrey, has shown that the story rests on no solid foundation whatever, and that it is next to impossible that Van Dyck, who, during the last two years of his life was almost constantly journeying between England, Flanders, and France, should have consumed his time in such vain and idle fashion. Exhaustion, produced by unceasing artistic labours, no less than by the constant and wearing excitement, sufficed, acting upon a delicate temperament, inclined to phthisis, and therefore little adapted to resist such a strain, to produce the final catastrophe.

The will made by Van Dyck on the 4th December, 1641, when he was already *in articulo mortis*, and immediately on there being brought to his bedside the news that a daughter had been born to him, is of the highest interest, as shedding new light upon his character. Its contents strengthen our belief in the natural nobility of his disposition, and reveal a sense of rectitude and duty stronger than would necessarily have been gathered from the general tenor of his busy, chequered life. With a tenderness and care doubly admirable at such a moment, the most minute provisions are made for the well-being of his legitimate daughter, Justiniana, as well as for the maintenance of his natural daughter, Marie-Thérèse, then residing in Flanders under the care of the painter's sister, while his wife, duly styled Lady Mary Van Dyck, is not forgotten. The fortune left by Sir Anthony was, notwithstanding his profuse living, relatively very large, being estimated at between £14,000 and £15,000 sterling. This fact in itself would go far to unsettle our belief in the legend which shows him, involved in sordid money troubles, yielding in despair to the fashionable craze, and consuming his remaining wealth and strength in the fevered search for the unattainable talisman.

Though we deplore the premature extinction of the bright light of his genius, it must be borne in mind that his production—even counting only that which is, really as well as nominally, his—equals in extent that of most painters who have attained the limits of old age; that he considerably passed the years at which Giorgione, Raphael, and, among lesser but bright luminaries, Watteau, were snatched away. Though the years he attained were not many, it is improbable that, had he survived, he would have surpassed, or indeed again have equalled, the series of masterpieces produced under conditions more favourable to artistic growth during the years of his youthful prime.

The pictures at present promised to the Grosvenor Exhibition include—'Mary Ruthven,' lent by Mr. J. C. Harford; 'Charles I. on horseback,' lent by the Hon. W. W. Vernon; 'The Elector Palatine,' lent by C. E. Edmonstone Cranstoun; 'Lords John and Bernard Stuart,' lent by Earl of Darnley; 'The Earl of Strafford,' lent by Earl of Home; 'Killigrew and Carew,' lent by The Queen; 'Jacques Le Roy,' lent by Earl Brownlow; 'Mountjoy Blount, Earl of Newport,' and 'Queen Henrietta Maria and her Dwarf,' lent by Earl Northbrook; 'Portrait of Charles I.,' and 'Queen Henrietta Maria,' lent by the Hon. Mrs. Trollope; 'Charles I. and his Queen,' 'Wm. and Francis Russell,' and 'Lady Manners and her Children,' lent by Viscount Galway; 'Sir Edmund Verney,' lent by Sir Harry Verney; 'The Betrayal of Christ,' and 'Charity,' lent by Lord Methuen; 'Van Dyck on horseback,' lent by Lord Egerton of Tatton; 'Children of Charles I.,' lent by The Queen; 'Philip, Earl of Pembroke,' 'Lord Carnarvon's Son,' and 'Lady Carnarvon,' lent by Earl of Carnarvon; 'Anton Triest, of Ghent,' lent by Earl Brownlow; 'Snyders and his Wife,' 'John, Lord Finch,' and 'James, Duke of Hamilton,' lent by Duke of Cleveland; 'David or Martin Ryckaert,' 'The Duke of Alva,' and 'Lady and Child,' lent by Earl of Warwick; 'Children of the Balbi Family,' lent by Earl Cowper; 'Lady Venetia Digby' and 'Rachel Ruvigny, Countess Southampton,' lent by Earl Spencer.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

ART NOTES AND REVIEWS.

HERE and there at Suffolk Street a few suspicious canvases betray a tendency to imitate the mere aspect and "get up" of Mr. Whistler's pictures. That exquisite artist's influence will be healthy if it induces people to respect the important element of decoration in their art; most baneful if it is allowed to overrule their taste in picture-making, and the evidence of their eyes in representing nature. He himself is both spirited and logical in his treatment of a view of things which is natural to him; his followers are too often neither the one nor the other. His last contributions consist of three large pictures, 'Harmony in White and Ivory,' 'Harmony in Red: Lamplight,' 'Arrangement in Black, No. 10,' all decoratively broad, all well wrapt in some agreeable and mellow general tone representing air; a small richly coloured 'Nocturne in Brown and Gold, St. Mark's, Venice,' and a charming little 'Note in Blue and Opal.' Mr. T. B. Kennington's "portrait" of a lady shows more appreciation of the beauty of soft and rich colour than his work has hitherto evidenced. 'A Portrait,' by Mr. Jacomb Hood, of a young lady in black, is the strongest and most serious piece of workmanship he has ever executed. Mr. William Stott's 'Miss White,' in the attitude and expression, and in the mellowness of the colour, should thoroughly satisfy both the refined sense of artists and the picturesque requirements of the general public; in his 'Summer Day,' a pure figure subject of boys bathing, we get, it is true, some singular delicacies of colour in the shallow pools, reflections, submerged feet, and sands, as well as truth in the general aspect of the broad aerial beach and the naked figures, but we greatly miss the normal drawing and the search for beauty all round of the 'Miss White.' Mr. Aubrey Hunt's cleverly handled and brightly coloured 'Sur la Plage, Granville,' lacks the dignity of his best work, and the effect is perhaps pushed a little towards exaggeration; his broad and bold 'Holland' will amply vindicate his reputation as a great sketcher. Quite different, but equally unaffected, is Mr. J. S. Hill's warm and suggestive 'Sketch from Nature;' Mr. Leslie Thomson's singularly true and bold representation of a dark hay barge against the luminous cream of an afternoon sky, 'Leigh, Essex;' Mr. E. Ellis's nobly composed but somewhat sloppy and incomplete 'Evening;' Mr. Arthur Tomson's romantic 'Early Morning;' Mr. Ernest Parton's 'Wargrave Church,' in which he has managed to blend some of his old freedom and fire with his present showy and stylish manipulation; 'A Study,' in a vein of rich and distinguished colour by G. F. Mason, and Mr. James Paterson's 'Winter in the Glen,' in which we have bare trees firmly branched without wiriness, shadow and light large without emptiness, and French ideas utilised without imitation of French conventions. Real undisguised imitations of modern French departures abound and, as in the Institute and everywhere, we see a good deal of the Newlyn school: prodigal of empty foregrounds and the system of handling which Messrs. Stanhope Forbes and Bramley imported from France.

The Institute is just the reverse of the British Artists. It is hung pretty much as the Academy, both as to the choice and arrangement of the pictures. There is a little less of the old pickled artist of past days who knew nothing of nature and only one groove of Art; a little more of the endeavour of younger men when they endeavour without departing too far from the accepted path. It is an orderly, and as it were *rangé* exhibition of cabinet pictures, suitable to the small rooms of private people of respectable and cultivated tastes. Large pictures are rightly not encouraged here; so we see none of the *brio* and parade of *maestria* of great palatial Art. On the other hand, the sublime of sentiment, because it verges on the ridiculous, is hardly a safe commodity for a prosperous gallery; so we have little of the rugged force and tumbled execution of the romantic artist, or the visionary and interesting records of purely personal impression. Mr. E. J. Gregory's girl's head, 'Kept In,' shows a keen interest in texture and quality, as well as a delight in colour which puts it above other work of the sort in energy and directness. E. C. Wilkinson's portrait of Miss Giddins is solid, yet fresh and silvery. Mr. J. Reid, in both his exhibits, manifests strong sympathy with the decorative side of his art, and as we know him from the past capable of coping with realistic representation, we should have been prepared to find a less arbitrary scheme of romantic colour in his 'Angler,' and 'The Thames—Evening.' Such work, however, cannot be accused of commonplace; still less can such an admirably silvery and breezy rendering of sunshine and summer as Mr. J. Aumonier's 'Haymaking.' Mr. W. Severn's 'Waves Breaking against a Sea Wall' shows earnestness and fervour. Mr. F. Cotman's 'Sorting Mussels,' Mr. Claude Hayes's 'On the River Arun,' and Mr. Waterlow's 'Unloading Wrack—Connemara,' have a pleasant freedom of handling and a broad Constable-like treatment of their subjects. Then we have Mr. Henry Moore's bright dancing sea, 'Light Airs—Mid Channel;' Mr. Cyrus Johnson's highly finished picture, 'A County Boundary,' and Mr. Leslie Thomson's sober and artistic 'Near Poole, Dorset;' all of them sincere and scientific efforts in the art of picture-making. Moreover we cannot overlook admirable work on a smaller scale in Mr. A. Lemon's rich 'Dorsetshire Mill,' Mr. Dunsmore's elegant 'Reverie,' Mr. A. G. Bell's masterly 'Autumn,' and ever so many meritorious canvases by other men.

In the Royal Society's room the majority of the drawings are little pictures polished to the last degree of finish. A few artists such as Sir John Gilbert, Miss Clara Montalba, and Messrs. Eyre Walker, Matthew Hale, Thorne Waite, C. B. Philip, S. P. Jackson, and S. T. Evans, send work which, at least in the quality of breadth, emulates the sketch of true character. Among the best of their contributions are Sir John's 'St. Michael,' Miss Montalba's 'Antibes,' and Mr. Hale's 'Study for a Drawing.' Far too much of false and elaborate niggling, of hot and furious colour adorns these walls, where we should expect to see the true vigorous freshness, the earnest carelessness (if we may use the phrase), disdainful of trivialities, and the delicate suggestiveness of real artists' sketches. We must conclude by saying that

good work of its kind comes from Messrs. Naftel, Davidson, Bretnall, Charles Gregory, and a few others.

At Mr. Mendoza's exhibition of black and whites, here we may mention first a delicate and exquisite pencil drawing of a head by Mr. Alma Tadema; a stiff portrait, also in pencil, of Miss Siddall by D. G. Rossetti, and an etching and several lightly washed monochromes by Mr. R. W. Macbeth. Then there is good work of a realistic kind from Messrs. Pennell, F. Barnard, Caton Woodville, G. L. Seymour, J. Fulleylove, W. H. Overend, and others. Freer, larger, more pictorial work, comes from Messrs. Napier Hemy, W. B. Gardner, V. P. Yglesias, and C. W. Wyllie. Lastly, work of a more romantic, poetical, or personal tinge is contributed by Messrs. A. East, A. W. Henley, and one or two more.

The illustrations to "Crump and Smiles" (Sampson Low & Co.), are the work of a man struck down in the prime of life, and doomed to keep his bed for what remains of it. Subject to such head attacks that it is seldom he can draw for more than a couple of hours daily—perforce unable to have any models for the animals he so graphically portrays, yet working in his self-taught manner with a delicacy which the reproductions give little clue to, and a perseverance which under the circumstances is indomitable. If it were only on this account we should ask those who are charitably disposed to think of this book when they are buying their Christmas presents, for the produce of its sale goes towards the maintenance of its illustrator; but this apart, the story of "Crump and Smiles" is a touching one, and Mr. George Martyn's pen-and-ink drawings very admirably illustrate it.

We had occasion last Christmas to remark upon the ability which Mr. Gordon Browne displayed in his illustrations of children's stories, but we hardly anticipated that before another year was out he would have made such an advance as his work in "Rip Van Winkle" (Blackie & Son), and "Down the Snow Stairs," issued by the same publishers, shows. We are fain to confess that in his previous productions we did not recognise the son of our old friend "Phiz," but in the books before us the father's touch is easily discovered. In fact, 'Johnnie' in the last named work reminds one at once of the delicate little David Copperfield. We give illustrations of Mr. Browne's work culled from both books, and we can only say we were for a long time undecided which of the many blocks to choose, for they are all so equally good. New editions of Dr. Macdonald's "At the Back of the North Wind," and "Ranald Bannerman's Boyhood" (London: Blackie) have been issued; they are illustrated with the old designs of Mr. Arthur Hughes and call for no special notice.

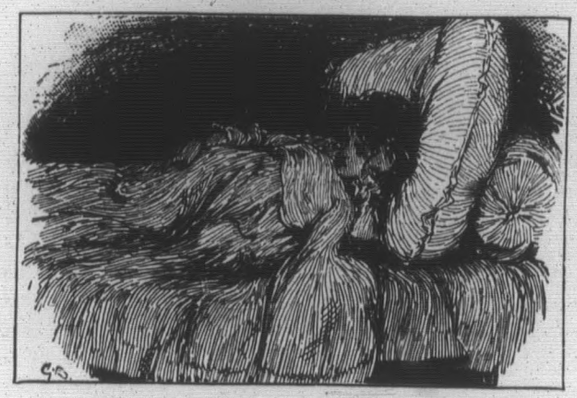
Mr. Hallam Tennyson's new version of "Jack and the Beanstalk" (London: Macmillan) is written in good-tempered, well-meaning hexameters. More than that it is illustrated with a set of sketches by the late Randolph Caldecott, and for that reason has a special and peculiar interest. Caldecott never lived to make the finished designs, but these rough notes of his are touched with all his wonted grace and humour. The animals are, as always, delightful, as witness the 'Fairy Frog' on p. 23, the 'Geese' on p. 48; the admirable and regal 'Pig' on p. 49; the 'Pugs by the Hundred' on p. 50, and the wistful but captivating terrier whose portrait graces the last page of all. Jack himself has not attained to the dignity of a creation, and of the Giant there are several ideas, none of them, it may be, quite successful. But in everything there is the touch of the vanished hand, and to look at the least and slightest of these memoranda is to realise how great and irreparable has been our loss.

The Australian Artists' Winter Exhibition, at the Burton Gallery, is the latest, and undoubtedly the most important, display of local work yet seen in Melbourne. Mr. J. Ford Paterson contributes three large and two small landscapes. No one who has marked the influence of the French school on modern Art can mistake the source of his inspiration. His 'Anglesey River' is notable for its tranquil simplicity, its finely felt harmonies, the conscious strength of its masses, and its admirable quality of atmosphere. Mr. Tom Roberts, a purely Australian painter, sends 'A Summer Morning Tiff,' high and consistent in key, not more than sufficiently realistic, and telling its story directly and well. M. Louis Buvelôt is not adequately represented, and the same may be said of Mr. Dowling. Mr. G. R. Ashton sends good strong honest work in his 'In Possession' (No. 39) and 'My First Attempt' (No. 79). Mr. Mather is responsible for a landscape in oil and two or three views of coast scenery in water colours. The latter are decidedly the better, and show a great deal of power: notably 'Cape Woloomai,' which is, perhaps, the finest water colour exhibited: though it is to be regretted that the full beauty of his work is marred to some extent by too much assertion of outline. Mr. Curtis is better in composition than in colour; hence the greyness which impoverishes what is, in other respects, artistic work. Mrs. Parsons varies in quality and manner, but is always commendable; in her 'Floating down the Thames,' with an even and pleasant tone, there are qualities of easy grace and quiet harmony. Among exhibitors too newly arrived to be termed resident, Mr. Arthur Loureiro occupies the foremost rank. He is sometimes homely, but always honest and conscientious, and generally effective. This is more than can be said of Mr. Kahler, whose chief aim is a laboured effort to hide his own



Young Rip. From "Rip Van Winkle."

defects; the effect of his full-length 'Lady Lock' is merely irritating. Mr. Rolando paints for the multitude, and succeeds. Of the ninety pictures hung, several are by students,



Kitty in Bed. From "Down the Snow Stairs."

of whom Mr. L. Jones, Mr. Withers, Miss Chapman, Mr. J. Gibbs, Mr. C. A. Beckett, Mr. M. Campbell, and Mr. R. Gow may be mentioned as showing promise. Mr. Ugo Catani's 'Head of a Negro,' is fine. A bust of Bishop Moorhouse by Mr. Percival Ball leaves little to be desired.

MUSEUMS AND GALLERIES.—Messrs. Agnew have presented to the Department of Prints and Drawings a collection—over a hundred examples strong—of the engravings made for and published by them up to the present time by Samuel Cousins, Stacpoole, Atkinson, C. G. Lewis, Barlow, T. Landseer, Cousen, Brandard, Smith, Hollis, Goodall, W. H. Simmons, Robert Macbeth, Rajon, Waltner, Lalauze, and A. Brunet-Debaines. Their example has been followed by Mr. Lefèvre with a donation of a hundred and twenty-five proofs of his publications, the work of Messrs. Blanchard, Lowenstam, Stacpoole, Samuel Cousins, Rajon, Ballin, Robert Macbeth, Simmons, Salmon, Lewis, Gilbert, Barlow, Atkinson, and Victor Lhuillier. The Dixon bequest of pictures and drawings has been arranged at the Bethnal Green Museum; it has quantity but no quality. Mr. Lawrie, of Inverness, has presented to his native town a large picture by Mr. R. Sanderson, of Edinburgh, called 'An Anxious Moment.' A collection of pictures by the Birmingham painter, Mr. S. H. Henshaw, is exhibiting at the Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery. The collections of the late Baron Charles-Meyer de Rothschild will be placed in a permanent museum for the benefit of the city of Frankfort; that of goldsmiths' work is said to be one of the largest and choicest ever made.

PERSONAL.—Mr. E. J. Gregory, A.R.A., has been invited to paint a portrait of himself for the Uffizj. Mr. Burne-Jones (who has just finished a cenotaph for the church at Mells, near Frome) and Sir Francis Burton have been re-elected members of the Society of Painters in Water Colours, the latter as an honorary member, while Mr. Tom Lloyd has been promoted to the membership of the same society. Mr. John Burr and Mr. John R. Reid have withdrawn from the Society of British Artists. Professor Kondakoff will edit and prepare for the Imperial Archæological Commission a catalogue of the Russian antiquities in the Hermitage. Mr. Boehm has been commissioned to execute the Jubilee statue of Her Majesty for the town of Windsor. Mr. John Seddon has been appointed Cathedral Architect of Llandaff. Mr. Watts has gone to Egypt on his wedding tour. M. Madrassi's bust of the elder Dumas has been placed in the library of the Hôtel de Ville, Paris; M. Madrassi is, it should be noted, the real author of the sculptures ascribed to Gustave Doré. Mr. Ernest Budge has been entrusted with a mission to Egypt by the authorities of the British Museum. The Belgian painter M. Emile Wauters has been elected a member of the Munich Academy of Fine Arts.

THE NEW 'WELLINGTON.'—Mr. Boehm's 'Wellington' will not be ready for a year; but the model has been placed, viewed, and judged, as was to be expected; the character of the work is imitative and realistic—the reverse, in fact, of monumental. There is not much connection between the rider and the horse; but there is excellent drawing in both, and as a piece of portraiture the statue may be considered a fair success. What was wanted, however, was not imitative, but monumental, Art; and the new 'Wellington,' good and skilful as in certain ways it is, will be a standing subject of



Kitty and Johnnie. From "Down the Snow Stairs."

regret that the work was not thrown open to competition, as, being a national affair, it might and should have been



PAINTED BY SEYMOUR LUCAS. A.R.A.

ETCHED BY C.O. MURRAY

FROM THE FIELD OF SEDGEMOOR

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE COLLECTION OF WILLIAM KNOWLES. ESQRE

LONDON: J.S.VIRTUE & Cº LIMITED

SEYMOUR LUCAS, A.R.A.

AMONG the secure reputations recently made at the Royal Academy is that of Mr. Seymour Lucas, who fulfilled his noviciate in few seasons, and without having anything severe to endure from chance or from the moods of committees. His is, in fact, one of the cases to which the Academy may point in justification. He has been recognised without hurry and without delay, and recognised for good qualities of a popular, but not too popular, order; the line was not withheld from him in those days of youth when success is a happiness. Those who find delight in an easy cynicism with regard to the authorities now ruling officially over English Art, will be consoled by the thought that costume subjects and effective story-telling in Mr. Seymour Lucas's work have been successful in carrying into the Academy a painter whose solid qualities of draughtsmanship, whose composition and completeness might otherwise have been left outside among disregarded merits. But it would be more just to acknowledge that in him the authorities have seen a painter whose thoroughly English talent deserved national recognition, and, moreover, one at whose honours neither the artists nor the public would be inclined to cavil.



Seymour Lucas, A.R.A.

Mr. Seymour Lucas is the nephew of a painter who had honours of his own, and of his own kind, in his generation. Born in the early years of the century, John Lucas was in full career when the personages of a new reign and the personnel of new industries and activities called for a good deal of portrait painting. In effect, he painted the Prince Consort four times, the Princess Royal more than once, the Duke of Wellington, the King of Hanover, Rogers, and Gladstone in their younger days, and a portrait-group representative of the engineering revival—Stephenson, Locke, Brunel, and others of their profession, in consultation over the plans of the Menai Bridge. It was this uncle who took his little nephew's art under protectorate. Seeing some of the lad's drawings, he persuaded his brother to allow of a regular apprenticeship in the arts. Wood-carving was tried first, under the care of Mr. Gerard Robinson, to whom Mr. Seymour Lucas expresses himself indebted for his first idea of the figure. Then came a spell with a sculptor; and then, at the age of sixteen, the young aspirant entered upon a regular course of study with his cousin, John Templeton Lucas, a genre painter, and persevered in it until he was twenty-one. Thence he passed into the Royal Academy schools. At this time Seymour Lucas took to Walter Scott, as young men of a somewhat older time were wont to take to literature at once so virile and so romantic, and so fitted to kindle young enthusiasm. If there are in Scott the ready-made illusion, the illusive antiquarianism, the rash historical judgments, the make-believe, and also the curious lack of all spirituality, of which we are well aware, there are in him also the humanity and humour which make healthy literary food for the youngster. A generous boy will be made by Scott a generous Cavalier, and perhaps not much is lost to the world because that boy postpones, at least, his inquiry into the evolution of English popular principles. The Waverley novels have hardly succeeded in making many Cavaliers for life; but Mr. Seymour Lucas was one such. He devoted himself for a time distinctively to the picturesque, and we can imagine how his membership of the Gilbert Sketching Club fostered his delight in romantic design. His contributions were illustrations of Scott, and one of these was bought by Mr. Tooth for thirty shillings. The stimulus of a first sale was by no means lessened in keenness and value by the artist's consciousness that the model for his drawing had cost him some two pounds. Mr. Tooth has been a large buyer from Mr. Lucas ever since then, but the artist confesses that no after sale has given him such satis-

faction as did this. The Sketching Club doubtless did good service, not only from a monetary point of view, but in fostering the dramatic fancy which has given life to the whole series of pictures which followed. For he now entered upon his subjects with animation. It was no picturesqueness of the footlights that he treated, but something thorough. What he painted he painted because he conceived it and reproduced it. Costume, trivial enough in trivial hands, is made by him a very reality, and thus expressive, as all realities are bound to be. And that this expressiveness of costume is not studied with more interest by our painters is doubtless due to the fact that modern Art has never altogether accepted costume. Modern Art, since the Renaissance, sighs after the nude as the ideal, and in some sort the normal, artistic state. But the Greeks, who had the nude in a perfection which will probably never occur again in the world, recognised and accepted the conditions of drapery so as to give it a high significance. This an able writer has recently pointed out; and he might have added that true mediæval Art had its own way of giving expressiveness and value to the clothing of the figure. Modern Art, on the contrary, though it abounds in clothes and delights in textures, has never taken costume seriously, as one of the forms of the characteristics and expression of a living humanity within. Costume is taken as something having a beauty or ugliness of its own, rather than as giving shape and attitude to the body, and a kind of utterance to the action or emotion. Thus a "costume picture" is not generally taken very seriously. But a painter who does, in fact, render the "habit" of the figure as it lived—the habit in a double sense—is doing good service against a stupid tendency of the times. He makes the clothing describe the man's ways, his manners, the employments of his day. And for this is



Charles I. before Gloucester. Engraved by permission of Wm. Knowles, Esq.

required a course of research really historical. Mr. Seymour Lucas spares no pains in this respect. He studies the uses of the things he paints, so that none of the accessories in his subjects are taken for granted; all is intelligent, complete, and accounted for. When the dress of his period is not to be had entire, he has it made in all possible exactitude and thoroughness. Needless to say that some fine pieces of armour, and sundry garments which have a history, are among the most valued properties of his studio.

The young painter's success as an exhibitor began in 1875 with 'By Hook or by Crook,' hung on the line, the second picture he had sent to the Academy. This hanging on the line was an event of importance in more ways than one, and significant in one very pleasant way, inasmuch as Mr. Seymour Lucas's prices rose from £20 to £100 at a bound. His subject was the courting by a Jacobite of a fair Hanoverian. The lover steals an interview with the lady over a garden wall, on the eve of his departure to fight for the king. A servant attends his master, and is visibly bored by the passages of sentiment between the two young heads exchanging their farewells across the top of the brick barrier. In the same year was exhibited 'Fleeced.' A young country squire in town has been taken to a gambling place and cleared of all he had about him. He wakes up to the early morning in the room which all the others have deserted. In 1876 came 'For the King and Cause.' After Edgehill a Cavalier has been rescued by his retainers and carried away on a litter, but before reaching his own manor he has come to the end of his life's journey. The servants knock at a gate they are passing, but the dangers of war time make the owners deaf to the summons, and the wounded gentleman dies by the king's highway. In 1877 Mr. Seymour Lucas hit

upon a good Civil War subject, which had a welcome touch of humour, 'Intercepted Dispatches' (engraved in this Journal, 1882 volume, page 325). One of Cromwell's messengers has been caught with papers. He is tied to a chair in the background, and turns a helpless head to watch the ripping up of his saddle and the eager reading of his dispatches by two of the Royalist soldiers. With this were 'Debt and Danger' and 'The Burgomaster.' The first presents a beau of Bond Street of the middle of the last century in his Georgian room, looking out of the window with a certain caution to see whether the "danger" of opening the door may be faced without an immediate capture by the duns. Next year the painter was with the Cavaliers again in 'An Ambuscade, Edgehill.' Along a country road go the king's troops, on the watch for ambush. The banks and shrubs and sheltered fields by the roadside are evidently suggestive of suspicion, and the veteran who leads keeps a keen look-out, while he restrains a young fellow at his side who has ardour in advance of his discretion. The expression throughout the band of feeling their way in the broad daylight is cleverly rendered. In the same Academy was 'As Dry as a Lime-kiln,' which denotes the grievance of a portly Cavalier in his love-locks, who stands up by a table looking into the depths of the tankard in his hand. Afterwards came 'Unbreathed Memories,' a more sentimental title than usual, and aptly so, since the picture contained the first female figure Mr. Lucas had painted; 'The Astrologer,' an old man looking over a chart of the influential



The Gordon Riots.

stars (also engraved in this Journal, 1879 volume, page 176); 'Drawing the Long Bow,' a warrior who has been out in the Thirty Years' War, and who is spinning a very long yarn to the landlord of an English inn; and 'The Gordon Riots' (see illustration). This last-named picture was to many the first manifestation of the young painter's solid qualities of drawing, his power of giving his standing figures a good grip of the ground, and the general vigour of his hand. Perhaps the good place given to this canvas—as a pendant to one of Mrs. Butler's in the first room at the Academy of 1879—helped to make its virtues conspicuous, but they certainly made the painter's name known. As usual with him, he had taken great pains with his scene. The houses were studied on the spot, near Bloomsbury Square, where the tragedy took place, and the uniforms and costumes are absolutely right. The moment is not one of strenuous action, but none the less is it energetic. The troops are drawn up, firing upon a straggling mass of rioters, who have set fire to the houses in the farther distance. Some massacred bodies lie by the wayside, with loot in the shape of furniture and jewel-cases which have been thrown out of the windows.

The *Annual Register* of 1780, which has a vigorous record of the riots, after describing the course of four of the theological mobs in London, says of the incident chosen by Mr. Lucas:—"A fifth desperate and infernal gang went to the elegant house of Lord Mansfield in Bloomsbury Square, which

they, with the most unrelenting fury, set fire to and consumed. They began by breaking down the doors and windows, and from every part of the house flung the superb furniture into the street, where large fires were made to destroy it. They then proceeded to his lordship's law-library and destroyed some thousand volumes, with many capital manuscripts, mortgages, papers, and other deeds. The rich wardrobe of wearing apparel, and some very capital pictures, were also burned; and they afterwards forced their way into his lordship's wine cellars, and plentifully bestowed it upon the populace. A party of guards now arrived, and a magistrate read the Riot Act, and then was obliged to give orders for a detachment to fire, when about fourteen obeyed, and shot several men and women, and wounded others. They were ordered to fire again, which they did, without effect. This did not intimidate the mob; they began to pull the house down, and burn the floors, planks, spars, etc., and destroyed the out-houses and stables; so that in a short time the whole was consumed. Lord and Lady Mansfield made their escape through a back door, a few minutes before the rioters broke in and took possession of the house." To the wild day was to succeed a wilder night. "As soon as the day was drawing towards a close," says the same contemporary account, "one of the most dreadful spectacles this country ever beheld was exhibited. Let those who were not spectators of it judge what the inhabitants felt when they beheld at the same instant the flames ascending and rolling in clouds from the King's Bench and Fleet Prisons, from New Bridewell, from the toll-gates on Blackfriars Bridge, from houses in every quarter of the town, and particularly from the bottom and middle of Holborn, where the conflagration was horrible beyond description. The houses that were



"Eloped." Engraved by permission of Wm. Knowles, Esq.

first set on fire at this last-mentioned place both belonged to Mr. Langdale, an eminent distiller, and contained immense quantities of spirituous liquors. Six-and-thirty fires, all blazing at one time, and in different quarters of the city, were to be seen from one spot. During the whole night men, women, and children were running up and down with such goods and effects as they wished most to preserve. The tremendous roar of the authors of these horrible scenes was heard at one instant, and at the next the dreadful reports of soldiers' muskets, firing in platoons. . . . . In short, everything served to impress the mind with ideas of universal anarchy and approaching desolation. Two attempts, in the course of the day, were made upon the Bank; but the rioters were so much intimidated by the strength with which they beheld it guarded, that their attacks were but feebly conducted, and they were repulsed at the first fire from the military. They made an effort to break into the Pay-office likewise, and met the same fate."

The Gordon picture prepared a good place and a good reception for its successor, the less vigorous 'Armada in Sight,' which may be criticised for a certain lack of intention in a few of the figures. Drake himself is good, but there is little invention or realisation in the pointing and standing-about of the others. They have somewhat the air of rather mediocre actors, who find the time hang on their hands in the intervals of "business." Nevertheless the composition is, as usual, picturesque and pleasant, and the picture was much liked. This is the catalogue explanation from Hume and Smollett:—"It was on the 19th of July that Fleming sailed into Plymouth and announced that he had seen the Spanish fleet off the Lizard. This intelligence was communicated to Drake when he and some of his officers were amusing themselves

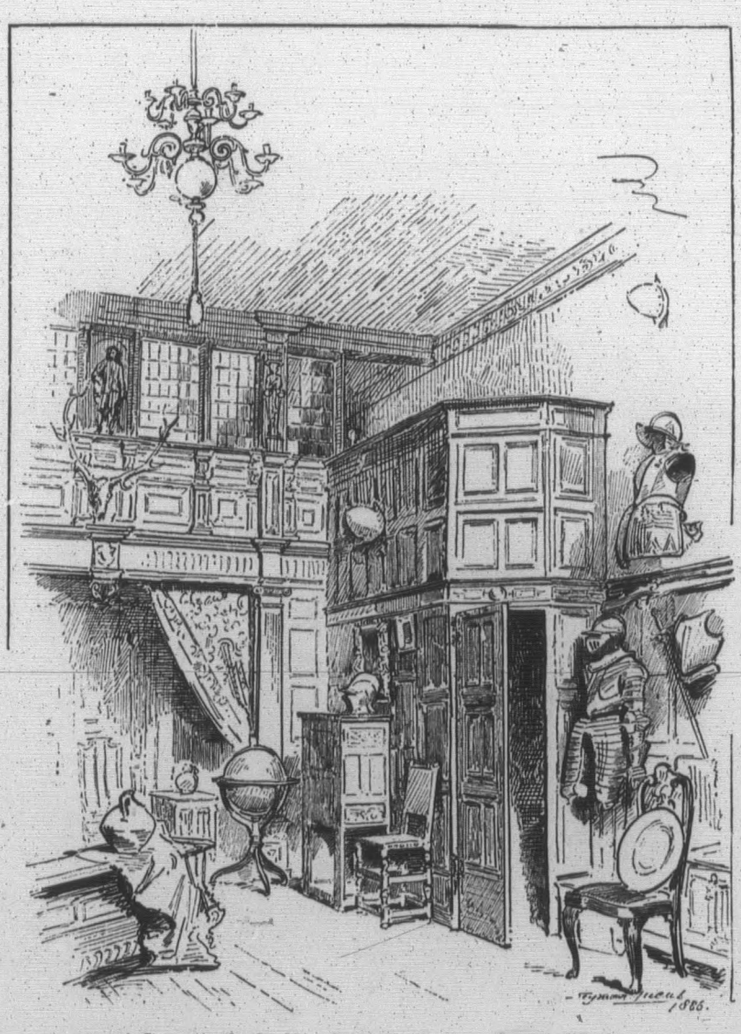
with bowls on the Hoe. It caused a lively sensation, and a great manifestation of alacrity to put to sea, which Drake laughingly checked by declaring that the match should be played out, as there was plenty of time to win the game and beat the Spaniards too."

In technique the picture did not please its painter, who was now sure enough of himself to desire that consummation of style which an artist should not hasten in his earlier days. For in 1880 the love of style, which in Art as in letters is "the Man," caused the transfer of Mr. Seymour Lucas's allegiance from Van Dyck to Velasquez. Chancing to be in Mr. Long's studio on show-day that year, he saw there two masterly copies from Velasquez, doubtless dating from the days when Mr. Long, too, had his ardours for Spanish technique. Seymour Lucas took these two copies so much to heart that he resolved, if ever the chance came, to study execution in the galleries of Spain. It was to him the "psychological moment," which comes in spiritual and moral and intellectual careers as in a life given to the arts. The sight of his own 'Armada' on varnishing day strengthened his determination, so that in a fortnight more he was copying Velasquez at Madrid. The Spanish paints were rather a trial to him, for he had gone only to look, not knowing that he would remain to paint, and had left his box and palette behind him. Nevertheless, he worked to good purpose, and brought back to England studies which were to keep alive in him the impressions of the originals, and recreate his enthusiasm for execution.

The influence under which he worked thenceforward was first visible in the 'Charles I. before Gloucester' (see illustration), a happy subject of its kind. Clarendon says: "The king having summoned the town of Gloucester to surrender, there returned two citizens (Major Pudsey and one Toby Jordan), with lean, pale, and ugly visages, and in garbs so strange and unusual, that at once gave mirth to the most severe countenances, and sadness to the most cheerful hearts, who concluded that such ambassadors could bring no less than a defiance." The preacher and the Roundhead major are rendered with a very clever realisation of the received Puritan character.

Before choosing his subject for the following year, Mr. Seymour Lucas went again to Spain, and made more lengthened studies from the master. Returning home, he painted 'The Favourite,' a knot of courtiers awaiting, with mixed feelings, the coming of the king's friend from the royal chamber; also 'Disputed Strategy,' a group of Royalist generals in concentrated thought and consultation at their improvised headquarters in a wayside cottage; and 'A Spy in the Camp,' an incident from the campaigns of Marlborough. The principal picture in 1883 was 'A Whip for Van Tromp,' Lords of the Admiralty sitting round the model of a ship which was to be a "whip" in chastisement of the Dutchman's boastful "broom." The excellent drawing of the figures, the intelligent pose, and interesting composition, give this picture an especial value. In 1884 came 'After Culloden,' a picture which requires some undesirable catalogue explanations. The Pretender, after fatal Culloden, is trying to make his way to the coast, with a French officer as his companion. The casting of a shoe detains them at a wayside smithy, and the Hanoverians are on their track. 'From the Field of Sedgmoor' (see etching)—1885—shows a still more hapless fugitive—an agricultural labourer who has been caught into the whirl of war—hiding from "Kirk's Lambs," sheltered by his terrified sweetheart. The subject is one to which Macaulay has given the life of his touch: "During the day," he says, "the conquerors continued to chase the fugitives. The neighbouring villages long remembered with what a clatter of horse-hoofs and what a storm of curses the whirlwind of cavalry swept by." 1886 was the first year of Mr. Seymour Lucas's Associateship, and he signalized it by the even more than usually serious historical study which he gave to his picture, 'Peter the Great at Deptford.' The *Sion*, of which there is a model at Greenwich, and which was undoubtedly at Deptford when the creator of the Russian fleet was there, was carefully studied by the painter, who is as accurate in all constructions as in clothes.

Mr. Seymour Lucas works in a thoroughly workmanlike studio, designed for him by Mr. Sydney Lee, in the clearer air of West Hampstead.



A Corner in the Studio. Drawn by Seymour Lucas, A.R.A.

A FOREIGN ARTIST AND AUTHOR IN ENGLAND.*

II.

THE journey from Dover to Canterbury is accomplished in a short time, the railway passing through very commonplace scenery, calling for no special notice. The convenient railway stations, which passengers can enter as they please, and the comfortable carriages, especially the second and third-class compartments—the latter infinitely superior from every point of view to the best second-class carriages on French lines—made a deep impression on the artist, who, for the first time, travelled on an English railway.

The streets of Canterbury, narrow, and lined with low houses, are decorous, dull, and dirty, as becomes such a very ecclesiastical-looking city. The grass may well grow in them, as at Versailles, for the traffic appears to be conspicuous by its absence. Here and there, however, are some picturesque nooks and corners. On a fine day, the two Stours, running between curious houses, have a Venetian appearance, the more remarkable as it is so totally unexpected. In the High Street, a few old houses with pointed gables and overhanging stories and low windows, with small panes of glass set in lead, are in keeping with the generally antiquated appearance of the town. One of these, situated near the West Gate, is now an inn, whose old-fashioned sign-board, a remarkable specimen of local pictorial art, hangs from an elaborately designed wrought-iron bracket.



Personally-conducted Tourists.

From the account given by the inhabitants themselves, even the attractions of that magnificent monument, the Cathedral of Canterbury, are insufficient to induce the travellers and tourists to make a prolonged stay in the town. We were told that Americans sometimes stay two or three days, and that since the Jesuits, expelled from France some years ago, have established a college in the neighbourhood, there is a greater number of foreign visitors, who remain a few days at a time. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and the hotel-keepers and tradesmen of Canterbury have every reason to congratulate themselves on the presence, within a short distance of their city, of the expelled Jesuits.

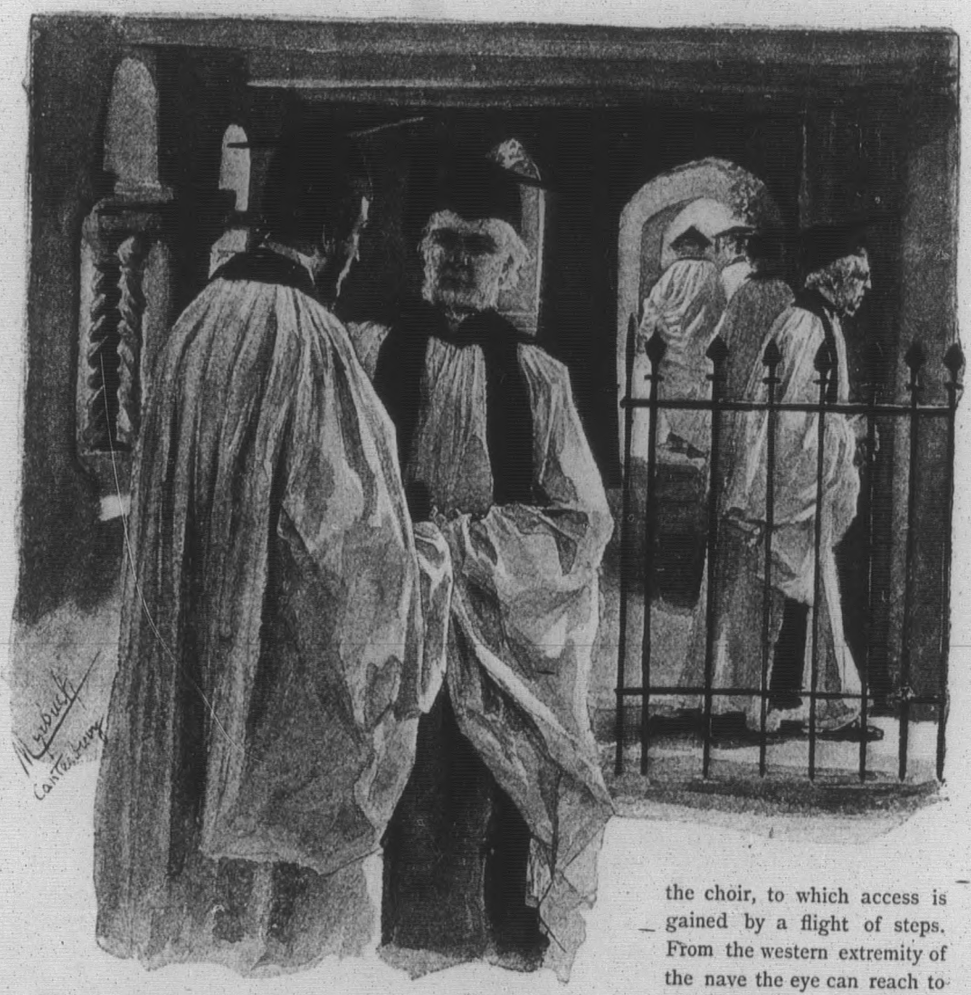
* Continued from page 38.

Having arrived early, we took a walk through the town before going to the Cathedral. The West Gate, one of the few remaining portions of the old walls, first attracts attention. It is the only one of the six entrances through which access could be had into ancient Canterbury that has been left standing, the other five having been pulled down at various epochs, to the great detriment of the city's appearance. The Dane John, or public gardens, which are very well laid out, are kept in excellent order, as indeed are all gardens, public or private, in England. The British love of nature, of flowers, is everywhere noticeable, and there are no gardeners in the world so skilful as the English, who display in the arrangement and laying out of their parks and pleasure-grounds, even in the smallest and most insignificant localities, the most perfect taste and ability. The Dane John—a singular name, said to be a corruption of the word Donjon—is a very pleasant place, much resorted to, as far as could be judged, by nursemaids. A portion of the old city walls, with recesses formed by the remains of towers and watch-turrets, is here visible, and one of the walks passes along the top of the ramparts. Close by is the Mound, a lofty embankment, perhaps the site of some early fortification, from the top of which—accessible by means of a zigzag path—a very beautiful view of the Cathedral is to be obtained. The immense edifice is seen to better advantage from no point of the city. Its colossal proportions are very striking, especially the length of the whole structure and the height of the three pinnacled towers rising proudly into the air, and standing out boldly against the sky.

Not far from the Dane John is the castle, or, rather, the walls of the Norman keep of the old fortress, now turned into a coal depôt belonging to a gas company. It is a pity to see this venerable structure used for such purposes.

The Cathedral of Canterbury is approached by a narrow lane, at the end of which is a fine gate of Perpendicular style, called Christchurch Gate. It was built in 1517 by Prior Goldstone, and has been considerably injured by time and, not unlikely, by the hand of man.

Passing under the south porch we entered the nave, which is magnificent. The lofty stone pillars supporting the roof ornamented with frescoes, the beautiful mullioned windows, though now deprived of their ancient stained glass, the majestic proportions of the edifice, all tend to create a deep impression of admiration and wonder. At the end of the nave is a splendidly carved screen, which separates it from the choir, to which access is gained by a flight of steps. From the western extremity of the nave the eye can reach to the end of the choir and embrace the whole length of the building, measuring from end to end 514 feet.



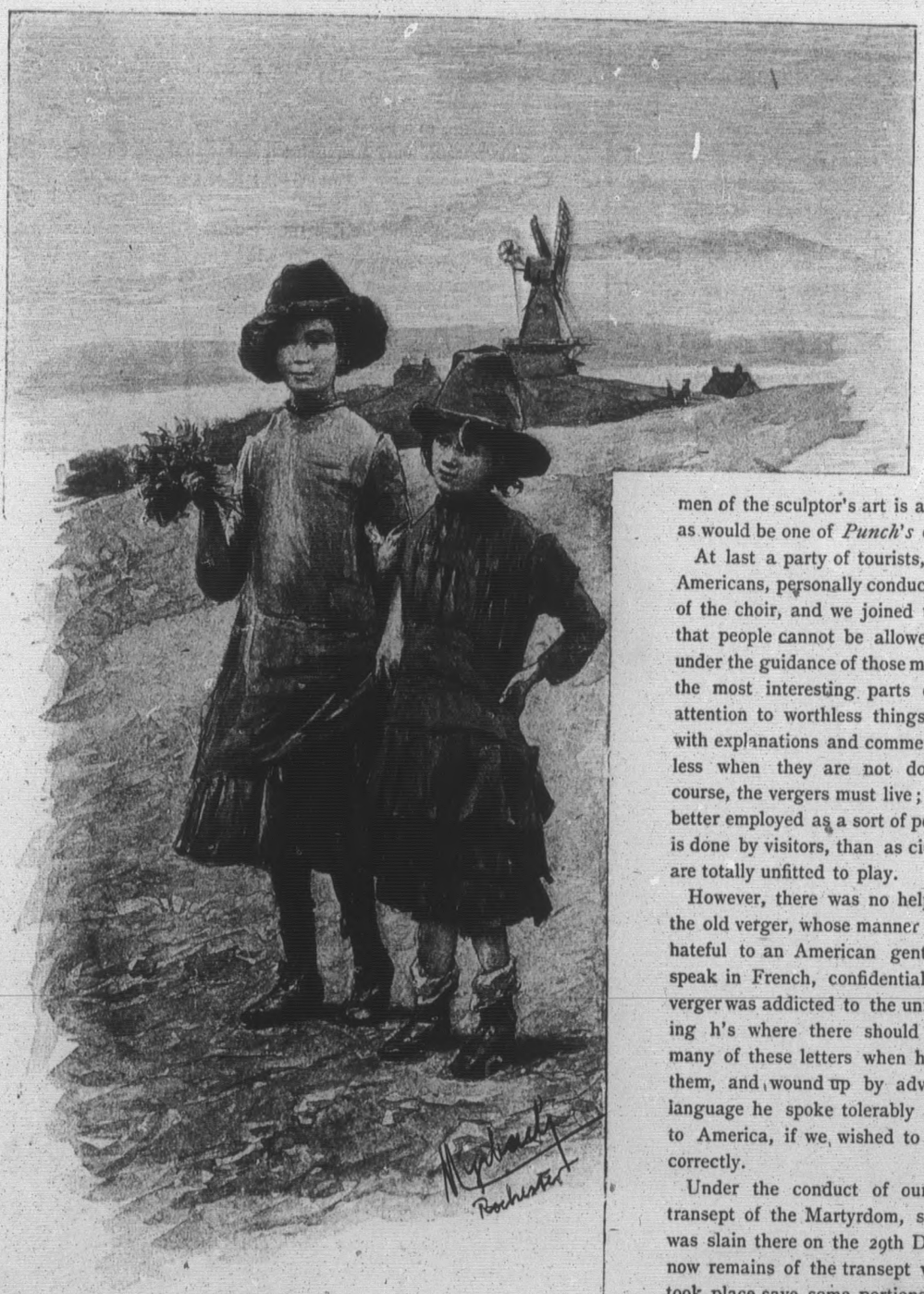
After Service, Canterbury.

The choir being closed, application to visit it and the other portions of the cathedral was made to a verger, who was sitting on a bench in the nave, engaged in what was evidently a very interesting conversation with a young lady with red hair. This functionary replied that we were to wait at the bottom of the steps until the other party, gone in a little while before, came out. There was nothing to do but to wait, and look round. When the first impression of wonder has somewhat lost its intensity, the immense nave, in spite of the beauty and symmetry of its proportions, appears cold and naked. There is, it is true, a deep-rooted prejudice in Eng-



In the Public Gardens, Rochester.

land against the ornamentation of churches, so common on the Continent, especially in Roman Catholic temples. It is contended—apart from any feeling of reverence and of religious opinion, which it is not intended to discuss here, sentiments of such kind being entitled to every respect—that the introduction of paintings, sculpture, and the like spoils the appearance of a church by hiding some details of architecture, and a correct opinion the edifice being to our mind, a very for one might as in Windsor Castle cause the proportions dwarfs, or prevents of the proportions of formed. This seems, defective argument; well say that the furniture ought to be removed be- of the various apartments



Denizens of Kent.

are not so well grasped by the archæologist or architect. On the contrary, in many cases the presence of furniture, of paintings on the walls, of statues, enhances and makes more conspicuous the dimensions of the galleries or halls of great monuments. Now we are quite aware that a cathedral is not a dwelling-house, nor even a royal palace, but it must be remembered, nevertheless, that the builders of the Cathedral were Roman Catholic monks and prelates, who, according to the custom of their creed, never intended this splendid edifice, or for that matter any other temple raised by them, to remain bare and naked. The very stained glass in the windows would, in default of any other proof, point victoriously to a very different conclusion.

At all events, the nave were better without any attempt at ornamentation than with such extraordinary decorations as, for instance, the so-called monument erected to the memory of some officers and men of the 16th Queen's Lancers, who died in Afghanistan in 1842. This amazing specimen of the sculptor's art is as out of place in a church as would be one of *Punch's* cartoons.

At last a party of tourists, among whom were a few Americans, personally conducted by a verger, came out of the choir, and we joined them. What a pity it is that people cannot be allowed to visit a church unless under the guidance of those men, who hurry you through the most interesting parts of the edifice, call your attention to worthless things, and sprinkle the whole with explanations and comments which are utterly useless when they are not downright ridiculous! Of course, the vergers must live; and they might be much better employed as a sort of police to see that no injury is done by visitors, than as ciceroni, a part which they are totally unfitted to play.

However, there was no help for it, and we followed the old verger, whose manner seemed to be particularly hateful to an American gentleman, who, hearing us speak in French, confidentially informed us that the verger was addicted to the unfortunate habit of inserting h's where there should be none, and dropping many of these letters when he should have aspirated them, and wound up by advising us in French—a language he spoke tolerably well and fluently—to go to America, if we wished to learn to speak English correctly.

Under the conduct of our guide we entered the transept of the Martyrdom, so called because Becket was slain there on the 29th December, 1170. Nothing now remains of the transept where the scene actually took place save some portions of the wall in the west corner of the chapel. A very fine window, with some portions of old stained glass and the monuments of Archbishops Peckham and Warham, are among the noticeable features in the transept, especially the wooden effigy on the first-named prelate's tomb.

The cloisters were next visited. They are a very fine specimen of Perpendicular architecture, and the tracery of the windows, formerly filled in with glass, is of remarkable design. They form a perfect square enclosing an open space, which is said to have been the herb garden of the convent. Very little time is allowed to see the cloisters, or, indeed, anything else, and returning to the nave we were, at the steps leading to the choir, handed over to another verger, who was to take us through the choir.

This second verger, a much younger man than the first, stammered and stuttered to an alarming extent, and had to repeat three or four times the first words of each sentence before he could rush on to the end of it. It is needless to say that this impediment of speech detracted considerably from the distinctness of our guide's elocution; it was painful to hear, and some of the lady visitors could with difficulty refrain from giggling when the verger was stumbling over some difficult word.

Passing through the magnificent and elaborately carved stone screen we found ourselves in the choir, the walls of which are not parallel, but bend towards each other. It was the work of William of Sens, who, with great skill and taste, combined in the architecture of this portion of the Cathedral the Norman and Early English styles.

The very beautiful screen was built in the fourteenth century, but has been much damaged, and was recently restored. The altar, raised to a great height, is reached by a flight of steps. This extraordinary arrangement is due to the difference of level in the roofs of the two crypts; it is curious, but the effect is more striking than really beautiful. Behind it is a reredos of modern construction, the ornamentation of which has been copied from some decorations in a chapel in the crypt.

Passing from the choir into the north-east transept, and thence into St. Anselm's Tower, we returned to the Trinity Chapel, also called St. Thomas's Chapel, in which were



A Bye-path, Chatham.

deposited in great pomp the remains of Becket, fifty years after the murder, in 1220.

In this chapel is the monument of Edward the Black Prince, the hero of Crecy and Poitiers. His brass effigy bears marks of the gilding with which it was ornamented, and above are to be seen the most interesting historical relics in the Cathedral. Here is the Black Prince's helmet, lined with leather and surmounted by a leopard; here are his brass gauntlets and his wooden shield covered with leather; there, too, hangs his velvet coat, embroidered with the arms of France and England, the fleurs-de-lys being plainly visible as they stand out in black on the grey-coloured garment. By the side of this coat is an empty scabbard. The sword the Black Prince wielded at Crecy and Poitiers was removed, to use a mild term, by Oliver Cromwell. Here also are the tombs of Henry IV. and his wife, Joan of Navarre. Three windows in this chapel are still filled with the original stained glass placed therein in the thirteenth century; they represent the miracles worked by Becket. The design and colouring of these windows are alike admirable.

In one of the side chapels is placed the archiepiscopal chair, called St. Augustine's chair, in which, according to tradition, the Kings of Kent were enthroned, and which now serves a similar purpose for the Archbishops of Canterbury. The young men and girls of our party in turn sat in the chair in couples, laughing and giggling, with anything but respect and reverence for the sanctity of the place.

(*To be continued.*)

SOME ELIZABETHAN STATE SALT-CELLARS.

THE ceremonial observances of the Middle Ages assigned a very important position to the salt-cellar, which marked the division at table between the members of the family and their domestics; while at feasts and entertainments the less honourable places were, as we know, those "below the salt."



The Mostyn State Salt-Cellar.

There can be but little doubt that in consequence of this usage the vessel which contained the salt became a prominent object at the banquet, and the salt-cellar employed on state occasions was frequently richly decorated.

The examples of silver plate still extant in this country, which belong to the early years of the reign of Elizabeth, are relatively few in number, and the discovery in an ancient chest at Mostyn Hall, Flintshire, of what was undoubtedly formerly the state salt-cellar of the house of Mostyn, bearing the London date-mark of 1586-7, is an event of much interest and importance. Several other still older specimens of silversmith's work were found at the same time, and five pieces of this collection have been purchased by the South Kensington Museum for the sum of two thousand guineas. The principal piece, a noble specimen of English workmanship, is about 18½ ins. in height, and was, when found, badly crushed, but it has been since carefully restored to its original condition, and is in a singularly genuine and well-preserved state. At the time it was acquired it was surmounted by an acorn, which is probably a restoration, for we imagine that it was formerly terminated by a miniature emblematical figure, similar to several of the smaller objects in the same service. As will be seen from the illustration above, in its general design it consists of a cylindrical body with a handsome moulded base and a cover, rising in three stages, surmounted by a species of vase or tazza which forms a pedestal for the terminal figure. The enrichments, which are in repoussé work, finely chased, are in thorough accordance with the style of ornament which prevailed in England about this period, and many of the groups of fruit and foliage, as also the quaint lion-heads and masks which form the centres of the three principal panels, might have been copied from the interior domestic architecture, the screens and fireplaces, of the Tudor mansions of the time.

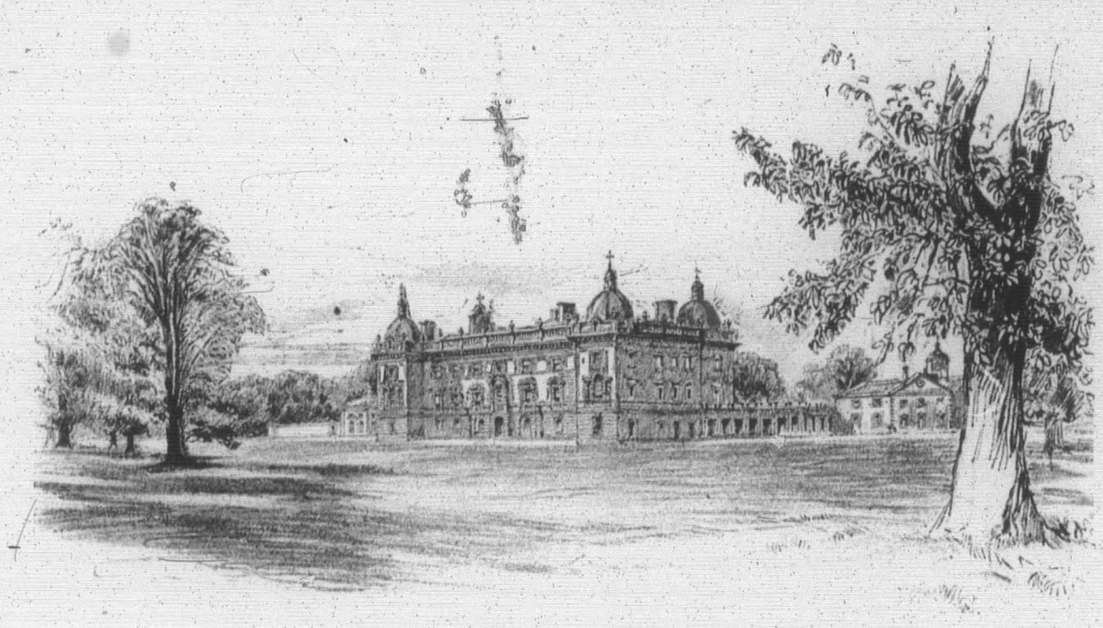
We have always felt some hesitation in deciding to whom we should attribute the characteristic and highly decorative details of Tudor ornament. Was it to Holbein that we owe the intricate strap-work, the scroll-framed panels, and the busy overladen detail, which crowds every available nook and cranny in the objects which came under the hands of the carver, the chaser, and even the engraver of that date? Was the influence which pervaded so thoroughly every branch of the Art-workmanship of English Renaissance due entirely to those foreign artists invited to this country by the Seventh and Eighth Henry? or did this style arise spontaneously among the decaying embers of Gothic Art? These are questions we have again and again attempted to solve, but always with no definite success, and here in this grand piece of silverwork we find the same features suggesting the same queries as of old.

In our first illustration we find among the ornament some animals and birds, the fox, the raven, and the ape, rather small in scale for the other enrichments, but which appear to be intended to illustrate fables and not to be inserted without motive. The crowning ornament, a kind of vase, has curious pierced handles and scroll-work supports; the terminal figure is, alas! gone. The same characteristic outlines and ornament of a similar kind will be found in the smaller salt-cellars. The one having above it a nude female with a sword and shield is the largest of the group (see illustration above), and is decorated with heads in high relief and stands upon four lion-heads; it has the date-mark of 1563-4. The authorities of the Department of Science and Art may be congratulated upon the acquisition of this very valuable collection, which takes a prominent place among the Art-workmanship of all countries collected in the Museum, and bears ample testimony to the skill and excellence of our English silversmiths of the sixteenth century.



A Salt-Cellar of 1563-4.

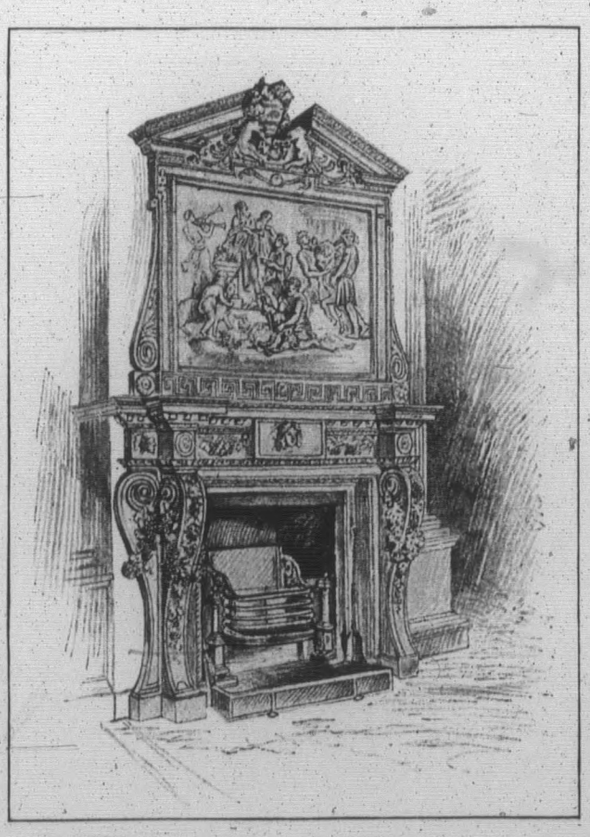
GILBERT R. REDGRAVE.



Houghton Hall. Drawn by F. G. Kitton.

HOUGHTON HALL AND THE WALPOLES.

OF all the historical mansions of which Norfolk may justly be proud, Houghton Hall, by reason of its general magnificence, claims priority, and receives additional lustre from its association with the name and fame of one of Britain's most eminent Ministers, Sir Robert Walpole. The Walpoles are among the most ancient of our English families, and as the Walpoles of Houghton they are heard of in the reign of Edward I., and for centuries afterwards. They do not, however, come prominently to the front until William and Mary's reign, when Robert Walpole, of Houghton, became a Whig Member of Parliament for Castle Rising, in Norfolk.



A Marble Chimney-piece. Drawn by F. G. Kitton.

The present Hall was built by Sir Robert between the years 1722 and 1735, he having first pulled down the older structure which stood for hundreds of years near the site of that now existing. The original village of Houghton, formerly within the confines of the park, shared the same fate at his hands, and was subsequently re-erected on the south side of it. Houghton is situated in the north-west division of the county, and in close proximity to the Prince of Wales's residence at Sandringham. From the nearest railway-station at Massingham, a pleasant walk of three miles, along shaded roads between well-wooded hedgerows, brings us to the old wrought-iron gates at the entrance to the park. Here magnificent trees of oak and walnut have flourished, many of the former being afterwards converted into three-deckers for the Nile and Trafalgar, and of the latter into musket-stocks used in the Peninsular War. A number of fine cedars, which were great ornaments, were blown down in a heavy gale in 1860, but several still remain. Wending our way under the umbrageous foliage of lofty elms and beeches, we presently obtain our first glimpse of the Hall; on our right is the diminutive church of Houghton, in which generations of Walpoles lie buried, and near at hand a weather-worn stone column marks the site of the old village, which, it is said, suggested to Goldsmith the theme of his charming poem, "The Deserted Village."

The exterior aspect of the Hall is imposing but not picturesque. The original designs were furnished by Colin Camp-

bell, author of "Vitruvius Britannicus," but the mansion was erected by Thomas Ripley, an architect, who, having been a common carpenter and afterwards patronized by the Ministry, fell under the satirical lash of Pope:

"Who builds a bridge, that never drove a pile,
Should Ripley venture, all the world will smile."

* * * *

"So Ripley till his destined space is filled,
Heaps bricks on bricks, and fancies 'tis to build."

This architect, however, greatly improved the designs for Houghton, and the work was executed in a very superior manner. It is built of freestone, and has two principal fronts, the chief façade, facing the private grounds, being surmounted in the centre by a statue of Demosthenes, flanked on either side by figures of Justice and Minerva. The pediment over the entrance, containing the arms, is supported by Ionic columns. The main building, quadrangular in form, is crowned at each corner with a cupola and lantern, and on either side is a Tuscan colonnade, connecting it with the wings, of which the northern one was destroyed by fire in 1789. There were formerly double flights of steps in front of the basement story, but these were removed under circumstances presently to be related.

The principal features of the Hall are the magnificent state apartments and the valuable pictures which they contain. Over the door by which we enter, the following inscription is cut in stone:

ROBERTUS WALPOLE
HAS ÆDES
ANNO 1722
INHOCAVIT;
ANNO 1735
PERFECIT.

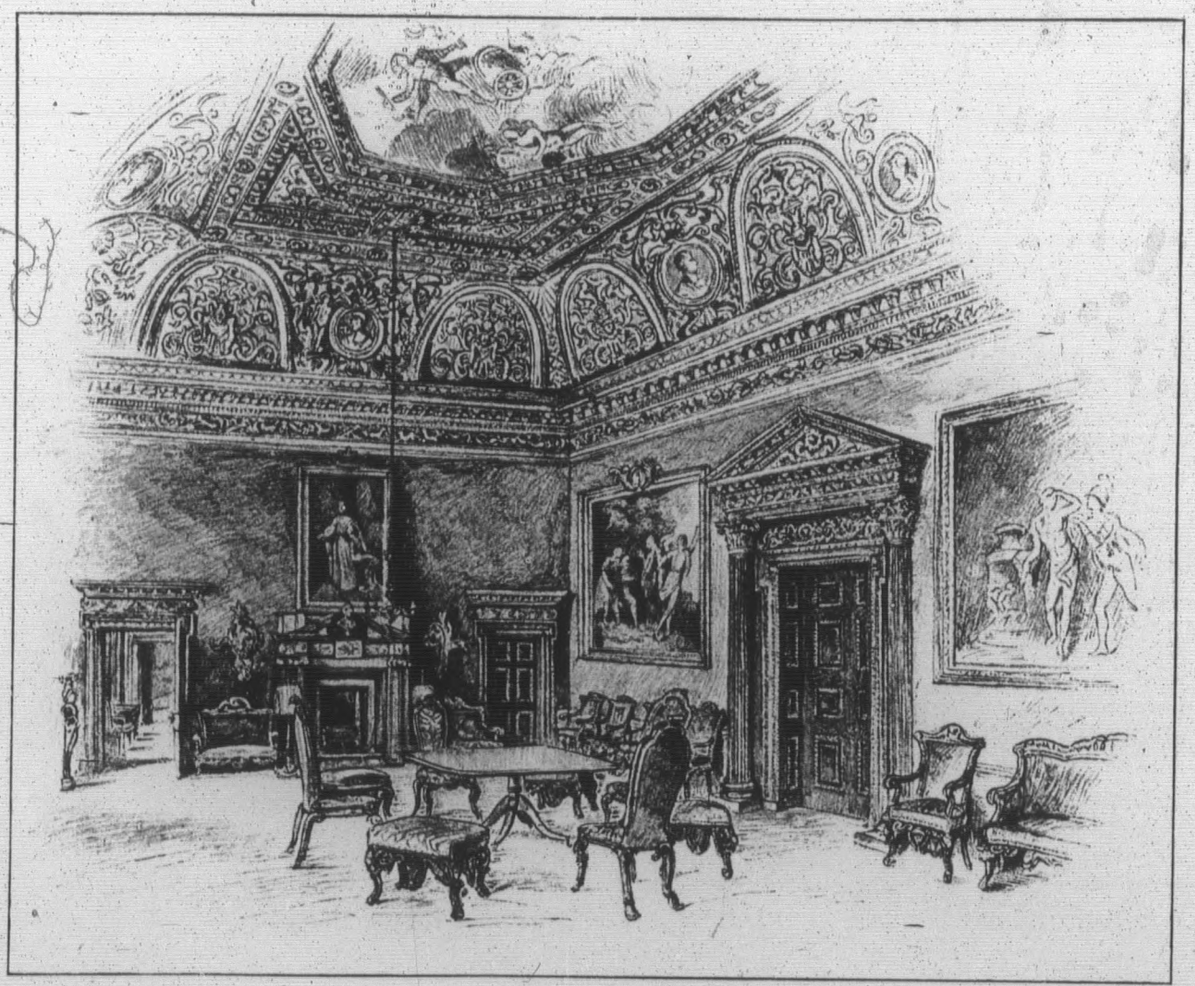
Thus we learn that the Hall was thirteen years in building, and the year in which each portion was completed is recorded on the vanes surmounting the cupola lanterns. Having casually glanced at the old furniture and prints which decorate the anterooms, we enter the picture gallery in the north wing. The paintings here exhibited adorned the rooms in Downing Street during Sir Robert's Premiership, and included in the collection are fine examples of Guido, Coreggio, Salvator Rosa, Carlo Maratti, Teniers, Rubens, Poussin, Van Dyck, Kneller, Woolton, Lely, Opie, and several canvases by Reinagle, whose portrayal of animals, birds, and insects seems to have been much appreciated by the illustrious collector. Near the arcade, with its groined roof, is the great staircase which leads to the state apartments, and in the middle of which four Doric pillars rise and support a fine cast, in bronze, of the Gladiator, by John of Bologna, a present to Sir Robert from Thomas,



The Entrance Hall. Drawn by F. G. Kitton.

Earl of Pembroke. The balustrade of the staircase is richly carved, and the walls are painted in chiaro-oscuro by Kent. As we enter the first room of this suite, the common dining-room, our attention is drawn to a boldly-sculptured marble chimney-piece, over which is a fine pear-tree carving of fruit and flowers, by Grinling Gibbons, surrounding a very choice painting of 'The Fortune-Teller,' by Opie. The next chamber was Sir Robert's business-room, a snug little library, with the folios and quartos on the shelves just as he left them, in a state of excellent preservation. There is his favourite seat, a high-backed elbow chair, and his great writing-table, in the drawers of which many a State secret doubtless found a temporary lodgment. The Minister used to withdraw to this apartment from his numerous guests, when couriers arrived and dispatches had to be answered. In the Marchioness's dressing-room we see an interesting picture of the Cholmondeley family by Hogarth, and the walls of the bedroom adjoining are hung with bright-coloured tapestry representing the Four Seasons. The ceiling of the green drawing-room is in panels of high relief with oval centre, an exact reproduction (except the alteration of the paternal coat for the star and garter) of one that was in the old house, built by Sir Robert's grandfather, Sir Edward Walpole. The room is further enriched by good examples of Raphael, Murillo, and other old masters.

The saloon is undoubtedly the most striking of these apartments, and, were it not for its somewhat undue proportions, would be one of the most remarkable rooms in the country. It is forty feet in height, the same in length, and thirty in width, with hangings of crimson flowered velvet; the ceiling is coved, panelled, and painted by Kent—subject, 'Phaeton with the Chariot of the Sun.' The chimney-piece and tables are of black marble and partly gilt, and in the broken pediment of the former stands a small antique bust of Venus. Four magnificent antique vases and a beautiful bronze of the Rape of the Sabines are placed in suitable positions. Besides three large gallery paintings, there hangs a full-length portrait of Katherine, Empress of Russia, who purchased for £40,000 the famous Houghton collection of pictures. The furniture is richly carved and gilt, with crimson coverings, and conspicuous features of this handsome apartment are two lofty mahogany doorways, carved and gilt, one of which cost a thousand pounds; indeed, no expense was spared in enhancing the general effect. An assemblage of guests in Sir Robert's days, with their gay dresses, in this beautifully decorated saloon, must have been a scene well worth witnessing.



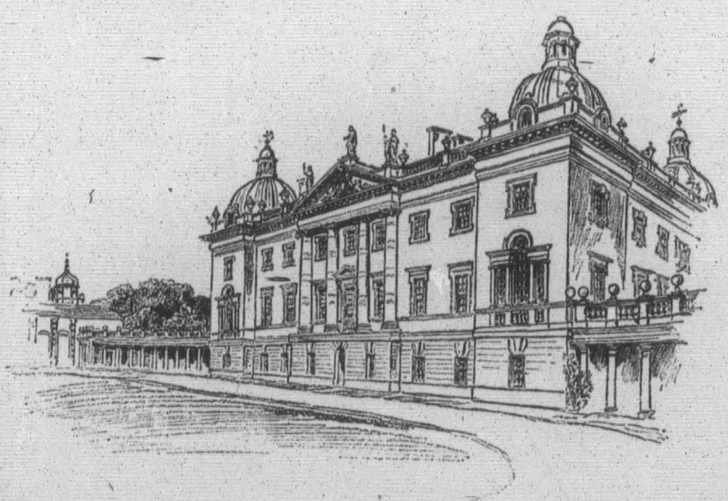
The Saloon. Drawn by F. G. Kitton.

The hangings of the silk drawing-room (formerly called the Carlo Maratti room, from its being hung with examples by that master) are of rich brocade, manufactured at Chelsea and presented by George IV., when Prince of Wales, to the

first Marquis of Cholmondeley. The ceiling, painted by Kent, is supported by a cornice and frieze richly embellished with flowers and fruit, and the marble chimney-piece is elaborately sculptured. The chairs are tapestried, and one of the tables, made of lapis lazuli, is said to be worth a guinea per square inch. There are few rooms can surpass this and the saloon, from the windows of which are obtained delightful views of the grounds and park beyond.

In the velvet state-room the walls are covered with Brussels tapestry representing the Loves of Venus and Adonis, after Albano. The bed curtains, etc., are of green velvet, embroidered and laced with gold, and the bed itself, which cost £2,000, is famous for having been the resting-place of George IV. and the Duke of Wellington, the latter being the last occupant. When the King slept in this chamber, his Majesty was so much disturbed that he registered a vow never to rest there again.

Passing through a dressing-room (hung with fine gold tapestry after pictures by Van Somer and Van Dyck), and the embroidered bedroom, we enter the cabinet-room, the walls of which are decorated with India paper, with figures of birds and insects beautifully painted on a blue ground. This was formerly the council chamber of State Ministers on their assembling at Houghton, and communicates with the marble dining-room, in which Sir Robert entertained these Ministers and others who went there in his train. The walls, with the recesses between and the slabs of the sideboard, are all in variegated Siennese marble, and a deeply-panelled ceiling, handsomely gilt and painted in Bacchanalian subjects, forms a perfect finish to this unique apartment appropriately consecrated to Bacchus. Over the fireplace is a fine alto-relievo by Rysbrack, representing a sacrifice to the jovial god, and clustering grapes are sculptured on the pedestals at either side and on the ceiling and cornices, among the twining tendrils and drooping vine-leaves.



Houghton Hall. West Front. Drawn by F. G. Kitton.

The great hall, which adjoins this dining-room, is a cube of forty feet, with a lofty stone gallery and massive balustrade round three sides. The ceiling, a bas-relief by Altari, is embellished with the arms of the Walpoles, and in the frieze of boys supporting floral festoons (the work of the same artist) are medallion portraits of Sir Robert and of members of his family. There are sculptured figures over the lesser doors, and a bas-relief above the chimney-piece, by Rysbrack. The classical appearance of this fine interior is greatly intensified by the numerous antique busts standing on terms and pedestals, placed at regular intervals. Opposite the fireplace is a cast in bronze of the Laocoön, by Girardin, given to Sir Robert by the Pope.

The harmonious beauty of decoration to be observed throughout these remarkable apartments is very striking. Kent not only painted the ceilings, but designed all the ornaments and furniture. Everywhere are the same embellishments—oak-leaves and acorns, scallop shells, and the badge of the Garter—and occasionally Sir Robert's initials are introduced. From cellarage to roof there is the same excellence of workmanship with the same disregard of cost. Sir Robert entered heart and soul into his scheme, engaging the services of artists and designers of established reputation, and employing hosts of skilled artisans, in order to insure its success. The expense incurred must have been enormous. Sir Robert felt the impropriety of this extravagance, and when reminded, by a friend, of an observation he had previously made that to construct a great house is a high act of imprudence in any Minister, he said, "Your recollection is too late; I wish you had reminded me of it before I began building; it might then have been of service to me."

The private grounds, extending from the west front, are laid out in flower gardens, intersected by foot paths leading to the more wooded portions. Here is a well one hundred and seventeen feet in depth, encircled all the way down by a spiral staircase passing through vaulted chambers for landings. The water for supplying the house is forced, by means of machinery of a past age, to the water tower on a gentle eminence, from beneath which there is a charming view down the "cathedral aisle," with its lofty central nave of shady trees between the narrower side aisles.

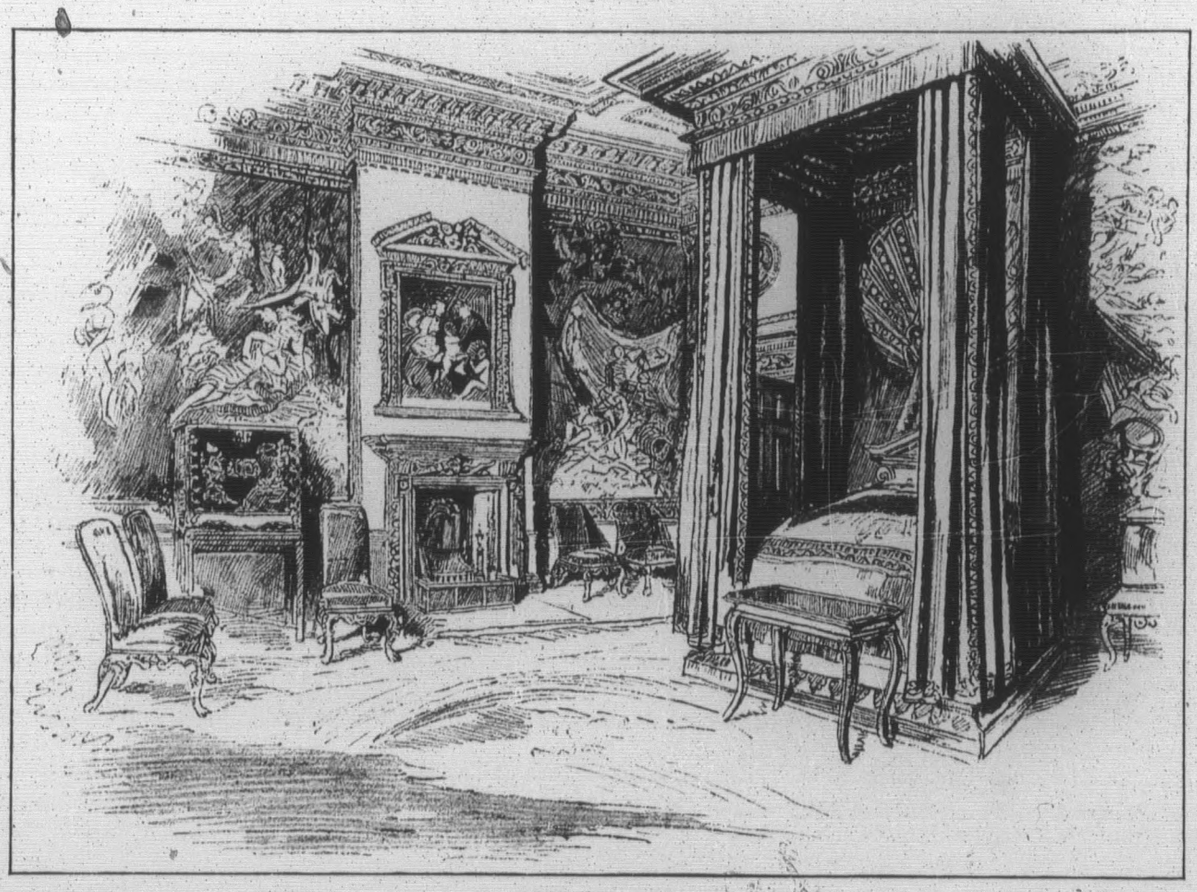
The Walpoles took their surname from the Walpoles in Marshland, Norfolk, and acquired Houghton by marriage with the heiress of the De Howeltons or Howtons, about the time of Henry I. Sir Robert Walpole, the principal figure in this history, was the third son of Robert Walpole, M.P. for Castle Rising, and was born in the old Hall in 1676. The seeds of his early education were undoubtedly sown by his father, during their daily saunterings in the park, and when still a lad he might have been seen galloping on his pony to Great Massingham, where, as tradition goes, he received, with other lads, further elementary instruction in a room above the entrance porch of the church. He completed his studies at Eton and Cambridge, and, after his father's death in 1700, succeeded to the family estate. From that time his career was a remarkable one. When he reigned as master of Houghton, he was elected M.P. for Castle Rising, and became an active member of the Whig party. In 1711, he was voted by the House guilty of a breach of trust and notorious corruption, sentenced to imprisonment in the Tower, and expelled the House, but an inquiry into the facts of the case proved him to be innocent of the charges brought against him. On the accession of George I. he rose again to the Premiership, and retained that position until driven by

faction from office in 1742. He was twiced married, and had three sons, Robert, Edward, and Horatio; and one daughter, Mary, who was married to George, Lord Viscount Malpas, son and heir of George, Earl of Cholmondeley, from whom the present Marquis of Cholmondeley inherits the Houghton estate.

Sir Robert Walpole died in 1745. Houghton then descended to his eldest son and grandson successively, and the latter dying without issue, the title and estate were inherited by Sir Robert's youngest son, the famous Horace Walpole, whose age at that time would not allow him to enjoy either.

Sir Robert's eldest son died soon after his father, leaving one son, George, third Earl of Orford, who succeeded him. Lord George figures prominently, but not very creditably, in the annals of Houghton. He gave much encouragement to the turf, and instituted the "Houghton Meeting" at Newmarket, still so called. He kept a large number of racers and trainers, pursued the old English pastime of hawking, and indulged in the barbarous amusement of bull-baiting in the park. His sporting proclivities induced him to lay heavy wagers, which eventually led him deeply into debt, to meet which the stone steps, previously referred to as forming an approach to the state apartments, were sold, and utilised in building Claremont Hall, near Thetford. George not only parted with the steps, but was compelled to defray the expenses attending their transference.

The most serious injury to the property effected by this gambler was the sale of the famous collection of pictures to the Empress of Russia; and, to make matters worse, for a



The Velvet State Room. Drawn by F. G. Kitton.

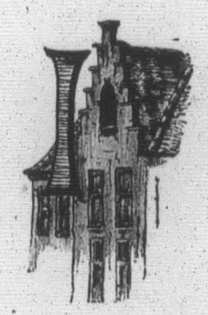
most inadequate sum, which, however, enabled him to satisfy some of his creditors. During the latter part of his career at Houghton, which lasted over forty years, Lord George seems to have paid the penalty of his shortcomings. He fell into a deep state of melancholy, and reason appears to have forsaken him, and, in 1791, died without issue.

Horace Walpole was in his seventy-fifth year when he succeeded his nephew. Some thirty years before, on the anniversary of his father's funeral, he wrote: "Here I am, at Houghton, probably for the last time of my life, though not for the last time; every clock that strikes tells me I am an hour nearer to yonder church—that church into which I have not yet had courage to enter, where lies that mother on whom I doated, and who doated on me! Thirty-six years after this was written, Horace Walpole died, "a bachelor of eighty," and was buried in the old church with his forefathers.

Although Houghton Hall is a show place for visitors, its interest and beauty are by no means generally familiar. Public attention has recently been directed to it by an announcement of the intention of the Marquis of Cholmondeley to dispose of the Estate, in order that the proceeds of the sale may be devoted to improvements required at Cholmondeley Castle, the family seat. It is to be hoped that the future owner of Houghton Hall may fully appreciate the sentimental, as well as the actual, value of the historic pile with which the fame of its noble founder will always be associated.

FRED. G. KITTON.

A LACE SCHOOL AT BRUGES.



T was "In the ancient town of Bruges" that we looked out of our window, so soon as the bell of St. Jacques hard by told us that morning had come and good folks were going to early mass.

The great brick church towered up beside our comfortable inn. The newly-risen sun blazed on a red-tiled roof. Two women, wrapped in long black cloth cloaks that fell about them in rich folds, stood talking under a deep archway opposite. This archway, which we very soon determined to explore, in hopes that some golden fleece would reward our search, led into a kind of passage between and beneath houses new and old. Then it widened into an irregular little court with an ancient rounded *tourelle* half buried in more modern buildings, while over the roofs to the right rose a beautiful round tower, tall and slender, of old brick, red, yellow, and grey, with deep machicolated stone work at the top, the whole crowned by an extinguisher-shaped roof of richly coloured tiles running up into a sharp black point against the blue sky. Before us was another archway. Passing through this we found ourselves in the silent Rue des Aiguilles; and turning to the left, under high yellow-washed houses with rows of tall windows and mellow, warmly-coloured roofs, we came upon a great green door. A little *grille* in it told us it must be a convent, and we then remembered certain urgent injunctions from an English friend, "Whatever you see, or do not see, be sure you go to the lace-making school in the Rue des Aiguilles."

We pulled the long iron bell-handle, and presently the *grille* opened, a pretty white-coifed face looked through the bars, then drew back, and the door opened wide. There stood a gentle sister in black dress with wide sleeves, her placid face looking out from the depths of a snowy cap—a remarkably becoming one, by the way—which joined her deep white collar or kerchief. Our errand was soon told, and we were instantly admitted. The great gate swung to behind us, and we found ourselves in a wide silent courtyard, with high buildings on three sides, a high wall on the fourth, and in a corner near to the entrance a very graceful little tower with a deeply carved balustrade, above which rose a crocketed flèche.

We were nearer Colchis than we thought for. This house was built about 1470, by Pierre Bladelin, chamberlain to Charles the Bold, and treasurer of that world-famed order of the Golden Fleece which Charles's father, Philip the Good, instituted at Bruges in 1430, on the occasion of his marriage with Isabella of Portugal. Later on, the house—one of the most important in Bruges—was inhabited by Thomas Portunari, the agent of the Medici, then by Messire Jacques Fiennes de Luxembourg, and eventually it became the property of the luckless Count Egmont. In one vast empty room the coats of arms of Burgundy and of all the great families of Flanders, together with the three golden balls of the Medici, are still to be seen elaborately carved upon the heavy beams of the ceiling. It was one of the halls of that splendid house, where gorgeous decoration, velvets and silks and hangings stiff with gold, served as a setting to the jewels and plate, to the magnificent dresses, to the unbounded extravagance, luxury, and license of the Burgundian Court. Now it is put to a different use. When her last hour is approaching each nun is carried into the great bare room—to die.

The little sister, who spoke but indifferent French, led us up-stairs to the parlour, and thence down a long, cold, spotlessly clean passage, where we became painfully aware of the sound of our own footsteps. It was all absolutely still—silent as the grave. Was this gentle woman the only living being here? Was the great house some enchanted abode where peace and silence reign for ever, and no breath from the outer world can come? Was it expiating by this unbroken quiet the fierce revelry it had witnessed under Counts of Flanders, Dukes of Burgundy, and Knights of the Golden Fleece? We were wandering on as in a dream, when our guide opened a door into a large, well-lighted room, with tall fifteenth-century windows. We heard a subdued hum of many voices, mingled with a soft, dry little rattle of smooth wood; and in a moment our dream had fled. We were no longer in Pierre Bladelin's splendid house of the fifteenth century, but back in the busy, striving world of to-day.

The room was full of young women and children sitting in rows of three. Each had a little stand before her, and on it a sloping cushion with hundreds of pins and scores of wooden bobbins; while down the centre of it where the pins were thickest, covered by a strip of blue paper and the paper again covered by a strip of calico, lay the precious filmy lace growing under the flying fingers. Our entrance, though it created evident surprise and interest among the sixty workers and the three white-coifed sisters who sat in charge of them, caused no cessation in the work—no, not for a second. The bobbins clattered, the pins were pricked into the holes on the patterns, the delicate fingers—fine and taper as those of any great lady—worked on ceaselessly, as we moved up between the lines of *dentellières* to meet a pleasant sister, who welcomed us with charming courtesy in perfect French.

The lace-makers were of all ages from seven years old and upwards. They may not come younger than seven; and that, poor mites, seems early enough to begin to earn their bread. But they may stay as long as they like. Some remain after they are grown women. One particularly clever worker had been in the school for twenty-six years; and sat at her work overlooking a niece on each side of her. They were all poorly but neatly dressed, and extremely clean.

"We do not mind how poor they are," said the good sister Marie-Alphonse. "But they must be clean. If any one comes who does not heed our rule, Go home, we say, till you have learnt to be cleanly. Then you may return to us."

The convent of the Sœurs Pauline was founded in 1816 by M. l'Abbé de Foere, a holy and devoted man, very wealthy, and entirely given to good works. He was imprisoned for two years towards the end of the first French Empire. "It was during that time that he composed our holy rule—*notre sainte règle*—'Obedience, prayer, and work.'" And when one sees these children under the kindly and elevating influ-

ence of the excellent sisters, one does not regret the Abbé de Foere's two years in prison. For these *dentellières* are taken from the very poorest and lowest families. And day after day, from seven in the morning till half-past seven at night, they are kept warm, safe, and happy—teaching, warmth, and light being given absolutely gratis.

"The children often come without having had a morsel of food," said sister Marie-Alphonse. "That little girl has a wicked father who half starves her. This morning she came with a little bit of black bread, all her food for the day."

"What did you do?" we inquired, thinking that twelve hours' lace-making on a scrap of black bread was rather hard measure for a child of ten.

"We are not supposed to feed them," was the answer. "But could we let them hunger? No! no! we always have plenty of good soup ready." And the sister's eyes twinkled as she arranged one of the pillows to get a better light upon it.

Till 11 A.M., one sister takes classes of the younger children



The Lace School in the Rue des Aiguilles, Bruges.

by turns in a schoolroom, to teach them reading, writing, and the first four rules of arithmetic. We asked if French was taught, but were told, "No, it would take too much time; and after all it would not do much good, as every one in Bruges speaks Flemish." At the end of the year, prizes are given for *vaillance*, beauty of work, etc. These are always in the form of useful clothing, with a franc or half a franc, or a medal, in addition. Shoes—the terrible item of clothing in over-civilised communities—need not be thought of here. The ranks of wooden sabots outside the door make one think of the entrance to a mosque; while the little owners trot noiselessly about in their thick home-knit stockings without fear of catching cold; for the room is kept so hot in winter, to make up for the insufficient food of the workers, that the poor nuns nearly suffocate.

This lace school is not by any means the only one in Bruges; and in Belgium there are over 900 in all. The total number of lace-makers at home and in the schools is over 150,000. The lace schools owe their existence mainly to Charles V., who commanded that lace-making should be taught in the schools and convents of Flanders. But the old régime has changed considerably in these establishments; and the kindly rule in the Rue des Aiguilles forms a curious contrast to an entertaining description of a Flemish lace school in 1677, by one Andrew Yarranton, Gent., for which I am indebted to Mrs. Bury Palliser's admirable "History of Lace."

"Joining to this spinning school is one for maids weaving bone lace; and in all towns there are schools according to the bigness and multitude of the children. I will show you how they are governed. First, there is a large room, and in the middle thereof a little box like a pulpit. Second, there are benches built about the room as they are in our play-houses. And in the box in the middle of the room, the grand mistress, with a long white wand in her hand. If she observes any of them idle, she reaches them a tap, and if that will not do, she rings a bell, which, by a little cord, is attached to the box. She points out the offender, and she is taken into another room and chastised. And I believe this way of ordering the young women in Germany (Flanders) is one great cause that the German women have so little twit twat (chatter, gossip), and I am sure it will be as well were it so in England."*

Guipure, both white and black, Duchesse, Brussels, Torchon, and a kind of black Maltese lace, are all made in M. de Foere's school. These are all pillow laces; for little point—*i.e.* needle-made lace—is now manufactured outside Brussels. But the chief industry of the school is Valenciennes lace, from the simple narrow edging, on which the little seven-year-old girls begin to learn, to the deep lace six or eight inches wide, worth 30 francs the aune.

The thread comes entirely from Nottingham, as no sufficiently fine machine-made thread can be found in Belgium; while the cost of the fine hand-made thread used for Brussels lace is so enormous as to make it useless for any but the finest laces. It is spun in dark underground rooms, from flax grown at Hal and Rebecq-Rognon; and has been known to fetch the astounding price of £500 per lb. The thread and the patterns are supplied by the lace manufacturers, for whom all the work is done; and the *dentellières* are not allowed to sell an inch of it themselves. They are paid by the piece, and a miserable pittance they earn. A very *vaillante* worker, by working from 7 A.M. to 7.30 P.M., can earn 1 franc 25 centimes a day: but this is not often done. The greater number gain 40 to 80 centimes a day. The sister showed us the best worker in the school, a gentle, bright-looking girl of twenty-five, with beautiful hands—as indeed they all have—and stooping, contracted figure—as, alas! they all have also. She was making a magnificent piece of Valenciennes about seven inches wide, deeply scalloped, with a large spray of closely worked flowers in each scallop. We asked how much she could do in the week, and she answered "one pattern," about seven or eight inches, that is to say, barely a yard in a month.

The sister in charge of one of the classes, who sat, not in a "box," but on a little raised platform, was making a grand piece of guipure with strong linen thread. But she told us she could not work long at it, as it required so much strength. "It is pulling, pulling, all the time, and it makes one's hands ache."

Lace-making has been one of the chief industries of

* "England's Improvement by Sea and Land, to outdo the Dutch without fighting." Andrew Yarranton, Gent., London, 1677.

Flanders from very early times. Indeed it has been a subject of hot controversy, whether the manufacture of thread-lace was invented in Belgium or in Italy.

Baron Reiffenberg asserts that lace cornettes or caps were worn in Flanders as early as the fourteenth century. In Quentin Matsys' famous altar-piece from the Church of St. Pierre at Louvain, 1495, now in the Musée Royale at Brussels, a girl is seen making lace on a pillow with a drawer, just like those now in use. And in a series of engravings after Martin de Vos, 1581, representing the national occupations of the seven ages, a woman is seated at an embroidery frame, with a young girl beside her making lace on a cushion, pricking in her pins and dividing the threads of her round bobbins with exactly the same turn of the hand one sees among the Belgian *dentellières* of to-day.

In the Musée de Cluny a cap is still preserved which Charles V. wore under his crown. It is made of fine white linen, and is embroidered with the imperial arms in relief, and ornamented with Lacis of exquisite workmanship. This Lacis is one of the earliest forms of lace; and consists of a fine darned pattern of counted stitches on a *réseau*, or groundwork of square net-work meshes. Mary of Hungary, sister of Charles V., and governess of the Low Countries, in a picture at Versailles wears cuffs of the geometric-patterned "Dantelle," which was then in vogue. And both the cap and cuffs are evidently of Flemish manufacture. For in the sixteenth century Flanders was already famous for her lace. All the nations of Northern Europe learned the art of lace-making from her. And this industry, the only one which held up its head against the religious persecutions of the age, did more than anything else to save the commercial prosperity of the country from utter ruin.



A Bruges Lace-Maker.

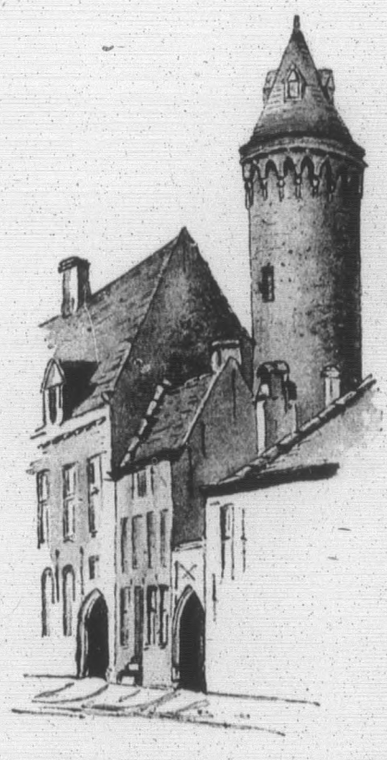
England after the Restoration was the best market for the choicest Brussels point, which thereby gained the misnomer of Point d'Angleterre—a name it still keeps. While Colbert was so alarmed at the fortunes spent in France on Flanders and Venice points, that he established the *fabrique* of the matchless Point d'Alençon at his château of Lonray, and by the ordinance of 1665 prohibited the importation of foreign points. England had already taken a like precaution in 1662, in the hope of encouraging her home manufacture of lace: but with little success. For smuggling was carried on to such an extent, that on one vessel bound for England and captured by the Marquis de Nesmond, 744,953 ells of Brussels point were found, besides handkerchiefs, fichus, collars, etc.

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries all the laces of Flanders, with the exception of Brussels and "point double," were known as Mechlin or Malines. Bruges, Ypres, Courtrai, and Dunkirk were centres of the manufacture, as well as the curious old city which gives its name to this lovely fabric. The true point de Malines, to which Napoleon compared the delicate tracery of the spire of Antwerp Cathedral, was made at Malines, and was much prized in England. After the repeal of the statute of Charles II. in 1699, no belle or beau considered their apparel complete without their "Mack-lin."

For the last hundred and fifty years, however, Bruges, in common with all the towns of West Flanders, has been given over to the making of Valenciennes lace. The manufacture in and round Valenciennes was crushed by the French Revolution; and although Napoleon did all he could in the first years of the century to revive the industry, it died out so completely that in 1851 only two lace-workers, eighty years old, were to be found in the city. As early as 1684 Ypres began to make what was known in the last century as "fausses Valenciennes," to distinguish the Belgian from the true French lace. The old Valenciennes laces of Ypres "are of the finest quality and most elaborate in their workmanship," says Mrs. Bury Palliser. "On a piece not two inches wide from two hundred to three hundred bobbins are employed, and for the larger widths as many as eight hundred or more are used on the same pillow."

The Bruges lace has never enjoyed a very high commercial reputation. Each different town has its peculiar way of making the *réseau* or ground. At Bruges the bobbins are

only twisted twice; at Ghent two and a half turns are given; at Courtrai, three; at Ypres and Alost, four and five. But nevertheless some of the finest modern lace at Bruges is very beautiful; while in the curiosity shops, and in the rag market which is held on the Dyver every Wednesday and Saturday, one may chance to come across a scrap of old Valenciennes of exquisite quality, the rich thick pattern almost like cambric in texture on a fine clear ground. Or if one is really in luck's way, one may pick up for a song a morsel of old Bruges point, which perchance trimmed the jabot or sleeves of some gallant soldier when Marlborough took the city in 1708, or when Louis XV. entered it in triumph nearly forty years later.



In the Rue des Aiguilles, Bruges.

By half-past six in the evening we were once more knocking at the convent gate. For we were fascinated by the busy scene, the kindly nuns, the happy-faced workers, and had asked permission to come again and see the school by lamplight, which was readily granted us.

When we entered the workroom we were astonished to find only a dull, subdued light in it—hardly enough to read by—and for a moment were puzzled to imagine how such fine work could be carried on by it. But we then saw that the girls sat in rows of two, three, or four, radiating from small tables. In the centre of each table a bright single-burner paraffin lamp was sunk, round which stood five large globular bottles of clear glass filled with water; through the centre of each of these globes a strong narrow ray of light was concentrated on the cushions of the five rows of *dentellières*, who formed the arms of a star with their lamp for its nucleus. By this simple invention the light is thrown upon the work without injuring the eyes of the workers—an inestimable boon to them, for in the last century it was said that the best lace-workers were blind by thirty.

We wandered up the centre of the room, and then our kindly guide asked if we would like to hear the girls sing. She had told them the ladies would return in the evening, so they were all prepared. Of course we assented, outwardly with pleasure, inwardly with fear and trembling, for we were filled with dread as to what Flemish voices might be. The sister said a word to a quiet maiden beside her; and immediately, without moving her eyes from her cushion, she began in Flemish, with a clear sweet soprano voice, that exquisitely pathetic hymn to the Virgin, "C'est elle qui nous console," which one hears sung by the Enfants de Marie all over France and Italy. One after another took it up all through the room in four parts—a glorious contralto—and even a sort of bass in a distant corner.

As the hymn rose and fell in full rich tones, perfectly modulated, to an accompaniment of the ceaseless click of the bobbins with the nimble fingers flying among them, it carried us far away. We saw a narrow street of tall houses on the night of Good Friday—flashing torches, flickering tapers, white-robed priests, the awful brothers of the Misericordia, black-veiled women, flower-crowned children, kneeling crowds on the pavement, lamps in every window, while the same hymn rose and fell, and the wind soughed through the umbrella pines on the Apennines above, and rattled the palm branches in the garden, and the waves of the Mediterranean lapped for ever on the grey beach.

"Cela ne vous ennuie pas, mesdames?" whispered the good sister, quite disturbed at the silence that had fallen upon us. "Now we will have something gay," she went on. "They shall sing you a song of their *métier*. See how their faces brighten. They will all begin to laugh. They are for ever laughing, these children. We sometimes find it hard to keep them in order. Ah! but it takes patience to teach them. Yet what is that, if we can save them from the degradation of their wretched homes? Now they begin. They are saying they must be *vaillante*, the faster the fingers go the more money they will gain. See how they laugh at the refrain of the bobbins. 'Tic-à-tac—another franc in my pocket.'"

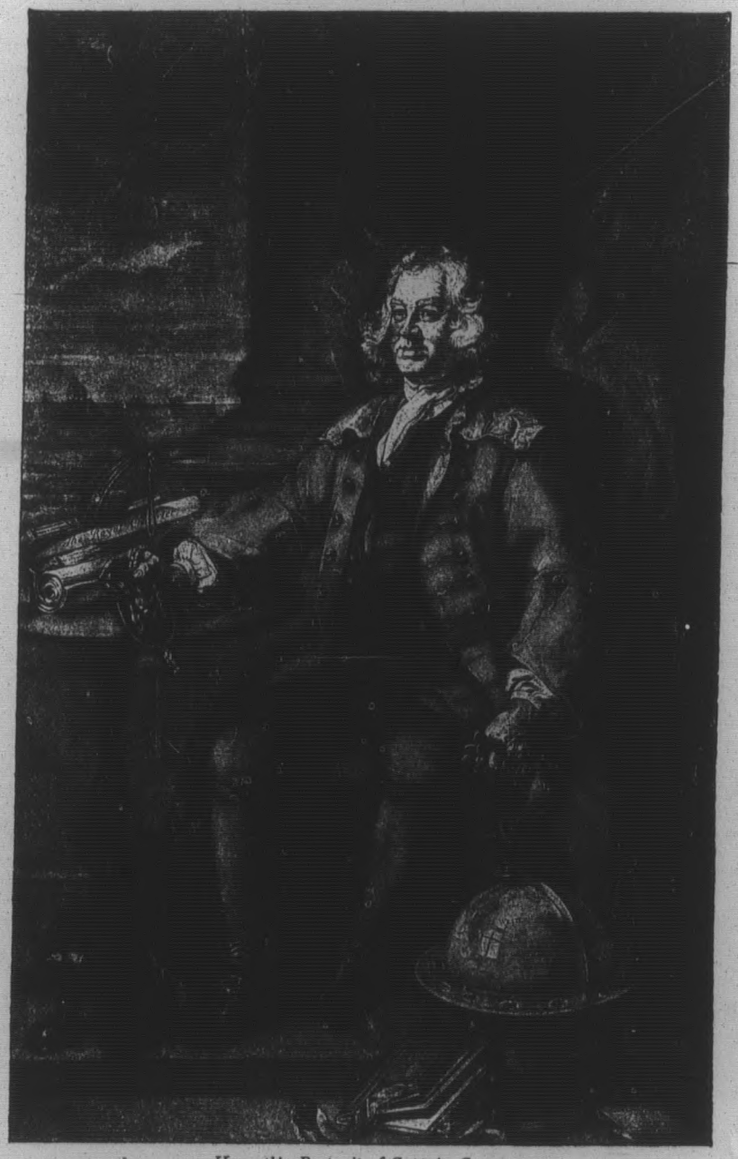
"Bootjes, Bootjes rolt maar voort,
Springt maar voort in danst, in volle accord.
Kinders laat u in slaap niet wiegen.
Tikke, tikke, tikke tak—
Nog een franksken in mijn zak."

I know not how long we stood listening to the songs and the running accompaniment of pleasant chat from the placid nun, her soft white hands folded under her wide sleeves, gently rubbing her arms after the fashion of *religieuses*. Presently a door opened. A lovely sister, with great violet eyes and long curling lashes, came to say supper was ready. Our time was up. But first, Sister Marie-Alphonse will show us the way out. "Quick, Marie," she cries to a little girl, "the lanthorn and the key." Both are brought—antiquated in the extreme. We stumble down the dim stairs, out into the cold air of the courtyard, across to the heavy outer gates. The good nun leans out over the step to give us hearty "bon voyage," and begs us to come again. One more glimpse of the white cap, the smiling face, the flickering lanthorn—the ponderous door of Pierre Bladelin's house closes. And, as we grope our way across the dark street, we hardly know which are more real—the gentle nuns, the happy children, the filmy lace; or the gorgeous memories of the Burgundian reign, of Knights of the Golden Fleece, with which they are jumbled in picturesque confusion in our minds.

ROSE G. KINGSLEY.

OLD LONDON PICTURE EXHIBITIONS.*

WE have traced what may be called the crystallisation in England of more than one association of painters from the earliest period, when the Society of St. Luke † met annually in London on the day of their patron, till, in the Culloden year, 1746, that which was in effect the first picture exhibition in this country was opened at the Foundling Hospital. The focal point of that event which I have ventured to call a crystallisation, is Hogarth's fine and sterling portrait of Captain Coram, the founder of that wonderful institution which, doubtless to the amazement of the gods, gave quarters to, or rather became a sort of Louvre or public receptacle for the works of a class of citizens very different from the waifs in close caps and white wraps who, cast ashore by the sea of human passion, found pleasant homes in the neighbourhood of Mecklenburgh Square, where the artists' works "do live after them," and maintain their names. To this portrait attention has already in a general way been called. That which may be styled a memorandum of it is now put before the reader, who, not only on account of its unique interest and remarkable history, but likewise because of its intrinsic merits, ought to be warmly concerned in a work about which Hogarth expressed himself with so much delightful candour, as a note to the first instalment of these papers faintly reflected. The spring of Hogarth's sturdy "resentment," a term here employed in its original and proper English sense, with regard to the positions of Art and artists in this country, was anger with regard to the condescension of "patrons." To this spring are to be traced the origin of those exhibitions by the Royal Academy and other bodies whose members, self-reliant Britons as they were, disdained, as they have always disdained, state aid, while, most of all, they contemned the countenance of individuals, however gracious, well-intentioned, and competent they might be.



Hogarth's Portrait of Captain Coram.

The opening of the Foundling Hospital Exhibition added new force to the intensely sentimental appeal of the charity itself. Crowds flocked to the place, and to quite a host of babies, "black, white, and grey," as they were said to be, were added the charms of a body of pictures to be seen for nothing, and all more or less delightful to the spectators at large as they were in a greater or less degree faithful likenesses of the persons or scenes they severally professed to represent. We may be sure that visitors lacked no opportunities for comparing the picture of Captain Coram with its venerable and genial original, who was here, there, and everywhere in the new institution, and distinguished as the promoter

* Continued from page 48.

† This Society was, it is said, initiated by Van Dyck during his second and longer sojourn in the British Metropolis. It is difficult to be sure of the truth of this statement so far as it relates to the share of Rubens's great pupil in founding the Society of St. Luke. It is, however, as a former note affirmed, certain that in Lely's time, c. 1650—1680, this body of artists and amateurs was not only in existence, but in a flourishing and evidently jovial condition, keeping (much as the Royal Academy does now) its anniversaries with genial hospitality, on grand occasions inviting men of note, more than one hundred and fifty at a time, to its *symposia*, and including nearly every art-lover of distinction in London. Cards

of a charity in the founding of which many of its admirers recognised the first step towards the millennium. The neighbourhood was crowded with carriages, and folks thronged there on foot and in sedan chairs.

The success of the exhibition may be said to have almost forced its promoters to recognise in similar gatherings the means for securing funds to carry out schemes which had been in view, if not in practice, many years before. These schemes were, as I have already mentioned, designed to promote the education of young artists, and to rescue from destitution their less fortunate fellows as well as the aged members of the profession. An academy for teaching and a benevolent society were not to be established without considerable funds. Such funds were not to be hoped for from members of the Drawing School in St. Martin's Lane, then the only body of students of art in existence. One or two social fraternities, or clubs as they were called, did indeed exist, and Hogarth, Reynolds, Wilson, Gainsborough, and other men of genius belonged to one or the other of these societies, while some of them belonged to both. From none of these bodies was it possible to get help enough for the larger purposes of the schemes in question, and there seemed no way out of the difficulty until the fashionable world—in order, at one and the same time, to see babies and paintings—took it into its head to go to Bloomsbury—then one of the most fashionable quarters of London. But—and this is a point worthy of particular notice—it does not seem to have occurred to the promoters of the schemes here referred to that public exhibitions would be chiefly useful in increasing sales of pictures for the benefit of the painters as individuals as well as for eleemosynary and educational purposes at large. Funds were coveted for these purposes, and these were all that were then in vogue.*

The next move of the artists continued upon the same lines as above described, and much talk, including wrangling and reasoning, took a solid form in the issue of a circular dated, "Academy of Painting, etc., St. Martin's Lane, 23rd October, 1753," that is, shortly after the "patronizing" scheme of the Dilettanti received its *quietus*. I give the body of the circular thus:—

"*There is a scheme on foot for creating a public Academy for the improvement of painting, sculpture, and architecture, and it is thought necessary to have a certain number of professors, with proper authority, in order to making regulations, taking subscriptions, &c., erecting a building, instructing the students, and concerting all such measures as shall be afterwards thought necessary. Your company is desired at the Turk's Head in Gerard Street, Soho, on the 13th November, at five in the evening, to proceed to the election of thirteen painters, three sculptors, one chaser,† two engravers, and two architects, in all twenty-four, for the purposes aforesaid.*" (*Signed, Francis Milner Newton, Secretary.*)

This circular, of which this is Pye's version, differing from that of Edward Edwards, was very generally distributed to members of the various branches of the profession. No murmur that is worth attending to alleging unfairness in this matter of distribution has reached our time. It is true, however, that one or two grumbling voices are, so to say, telephoned to us, in a certain engraved satire known to our generation as British Museum Satirical Print, No. 4216, which we shall be called on to consider by-and-by, but this was not published till 1768, and it referred to the catastrophe of that Society of Artists which at the time now in question was still in the pangs of birth, while its troubled existence not having begun, its dissolution was far off. Let it suffice—the point being very important—that that which was practically a *plébiscite* of the artistic professions was summoned to assemble at

of invitation to these meetings are still in existence; the British Museum possesses several which are dated in Lely's time, and a little later. These do not, however, attest the existence of the Society during the period of Van Dyck, which ended with his death, on the 9th of December, 1641. With regard to him tradition declared that, in imitation of the Painters' Guild of old renown in Antwerp, of which Sir Anthony was a member, he founded in London the before-named Society of St. Luke, which, the tale goes on to tell, met frequently and jovially at the "Rose" in Fleet Street. I can hardly believe that such a body endured the tumults of the Civil War, although it might have been revived by Lely or some other painter as soon as that great convulsion terminated. As to the interval the only considerable notices of artistic doings known to me refer (1) to R. Walker's painting in oil the portraits of the Protector and General Lambert, the latter of whom was, by the way, a great lover of art and a clever draughtsman; (2) to Cooper beginning that beautiful miniature sketch, which, having detected the artist in copying it, Oliver impounded with his own hands, and never allowed it to be finished; and (3) to the noble medals of Simon, a Frenchman of rare skill, whom Oliver employed. Here is a copy, which explains itself, from an engraved card now in the Print Room: "You are desired to accompany the Society of Painters at St. Luke's Feast on Thursday ye 24 of Novr. 1687 at 12 of ye Clock in Painter Stayners Hall, where you shall be entertained by us, Anthony Verrio, Nicholas Sheppard, Godfrey Kneller, Edward Polehampton, Stewards." A similar paper in the same collection bears date 1690. Of course painters did not utterly perish during the Civil War, but as to their condition at that period we have had a curious glimpse of one trudging with a regiment of foot, which he had joined for bread, and—poor fellow!—lugging his colour-box while he was marching hither and thither.

* So distinctly is this expressed by all the authorities on the subject that when, in 1749, the Society of Dilettanti fully committed themselves to the formation of an academy of design, and voted money for the encouragement of the major arts (funds with which a site on the south side of Cavendish Square and supplies of stone for a building to be erected on it were secured), not a word was said about an exhibition or even of charity to poor painters. An academy, and that alone, was to be founded, and General Gray was, as Sir R. Strange had it, "appointed to treat with the artists," *i.e.* with the only then existing body of that profession, the members of the Drawing Academy in St. Martin's Lane. Conferences were held, at which Strange was present, when to his disgust he discovered that, although the artists might have been induced to accept the money of the Dilettanti, the majority were resolute in declining to admit the amateurs to share in the government of the proposed schools. "On the part of our intended benefactors," said Strange, in his "Enquiry into the Rise," etc., of the Royal Academy, "I observed that generosity and benevolence which are peculiar to true greatness, but on the part of the majority of the leading artists, I am sorry to remark motives, apparently limited to their own views and ambition to govern, diametrically opposite to the liberality with which we were treated." Strange, who was accustomed to "patronage," and as an engraver in those days, no Boydell having risen, must need be unable to help himself, could hardly do justice to the independence and self-reliance of others. "The dilettanti," added the cautelous Orkneyman, "finding they were to be allowed no share in the government of the Academy, or in the appropriating their own funds, the negociation ended." This result must have been mortifying to the would-be patrons who had gone so far as not only to buy the land and stone for building on it, but decided that the edifice should exist "according to the exact measurements of the Temple at Pola." What end a scheme begun on such conditions was destined to reach I leave to the imagination of the reader, who perhaps would not care for a revival of art according to the canons of the antique, and who recognizes the possibility of nothing more brilliant in the future of such a scheme than the art of David, or hopeless copying from ancient models. Beyond question Hogarth had a share in the destruction of this hopeful plan.

† This being, in fact, the first thoroughly digested scheme for the establishment of an academy, royal or otherwise, in this country, it is interesting to notice the proportionate influence primarily accorded to the several branches of the profession. If we compare the above enumeration with that of the Royal Academy as it now exists we shall see considerable differences. The "one chaser" entirely disappeared many years ago. Such a share in the representative body as his presence implied was probably awarded on account of G. M. Moser, an eminent person in that line, and one whose activity as an Academician in *esse* and as an artist *per se* could not be ignored. There were more than four painters to one sculptor, a proportion which has been since then considerably increased against the latter. The difference has been divided in unequal proportions between the painters and the architects. As to the engravers, of whom two were originally desired, their branch of the profession was, from the foundation of the Royal Academy in 1786, forced to accept a sort of tolerance in the *limbo* of an inferior grade of the associateship, from which, notwithstanding much bitter resentment on their part, the wielders of the burin were not released until very many years had passed, and, even then, they were not admitted to the R.A. Paradise itself, but compelled to linger at the portal in the anomalous condition of Royal Academician Engravers, in which they were at liberty to peep over the sacred enclosure, but never to enter it. It was not until 1866 that, in honour of Messrs. S. Cousins and G. T. Doo, the gates were opened to their Art. The latter engraver then became an Honorary Retired Academician, and the former attained the full-blown honours he wore so worthily till he also "retired." I may add that the proportions of the classes originally proposed for election as above did not obtain in the foundation scheme of the Royal Academy as it was carried out.

the Turk's Head Tavern, in Gerard Street, long renowned for the meetings of artists and of men of letters, who, round its homely tables of oak, smoked long clay pipes, drank Perkins's Entire, or Parsons's blackest stout, imbibed noggins of Dutch gin from Dutch glasses, or absorbed rummers after rummers of grog from punch-bowls of strange device that had been brought from China while yet East Indiamen took two seasons for coming home.

Ere long I shall have the pleasure of introducing the reader to one of these meetings at the Turk's Head, taking him for the nonce into the middle of a group of worthies he has heard of, but perhaps never encountered or heard speak in company, and I shall show him what the parlour of the Turk's Head was like, with its sanded floor, long narrow tables, rectangular chairs, spittoons, mugs, noggins, Dutch glasses, and hat-hooks on the walls. The mantelpiece and the very secretary's inkstand, the chairman's much-used hammer, and the society's money-box, over which there was much wrangling, shall emerge from the shadows of November, 1768. Nay, not only shall this apparatus be recalled to the glimpses of the sun, but the reader shall see not less a person than Mr. Joshua Reynolds in the act of saying that he cannot hear, while Dr. Johnson will be found stating that he has given the company a great many "fine words," and the stalwart Wilton puts forth his claims for knighthood.



A Club of Artists.

The circular contained directions for its use as a sort of balloting paper for the election of the professors. With it was enclosed a list of artists' names, and the recipient was requested to put a cross against the names of those individuals of each class whom he considered the most able and fittest for "conducting the design." Proper directions were given that the list should be so used that the name of the sender could not be known, and the paper concluded with a request: "If you know of any artist of sufficient merit to be elected as a professor, and who has been overlooked in drawing out the enclosed list, be pleased to write his name, according to his place in the alphabet, with a cross before it."

"Hence it appears," said acrid John Pye, ever ready to discover the wickedness of the artists, living and dead, "that a general meeting was called, not to discuss the merits of the project, to consider the propriety of abandoning the principles of the St. Martin's Lane Academy, or to weigh the value of this new plan for emancipating native talent in Art from its degradation by winning for it the countenance and patronage of the aristocracy—these points had either been already settled, or were considered unimportant; but the meeting appears to have been called, because the periodical subscriptions of *the money* were indispensably necessary to the support of the proposed establishment, and because it was deemed well to afford to the persons already assembled the privilege of recognising the already nominated officers of that establishment by the mere form of electing them."

It is really difficult to see what objectors, whose voices John Pye echoed faithfully, would have had done by the promoters of the new Academy, which, as the reader will see, was intended to be self-supporting, or, as previously, supported by subscriptions from those who were accustomed to use it. The aid of the aristocracy was not asked, royal aid was not then in view, and it had not yet occurred to any of those concerned that funds would accrue from exhibitions of pictures.

It has been said that we do not know what took place at the meeting held on the 13th November, 1753, and we have been repeatedly told that, beyond the fact that nothing but acrimony came of it, all the rest is forgotten. There could not be a greater mistake. Apart from what might be dug up from the great heap of newspapers and magazines of that date which are still in existence, we have evidence from two sources, both, it must be admitted, unfavourable to the scheme, the principal movers in which were beyond a doubt Paul Sandby—who seems to have hated Hogarth with a fierceness which, in these genteel days of ours, is quite refreshing—F. Milner Newton, Strange, R. Dalton, and one or two others whose names are less known to their posterity, ourselves. The evidence, or all we need to have, is furnished by a few rare prints, copies of one of which is before the reader. One of these, the first in order, entitled a "Club of Artists," is British Museum Satirical Print, No. 3278, the publication of which is recorded in "The Gentleman's Magazine," 1754, p. 99. It was drawn and etched by Thomas Burgess in reply to Paul Sandby, and is a satire on the Directors of the proposed Academy of Fine Arts, to which Hogarth was much opposed. This etching has become so extremely scarce that the present writer knows only the above-named No. 3278 in the national collection. The copy now before us is unique. Modern delicacy compelled the omission of certain allusions such as neither Burgess or Sandby flinched from.

Apart from this we have the following from Edward Edwards's "Anecdotes," p. xxiii., referring to the meeting

called as above at the Turk's Head: "In consequence of this invitation, a meeting was held at the place appointed; but, as there are no records of the transaction, or resolutions of the artists who assembled on that occasion, it can only be ascertained that nothing was done towards attaining the object of their (the promoters') wishes; and they remained in their former private situation, in St. Martin's Lane, for above fourteen years, where they pursued their studies in a very respectable manner, with no other support than the individual subscriptions of their own members." The latter portion of this statement is not correct, and the former part of it might have been modified if the amiable A.R.A. had taken the trouble to study the satirical engravings, of his knowledge of which his note to the above attests in the following terms:—"In consequence of this meeting, some satirical prints were published, in which the ridicule was pointed at those who proposed to form the society; but few of these are now to be found, except in the possession of curious collectors." This was written by a contemporary painter, who, born in 1738, and being an associate of all the artists of his time, was well qualified to write about this phase of the history of Art. Strange, although copious as well as vindictive on later occurrences, was quite silent about this earlier effort. Hogarth was silent also, although he had previously recorded an earlier matter, how "some gentlemen-painters of the first rank, who in their general forms imitated the plan of that [Academy] in France, but conducted their business with far less fuss and solemnity," were driven from their purpose by a caricature in which the President and all his adherents found themselves comically represented as marching round the walls of the room." As in this earlier instance, so in the cut before us, we see that the alleged self-seeking of the would-be officials provoked scorn enough to ensure rejection of the promoters' wishes.



Pug the Painter.

Owing to the opposition of Hogarth and those who thought with him, the scheme, as before stated, failed, and then followed a shower of savagely-inspired etchings and engravings assailing Hogarth. Most of these were due to the etching-needle of Paul Sandby. The first of these was styled 'Burlesque sur le Burlesque,' etc., and it was, according to the publication line, issued December 1st, 1753, or in less than a fortnight after the meeting at the Turk's Head in Gerard Street; a description of it must be reserved for another occasion.

The scene of the meeting of this "Club of Artists" (see illustration) is doubtless not the Turk's Head, but some other painters' house of call. The design shows four persons seated at a table, a waiter about to draw a cork from a spirit bottle, and Hogarth standing up and crying, "Give me some waste paper, Jack," in order, no doubt, for the lighting of his pipe, or some other ignominious purpose. The portrait of Hogarth is thoroughly good; we have him to the life, somewhat stumpy, thick-legged, broad-shouldered, with the usual stoop of a student; we see his slightly turned-up nose, searching eye, and lips full of movement and expression. There is but one other whole-length portrait of Hogarth which can be compared with this. In reply to his request, "B."—whom I take to be Bonnel Thornton, a "wit," whose share in the Sign Painters' Exhibition will be recognised when that extraordinary display takes its turn before the reader—lounging over the table on our left, holds up an impression of 'Burlesque sur le Burlesque,' and cries, "*Here, Hogarth, this will serve*" [your turn]. "C.," on the other side of the design, has taken up a scroll on which we discern a study from the living model, and says to Hogarth, "*Here is a Director's Academy* [study, *i.e.* a chalk drawing from the nude]; *take this.*" The "Director" was, of course, one of the Professors who, according to the circular quoted above, was to be elected. "D.," Jack the waiter, suspends his cork-drawing to remark, "*They*" [such Academy studies] "*serve ye cook, God bless um, to keep ye meat from scorching.*" "E.," a drowsy companion who is lounging in his chair, and seems to be half asleep, cries, "*D—n such Burlesques if I am a Director;* while "F.," a young man sitting in front of the table on our left, declares, referring to the election in view, "*Such Directors! Oh, what a publick affair that will be!*"

Below the design are engraved some verses, of which the following may be quoted:—

"Patrons of Worth, Encouragers of Arts!
Lo! from his seat the Son of Genius starts."

"How cheap is Envy come,
For see a Wit holds Burlesque ———
Another holds as of equal claim
A Drawing, a Professor's?—fie for shame.
While Jack the Waiter thanks the Meat's Protector,
And Wag in chair retorts on the Director.

"Ah, Hogarth! born our Wonder to Engage,
Thou all-reflecting Mirror of the Age,
'Tis thine, still conscious of transcendant claim,
To look disdain on those who grudge thy Fame," etc.

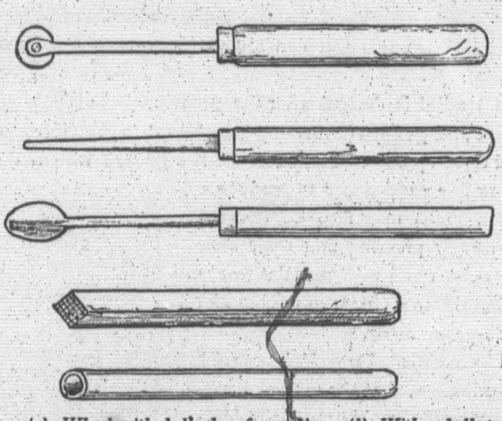
The other design, called 'Pug the Painter following the example of Messrs. Scumble, Asphaltum, and Varnish,' (see illustration) is Satirical Print, No. 3,277. It is a very fair example of the satiric designs published against Hogarth by Paul Sandby and his companions. Who was the original "Pug the Painter," and how the illustrious artist came by this name, will be related on another occasion.

F. G. STEPHENS.

(*To be continued.*)

PRESSED WOOD-WORK.

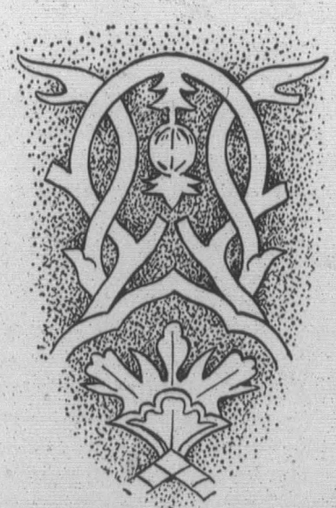
I AM not aware that the minor art of which I propose to treat has ever before been written on, though it only requires to be known to become very popular, it being so easy that any one who can draw, or even trace, a pattern will be able to practise it. I call it pressed wood-work because it is chiefly effected by pressing deep lines or grooves into a smooth



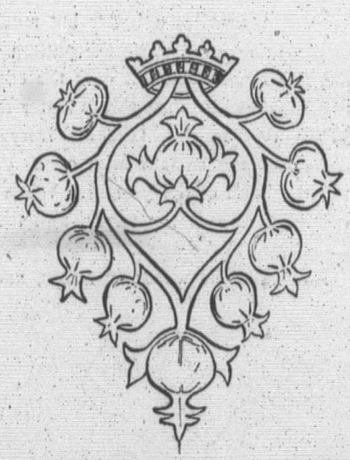
No. 1.—(*a*) *Wheel with dull edge for outline.* (*b*) *With a dull point, to be used to press in and draw lines where* (*a*) *is not available.* (*c*) *For outline, and to press down the wood outside the pattern.* (*d*) *and* (*e*) *Matts or Stamps for the ground.*

wooden surface, and by stamping or "matting" the background.

Let the beginner take for his work a panel or piece of smooth *firm-grained* white wood, such as holly or beech, which may be six inches long by twelve in width, or longer or smaller according to the pattern, and from one-third to half an inch in thickness. The surface to be worked on should be as free as possible from imperfections, such as knots or cracks, and well seasoned. The tools for the work are, firstly, a wheel the size of a threepenny-piece, strongly yet evenly set in a handle, as shown in illustration No. 1 (*a*). Such wheels, made for working in leather, may be obtained of Mr. Buck, in Tottenham-court Road, London. There are several varieties of them also sold by shoemakers' furnishers, such as the "dot wheel," which makes, when pressed and rolled, a dotted line, and the so-called "flower wheels," on the edges of which saw-tooth or other designs are engraved. There is also the prick or pattern-wheel, which resembles the rowels of a spur, and which may be used for marking out patterns, though I propose to show how this may be effected in a much easier and better way. But for the first efforts, and indeed for most work, a single smooth-edged wheel, if it be very strongly made, will be found to be quite sufficient. This is to be used for marking out or indenting patterns, and it serves admirably for long lines. Where the lines are very short, and there are many connections to make of one with another, or many small curves, the lines must be *drawn* by hand with a tool such as is used in leather-work with a pointed and dull edge—*vide* (*b*). The worker may make such a tool for himself by taking a very stout penknife set in a handle (one which opens and shuts is not suited to the purpose), and dulling the point and edge on a grindstone, and then smoothing it till it is like, let us say, a paper-knife. The object of this tool is to draw or press it into the wood until it makes a deep smooth groove or line, such as one could make with any dull smooth point like that of the point of a somewhat worn lead-pencil; a skewer may be used for this purpose. Thirdly, we need a smooth flat iron implement, like a pointed paper-knife, to press and smooth down the wood. There is one made for sheet leather-work, also sold by Buck, shaped like an ace of spades—*vide* (*c*). which serves as a point to draw lines, and at the same time as a smoother and presser; it costs only a shilling. A person with a practised and steady hand can very well execute all the necessary outlining of a pattern without a wheel, and with this tool alone, or even with a skewer, if the edge be made broad and smooth enough. Fourthly, *matts* or stamps, quite the same as those which are used in leather-work, will be found necessary. These are made of iron, and resemble a very large nail without a head. They are in fact often made from what is called nail-rods, or square rods of steel or iron. The patterns on the ends of these *matts* or stamps are endless; workers in metal often possess from a thousand to fifteen hundred of them. I once knew an artist who had two thousand five hundred. But the leather-workers in Vienna generally use but one, which is like a small letter O or a circle. Sometimes for metal-work from one to ten of these circles are set together, so as to resemble a very small honeycomb. Others are rough at the end or dotted, or made with large or concentric circles, diamonds, ovals, etc.

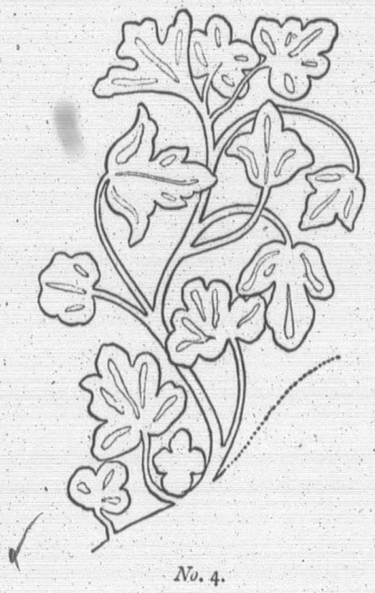


No. 2.



No. 3.

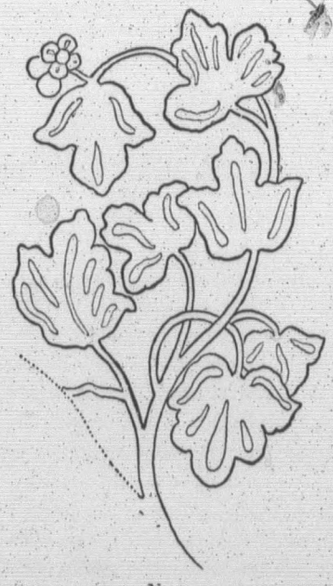
All of these may be obtained by post from Barbentin and Kroll, Regent Street, London, who make a speciality of supplying by mail all kinds of tools for every branch of the minor arts. If the reader chooses, he or she may make a tolerably good stamp from an ordinary large nail by filing cross-lines carefully and neatly over the end, or by rounding it and drilling a hole in the middle with a file. For certain work a chisel, curved files, and sand-paper are also necessary.



No. 4.

Draw your pattern with a *soft* black-lead pencil on rather thin but tough paper; the so-called parchment note paper, sold by Read, of Regent Street, is peculiarly adapted for this purpose, as it is transparent, thin, and does not tear easily under the tracer. Whatman supplies a better but much more expensive paper of the same kind. Lay the pattern with the face down on the wood and fasten it over the edges (not on the face of the board) with gum; this is better than using drawing-pins. When this is dry, take an ivory paper-knife or a burnisher, or any smooth hard edge—your tracer will do—and rub the back of the pattern. When this has been done very carefully, remove the paper, and the pattern will be found transferred to the wood.

Now take the wheel, or tracer, and, pressing it gently at first, and rolling or rubbing backwards and forwards as you proceed, mark out in grooves or depressed lines all the pattern. If you execute the work with great care you may, by going over the lines, press them down to the depth of one-eighth of an inch, or even more, but one-twelfth of an inch is quite enough for most work. Sometimes it will happen, in small corners and angles, hollows, etc., that it is almost impossible to use not only the wheel, but also the tracer. In such an emergency a nail sharpened with a file at the end like a very small screw-driver, will generally enable you to work the pattern out by pressure or by hammering.

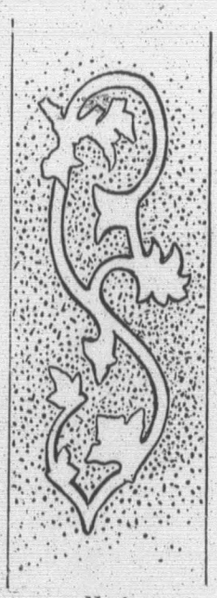


No. 5.

When all the outline work is finished, you may take either oil-paint or dye—such as are sold now by all chemists—or water-colour, let us say some shade of brown, and with a camel's hair brush paint in all the grooves. If you do no more than this you will have a very pretty piece of work, somewhat resembling burnt or scorched wood-work, but with a character of its own quite as attractive and durable, and much easier to execute. If you have any skill as an artist you will find that it improves the appearance of the grooves to somewhat spread the shading beyond them. This is most easily effected by slightly wetting the wood with a sponge or a brush, and then painting it rapidly over, at first with light shade, and when this is dry, with another, or, if you prefer it, you may paint the whole pattern; then with great care stamp all the background. One very good stamp for such work consists simply of the round band of a key from which the wards have been filed away. With this you can stamp circles either close or in groups.

If a relief is desired after the grooving is finished, take a chisel and gently shave away the ground *outside* the pattern, and close up to it. Then smooth the ground with a curved file or fine sand-paper to produce a relief. This may also be effected by merely pressing and smoothing the wood down with your flat tracer or burnisher (*c*), or with the file and sand-paper alone.

I have satisfied myself, by careful examination, that the gilded backgrounds of the pictures of the Middle Ages were executed sometimes by covering them with *gesso*, or a mixture of clay, gypsum (or lime) and size, but in many instances by the process which I have described on the bare wood. It is a very easy matter to distinguish, especially in coarse and hurried work, between the patterns executed with the wheel or tracer, and those which were carved. The designs which illustrate this paper were all copied, with two exceptions, from pressed work in the Esterhazy Gallery in Buda-Pest.



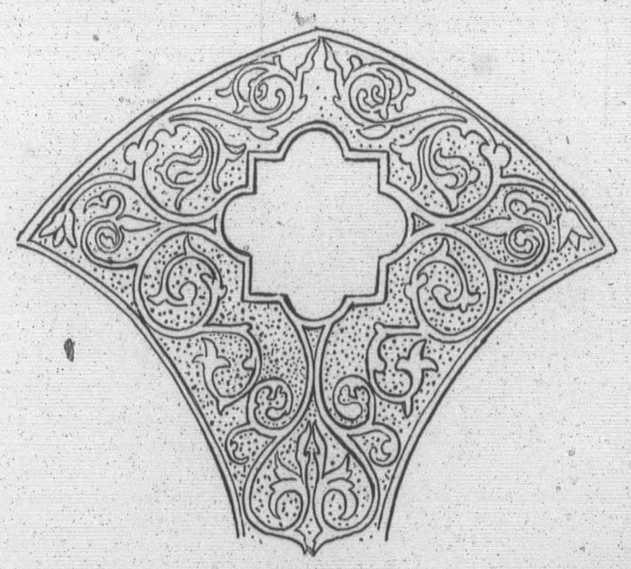
No. 6.

The pattern or ground, or both, may be covered with gilding. This is generally supposed to be a difficult process, but, as I have previously explained in "Cut Leather-work," anybody can now execute it with ease. Do not take loose gold-leaf, but that kind which adheres slightly to the paper. Cover the surface to be gilt either with the white of an egg (if on paper) or with gold size, a liquid sold in bottles for the purpose. If it be a pattern, paint it with a fine brush, and before the egg or size is dry, press the gold gently down on it. Lift up the paper, and let the pattern dry for at least ten minutes, then brush away the loose gold-leaf which adheres to the edges with a soft brush called a dabber, costing from sixpence to a shilling.

If, after gilding your pressed wood-work, you will paint in the grooves with a rich brown oil colour, and rub a little as a shading with the tip of the finger beyond the pattern, say for one-third of an inch, you will produce a good effect. Another method of finishing is to fill the grooves with a hard solid coloured substance. This may be made by mixing, let us say, *umber* or *chrome* or *lamp black* with a little flour and

clay and fine varnish, and rubbing them into a paste, press this into the groove, and should it shrink any when dry go over the whole with more paste. Putty to which colour has been given will answer for such a "filler." Lettering, especially Gothic or Old English, is very effective when executed in this manner with the wheel, and then filled in, while the ground within is gilded. Scrape it to an even surface with glass. As for scorching or burning, it is really a difficult art, and even the specimens which I have seen in Vienna, executed by the new galvanic-burner process, were with few exceptions feeble. No one can scorch a pattern well who cannot execute it as well in india-ink or sepia. But pressed wood-work can be made to produce striking results by merely tracing.

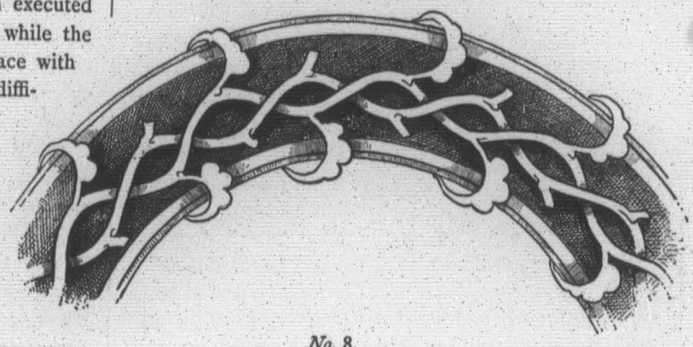
It is to be observed that any flat surface of wood may be covered with pressed work. Thus, for instance, boxes, chairs, cabinets, and even casks can be beautifully ornamented by means of it. It is not necessary that the wood shall always be white, or even perfect. By rubbing light paint on it a relief may be made so as to show the lines, even if it be dark.



No. 7.

But a very easy and ingenious method of combining burnt wood with pressed work may be effected as follows: Heat the wheel or tracer, either in a gas lamp or by any other means, until it will scorch, and then press it into the grooves. With a few feet or yards of flexible gas-tubing and a burner, the wheel or tracer may be warmed with little difficulty.

A very beautiful finish, exactly resembling ivory, may be made as follows: Cover the ground with varnish. One coating will do, but if you want highly-finished work and a close imitation, let the varnish dry, and then almost, not quite, remove it with the *finest* sand-paper. Rub this down, first with whiting or flour, and then with the palm of the hand. Repeat this process once or twice; then cover the surface with white paint, into which just enough Naples yellow has been infused to give it an old ivory colour. When this is dry, smooth it down by the same process with great care. Finally, when dry, cover the whole with thin flexible varnish—in Vienna they use a *size* which is thin and brilliant, and much less expensive. If carefully executed, this may be made to perfectly resemble ivory, and it is very durable. Its effect is increased by rubbing brown paint into it, so that the colour remains in the deep places or cavities close to the edges of the pattern, which gives the whole an appearance of old work. Both leather-work and wall-papers are made in Vienna by this process, which exactly resemble ivory. A very beautiful object of this kind is a horn, which may be a real one carved, or preferably one of wood, or *carton-pierre*, or *papier-mâché*, worked by cutting or pressing and then *ivoried*. Caskets or boxes can be thus made to so exactly resemble ancient ivory and bone-work as to deceive any but an expert; as it is, I am sorry to say that a great deal of ivoried paper-work is sold in Vienna as being made of sheet leather. In like manner books are now ornamented in this manner so as to resemble not only ivory but stamped parchment and old leather. The durability and excellence of all this will be in exact proportion to the pains taken to rub down the first coats of varnish to a fine *firm* surface which will not yield; secondly, to the care taken in drying, smoothing, and finishing the paint; and finally, to the skill shown in rubbing in the brown. When all this is well done, the result will be a close or perfect resemblance to old ivory-work.



No. 8.



No. 9.

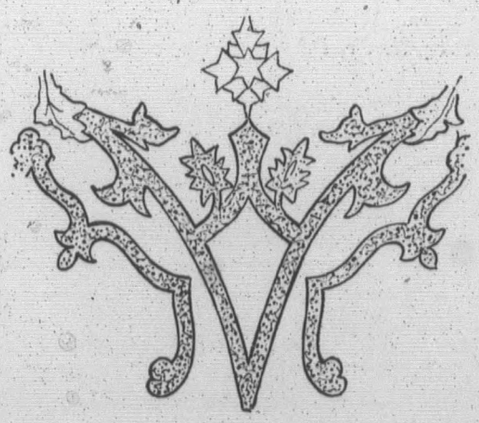
To recapitulate, and avoid confusion, let me observe that first of all there is the simply pressed work, which may be

executed with a wheel, or even with only a dull smooth iron point, such as you may make from a nail, or a very much dulled penknife point; that is to say, anything with which one can press or draw, or mark a smooth groove or line into a smooth surface. Secondly, these lines may be shaded or filled with dark paint. The background may be in addition stamped with a mat, or nail point, or key-barrel. The wood may be, if you choose, pressed down with a pointed flat tracer or a dull-pointed knife outside the pattern. Or it may be filed or rubbed away with sand-paper. Or it may be lightly shaved away with a chisel. It may be here remarked that lines or bands of border, and even the whole background, may be executed in this manner. Take a chisel which has been dulled, or a screw-driver, press it on the wood, rocking it from side to side, so as to make a line of extremely acute angles.



No. 10.

The work when pressed may be scorched, gilded, or painted. The scorching may be executed with the wheel or tracer heated. Or it may be ivoried by the process described. Finally, the wood-work in any one or all of these forms may be applied to doors, panelled walls, furniture, such as chairs, frames, and cabinets, or to minor objects, such as boxes, caskets, and small casks. The art is in all respects, as I have described it, essentially a new one. Even during the Middle Ages it was limited to the backgrounds of pictures, and was not carried out to anything like the extent which I have here described. As it is, I believe that it is one which, if developed or executed according to serious study of good patterns, such as pure Gothic, Romanesque, Arabic, Classic or Renaissance, would be profitable to anybody, either as a teacher or as a producer. If it should be, like Vienna leather-work, speedily degraded to chiefly representing ballet girls, horseshoes, idiotic jockey faces, cigars, and "sportin'-subjex" generally, it will, of course, be associated by true lovers of Art with all that is fashionably vulgar, and be regarded as mere fancy work.



No. 11.

This suggests the reflection that the artist should always endeavour, in practising this or any other minor art, to strictly keep it within its limits, and not attempt to execute, by means of it, work belonging to higher art or foreign to it. The minor arts are most perfect while they remain true to the name, that is to say, while their execution both as regards design and work remains easy. When a pattern is so elaborated and crowded that the eye fails to take in its whole character at a glance, it has been overdone. When an object in such art is so executed as to depart from conventionalism and suggest comparison with an original, or when it is admired by the ignorant as being "so natural!" it is generally misplaced. If you know how to design and paint, you may with a shilling's worth of materials, *e.g.* a tile and a tube of colour and a brush, make something which may be worth a pound; if you cannot paint, you cannot produce anything of real value with ten pounds' worth of colours and appliances.



No. 12.

To design for the minor arts it is sufficient to know how to make circles, semicircles, spirals, and wave lines, to double these, and apply to them ornaments at the end, called finials, and on the sides, known as crockets; that is to say, if you can draw the branch of a tree, or a spray with its leaves, or flowers, or buds, and that *conventionally*, you can execute admirable designs. To draw a branch or spray conventionally means to do it as simply as possible, so as to retain its main characteristics while reducing the work to a minimum. If you can draw a very simple spray in a spiral or volute, all that remains for you to do to produce a good design is to practise combining circles, changing them by connecting their ends into vines, drawing a spiral within each circle, and applying the spray to this. Pressed wood-work is, as I have said, the easiest of the minor arts, but if the student attempts to execute difficult and elaborate pictures or great effects of mere labour, it will lose its character.

CHARLES G. LELAND.

THE LONDON WINTER EXHIBITIONS.

THE OLD MASTERS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.—At the Academy there is a decided preponderance of portraiture over subject paintings. This is not to be wondered at, considering how long, and with what conspicuous success, the Academy have provided for us, winter after winter, a magnificent entertainment of great work from the past. People at all times were as they are now, not quite convinced of any but the utilitarian and representative side of Art; and having got hold of a renowned painter they very naturally set him to make images of themselves and their friends. If he departed in any way from the commonness of a photograph, they probably considered him by so much a traitor or a fool. We hear a good deal of the enlightened taste of the amateur "grand seigneur;" but surely women had always, as they have to-day, a considerable voice in the matter. Only in the most courtly and artificial epochs can we imagine a sitter saying, "Confound the likeness: give me style;" and, to imagine the woman who loved him agreeing with him, we must postulate an utterly inhuman height of æstheticism which has never been reached. In any branch of Art it is difficult enough to satisfy both the unusually developed taste of the artist and the exhaustive science of the man who has made a special study of the subject treated. But the portrait-painter has always to reckon with the exacting knowledge and love of a specialist in the human subject treated, and is by no means exempt from the criticism of those who have an equally particular knowledge and love of Art. Perhaps the combination of qualities necessary to succeed in such a task—the co-operation of the poetic and the engineering eye, the mixture of enthusiasm with calculation in fact—has never been so admirably realised as it was in the genius of Velasquez. We are fortunate this year in having no less than four of his works brought under our notice. The 'Innocent X.' and the 'Gomez de Quevedo,' are busts; the 'Philip IV.' and the 'Gaspar de Guzman, Olivarez,' full-lengths. The first is incomparably the finest, owing to the maturity and perfection of the style. It bears every sign, moreover, of being what is called a speaking likeness, though doubtless in that point it is hardly superior to the full-length of Philip. The workmanship of the latter, however, appears cumbrous and laboured in comparison with the suggestive freedom of style which, in the 'Innocent X.,' expresses every delicacy of plane with a light, supple touch, a close play of colour, and a masterly chariness of pigment.

Time and varnish may do something for colour; they cannot produce real modelling or do anything but tend to obliterate the utterly false kind. Now colour is the chief attraction of many Venetian pictures of the second order, and this year we have found none of the first. 'Portrait of a Man,' by Tintoretto, is perhaps the best, but it can only compare with the somewhat rude summariness of the 'Olivarez,' and by no means with the finest work of Velasquez. Titian's 'Caterina Cornaro' and his 'Duchess Sforza' are but coarse examples of the master. Murillo's portrait of himself is tame and commonplace beside the work of his illustrious teacher; and perhaps Rembrandt's laborious, conscientious, but thoroughly dignified 'Martin Looten' is the portrait that, next to the 'Innocent X.,' commands our respect. Some examples of Hals give proof of his extraordinary technical facility. 'Elizabeth, Countess of Devonshire,' and 'Anne, Countess of Bedford,' by Van Dyck, merit attention, as does a portrait group by Jacopo Bassano. We have the usual specimens of Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Romney, of which 'A Flower Girl,' by Gainsborough, is the most interesting. Subject pictures of any size are rare. The largest, Rubens's 'Holy Family,' made under Italian influence, reminds one a little of the 'Rinaldo and Armida' in the Grosvenor. A wonderful Rembrandt, 'The Adoration of the Magi;' a cartoon for a 'Virgin and Child,' by Raphael; a monochrome 'Study of a Head,' by Leonardo da Vinci; 'Las Galleyas' by Murillo; and 'Venus and Adonis,' an imitation of Titian, by Turner, are among the most notable of the figure subjects. To these may be added four pictures of events in Her Majesty's life, which derive some interest from the occasion of the Jubilee anniversary of her accession.

The landscape selection has been made from the art of the Low Countries; that is to say, if we except a vast array of Turner's water-colours, we shall find almost nothing else. England comes off second-best; but Italy and France are nowhere. To begin at the beginning, we have a little sketch, 'Landscape,' by Paul Brill, really a Fleming and an early one, and consequently one of the pioneers of that Northern art of landscape which, cultivated by Rubens and the Dutch, passed through the hands of Gainsborough, Constable, and other Englishmen, till it culminated in the modern French renaissance. Cuyp's large 'View of Dort,' Hobbema's 'Forest Scene,' Ruysdael's 'Landscape: Coup de Soleil,' belong to the same school; and Gainsborough's large landscape in the third room, his small ones in the first, and Constable's strikingly original 'Dell in Helmingham Park,' show another aspect of the same tradition. As far as France is concerned, one little silvery Claude, 'The Embarkation of St. Paul,' represents the early classic school of Italian origin; while two large pictures by Jan and Andreas Both show a Dutch reading of the tradition, just as a couple of works by Richard Wilson in the first room permit us to study its progress through England.

The Turners are interesting. This master, as we know, endeavoured with his vast gifts to uphold the classic convention fast drowning in the flowing tide of realism. He formed no school, however: did not in fact himself succeed, as we believe some later Frenchmen have, in welding the elegance and formality of the old styles with the new matter discovered by modern observation. His realistic stands apart from his classic work; even the fanciful extravagance of his later style effected no vital and fruitful fusion between the two manners of painting. He formulated no large principles of composition and treatment, and was in fact often at fault in the constructive part of his art, in spite of his magical feeling for technique. He had eyes of his own for certain rarities of aërial or misty effect, but he never decided how far to treat them really, how far conventionally.

In 'The Righi,' the mountain, the mist, much that is impalpable are finely seen; but the bundle of splinters and rays in the foreground may be a quay, or a group of spiritual shapes, or anything else you like: being as deprived of form, solidity, and meaning as are the little scratches of red floating high above the mountain. In the 'Cologne,' the blue distance and the right side are both exquisite and truthful. On the left, however, a yellow side scene—consisting of a tower, rafts and figures all bathed in pineapple jam—utterly destroys every illusion of truthfulness. What is worse, its coarseness serves no constructive or decorative purpose; hide it with the hand and the work gains by its absence.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.—A singularly ample list of portraits affords us an opportunity not only of enjoying some of Van Dyck's rarest and loveliest work, but of comparing to some extent the different phases of his talent. We are, as Mr. Phillips predicted in this Journal, less fortunate as far as great religious pictures are concerned; though even here the deficiency is partly compensated for by the presence of a large historical subject, 'Armida and the Sleeping Rinaldo.' From this picture and from 'The Betrayal of Christ' some notion of the nature of Van Dyck's studies in the grand styles of figure-painting may be obtained. Those who know his work thoroughly will recognise that they represent stages through which he was destined to pass: that they mark the inflow of tributary influences which went to swell the main tide of his own genius. At the Grosvenor Gallery there is nothing of sufficient importance to illustrate the real culmination of his methods in figure-painting. But in this branch of Art he passed through much the same changes as he did in portrait-painting. His 'Dædalus and Icarus,' and the two pictures before mentioned, show a combination of his own insight and feeling with a study of the manners and methods of Rubens and the Venetians which is paralleled in such early portraits as 'The Children of the Balbi Family,' 'The Marchesa Balbi,' and 'The Portrait of a Lady' (6). The difference is great indeed between the solid, dark, heavily loaded, and conscientiously modelled work of these early canvases and the stately convention, the parsimonious simplicity of colouring and chiaroscuro, and the fluency of expression and handling in the later portraits: as the 'Charles I.' (39), the 'Sir John Byron,' the 'Duchess of Buckingham,' and others. The Van Dyck of the first epoch was using the experience and the art of other men while his mind was occupied with the sitter and the difficulties of translating nature with truth; his work is therefore full of observation and fact, but somewhat stiff in execution. Later in life, he was elaborating a style altogether his own, with nature for his slave and Art as the subject of his thoughts; and so the work became, if emptier at times, more beautiful always, more dexterous, and better fitted to express the personality of the painter. Even so in the course of his development in the historical style he abandoned the juicy fulness and robust vigour of Rubens, which we can still note in 'The Betrayal,' as well as the rich warmth and sensuous suppleness of Titian which characterize the 'Armida.'

More avowedly a matter of Art than of nature, subject-painting at no time seems to have led Van Dyck into the heavy and far from pliant workmanship of the early portraits. The solid paint of the 'Dædalus' is brushed in quite a free and masterly manner, and the smooth and beautiful surface of the 'Armida,' though not touched with the *verve* and dexterity of some late portraits, is treated with a pronounced intention in the direction of style. Nothing much more masterlike can be well imagined than the delicate beauty of the modelling and colour in the torso of a mermaid on the right-hand side of this composition. The group of trees behind her is also remarkable for the light and naturally feathery manner in which it is worked. In those days respect for the anatomy and structure of objects still stopped the way of men who might feel strongly the mysterious effect of atmosphere upon distant objects. Van Dyck, however, lived under the influence of a great landscape movement, and it is possible that both he and Rubens may have largely contributed to cut it free of the hamper of still older styles. Being figure-painters, they would have less respect for the conventions and rules of an art which they would take up as a relaxation; anyhow, a little water-colour in the fifth room (163) might have been done upon the banks of the Thames in the present day, by an artist innocent of any intention of imitating an ancient manner of regarding nature. Among the sketches, which are many, mention may be made of the *grisaille* of 'Armida and Rinaldo' in the same gallery as the large picture, and the dashing and fiery study of a white horse, which has clearly served in some of the master's own equestrian portraits, and has been freely used by other artists since his day, as having something stately about its pose, eminently suited for cavalcades and processions.

ART NOTES AND REVIEWS.

PERSONAL.—The President has largely repainted and improved his 'Slinger.' Mr. W. P. Frith is writing his autobiography. Mr. Nelson Maclean has finished the model of a portrait statue, which is also intended to typify the Resurrection, for a tomb at Wiesbaden. Dr. Charles Waldstein, Mr. Colvin's successor in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, has been offered the post of first permanent director of the American School at Athens. Professor Ulrich Köhler has joined the new Institut für Alterthumskunde, at the University of Berlin, as director of the department of Greek Antiquities. At Buda-Pesth the National Society for the Maintenance of the Magyar Language has recently published a volume of poems by the painter Munkacsy. The 'Tel-el-Kebir' of the late Alphonse de Neuville has been sold for America. M. Bianchini, designer of costumes to the Académie de Musique, has been appointed designer of costumes to the Comédie Française. M. Alfred André has completely repaired and restored the famous coffer—in gold, enamel, lapis, gems, and rock crystal—of the Escurial, on the lines of an inventory discovered in the archives of the palace by the Conde de Valencia. M. François Bonvin has been stricken with blindness, after a career of forty years; and a *vente de bienfaisance* has been organized in his aid. At a general assembly of the Royal Academy, held on the 7th ultimo, Mr. Marcus Stone was

elected an Academician; and Mr. A. Gilbert, sculptor, whose last exhibited work, 'The Enchanted Chair,' we engraved at page 332 of our 1886 volume, was elected an Associate. We understand that Mr. Marcus Stone only secured his election from Mr. Luke Fildes by one vote, Mr. Burne-Jones's friends also obtaining for their candidate an almost equal measure of support.

MUSEUMS AND GALLERIES.—To the National Gallery there has been added, by the bequest of the late T. Webster, R.A., the artist's 'Portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Webster,' exhibited in 1844. A superb example of the art of Grangerizing—a folio of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," illustrated with over a hundred and ninety prints and drawings, among others a 'Charles Lamb,' by S. F. Joseph—has been purchased from Mr. Bain, for the Print Room; also a complete collection of Piranesi made at Rome by Sir William Gregory. The greater part of the Watts collection exhibited of late at Birmingham—the 'Hope,' the 'Orpheus and Eurydice,' the 'Love and Life,' the 'Paolo and Francesca,' the 'Gladstone,' the 'Salisbury,' the 'William Morris,' the 'Edward Burne-Jones,' the 'Matthew Arnold,' and other famous pictures and portraits—has been transferred to Nottingham Castle, where it is at present on view. The Liverpool Corporation have purchased for the permanent collection in the Walker Art Gallery Mr. F. Brown's 'Hard Times,' and the 'Ruth and Naomi' of Mr. P. H. Calderon. In the same institution a new room has been opened containing a collection of casts, selected from the Trocadéro, the Louvre, and the Union des Arts Décoratifs, of sculpture illustrative of the Moyen-Age and Renaissance in France. The collection, which includes the famous tomb of François de Bethune and Marguerite de Foix, by Michel Colomb, the 'Graces' of Germain Pilon, and other notable examples, was made by Messrs. Philip Rathbone, Samuelson, Thomas Armstrong, and H. M. Cundall, and paid for by the City Council and the Science and Art Department in conjunction; it will be supplemented, later on, by a thousand of the photographs published for the Ministère des Beaux-Arts. The late Antoine Brasseur has bequeathed his collection of pictures, which is valued at £16,000, to his birthplace, the city of Lille. A good example of the Bohemian painter, Varslav Brozik, a 'Columbus at the Court of Ferdinand,' has been bought for the Metropolitan Museum, New York. At Berlin the new Museum of Sculpture has been enriched by an immense assortment of vases, statues, ornaments, and inscriptions from Pergamos (where another temple has been discovered). At Tiflis, the new archæological museum attached to the Cathedral of Sion, says *The Athenæum*, is making rapid progress, and will soon be the richer for "all the archæological treasures hitherto negligently cared for in the different convents of the Caucasus, and notably in that of Helat, near Kutais." At Hamburg the freedom of the city has been bestowed upon Herr Gustav Schwabe in acknowledgment of his gift to the municipality of a collection of English pictures which cost him upwards of 1,000,000 marks, and of a sum of 120,000 marks to fit the Kunsthalle for the reception of his present. In Paris the Duc d'Aumale's gift to the Institute of France, which is worth some forty million francs, has been accepted, and a medal will be struck in commemoration of its acceptance, and the consequent foundation of the Musée Condé. The Musée Guimet, Place Iéna—of objects, the gift of the founder, illustrative of the religions and civilisation of Asia—will be opened to the public on the coming first of May. Mme. Le Prestre de Vauban has presented Coypel's portrait of her renowned ancestor to the Ministère de la Guerre. Her Majesty has presented to the Library at Brera a copy of "The Works of Raphael Santi da Urbino, as Represented in the Raphael Collection in the Royal Library at Windsor Castle." At Rome the exhibition of laces and textiles, organized by the Museum of Art and Industry, will include, from the City of Modena, the Gandini Collection of textiles, which numbers some one thousand eight hundred specimens, and presents an almost complete picture of the art from the Byzantine epoch to that of Napoleon I.; with the lace collections of the Duca di Frela and Signor Jesserum; the Barberini Tapestries; Sir Henry Layard's Oriental and Spanish textiles; Lady Layard's laces and fans; and a collection of the national costumes of the Italian peninsula. It is announced that the exhibition will be opened in the March of the present year.

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.—The Society of Medallists will offer prizes for plaster models in commemoration of Her Majesty's Jubilee; the competition will be open to everybody, and the winning works will be cast in bronze. The Mayor of Lancaster proposes to endow the city with a permanent gallery and school of Art. The citizens of York will present the Queen with a water-colour album containing twenty drawings of objects of interest in the city. At Manchester Mr. Madox Brown has been engaged to decorate the Jubilee Exhibition, and for the eight spandrels of the dome will design a set of allegories on gold grounds—Coal, Iron, Commerce, and so forth—to measure fourteen feet across the wings.

OBITUARY.—The death is announced of the antiquary George Smith; of G. J. Vulliamy, late superintending architect to the Board of Works; of the architect Ambrose Poynter, father of Mr. E. J. Poynter, R.A.; of the flower-painter Eugène Petit, a pupil of Müller and Dieterle; of the sculptor Matthias Schiff, a pupil of Thomas and Falguière; of T. A. Prior, engraver of many capital examples of Turner; of the sculptor, Charles Arthur Bourgeois; of Alexandre de Sachy, for many years director of the casting shops of the École des Beaux-Arts, and author, among other good things, of a famous restoration of the Parthenon; of the French landscape-painter, Victor Deroche; of the *animalier* Joseph Mellin, a pupil of Delaroche and David d'Angers; of the *doyen* of French lithographers, Laurent Deroy; of G. T. Doo, R.A. and F.R.S., the well-known engraver, a pupil of Suisse; of the painter Johann Meyer—"Meyer of Bremen"—a pupil of Schadow; of the sculptor John Warrington Wood; of the picture-restorer, Antoine Brasseur; of the German archæologist, Professor Jordan, author of "Die Topographie der Stadt Rom," and the "Forma Urbis Romæ;" of John Henry Mole, Vice-President of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours; of the painter Devilly, a pupil of Delaroche, Director of the École des Beaux-Arts at Nancy; of Edouard Lièvre, a pupil of Couture, author of some good portraits and a number of standard works on furniture; of the Prussian architect, Spielberg; of the Venetian painter-professor, Giovanni Busato; and of M. Avisse, a draughtsman and designer of good repute attached to the manufactory at Sèvres.

The new number in the admirable "Bibliothèque Internationale de l'Art" (Paris: Rouam. London: Gilbert Wood), M. de Geymüller's "LES DU CERCEAU: LEUR VIE ET LEUR

ŒUVRE," is one of the most interesting and authoritative of the series. In England here the Du Cerceaux are not much known; in France it is recognised that their share in (so to speak) the introduction and organization of the Renaissance was considerable, that they were men of remarkable talent and enterprise, and that to leave them unstudied and unregarded is to be guilty of the worst type of ignorance and æsthetic stupidity. M. de Geymüller has attacked his work in the true scientific spirit; and the result of his labours is a "monograph" which if is not easy to praise too much. Whatever is known of the Du Cerceaux is here set forth; their achievement is measured, analysed, and correctly described; their influence, for good and ill, is carefully and exactly stated; and these operations are illustrated, as they proceed, with some hundred and thirty or forty designs, most of which have never been published before.

In "THE ART OF THE SARACENS IN EGYPT" (London: Chapman and Hall), Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole has produced the best work on the subject which has as yet got into existence. In the space at our disposal it is impossible to do more than praise in general terms, and give a brief abstract of contents. It must, therefore, suffice to say that Mr. Lane-Poole's treatment of his subject is really masterly in design, and in execution almost exhaustive. His first chapter, an admirable one, is devoted to an account of the Egyptian Saracens; it is far more interesting than most novels, and as a summary of what is known on the subject is of capital value and importance. Then follow chapters on the several arts in whose practice the Saracens of Egypt are distinguished:—Architecture, Mosaic, Wood and Metal Work, Ivory, Textiles, Illumination and Calligraphy, Pottery, Glass, and so forth: each one a separate and independent treatise, and each one tending to increase, in a considerable degree, the effect of completeness which is produced by the book regarded as a whole. Of the illustrations, one hundred and eight in number, it is only necessary to note that they have been neatly and carefully engraved by Mr. J. D. Cooper, and are as useful as black and white in such a connection can be.

Mr. Christopher Davies's new book "ON DUTCH WATERWAYS" (London: Jarrold) is of no extraordinary interest. But, on the other hand, it is neither ambitious nor insincere, and it may be read with a certain pleasure. Moreover, it is very handsomely produced, and the illustrations—from photographs taken by the author *en route*—are often graphic and sometimes successful. Mr. Davies tells his story simply, and gives a clear enough impression of Holland as he saw it from the deck of the steam yacht *Atalanta;* and though he cannot be said to have taken any particular pains to remember what is best worth seeing (he went away from Haarlem without an interview with Franz Hals), his work may be cordially recommended to those tourists who care not for the beaten track and are curious of a little mild adventure. To the artist and the Art student there is a Holland which Mr. Davies seems to have left unexplored; but as he does not write for these, they need be no more than mentioned in connection with him and his work.

The worst thing in Mr. T. Gambier Parry's volume of essays, "THE MINISTRY OF FINE ART TO THE HAPPINESS OF LIFE" (London: John Murray), is the title, which is at once awkward, affected, and inexpressive. The essays it ushers in are the reverse. They are not excessively well written, it is true; and it is often very possible to disagree with them. But they are distinguished by genuine sincerity; they are full of information and suggestion; it is impossible to read them and be none the better for the experience. Perhaps the best is the one entitled "Colour and Sculpture;" but there is not one but proves that, in urging its republication, the author's friends were right and well advised.

SOME ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.—The new edition of the "Song of Songs" (London: Nimmo), which M. Bida has illustrated, is very well produced indeed, paper, type, and "get-up," being of the best. The illustrations—etched by MM. Hedouin & Boilvin—are accomplished, elegant, and a trifle tame and uninteresting. M. Bida's hero and heroine are Semitic in type and academical in habit, gesture, and appearance; they would not be out of place in (say) the Milton of the Abbé Delisle; considered as the personages of what is perhaps the most impassioned love song in all literature, they are rather ludicrous than otherwise. Of Miss Boyd's "Bewick Gleanings" (Newcastle: Andrew Reid) there is little to say but that it is plainly the outcome of a labour of love, and that it is produced in a manner reflecting infinite credit on the publisher. It is a collection containing less of Bewick himself than of blocks and plates done in his workshop and under his direction; and there is no doubt that, while to the general student it can hardly be other than uninteresting, to the specialist it will prove of lasting use and value. With the publication of the two parts of his sixth volume Mr. Mahaffy brings to a close his English edition of M. Victor Duruy's "History of Rome" (London: Kegan Paul). Like its predecessors, the volume is capitally translated and annotated; the illustrative matter is eminently varied, appropriate, and suggestive. As for "The New Amphion" (Edinburgh: Constable), published in aid of the proposed Edinburgh Union, it is as quaint and pretty a bookling as we have seen. The title-page is, in its way, a little work of Art, and the composition and appearance of the others are quite worthy of the introduction. Of the illustrations—by Messrs. M'Kay, Gourlay Steele, Keeley Halswelle, Gibb, and others—the best, to our mind, are two striking and vigorous heads—Carlyle's and the late Professor Kelland's—by Mr. Hole. As regards the literature, there is certainly an abundance of Professor Blackie; but there is enough of Mrs. Oliphant, Mr. George MacDonald, Mr. Lang, and Mr. R. L. Stevenson, to compensate the reader for even that.

In "SONGS FROM SHAKESPEARE" (London: Cassell) we have a pretty booklet, prettily illustrated from various sources, but with less music than might have been wished, and an American look about it that is, on the whole, by no means attractive. Champfleury's "LA TOUR" (Paris: Rouam. London: Gilbert Wood), the new number in "Les Artistes Célèbres," is excellent work; clear, intelligent, sufficient; we hope to consider it at length. Of the first volume of M. Kondakoff's "HISTOIRE DE L'ART BYZANTIN" (Paris: Rouam. London: Gilbert Wood), translated by M. Trawinski and prefaced by Herr Springer, it is only necessary to say that it is an instalment of an excellent book (it is published in the "Bibliothèque Internationale de l'Art), and that due notice of it is impossible until it appears in its complete form.



CURIOSITY

FROM THE PICTURE BY LUDWIG PASSINI, R.I.

WHISTLER.



The 'Butterfly.'

OF American birth, his parents from Wilmington, South Carolina, and Kentucky, James McNeill Whistler comes of a Southern family, whose ramifications spread through Virginia, Georgia, and Maryland.

"The Whistler family," we learn from a recently published American work on Major Whistler,* "is of English origin, and is found towards the end of the fifteenth century in Oxfordshire, at Goring and Whitchurch, on the Thames. One branch of the family settled in Sussex, at Hastings and Battle, being connected by marriage with the Websters of Battle Abbey, in which neighbourhood some of the family still live. Another lived in Essex, from which came Dr. Daniel Whistler, President of the College of Physicians in London in the time of Charles II., a quaint gentleman of 'rare humour' frequently mentioned in 'Pepys' Diary.' From the Oxfordshire branch came Ralph, son of Hugh Whistler of Goring, who went to Ireland, and there founded the Irish branch of the family. From this branch of the family came Major John Whistler, father of the distinguished engineer, and the first representative of the family in America."

Major George Washington Whistler, the father of James McNeill Whistler, is well known as having been the consulting engineer for the St. Petersburg and Moscow Railway, a post to which he was invited by the Emperor Nicholas. It is said that no American in Russia, with the exception of John Quincy Adams, was ever held in so high estimation.

James McNeill Whistler, while still a child, went with his mother to join Major Whistler at St. Petersburg, and on his father's death returned to America, and received his education at the military school at West Point. Art, however, had greater attractions for him than those offered by arms, and, though destined for the army, he abandoned the hereditary profession of his race, and went to Paris, entering the *atelier* of Gleyre.

It was during his residence in that city, with Degas, Bracquemond, and Fantin-Latour for his friends, that he produced and published his first set of etchings, known to collectors as "The Little French Set;" while his first important picture, 'The White Girl,' painted at this period also, notwithstanding its rejection by the jury of the Salon, made its young author famous when exhibited at the Salon des Refusés.

After a while he came to London, and soon found his way to Chelsea, which he, artistically, may be said to have discovered. For, although at the time there were living by the banks of his river, Rossetti and Swinburne, and their followers, the translation of either the Thames or its surroundings was never dreamed of in any of their works.

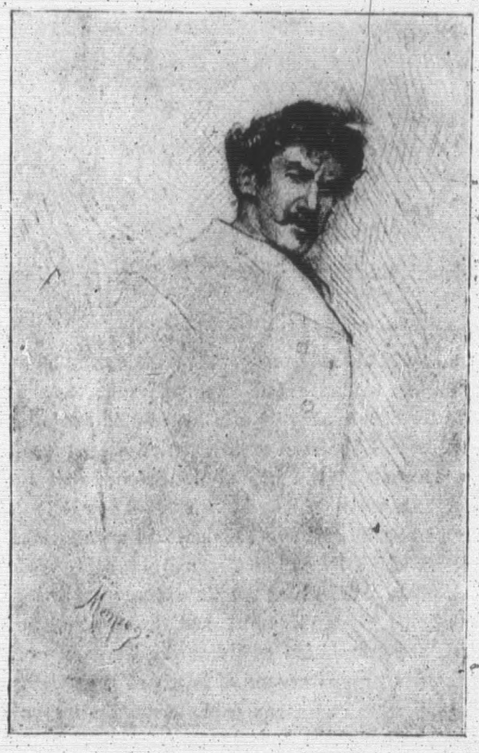
For many years he was an exhibitor at Burlington House, sometimes with signal success, as in the case of his first contribution, 'At the Piano,' which was purchased by the late John Phillip, R.A. The often quoted portrait of his mother, 'An Arrangement in Black and Grey' (see engraving), however, was rejected, and only found a place on the Academy's walls after a severe struggle between the committee of selection and the late Sir Wm. Boxall, R.A., who threatened to retire from the council if the picture was not hung, declaring that he would not have it said that he was a member of the committee that rejected a painting of such merit; and, indeed, no more complete rebuke could have been administered to this hesitation on the part of the committee than the gold medal awarded by their *confrères* of the jury in Paris at the Salon of 1884. "*Tout vient à la point qui sait attendre.*" Of recent years he has continuously sent portraits to the Salon. When Sir Coutts Lindsay conceived the idea of building a gallery, Whistler was one of the men on whose co-operation he relied. And on the Grosvenor Gallery being opened in 1877, an important space was placed at his disposal. Here he was a regular contributor for the next seven years. The 'Nocturnes,' which were the origin of his action against Mr. Ruskin, and 'The Pacific,'



An Orange Note—Sweet Shop.

* "A Sketch of the Life and Works of George W. Whistler, Civil Engineer." By George L. Vose, President of the Boston Society of Civil Engineers. Published by Lee and Shephard, Boston; Charles T. Willingham, New York.

his portraits of Henry Irving as Philip II., of Carlyle, of Miss Alexander, of Miss Rosa Corder, and of Lady Archibald



James McNeill Whistler. From a Dry-point, by Mortimer L. Menpes.

Campbell (see page 101) belong to this period. In 1884 he was invited to become a member of the Society of British Artists, and was elected President in 1886. His fine portrait of Señor Sarasate occupied the place of honour in the Suffolk Street Galleries in 1885.

With these, and a few other exceptions, Mr. Whistler has shown but little in the public galleries of miscellaneous Art; preferring to exhibit his works in rooms specially decorated by himself for their proper exposition. The reason for this may be found in his perception of the want of artistic unity in the generality of picture shows, or it may be that he took these occasions for the production of scientific "arrangements" or "harmonies" in the decoration—a proceeding which excited suspicion in the minds of many, for a new departure is too often looked upon as a personal affront.

The first of his *expositions particulières* was held in 1874, at 48, Pall Mall. This was followed at The Fine Art Society's rooms by three exhibitions of the result of a visit to Venice, two being of etchings and dry-points, in the years 1880 and 1883, and one of pastels in 1881. In 1884 and 1886, he decorated the little gallery at 133, New Bond Street, and each time covered the walls with some sixty or seventy "Notes, Harmonies, Nocturnes" of great freshness and beauty. On the catalogue was always an indication of the composition of the galleries; as "Arrangement in Yellow and White," "Arrangement in Flesh Colour and Grey," "Arrangement in Brown and Gold"—the "butterfly" on the card of invitation taking each time the colour of the occasion.

Meanwhile he produced in 1877 that triumph of decorative art, the "Peacock Room"—a gold dining-room, upon the walls and ceiling of which he painted with his own hand a series of designs in blue suggested by the markings of the peacock, while upon the panels formed by the closing of the shutters are paintings of wonderful beauty and *verve* of the stately birds whose name gives the title to the room.

Several other houses in London demonstrate the beauty of his conceptions of harmonious colour in decoration. In Paris, too, the music-room of his friend Sarasate is one of the most recent results of his efforts in this direction. It is an arrangement of white and delicate pink and yellow, and all the furniture was designed with due regard to the purpose of the room.

For many years Mr. Whistler resided in one of the houses in Lindsey Row on the Chelsea bank of the river he has loved so well. But in 1879 the late E. W. Godwin designed a house for him in Tite Street, a quaint little building of white brick, since well known as "The White House." The house he now inhabits is simple perhaps to a degree in its charming combination of plan and colour; everything is of the daintiest, and reflects the personality of its owner at every turn. His large studio in the Fulham Road is painted white throughout, with just a *soupçon* of yellow in the rugs and mattings; plain almost to bareness, the lofty room is a veritable workshop. There is none of the artistic property so frequently found in the studios of the majority of painters. A table covered with old Nankin china—for use as well as for ornament—a pale saffron-coloured chair or two, a few couches, and the table which he uses as his palette, comprise at first



Symphony in White No. III.

sight all the furniture. There is a crowd of canvases at the further end, and pinned upon the wall, on the right, a number of exquisite little notes of colour, and drawings of semi-draped figures from life, in pastels, upon brown paper. It is here (see illustration) he is to be found often working far into the night.

As an etcher, it is, perhaps, that Whistler meets with the readiest acceptation. The admiration for works in black and white, even with those who have a natural love for Art, has generally preceded the understanding of the subtleties of colour. There is in the brilliant decision of touch, in the suggestion effected by the lines of the etcher, an extremely direct fascination even for the ordinary man of culture, which the more elaborate essays in colour fail to exercise. Of his position as an etcher there are not two opinions; proofs of his plates realise high prices in the market, and are sought after by the collector. And they who do not perceive in his pictures the attributes of the great painter which others claim for him readily accord him the right to rank with the great etchers of the world. His etchings, however, have really always gone hand in hand with his painting, the one reacting continually upon the other. Replete from the first with the originality which is the hall-mark of Whistler's whole work, they remain distinctly individual among the productions of all recognised masters.

With varying intervals throughout his life he has been an enthusiast with the needle. He has produced, according to Mr. Wedmore's lately published *catalogue raisonnée*, two hundred and fourteen plates, and has issued four sets; namely, "The Little French set" in 1858, the "Thames set" in 1871, the "Venice" in 1880, and the "Venice, Second Series" in 1887.

One often hears Whistler spoken of as what in the real sense of the word he is—"an impressionist." He is in no way connected with the Paris "Société des Impressionnistes." But in so far as that it is the essence only of the subject that he deems worthy of attention, and not some isolated quality—be it of colour, of texture, of aspect, or of line—he is, in company with the great of all time, an impressionist.

Still, though he declines to associate himself with the classifications of others, his own productions are all based upon certain scientific formulæ upon which he insists. These *raisons d'être* he is always able to explain. He maintains, for instance, that "Industry in Art is a necessity—not a virtue—and any evidence of the same, in the production, is a blemish, not a quality;—a proof not of achievement, but of absolutely insufficient work, for work alone will efface the footsteps of work." *

* "L'Envoi," 1884. Whistler.

That, if by reference to history only, Art is for the few—its understanding not at all the acquisition of the many; that Art is not the outcome of a civilization. As he says, "The master stands in no relation to the moment at which he occurs—a monument of isolation—hinting at sadness—having no part in the progress of his fellow-men. He is also no more the product of civilization than is the scientific truth asserted dependent upon the wisdom of a period. The assertion itself requires the *man* to make it. The truth was from the begining." *

He abhors the cant of philanthropy in Art—the notion that pictures are painted to improve the mind and ennoble the life, on the contrary insisting that they have "no mission to fulfil, a joy to the artist, a delusion to the philanthropist, an accident of sentiment and alliteration to the literary man." That he who searches for sermons on canvas may indeed succeed



An Arrangement in Black and Grey—Portrait of the Painter's Mother.

in discovering the symbol only to miss the masterpiece. A fine picture has no need of the plot of the novelist—is debased by connection with the clap-trap of melodrama.

He has no toleration for the existing academies and schools of Art, for he asserts that their principal product has been the amateur—the brother of Affectation and Æstheticism. "Then you would do away with all the Art schools?" he was asked. "Not at all," was his reply, "they are harmless, and it is just as well, when the genius appears, that he should find the fire alight, and the room warm, easels close to his hand, and the model sitting; though," he added, with a sly smile, "I make no doubt but that he'll immediately alter her *pose!*"

He says, "No man alive is life-size except the recruit who is being measured as he enters the regiment, and then the only man who sees him 'life-size' is the sergeant who measures him, and all that he sees of him is the end of his

* Mr. Whistler's "Ten o'Clock."

nose; when he is able to see his toes the man ceases to be 'life-size.'" Again he has somewhere asserted—

"The notion that I paint flesh lower in tone than it is in nature, is entirely based upon the popular superstition as to what flesh really is—when seen on canvas; for the people never look at nature with any sense of its pictorial appearance—for which reason, by the way, they also never look at a picture with any sense of nature, but, unconsciously from habit, with reference to what they have seen in other pictures. Now, in the usual 'pictures of the year,' there is but one flesh that shall do service under all circumstances, whether the person painted be in the soft light of the room or out in the glare of the open. The one aim of the unsuspecting painter is to make his man 'stand out' from the frame, never doubting that, on the contrary, he should really, and in truth absolutely does, stand within the frame, and at a depth behind it equal to the distance at which the painter sees his model. The frame is, indeed, the window through which the painter looks at his model, and nothing could be more offensively inartistic than this brutal attempt to thrust the model on the hitherside of this window! Yet this is the false condition of things to which all have become accustomed, and in the stupendous effort to bring it about exaggeration has been exhausted, and the traditional means of the incompetent can no further go. Lights have been heightened until the white of the tube alone remains; shadows have been deepened until black alone is left. Scarcely a feature stays in its place, so fierce is its intention of 'firmly' coming forth; and in the midst of this unseemly struggle for prominence the gentle truth has but a sorry chance, falling flat and flavourless, and without force.



"Jo." *From an Etching.*

"The Master himself from Madrid beside this monster success of mediocrity would be looked upon as mild: *beau bien sûre, mais pas 'dans le mouvement.'*

"Whereas, could the people be induced to turn their eyes but for a moment with the fresh power of comparison upon their fellow-creatures as they pass in the gallery, they might be made dimly to perceive (though I doubt it, so blind is their belief in the bad) how little they resemble the impudent images on the walls! how 'quiet' in colour they are!—how 'grey!'—how 'low in tone!'

"And then it might be explained to their riveted intelligence how they had mistaken meretriciousness for mastery, and by what mean methods the imposture had been practised upon them."

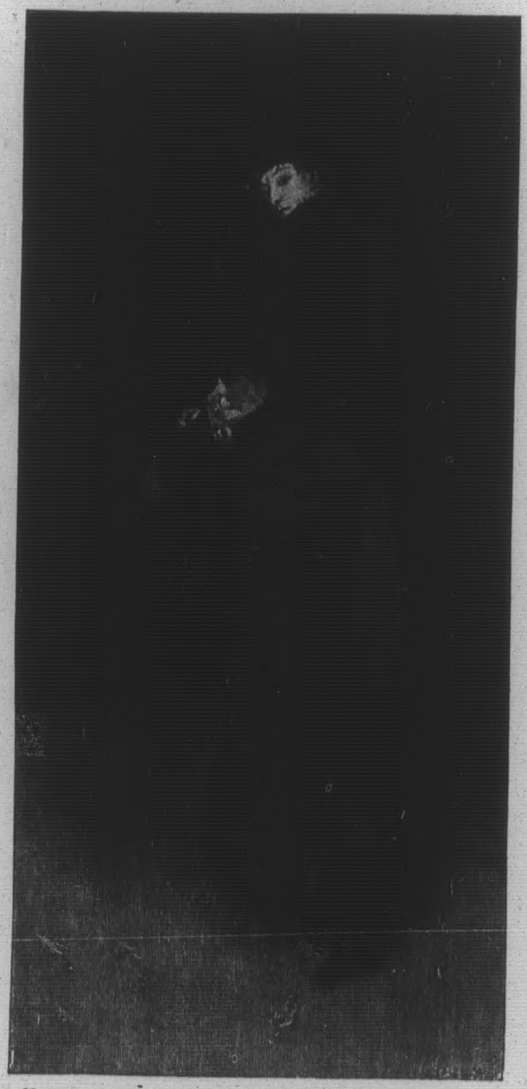
In contradistinction to this clear sense of the painter's reason for all that he does, we may consider for a moment the vague sentiments that actuated those who surrounded him. With the pre-Raphaelites, for instance, the *thought* is pre-eminently the noblest quality in their work; they are, in fact, poets who from some strange cause or other have chosen the brush as a means of expression instead of the pen; nay, further, they are not poets primarily and then painters, but they are poets only—not painters at all; distinctly literary men who have mistaken their vocation.

And he who can class a man of this sort with a great artist like Velasquez is a man who has never succeeded in analysing his sensations, and therefore does not realise that the chord struck in his system by the contemplation of the work of the former is the same that vibrates within him when he reads a poem by Keats or Shelley—a very different emotion from that which he experiences when looking on a picture by a painter.

In Whistler's works, the complete absence of any literary quality is as marked as it is deliberate. The difficulty which therefore presented itself of finding suitable titles for his pictures (which, while avoiding quotation or technical pedantry, would serve the double purpose of supplying each with a separate name and give an explanation of its existence), he surmounts by the adoption of certain terms which were formerly considered as belonging to the musician. These expressions he applies with infinite care and judgment. When the *motif* of a picture has been the blending of two or more dominant colours into one melodious whole, he will describe it as a "harmony" or an "arrangement" in those tints which play the more important part in the colour scheme. A single colour serves him in this way: "Note in Orange—Sweet Shop" (which we engrave on page 97, by permission of Mr. Wickham Flower), "Little Grey Note," "Note in Blue and Opal," etc., each "note" being some spot of obvious colour, the *key*, in short, in which the others are harmonised. If some subject under an effect of night has appealed to him, he uses the word "nocturne" to express his meaning, and so we have "The Furnace Nocturne"—a furnace seen through an open

door on the side of a Venetian Canal. But if night has come down upon him with overwhelming force, night primarily, and has with solemn mystery unfolded to him little by little the secrets of her lovely hues, through which he has at length discerned the forms of the objects round about him; then we find him giving the word "nocturne" a more important significance by placing it first; and so we have "Nocturne—Blue and Silver—Battersea."

Apropos of this nomenclature, I remember Mr. Whistler's characteristic reply to a criticism in the *Saturday Review*:—"... So in the 'Symphony in White No. III.,' there are many dainty variations of tint, but it is not precisely a symphony in white. One lady has a yellowish dress and brown hair and a bit of yellow ribbon, the other has a red fan, and there are flowers and green leaves. There is a girl in white on a white sofa, but even this girl has reddish hair, and of course there is the flesh colour of the complexion." "Heavens!" said Whistler, "that such profound imbecility should find its place in print! Did this silly sage expect *white* hair and chalked faces? and does he in his astounding consequence believe that a symphony in 'F' contains no other note? but shall be a continual repetition of F! F! F! .... Fool!"



Harmony in Brown and Black—Lady Archibald Campbell.

It would be difficult to overestimate Whistler's influence on the young art of our time. Apart from his acknowledged pupils, several of whom have already given promise of high achievement, the result of his teachings are manifest in the work of many a man who would be unwilling to admit the imputation of plagiarism. Men who by borrowing—perhaps unconsciously—of Whistler some attractive accessory, obtain from the unobservant a popularity for their own mediocrity which would never otherwise be theirs. His versatility alone renders him an interesting study. Tools or mediums present no difficulties to his hands. He works with intent as facilely in oil as in water-colours, with pastel as with pencil; on the plate as on the stone.

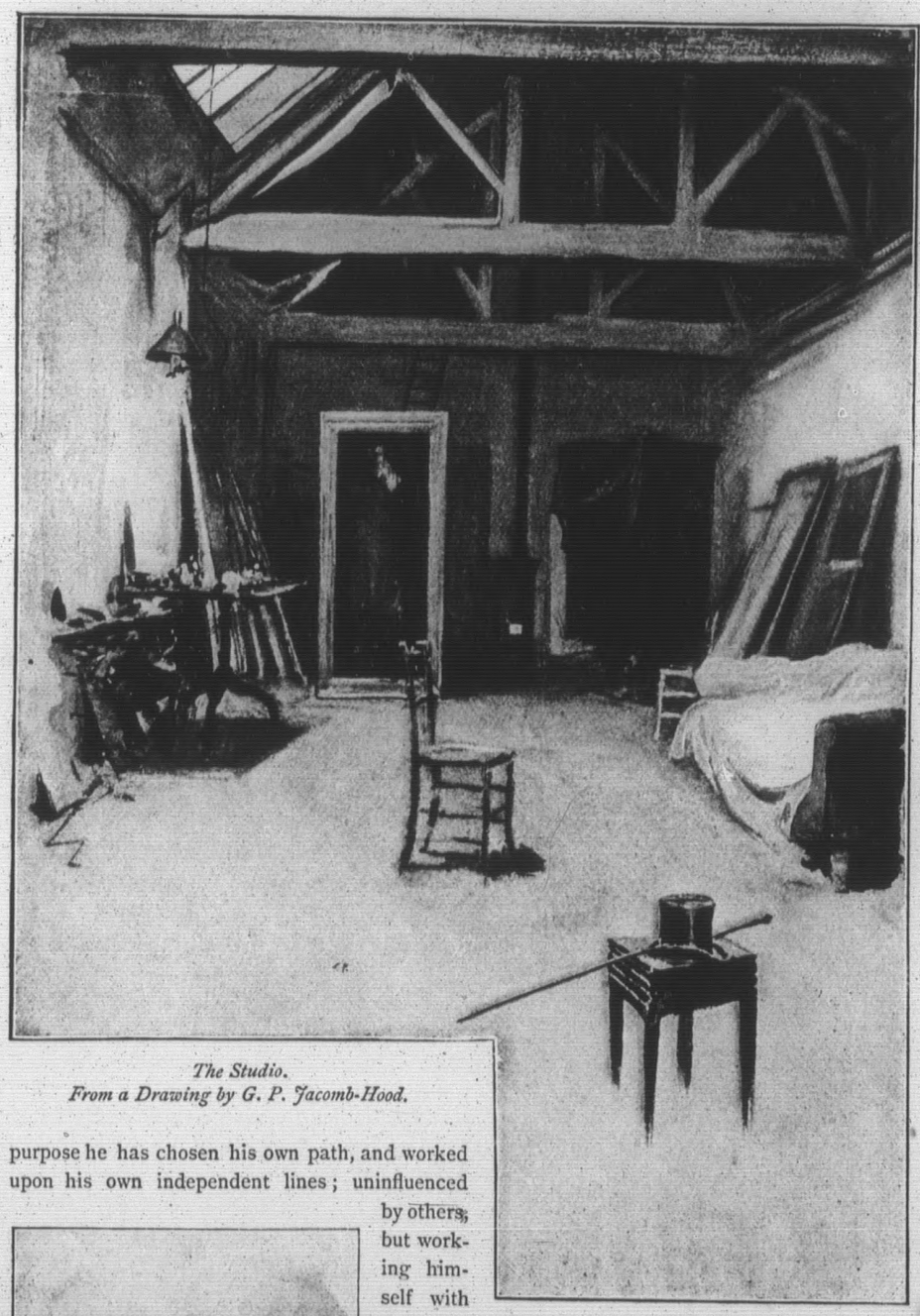
His crusade against newspaper criticism by pamphlet and by letter proves him to be possessed of unusual literary power, while his keenness of attack and repartee renders him a formidable antagonist. The professional critic has always been his *bête-noire*, and he is ever on the alert to catch him tripping. The singular want of understanding that the critics have almost invariably shown for his art, has led him to believe that he is warranted in pointing out their blunders and inaccuracies by holding them up to ridicule whenever he sees an opportunity of doing so. This he attains with a sparkle and wit which are most unpalatable to the object of his satire. Indeed Mr. Whistler has long been the acknowledged terror of the critic, whom he looks upon, he says, as his "natural prey."

The action for libel which he brought against Mr. Ruskin is one of the *causes célèbres* of recent years, and in his pamphlet "Art and Art Critics," which was published directly after the trial, he explained his views concerning lay criticism. "Over and over again," he writes, "did the Attorney-General cry out aloud, in the agony of his cause, 'What is to become of painting if the critics withhold their lash?' As well might he ask what is to become of mathematics under similar circumstances were they possible. I maintain that two and two the mathematician would continue to make four in spite of the whine of the amateur for three, or the cry of the critic for five. .... That writers should destroy writings to the benefit of writing is reasonable. Who but they shall insist upon beauties of literature, and discard the demerits of their brother *littérateurs*? In their turn they will be destroyed by other writers, and the merry game goes on till truth prevails."

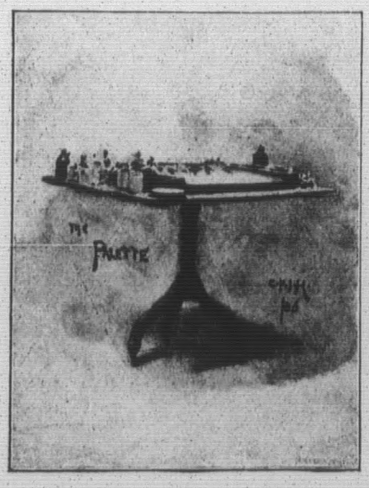
Perhaps the most comprehensive exposition of his ideas on Art matters was that which he gave at the Prince's Hall in 1885, in his lecture, "The Ten o'Clock," a name given it from the unusual hour he selected for its delivery. This address, as brilliant in diction as it is novel in substance, is on the eve of publication, and when it appears will continue his series of brown-paper pamphlets, of which the catalogues of his various exhibitions form part. He was one of the first of our day to collect the old blue and white china of Nankin, and to show to those about him the beauties in the paintings from China and Japan. The "peacock-blues," the "old-golds," and "terra-cottas" of modern æstheticism are but the tributes of the everyday world unwittingly paid to the assertions of Whistler.

But putting aside all other qualifications, he is above all things a true artist in everything he does. From the time when first he came to London and established himself permanently amongst us, he has occupied a unique position

in Art. Painting—"in moments of hope deferred, of insult, and of ribald misunderstanding,"—with perfect consistency of purpose he has chosen his own path, and worked upon his own independent lines; uninfluenced by others, but working himself with an incessant perseverance with the endless means at his command—means changing imperceptibly to him, but changing nevertheless and growing more and more capable with each new result, until his later works, though instinct in every way with the evidences of the same intention and of the same sense of beauty, necessarily have a more complete expression than those of earlier times. A man full of character, he has never failed to invest what he has done with his own individuality. What has been done by others has for him no charm unless a new way of doing it reveals itself before him. Not that he is without reverence, for the names of Tintoret, Paul Veronese, Velasquez, and Hoku-Sai are often on his lips, and these are the men in whom he recognises the masters in the world of Art. Ever on the alert to note in nature a mood hitherto unobserved, some fleeting aspect, an unstudied posture will fascinate and empower him; some fresh arrangement of form or colour will inspire in him an enthusiasm another painter would fail to feel. So he is always at work, taking the same pleasure in the comparatively unimportant pastel as in the full-length portrait on the six-foot canvas; paying the same care to the printing of a single proof of one of his etchings as to the production of the plate itself. Nothing is trivial to him, all obtain the same absorption and minute attention. His delight is in the completeness of the whole, the work with its size, the subject with its colour, the picture with its frame. The number of small drawings—slight, brilliant, and rapid—consequent upon his untiring energy are made solely out of the impulse of his heart to retain an effect that pleased him, and not with an idea of future reference. His large pictures have no under-work of geometric anatomy, but are painted at once direct from nature, to whom alone he deems it necessary to go. He makes no replicas or studies, each is unique.



The Studio.
From a Drawing by G. P. Jacomb-Hood.



That Whistler should be "caviare to the general" is a matter of no surprise. His work, showing no signs of "great and earnest labour," containing no insistence on scholastic acquirement, runs the risk of being at first blush considered as the careless ebullition of a hand uncultured. In his art the "plain man" finds nothing to interest him. What he terms its "faults" and "want of finish" are too patent to him, and being unable to discern its qualities, searching in

vain for an incident, racking his brain to discover a code, not even succeeding in securing a sense of surface skill, he dismisses it in despair as unworthy of further consideration. But to the true connoisseur it appears in a very different light; in it he sees the solution of great problems of colour and of line, an acceptance of certain scientific laws and conditions, vigorously maintained for the better revelation of new beautiful truths; it is to him the expression of an artist who has no reverence for tradition, no belief in the teachings of the schools, an artist on whom the poor prettiness of the plum-box palls, whose virility is irritated by the languor of modern mediævalism; a strong man possessed of great vigour combined with exquisite sensibility; a man full of joy in his work; an artist painting as the bird sings—the song is in him and he cannot choose but sing it. He looks at the pictures of Whistler that he may learn what new discoveries have been made in the realm of colour, what fresh grace of line has been perceived; and he never looks in vain.

WALTER DOWDESWELL.

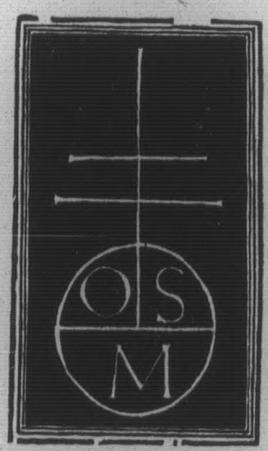
THE MARKS AND DEVICES OF THE EARLY PRINTERS.



No. 1.—Badge or Device of Faust and Schöffer. 1457.

LIKE all good workmen, the printers, in the early days of their art, took an honest pride in their productions, and for the most part on the last page of the volume set forth their names, the place and the date of its completion, together with some pious attribution of praise and thankfulness to the Almighty; while they frequently added some xylographic emblem or device, in the nature of a trade mark, or perhaps to serve as a ready means of identification. Many of these printers' marks are of great interest, and are prized by collectors of wood engravings. Some of them, indeed, are valued so highly that books are too often found to have been mutilated by their removal, especially when they were printed on a blank or unnumbered page at the end of the work.

As in every other kind of book illustration, the printers' marks underwent a gradual evolution from the small and rude monogram, generally in white on a black ground, to the elaborate figure-subject occupying an entire page. Many different varieties of the same device were often employed at one and the same time, and even in the same volume, and they are found both on the title-page and also with the colophon—sometimes even at the end of each of the principal divisions of the work. They were often of the nature of a rebus or word-play on the name of the typographer. Some of the finest, and especially those of the Paris school, are armorial or heraldic in character, and many of them were either borrowed from the popular emblem-books of the time, or have been included among their illustrations. Many of these marks have become so identified with the productions of a particular press, that they are almost as famous as the printers by whom they were employed; thus the "anchor and dolphin" of the house of Aldus, the "printing-press" of Jodocus Badius, and the "caduceus" of Froben, are doubtless familiar to every reader.



No. 2.—Mark of O. Scotus, of Venice. 1499.

The earliest of these devices resembled the merchants or traders' marks in use about that time, and, as will be seen from the accompanying reduced specimen of the device of Octavianus Scotus, of Venice (No. 2), they were at first very simple and free from any attempt at decoration. The coupled shields (No. 1) used by Faust and Schöffer were employed as early as 1457 in the famous Psalter, and in the Commentary of Turrecremata on the Psalms, from which our illustration is derived, we find them printed in red ink beneath the colophon. This is perhaps not only the first, but also one of the most ornate of the marks used in the infancy of printing.

About the beginning of the sixteenth century a great improvement is manifest in the design of these devices, and many extremely beautiful examples of early wood engraving are to be found in the works of some of the chief printers, especially those of the French and South German schools. In Italy the marks, though florid and often highly elaborate, are scarcely equal in merit to the best specimens of the countries we have named. The designs are not often signed, and in very few cases is it possible to ascertain the name of the artist to whom the work must be attributed. The beautiful little mark of Cratander, of Basle, which forms the subject of our third illustration, seems very likely to have been designed by Hans Holbein. A similar figure on a shield, emblematical of Fortune, and which recalls somewhat the engraving of the like subject by Albert Dürer, is given by Wornum in his "Life and Works of Holbein," as one of his designs. Singularly enough, we can find no mention in Holbein's life of the fact that he was engaged for Cratander as a wood draughtsman. We have, of course, many examples of his activity and skill while working for Froben, whose device he is believed to have designed, and it is quite possible that he may have produced the marks of Cratander on the occasion of his second visit to Basle in 1529.



No. 3.—Device of Cratander, of Basle. 1531.

The mark of Cratander with the shield is said by Dibdin, in the "Bibliographical Decameron," to have been used as early as 1525, and he tells us that the same design occurs

in the "Emblems of Alciatus," printed at Paris in 1540. The sixteenth emblem in our Paris edition of 1544 is certainly similar in many respects to this device, but the figure no longer stands on a globe or sphere, but appears to be crossing the sea on a wheel or a shell. The motto which accompanies the emblem is "In occasionem." The anchor and



No. 4.—Monogram and Device of T. Anshelmus, of Haguenau. 1521.

dolphin mark of the Aldi also finds a place in this collection, and many of the other emblems of Alciatus bear a strong family likeness to well-known printers' marks.

As an example of a fine and rare mark used by an early Alsatian printer, we have reproduced the device of T. Anshelmus, of Baden (No. 4), who printed at Haguenau at the beginning of the sixteenth century. Two cherubs support a shield with his monogram, and above them, on scrolls or labels, are the words Jesus and Jehovah in Greek and Hebrew characters. The style and workmanship of this woodcut suggest the hand of Hans Schaufelein, and it is a curious fact that in 1516 Anshelmus produced a work entitled "Doctrina Vita et Passio Jesu Christi," some of the illustrations of which were by Schaufelein; this volume was similar in every respect, however, to one published in the previous year by Hans Schönsperger, and may have been pirated from it.

The remarkable device, which consists of the emblems of the four Evangelists in roundels, with the sacred monogram in the centre (see No. 5) is taken from a work printed at Deventer, in 1498, by Jacobus de Breda. The mark in question would seem, from the observations of Dibdin, to have been common both to this printer and also to Godefroy Back, who printed chiefly at Antwerp. M. Berjeau, in No. VIII. of *Le Bibliophile*, has a note on this woodcut, or rather on the one which much resembles it used by Back, and he points out that in some cases, as they do in our illustration, the symbols of the Evangelists occupy reversed positions, the ox and the angel being on the left, and the eagle and lion being on the right. He calls attention also to a strange *lapsus calami* in the description Dibdin gives of this device, for he states in the "Bibliotheca Spenceriana,"* with reference to the 1494 edition of Æsop, printed by J. de Breda, "The recto of the first leaf presents us with a tolerably neat woodcut of the four *animals* emblematical of the four Evangelists;" the mention of an angel as an "animal" being, as M. Berjeau thinks, scarcely justifiable by a "*clergyman* anglais."

Many of the early printers adopted as their device the arms of the city in which they worked; thus Gerard Leeu, while printing at Gouda, had the arms of that town, "a pale argent, six stars, three on either side," on one of the coupled shields which formed his mark; and subsequently, when he went to Antwerp, he took in place thereof "the castle," the arms of the latter city. Christian Snellaert, who worked at Delft at the end of the fifteenth century, had the arms of Delft, "a pale sable on a field argent," above the unicorn in his device; and J. Jacobzoon van der Meer, also a Delft printer, had the same charge on one of his shields; the other bore three hearts, perhaps his own arms.

It may be interesting, in conclusion, to describe a few of the rebus devices to which we have already alluded; many of these belong to our early English printers; thus R. Grafton has a grafted fruit-tree growing out of a tun or cask. Thomas Woodcock used a device consisting of a chanticleer crowing on a pile of faggots, with the motto—"Cantabo Jehova quia beneficit." John Day, perhaps the most famous of the London printers of the sixteenth century, also employed a mark of this character. In a panel surrounded with strap-work ornament is a landscape having in the foreground a sleeping figure, who is being aroused by a companion; in the background is the rising sun. The motto is "Arise, for it is day."

We can commend to our readers the study of these early marks as a subject embracing many points of great interest, and capable, moreover, of throwing much light upon numerous doubtful and obscure points connected with the history of printing, and especially of that of the allied art of wood engraving.



No. 5.—Device of J. de Breda, of Deventer. 1498.

G. R. R.

* Vol. i., p. 245. An illustration of the mark of G. Back is given by Dibdin on p. 473 of vol. iv. of the same work.

THE DRAMA IN PASTEBOARD.



The Genius of Melodrama.

THE child who has not possessed, or at least longed, striven, and intrigued to possess, a toy theatre, may develop into a highly respectable member of society—a D.D. or an M.P., a Q.C. or an R.A.—but he will never be a poet or a true lover of poetry. The finer raptures of the imagination are not for him. He may very likely become a member of the Browning Society, and persuade himself that *The Cenci* is the finest of English plays, "next to Shakespeare,"—lest these lines should come under the notice of a *Quarterly* reviewer, let me explain that I do not suppose Mr. Browning to have written *The Cenci*—but he will always remain one of those *amateurs sans amour et connaisseurs sans connaissance*, who are the mere camp-followers, not the soldiers, of Art. The working of a toy theatre is to this day a mystery to me. I never saw one in action, and cannot conceive that any human soul can find pleasure in a pasteboard performance. It is precisely because the performances never come off that the toy theatre is so infinitely preferable to its so-called "real" rivals.

> "Played melodrames are great, but those unplayed
> Are greater,"

writes the poet. The toy theatre possesses to the full that advantage which is much less justly claimed for the Elizabethan stage—it is a very gymnasium for the imagination. How well do I remember the glorious pageant which moved through my mind while I was tracing, sticking on pasteboard, colouring and cutting out the costume-plates in Knight's "Pictorial Shakespeare"! I have seen nothing half so stately or so graceful upon the grown-up, solid, three-dimension stage. The colours may have been a trifle crude, and I do not remember taking any great pains to harmonize them; but imagination came in with her softening glamour, and South Kensington scruples were as foreign to me as to the seer who bejewelled the apocalyptic heaven.

The schoolboy of to-day is shut out from this Elysium of the quickening fancy. Ready-made toy theatres are occasionally to be seen in the shop-windows, but their very ready-madeness robs them of all charm. As for the penny-plain-twopence-coloured sheets in which we used to delight, who can tell whither they have flown? One hears vague rumours of a remnant still on sale in obscure corners, but to the general boy-public they are practically non-existent. I have often wondered why this branch of Art has so utterly withered away. One reason, no doubt, is that picturesque melodrama of the mediæval, nautical, piratical, oriental order, has given place to every-day drama with commonplace modern costumes unsusceptible of twopence-coloured treatment. Yet this cannot be the whole truth. West or Skelt would have found splendid material in such pieces as *Round the World in Eighty Days* or the Lyceum *Faust*, or even some recent Drury Lane and Adelphi dramas. The fact probably is that West's sheets were not bought solely, nor even chiefly, by managers, or would-be managers, of toy theatres, but found a considerable sale as pictorial records of popular productions, including portraits of favourite performers. Photography, the illustrated papers, and above all perhaps the picture-posters of modern advertising, have discounted this primitive style of illustration, and the toy-stage-struck youth of the day are too few and too poor to save it from falling into disuse.

The British Museum has recently been fortunate enough to secure a very large collection of West's prints. From the point of view of theatrical history this is an invaluable find,



Mr. Cooke as Orson, in "The Iron Chest."

and it is not to be despised from the point of view of art. For William West seems to have been far ahead of his many competitors in the artistic quality of his publications. His own assurance on some of his "sheets," that they are "superior to those sold by Cread at threepence," is perhaps not quite unbiassed; but he was far in advance of such rivals as Hodgson, and his followers (Skelt for example) declined sadly from his standard, substituting rough wood-cuts for his graceful etchings. Little is known of his personal history. He appears to have begun business at Exeter House, 13 Exeter Street, Strand (sometimes described as "The Circulating Library"), whence he moved to the "Theatrical Print Warehouse, 57 Wych Street, opposite the Olympic Theatre." For several years, however, he seems to have carried on business at both places. I find some of his sheets dated "Wych Street" as early as 1812, and some dated "Exeter Street" as late as 1822. His trade was at its height

between 1815 and 1830. "Poor Willy West," wrote John Oxenford, in the *Era Almanack* for 1871, "he has long been gathered to his fathers, and his plates have long been broken up! A complete collection of his engravings would be an



James Wallack in "The Brigand."

invaluable addition to our knowledge of the aspect of the stage towards the beginning of this century, and more particularly of the condition of pantomime in its most palmy days. Besides sets of characters belonging to particular pantomimes, he had supplemental sheets of harlequins and clowns, some of the latter wearing costumes that have long passed away. He had also pantomime tricks, which could not be brought into working condition without a considerable exercise of ingenuity, and as much differed from those now vended to juvenile managers, as does the 'comic business' of the present day from that of forty years ago." There is a tradition, to which Oxenford seems to allude, that West in his will ordered all his plates to be broken up. There is also a tradition that he married a well-known actress; but this I believe to be a mistake. The famous Mrs. W. West, whose portrait as Berengaria figures in this collection, was the wife of an actor.

There is much difficulty in identifying the hand to which we owe the majority of the plates. "W. West fect.," or even "W. West delineavit et sculpsit," appears on many of them; but several authorities, among them Mr. E. L. Blanchard and Mr. Godfrey Turner, assert that West himself did not draw at all. It certainly seems improbable that the graceful and expressive draughtsman who produced the sheets of *Black-Eyed Susan*, *The Wild Boy of Bohemia*, and fifty other plays, should have confined himself entirely to this humble line of work. But if it was not West, who was it? Mr. Godfrey Turner (in the *Theatre* for October, 1886), boldly answers that William Blake and Flaxman were among the busiest of West's designers; a theory which, in the absence of clear external evidence, I am disposed to doubt.* William Heath (a brother of the "Book-of-Beauty" Heath), worked a good deal for West, and at last achieved a touch very similar to that of West himself, or of the artist whose work West signed, and whom I shall, in the absence of further information, call by his name. The Cruikshanks, too, were contributors to the Wych Street gallery, and several other draughtsmen did occasional work, some of it painfully unsophisticated. In the Museum collection there are many original sketches, as well as plates in different stages of execution and colouring. Several of the uncoloured plates are scored with directions to the colourist, and one (the drawing of T. P. Cooke as Orson already given) exists also in what may be called its first coloured "state," with the direction, perhaps in West's own hand, "colours a great deal brighter." It is curious to speculate who the unhappy colourists may have been. Many of the plates are painted in a great variety of tints, and in anything but a rough-and-ready fashion. They were sold, as the famous phrase assures us, at a penny plain and twopence, or sometimes threepence, coloured, so that the outside figure of the painter's remuneration was probably a halfpenny for the twopenny plates and a penny for the threepenny plates. It seems as though this would scarcely pay for the colours, "let alone the man's time a-layin' of them on," as the Yorkshire art-critic put it.

The first two volumes in the British Museum collection are by far the most interesting. In the first are included most of the character sheets, properly so called, while the second is devoted to portraits, the figures being on a much larger scale than those intended for actual use on the toy stage. It need scarcely be said that the transpontine houses—the Surrey, the Coburg and Astley's—furnish the majority of subjects. The Adelphi, the Lyceum (then quaintly entitled, Theatre Royal, English Opera House), and the theatre in Tottenham Street



T. P. Cooke in "Black-Eyed Susan."

which, fifty years later, became the Prince of Wales's, also contribute to the Wych Street repertory. Nor are the great

* Mr. Turner finds on West's shop-advertisement, besides the phrase *West invt.*, the monogram *W.B.*, which he interprets "William Blake." The Museum collection, however, includes the original sketch of this plate, on which no *W.B.* appears, while *W. West delt.* is very boldly inscribed. On the reproduction we read *W. West delt.* (not *invt.*) and *W.B. fect.*, which I take to mean that W.B. drew on the copper from W. West's design. The W.B. monogram, as Mr. Colvin was good enough to point out to me, resembles, but not exactly, the monogram used by Blake. The whole matter is worth investigation. A certain "E. Blake," I may mention, signs several of the later plates.

patent theatres by any means unrepresented. It would astonish believers in the "palmy days" to see how many penny-plain-twopence-coloured melodramas figured on the very play-bills which bore the illustrious names of John Kemble and Edmund Kean, Mrs. Siddons and Miss O'Neill. In the very season of Kemble's retirement, for instance, Covent Garden contributed to West's series two magnificent melodramas, Dimond's *Broken Sword* and Pocock's *Robinson Crusoe, or the Bold Buccaneers*. Behold Estevan (Farley) in *The Broken Sword!* He might pass for an allegorical representation of the Genius of Melodrama tearing a passion to tatters. Estevan, be it known, is valet to the Count Luneda, and is accused of having murdered his master. His innocence is proved by the caresses of a "dumb orphan," Myrtillo, who was present at the commission of the crime. The real murderer was the Count Rigolio, played by Terry. The sensation scene of the play represents a torrent with a footbridge over it, in a Pyrenean valley. A flash of lightning shows Myrtillo the figure of Rigolio. The dumb witness snatches a torch and pursues the murderer. "Rigolio," Genest continues, "with his sword strikes the torch from the hand of Myrtillo, and hurls him into the torrent—Estevan saves Myrtillo's life—he finds a part of Rigolio's sword, which had been broken by the blow given to the torch—Rigolio returns to the Baron's—Estevan accuses Rigolio of the murder—Rigolio in a fury draws his sword—the blade appears broken towards the point—Estevan fits the fragment to the extended blade—Myrtillo by a violent effort recovers his speech, and proclaims Rigolio as his father's murderer—Rigolio sinks down in convulsions, and the curtain falls." If this be not blood-curdling I should like to know what is. Estevan! Rigolio! the very names have a Radcliffian ring that vibrates through the spinal marrow. Even the famous *Miller and his Men*, a joy for ever to toy managers, was first produced at Covent Garden in 1813, Farley playing Grindoff and Liston Karl. West, of course, illustrates it in his most spirited fashion. In the previous year at the same theatre, Kemble being manager, and Mrs. Siddons, Charles Kemble, and Young, members of the company, there was produced a play named *The Secret Mine* (illustrated by an inferior hand), which suggests the hippodrome rather than the temple of the classic drama. In the sensation scene a troop of soldiers formed an ascent to the mine, which seems to have hung in mid-air, by linking their shields together tortoise-fashion; and up this crazy causeway the heroine, Zaphyra, dashed on horseback, and took the mine by storm. Drury Lane also contributed to the toy repertory one of its most exquisite pieces. This was *The Brigand*, a two-act drama by Planché, in which James Wallack played the hero, Alessandro Massaroni. On the opposite page is his portrait in West's most characteristic manner. Please observe his whiskers and moustache. Surely he is the Brummel of brigands. One cannot wonder that Wallack became so popular in this part that the public would scarcely accept him in the legitimate characters in which it was his ambition to shine. "This unlooked-for consequence," says Planché, "so nettled him that he has frequently said to me, quite savagely, 'Damn your *Brigand*, sir! It has been the ruin of me.'" "In this melodrama," Planché continues, "I introduced three tableaux from Eastlake's well-known pictures, 'An Italian Brigand Chief reposing,' 'The Wife of a Brigand Chief watching the result of a Battle,' and 'The Dying Brigand.' . . . . They were very effective, and led to the adoption of this attractive feature in several subsequent dramas." These tableaux are all duly reproduced in West's sheets. To see West in his full glory, however, we must turn to the sheets in which are depicted the nautical dramas of the period. Of these Jerrold's *Black-Eyed Susan* is the immortal type. It was produced at the Surrey Theatre, June 8th, 1829, and brightened by its success the last days of the Great Lessee, Robert William Elliston, great even in his decadence. T. P. Cooke played William; Buckstone, Gnatbrain; and a certain Miss Scott, Susan. Mark how West has in his portrait of T. P. Cooke (see opposite page) embodied, in all his rollicking immensity, the British tar of the popular ideal. His love-locks are no less fascinating than Massaroni's whiskers, and how flowingly do his trousers drape around his shapely legs! Compare the T. P. Cooke of West with the T. P. Cooke of another artist, who depicts him as Orson, in *The Iron Chest*. This, indeed, is no bad example of the Wych Street school, the whites of the eyes especially being treated in a masterly style; but where are the ease and vivacity, where the clean-lined, vigorous decision of West? In composition,



"The Smugglers, after a brief struggle, yield." From "Black-Eyed Susan."



The Pirate King.

too, West was far from despicable. The scene of 'The Smugglers Defeated,' from *Black-Eyed Susan* (on the last page),



The Virtuous Heroine.

will give some idea of what may be called his powers of stage-management.

Two other nautical melodramas which West illustrates with immense gusto are *The Pilot* and *The Red Rover*, adaptations of Fenimore Cooper's novels, both produced at the Adelphi towards the close of the eighteen-twenties. Frederick Yates as the Red Rover almost rivals T. P. Cooke as William, and the likeness, which is clearly traceable in the large print between Mr. Yates and his distinguished son, the editor of *The World*, seems to me to prove, what indeed it is impossible to doubt, that West did not work from imagination, but conscientiously "went to nature," or rather to the theatre, for his studies. The portrait of Mrs. Yates as Alice, in the popular Adelphi drama, *The Wreck Ashore*, may serve as a companion piece to *The Red Rover*. I take it to be by W. Heath. Even in the character sheets, as distinguished from the portrait plates, the likenesses are often very spirited. Captain Dalgetty, for example, in the plate of 'Gustavus Marching' (see below), is unmistakably Liston, and a



Liston and his Steed.

characteristic portrait to boot. West, by the way, excelled in drawing horses, the wilder the better. He has many equestrian portraits of Ducrow, in most of which that great man, disdaining the saddle, stands in a heroic attitude upon the back of a madly careering steed. It is thus that Rob Roy, in full Highland habiliments, witches the world with noble horsemanship.

One of the gems of the Museum collection is the water-colour sketch of O. Smith as Three-fingered Jack, reproduced below. There is nothing to show who was the artist, and the plate which was no doubt founded on it is missing. Richard John Smith was a celebrated pantomimist, posturer, and melodramatic actor. When a melodrama named *Faustus* was produced at Drury Lane in 1825, the part of Mephistopheles was played by Terry and Smith in conjunction, the former appearing in speaking scenes, the latter in passages of dumb show. In West's series he appears repeatedly, as the 'Black Vulture,' as 'Malvolex' (a good name!) as Robert in *Raymond and Agnes*, etc. His great part, however, was in the popular pantomime melodrama of *Obi; or Three-fingered Jack*, attributed to Fawcett, and produced at the Haymarket in 1800, when Charles Kemble created the title-part. Smith



Three-Fingered Jack.

subsequently became so thoroughly identified with it that his baptismal names were almost forgotten and he was commonly known as Obi, or O. Smith. He was the occasion of one of the most delightful bulls ever perpetrated by that delightfully muddle-headed Irishman, Sheridan Knowles. Smith was walking down the Strand one day, when to his astonishment he was greeted with effusive warmth by Knowles, whom he knew only by sight. "I think there must be some mistake, Mr. Knowles," he said; "I am O. Smith." "My dear sir," cried the dramatist, "I beg ten thousand pardons—I took you for your namesake, T. P. Cooke!"

In another paper I shall have something to say of West's treatment of the great theatrical figures of his time—the Kembles, Kean, and Miss O'Neill.

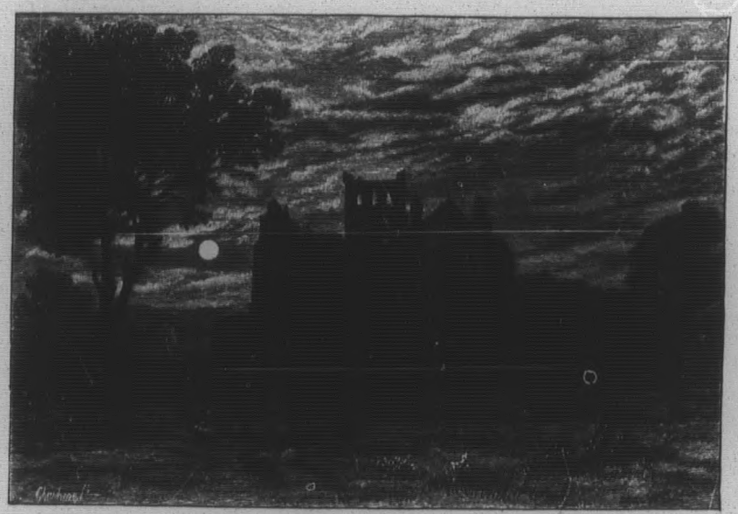
WILLIAM ARCHER.

(To be continued.)

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S COUNTRY.*

"At Tweidis mowth thair standis a nobill town
Quhair mony lordis hes bene of quit renowne,
Quhair mony a lady bene fair of face
And mony ane fresche lusty galland was.
In to this toun, the quhilk is callit Berwik,
Upoun the sey thair standis nane it lyk;
For it is wallit weill abowt with stane,
And dowbill stankis castin mony ane;
And syne the castell is so strong and wicht
With strait towris, and turattis he on hicht
The wallis wrocht craftily with all,
And portcules most subtelly to fall
Quhen that thame list to draw upoun hicht,
That it micht be of na maner of micht.
To win that houss be craft or subteltie
Quhairfour it is most gud allutirly
In to my tyme quhair evir I haif bene,
Most fair, most gudly, most plesand to be sene
The toune, the wall, the castell and the land,
The he wallis upoun the upper hand,
The grit Croce Kirk and eik the Maisone Dew,
The Jacobene freiris of the quhyt hew,
The Carmeleitis and the monkis eik,
The four orderis wer nocht for to seik,
They wer all in [to] this town dwelling."

SO said Dunbar, or if not he, then the other, whoever he was, who wrote the "Freiris of Berwik," and his lines may very appropriately serve as an introduction to the Tweed valley. Even a poet born within its liberties would scarcely say now that "Upoun the sey thair standis nane it lyk;" and much has gone since it was seen by the author of the pleasant tale of Friar Robert, and his triumph over Friar John and eke Dame Alisoun, the "fair blyth wife" of Simon Lawsler. Of the castle there is scarcely a cartful of ruins left. "The grit Croce Kirk" and "the Maisone Dew" have vanished. The walls now standing, though complete and interesting enough in their way—for they are one of the very few specimens of the Vauban style of fortification ever erected in Great Britain (one must not say of Berwick that it is either England or Scotland) are not ancient. There is little enough about Berwick now to recall the time when it was bandied about between Scots and Englishmen, or when it was an English outpost against the lords who kept the border for the King of Scots. Still, the walls, though comparatively modern, are, after all, fortifications, and they keep up something of the old warlike character of the frontier fortress. If they do nothing else, they still afford the best view up the Tweed to be got near the town. From Meg's Mount bastion you look south over the Tweed, and, if luck favours you, right away to the Farne Islands. Holy Isle you can hardly fail to see, and the beginning of the rugged Northumberland coast in the cliffs behind Spittal. These things are part of the scene, and belong to Sir Walter too, for Marmion's sake; but the Tweed which flows at your feet is almost enough of itself. At its mouth this river has the character it takes as soon as it ceases to be a mere moorland burn. It is broad and shallow and noisy. Deep, Sir Walter calls it, indeed, but that it never is except in a passing torrent. At Norham a well-girt man might cross the "Tweed's fair river broad and deep" for most part of the year with little enough need to swim. He might almost do as much below the great railway bridge at Berwick when the tide is low. But if the Tweed is not deep it looks deep, and for the purposes of the landscape that is enough. A noble view is to be got lower down than Meg's Mount, and below the old bridge. The two bridges, the low one for the old town, connecting it with England, and the high one farther up the stream, over which the railroad runs, the town built against the steep bank on your right, the hills hemming in the river before you, and making a brown or purple background to the whole, compose admirably together.



"If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight."

From the immediate neighbourhood of Berwick can be got what is very difficult to get anywhere else on the Scottish side of the border, and that is, a good look at the bulk of the Cheviot. Farther up the river, and nearer its foot, the hill is shut in by lower hills, but from half-a-dozen points on the roads by Foulden, it stands well out. The Cheviot is hardly an imposing mountain. We have one very like it at no greater distance from London than the pleasant town of Haslemere, in the moorland part of Surrey. Whoever has stood on the end of the Blackdown and looked across the county of Sussex towards the South Down, may form a fair idea of the Cheviot. It is higher, it is wilder, it looks on other hills, except where the country lies open towards Wooler; it is covered with black peat bog at the top, and yet withal it has the same character as the Blackdown. It is a long, heavy mass of moorland, with a rocky rift here and there, and such grandeur as it has lies at its bulk. From behind Berwick it looks long, and by comparison high, and splendidly purple.

There is one thing you soon do as you work your way along

* Continued from page 52.

the Tweed, and it is to learn the wide difference between the rivers of England and Scotland. The Scotch are wide, shallow, pebbly, and clear, with a pale yellowy brown, not unlike old Madeira (and where could they find a nobler liquor to resemble?), when they are not perfectly colourless. The English are narrow, deep, sluggish, and well-nigh opaque, of solid-looking shades of green and brown. Whether in Kent, or in flat Norfolk, or in rugged Northumberland, it is always the same. From where the Whitadder runs into Tweed to the junction with the Till is barely a morning's walk, and yet the rivers are utterly different. The Whitadder and its own tributary, the Blackadder, are smaller Tweeds. The Till is the younger brother of the Waveney or the Bure, "a deep and slow river," says Sir Walter; and so are the rivers of Norfolk when you get beyond the reach of the tide. The "sullen Till" he also calls it in a passage which all men know:—

"Upon the eastern bank you see,
Still pouring down the rocky den,
Where flows the sullen Till;
And rising from the dim-wood glen,
Standards on standards, men on men,
In slow succession still;
And sweeping o'er the Gothic arch,
And pressing on in ceaseless march,
To gain the opposing hill.
That morn to many a trumpet clang,
Twisel! thy rock's deep echo rang."

But if one were to quote from "Marmion" all the passages worthy to be called to mind about this lower Tweed, then this article would not contain all the quotations which would be made.

From the mouth of the Tweed to its junction with the Till, from Berwick to Cornhill, along all that part of the river which marks the march of England and Scotland—for at this point it turns inland to Kelso and becomes wholly Scotch—the country is full of the memories of those "old unhappy, far-off things and battles long ago" which Sir Walter loved and made to live again. It was at "Norham's castled steep" that poor foolish James IV. burst into England. Three of the walls of the old border fortress still stand, looking over the Tweed towards Scotland. The Scotch side has fallen; only the sides facing England still stand. After Flodden the Scottish army straggled back by the slope of Cheviot, bearing some of the more distinguished of its dead to burial in Yetholm churchyard. Now it is all peaceful enough. From Milne Graden, on the rising ground a little beyond where the Tweed roars over a weir between high and well-wooded banks, you look over the broad valley, with its winding river and the confused blue hills in the distance, and know that the descendants of the old border fighters are tilling it in peace and quiet. An occasional scrimmage between the poachers on the river and the keepers is the nearest modern approach to the fierce battles of the Hepburns and Homes, Scotts, Johnstones, and Douglases. Even these are mild enough. To duck a keeper in a pool is thought reasonable in the poaching community, but when a couple of Yetholm gipsies murdered one a few years ago, they were universally believed to have deserved the hanging to which they attained.

The middle and upper Tweed are the very heart of Sir Walter's country. Kelso (see page 112), whence came his fatal friends, James and John Ballantyne, otherwise Aldiborontiphoscophornio and Rigdumfunnidos, Smailholme (see below), Melrose (see preceding page), Abbotsford, Ashestiel, Galashiels, and Selkirk—one on the Ettrick, the other on the Gala Water—and beyond them Neidpath, and the beginnings of the river, are names which appear more frequently than any others throughout his life. It was at Sandy Knowe, below Smailholme Tower, that, in his own words, he had "the first consciousness of existence," and he died within a walk of it at Abbotsford. The Sandy Knowe people, his father's kin, had all, and always, a great share of his love. Better guardians or better surroundings could not have fallen to his lot in his early days of weakness. Sandy Knowe itself has been described by Lockhart in words we shall hardly better. "On the summit of the crags which overhang the farmhouse stands the ruined tower of Smailholme, the scene of that fine ballad ["The Eve of St. John," to wit], and the view from thence takes in a wide expanse of the district in which, as has been truly said, every field has its battle, and every rivulet its song:—



Smailholme Tower.

"The lady looked in mournful mood,
Looked over hill and vale,
O'er Mertoun's wood and Tweed's fair flood,
And all down Teviotdale."

Mertoun, the principal seat of the Harden family, with its noble groves; nearly in front of it, across the Tweed, Lessudden, the comparatively small, but still venerable and stately, abode of the Lairds of Raeburn; and the hoary Abbey of Dryburgh, surrounded with yew-trees as ancient as itself, seem to lie almost below the feet of the spectator." [Lockhart himself lies buried there now, "at the feet of Sir Walter Scott," as his tombstone records with a proud humility.] "Opposite him rise the purple peaks of Eildon, the traditional scene of Thomas the Rhymer's interview with the Queen of Faërie; behind are the blasted peel which the seer of Ercildoune himself inhabited, 'the Broom of Cowdenknowe,' the pastoral valley of the Leader, and the bleak wilderness of Lammermoor. To the eastward the desolate grandeur of Hume Castle breaks the horizon, as the eye travels towards the range of the Cheviot. A few miles westward Melrose, 'like some tall rock with lichens grey,' appears clasped

amidst the windings of the Tweed; and the distance presents the serrated mountains of the Gala, the Ettrick, and the Yarrow, all famous in song. Such were the objects that had painted the earliest images on the eye of the last and greatest of the Border minstrels."

Lockhart was in any case too good a literary workman to indulge in the detestable vice of word-painting. He knew the limitations of his art too well to trench on the province of the painter by mere description, and would have dwelt by preference on the historical and literary associations of the land visible from Smailholme Rock. But there is a special reason for insisting on them here. To the mere view-hunter the attractions of the Tweed valley are comparatively tame. Washington Irving, who was no mere view-hunter, has confessed that he listened to Sir Walter descanting on its beauty on the Eildon Hills with a secret cold feeling of disappointment. And that sense of something wanting, of a discrepancy between what was expected and what is seen, will weigh on whomsoever comes to this part of the land of Scott without being prepared to read *his* poetry, and the poetry of the past, into the view before him. Still, if a good half of the beauty of the Tweed comes from association, the other half, which is not the work of man, is yet great enough to rank high of itself. There is a real charm in the pure wide sheet of its water and in its rolling hills. The woods are, properly speaking, man's addition to its ornaments, and to no small degree Sir Walter's own work. Not only did he plant, widely himself, for the good of his kinsman Russell, at Ashestiel, and to his own endless delight and consolation in the dark latter days of his life at Abbotsford, but he was the cause of much planting on the part of others. By precept and example he impressed on his countrymen the merit and advantage of covering waste places with trees. Not that Sir Walter thought waste places the fittest for trees, for it irritated him to hear men condemn the "noblest of vegetables" to poor soil, while they thought nothing too good for cabbages, but he knew that the waste was the likeliest place to be planted. The woods have now however, struck root and grown, and form one of the charms of by far the greater part of the river's course. One pleasure which the Englishman expects from a river the Tweed cannot give. You cannot row on it. If you wish to see the banks, as all banks should be seen, from the water, you must needs be, or make believe to be, a fisherman, and wade into the water. But if there are no spells of rowing—the most delightful of exercise in the opinion of many—to be got on the Tweed, and if there is no lazy floating by the bank to be enjoyed on its surface, yet there is a compensation. Only a shallow river running over pebbles could sing the endless lilting song of the Tweed. To dwellers on its banks the river can in due season be savage enough. "I've seen," said Sir Walter to Mr. Adolphus, quoting his favourite lines—

> "I've seen Tweed's silver stream, glittering in the sunny beams,
> Turn drumly and dark, as they roll'd on their way."

Once, in flood time, it nearly set Abbotsford on fire by disturbing some lime. Here and there, too, the industry of man, less well occupied than in tree planting, defiles the water with the refuse of mills, though the evil doings of the manufacturer are apt to be exaggerated by the sentimental. To the visitors who have seen it in its summer and autumn beauty, the Tweed will remain always "a silver stream" and a memory of harmonious song.

The fame of its buildings needs no prophet now. Melrose at least is a familiar name to all, for which it has perhaps to thank in no small degree its melodious name. Beautiful it is, a little too much after the fashion of Roslin, with a beauty of ornamentation mainly, but beautiful all the same. Sir Walter's advice, even in lines worn threadbare by quotation, to see it by moonlight, is good, for other than the familiar sentimental reasons. The garish light of day is apt not so much to flaunt the ruins grey, as to break them up into patches of light and shade. By moonlight the tracery of the eastern window can be seen to perfection, and the bulk of the ruins stands out unbroken. To the noble Norman work at Jedburgh, and the even nobler central tower at Kelso, the garish light of day can do no harm.

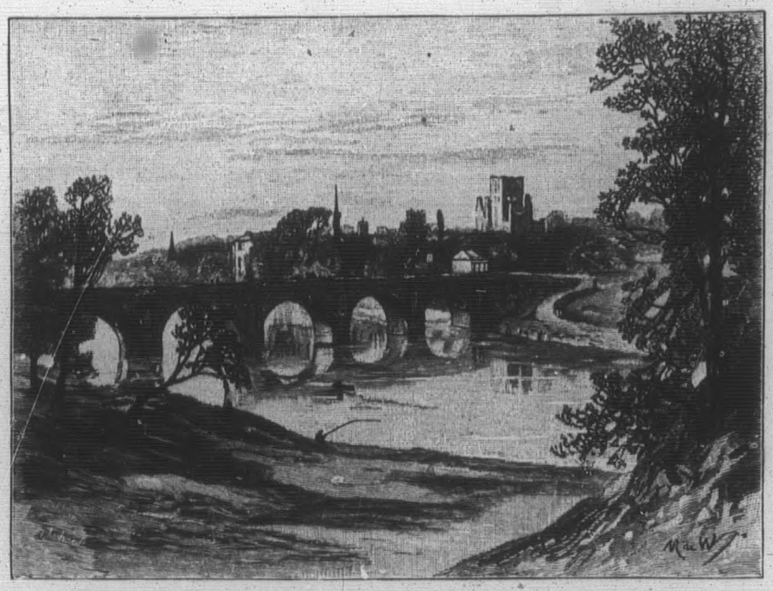


"Who knows not Melville's beechy grove,
And Roslin's rocky glen?"

Perhaps if the tourist were to ask to be set down at the most imposing point on the Tweed, no better spot could be found for him than the south end of the bridge at Kelso. The junction with the Teviot makes a fine sheet of water on one side, with the pleasant little town, dominated by the stately tower of the once proud abbey, in the background.

On the other the river runs into the richest part of its course. Fleurs Castle, that magnificent local lion, is, in the secret opinion of some, no addition to the beauty of the scene. Its long front is too long for its height, and withal such is the malignity of fortune, it has at a distance the appearance of stucco, which, for the rest, it shares with Abbotsford, otherwise a somewhat pleasanter place to look at.

All men go to Abbotsford who go to that country at all, and yet the place is hardly to be looked at with patience. In spite of the trees, which are always beautiful, it is one of the least beautiful spots on the Tweed. The bare hills opposite were a fit scene for the savage and futile battle in which Kerr of Cessford fell by "fierce Elliott's border spear" at the ford called "Turn Again." Sir Walter loved to think that he looked out on a spot where the history of his country had been made, but the saddest part of his own life is associated with the building of this showy house. It was to raise some such place as this that he sold himself to the taskmasters in Edinburgh who ruined him so cruelly. To make money, and found an estate therewith, he first became a partner with the Ballantynes, and then allowed himself to be entangled in the speculations of Constable. When every excuse has been made, this passion to heap up money is the worst side of Sir Walter's character. It made him guilty of unworthy concealments, of compromising alliances, of frantic expedients to ward off the evil day at last. It is the cause of everything in his life which has been deemed to require excuse. Abbotsford is the outward and visible sign of all this. There it stands, a big, showy, and, to speak the plain truth, a somewhat vulgar house. It is just such a place as a foolish laird with a passion for building would inflict on his unfortunate heirs. The imitation of the seventeenth-century style of building is loudly conspicuous; there are stucco turrets and useless excrescences and manifest copies everywhere. It can hardly be said even to belong to his representatives. One great cantle of it, and that the part which contains Sir Walter's dearest rooms, his library, his armoury, the drawing-room in which he died, is a public show. He broke down in the desperate effort to keep these things from passing into the hands of strangers, and now they are a little local museum haunted by the tourist. It is a very painful place to go into. The very books, locked up for ever in their cases and nearly useless, are a dismal spectacle; and worst of all is the heap of illegible manuscript covered by his hand in Italy after the intellect was dead.



Kelso Abbey and Bridge.

Beyond Ashestiel you begin to approach the wild cradle of the Tweed, a country of bare moorland and bog-headed hill, part of the sad district in which lies St. Mary's Loch, Loch Skene, and the refuges of the Covenanters. There is Peebles to pass, a repetition of Galashiels, not kept away from the Tweed on a stream of its own; and then with Neidpath begins the hill and moorland country. All this tract, which is a continuation into Scotland of the Cheviot country, forms a district by itself.

DAVID HANNAY.

(*To be continued.*)

'CURIOSITY.'

FROM THE PICTURE BY LUDWIG PASSINI, R.I.

THE readers of the *Art Journal* have recently been introduced to the work of one at least of the group of painters who busy themselves with the proper pictorial representation of modern Venetian life—that of Mr. Luke Fildes, A.R.A. Belonging to the same group of painters, in which Van Haanen, Tito, Blaas, Henry Woods, and Logsdail are prominent figures, and yet different from them, is the facile Austrian, Ludwig Passini, whose 'Curiosity' we give as our frontispiece this month.

Grouping themselves picturesque on a high Venetian bridge are types of many of the nationalities whose presence in Venice gives to the city such a curious cosmopolitan character. Their curiosity is aroused by the passage of a gondola, the prow of which only is seen in the picture. It is a very slim thread on which to hang an incident, but how brilliantly independent Passini, who is a water-colourist, is of "a story" this picture very well shows. At least it affords to the painter an opportunity of displaying his wonderful colour-sense—the special property of the Venetian school; and for this alone it would deserve to rank high as a masterful performance.

THE LITTLE SISTERS OF THE POOR.



The Little Sisters.

THE old town of Becherel, near which has been established the central home of the Little Sisters of the Poor, is one of those ancient strongholds scattered throughout Brittany which always repay the tourist for the trouble of leaving the regular track in order to visit them. The railway has to be quitted at Combourg and a private conveyance hired. A drive of three or four leagues along well-kept but terribly straight roads brings us to the quaint little town, which is perched on a solitary hill, much in the same way as Windsor Castle crowns the flat country around. It was formerly of much importance as a fortified town, though at present only a small part of the walls and one of the old town gates remain. The latter has furnished us with the subject for our sketch on page 114. The little statuette of the Virgin over the arch is surmounted with the pious inscription, "Marie, conçue sans péché, priez pour nous," and aptly introduces the stranger to a district where religious faith is as simple and sincere as in any mediæval times. Our sketch of the grotto of the Virgin on page 116 is also evidence to the same effect, for, in spite of appearances to the contrary, it is of quite modern construction. The rocks composing the grotto are all arranged artificially, and the statue which surmounts them is a modern carving in wood, the whole having been erected less than five years ago. This grotto is placed near a lovely avenue of beech-trees, under the shade of which we met a lame old priest accompanied by a huge dog. On asking him our way to the Tour St. Joseph, he launched out enthusiastically in praise of "the little family," their goodness, and the special favour shown to them by Providence; adding, that the unexampled prosperity of the community could only have been brought about miraculously. He was not singular in his idea on the subject, for it is a very favourite topic with the sisters themselves, and all through the published account of the sisterhood the idea of miraculous interposition is constantly referred to. One cannot, of course, help smiling at the simple faith which sees a miracle in such an occasional coincidence as the arrival of succour just when it is most particularly needed, seeing that it generally is wanted pretty badly. We are told of a miraculous saucepan which always supplied as much soup as might be required; "at most it was large enough to make soup for eight or ten; however, fifteen, twenty, and even thirty poor people found, during several weeks, all the soup they wanted in this poor little saucepan." And, again, of the used coffee grounds given them with broken victuals, we are prettily told that Providence "had the care to preserve a little of the essence and aroma in favour of the guests of the Little Sisters of the Poor."

It may not be out of place here to remark, that while Protestants are inclined to ridicule mercilessly the idea of all these so-called miracles, they are quite accustomed to hear without protest any fortunate individual who has narrowly escaped a railway accident piously attribute his safety to a "special Providence;" a remark which, if it means anything, distinctly claims a miraculous interposition on behalf of the speaker. Supposing that we admit, as a matter of speculation, comparative degrees of credibility in the different instances, I must say that I should be inclined, for my part, to think that any balance of relative probability might be, after all, rather in favour of the beneficent claims of the Little Sisters of the Poor.

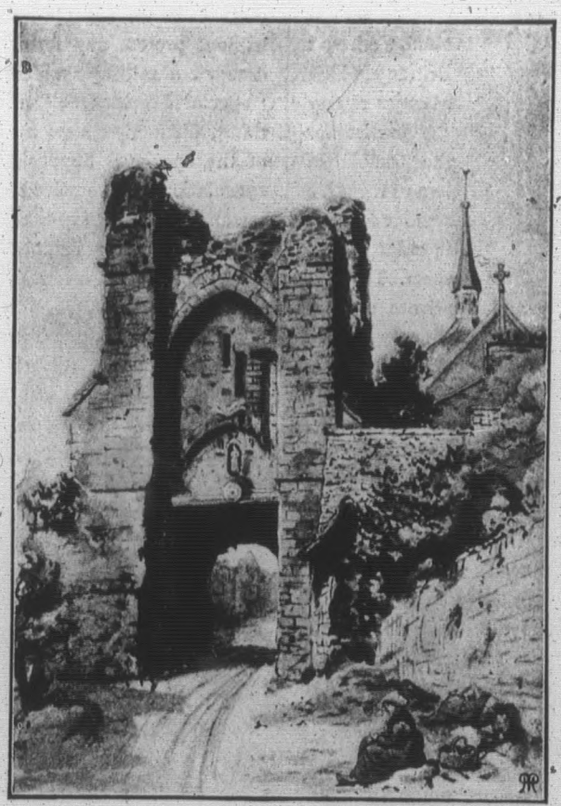
Our first visit to the Tour St. Joseph was on a Sunday, and as we approached the gate sounds greeted our ears which we thought at first must be those of running water, but as we got nearer they resolved themselves into the talking and laughter of many voices, presumably those of children at play. The obvious conclusion was that the nuns had an orphanage or school of some sort. A Little Sister ran to the door when we pulled the bell, and, on our asking to be allowed to see over the place, showed us into a little waiting-room, where in a few minutes we were joined by the mother superior. She was very pleasant and friendly, but requested



Models of the Sisters' First Homes. Drawn by H. R. Robertson.

us to come another day, as Sunday was a day of rest. On our speaking of the merry sounds we had heard, she explained that they proceeded, not from children, but from the "religieuses," who were having their recreation; and, sure enough, on looking from the window into the courtyard, we saw troops of girls and women, with broad straw hats over their close white

caps, running about, laughing and calling to each other like children. As there were literally hundreds of these novices and postulants, the extraordinary sounds that we had mistakenly attributed to a waterfall were readily explained. It happened, however, that there were some children dining there who had just received their first communion at the village church, and we were allowed to peep at them. In one room were the little girls, in pale blue cotton dresses, white aprons, and muslin caps, each with a napkin round her neck, seriously discussing the repast, which was presided over by one of the Sisters. In an adjoining room sat the boys, all in their best, also be-napkined, with a priest presiding over the entertainment. Dishes of fruit, etc., on the table showed that the good Sisters were making it a festival for their little guests, who were all, as we were informed, *les pauvres*. The next day we returned, and were conducted over the vast establishment with a kindness and courtesy of which we cannot entertain too grateful a remembrance. A party of the Little Sisters were hard at work hoeing in a field, while others were working in the garden, one throwing up hay with a pitchfork, others weeding, etc. All wear sabots out of doors, and most of them have large shady straw hats over their close caps. Our guide took us to the great kitchen, where many Sisters were engaged washing iron plates and dishes. A small crane on wheels is used for moving their huge pots from the fire. In the refectory each place has its iron cup and a table napkin tied up with a strip of black stuff, with the owner's name on it, and rolled inside it her knife, fork, and spoon. Each Sister washes these articles when dinner is finished and leaves them in her place, plates only being removed to be washed in the scullery.



Town Gate of Becherel.

A large workroom that we walked through was filled with girls darning, sewing with machines, mending clothes, ironing caps, and weaving tape with little hand-looms. Round the walls of the room are mottoes, such as "Souvenez vous souvent pourquoi vous êtes devenue religieuse;" "L'amour et le sacrifice c'est la religion." In the laundry were a number of Sisters standing round a large tank of water, each in a little sort of half box, rubbing and rinsing busily. A delineation of this scene furnishes us with one of our illustrations.

Against the wall of the oratory are some curious little models, beautifully made by one of the Sisters, of the two houses in which the work of the order first began. Little wax figures in the interior represent the earliest recipients of the charity, two poor women being seen in the first house, and fifteen in the second. There is also a model of a cave in the rocks at St. Servan, where the first two Sisters used to meet for retirement, prayer, and consultation.

We visited the poultry yards, where are kept in different enclosures countless chickens of all sizes; they are hatched by the incubator, and apparently flourish. One Sister, with thirty assistants under her, has charge of all the poultry, ducks, turkeys, guinea-fowl, etc.

We were next conducted to a large kitchen, wholly devoted to the service of the pigs, which, on the opening of another door, we saw in long rows of styes, all on the cleanest of straw. Rabbits, too, are kept in large numbers; "but then, you see," the Sister observed, "we kill a hundred rabbits for one dinner."

The walk round the garden was very enjoyable, as the situation and surroundings of the convent are beautiful. It stands on a height sufficient to command views of all the country round, and its gardens slope down on one side to some water which is being made into fish-ponds: the whole of the gardens are surrounded by high walls, on which are trained vines, pear, and other fruit-trees. One part is particularly picturesque: it is that from which the stone was quarried for the great building, and has been left uncultivated, that trees and brushwood may grow there as they choose.

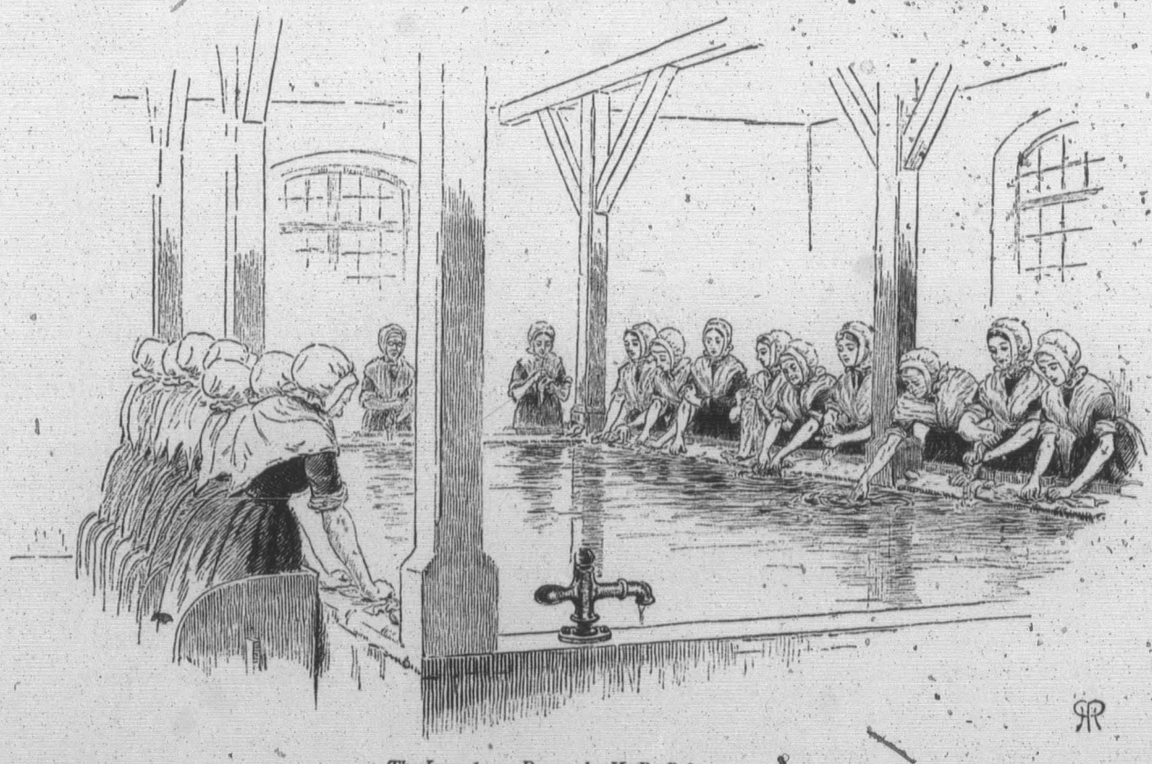
When we had seen everything, and were ready to go, the Sisters pressed upon us, with a charming hospitality, a simple repast of bread, butter, and cheese, all home-made, with wine and fresh milk. The exquisite cleanliness with which everything was served, and the unaffected kindliness of the good Sisters, make this little meal stand out in our memory in pleasing contrast to the rough-and-ready arrangement of most Brittany inns.

Before leaving the Tour St. Joseph I asked the lady superior whether there was any published account of the rise and progress of the institution, and she kindly presented me with a little pamphlet on the subject, from which the following facts are for the most part extracted.

It was at St. Servan, a suburb of St. Malo, that, in the year 1839, a young curate entered upon his work with a mysterious conviction that he was destined to institute a great work of charity, though he did not at first know what form it would assume: "but he understood that its object would be the salvation of the souls of the aged." His name was Le Pailleur, and he was at that time about twenty-five years of age. He has lived to see the great work take root and flourish, and is at the present time the active director, the "good father," of the immense central establishment of the Tour St. Joseph. I may mention incidentally that his portrait, by Cabanel, was painted recently, and exhibited at the Salon of 1886. The undertaking, which for several

years was limited to what could be accomplished in St. Servan by three or four good women under M. Le Pailleur's direction, now numbers more than four thousand Sisters, and relieves the wants of about twenty-five thousand old people. It may be fairly described as one of the most powerful and imposing of the charitable institutions of our century. "The little kernel, planted less than fifty years ago, has become a great tree, whose branches spread far indeed; they cover not only France and a part of Europe, they extend over Africa and America. There are in all 237 houses, of which 99 are in France, 44 in Spain, 18 in England, 12 in Belgium, 9 in Italy, 4 in Scotland, 3 in Ireland, 3 in Sicily, 32 in America, 3 in Africa, and 1, respectively, in Asia, Oceania, Portugal, Malta, Gibraltar, and Switzerland. The last named is the only one of these establishments that has not been permitted to continue the work begun by it. In this list of the different houses the Swiss one is entered with the touching addition, "in spem resurrectionis." It seems that the ultra-Protestant character of the Commune of Geneva, always extremely Calvinistic, would not tolerate what it considered a proselytising body holding Catholic opinions, and so, after being domiciled there for fifteen years, the Little Sisters were formally banished.

The history of the community is written by M. Leon Aubineau, whose simple and naïve style I have endeavoured to reproduce in the passages I have extracted, but I feel that much of the child-like charm of the original has evaporated in the translation. The affectionate way in which the objects of the Little Sisters' care are constantly alluded to as their *chers pauvres* is by no means adequately rendered as their "dear poor," and any amplification of such phrases necessarily weakens them. The tone of the whole is admirably suggested in one sentence, which, speaking of the varied phases of the work of the Little Family, mentions,



The Laundry. Drawn by H. R. Robertson.

amongst other things, "to keep up the spirits of all" ("tenir tous les esprits en gaieté"). There was nothing that struck me more in my intercourse with the Sisters than this note of cheerfulness, to which everything seems attuned. Our Protestant ideas of sisterhoods, convents, and the like, are so often restricted to the melancholy view of the life within "narrowing nunnery walls," that the bright and happy aspect which pervades this establishment is somewhat of a surprise. This exceptional characteristic is doubtless the natural result of a life spent unselfishly for the benefit of others, and contrasts altogether with the morbid isolation of many of the other sisterhoods. "To serve actively God and the poor," is another phrase that struck me as "ringing gold," in the same fashion as do certain of the most thrilling passages in "Sartor Resartus."

On another page we learn that, during the unavoidable delays that attended the first establishing of the community in Paris, the Sister in charge, rather than be idle, set herself to nurse cholera patients in order "to pass the time, and employ herself at least on something." To this last passage it would surely be difficult to find a parallel: the idea of tending cholera patients "pour passer le temps," is so delightful in its unconscious humour that nothing short of the broadest American exaggeration comes near it.

In many of their houses the Little Sisters, ever anxious to give all to the poor, have sacrificed much of what are usually considered the simplest necessaries. They so often manage to do without chairs "that they have everywhere acquired the habit *of sitting on their heels*. It is in this humble posture, and with hearts still more abased, that they willingly listen to the instructions of the good father and the advice of the mother in the hall of the community."

The origin of what afterwards became an essential feature of the order, the "quest," or begging by the sisters, is thus

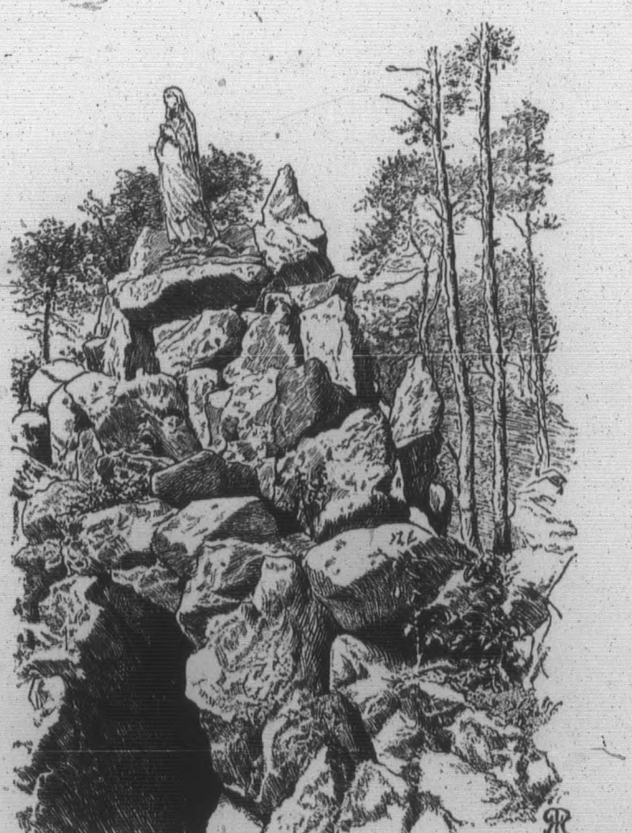
narrated:—"The poor servants of these poor people had more on their hands than they could well get through. There could be no question of their earning their own living



Peasant Woman of Becherel. Drawn by H. R. Robertson.

and that of their protégés; it was all they could do to render to their well-beloved "pauvres" all the services that their age and infirmities required. They washed their sores, kept them and their abodes clean, instructing and consoling them the while. It was impossible to provide for their other necessities. The parish continued to the old women, now living together, the allowance previously granted to them at their separate lodgings; it also gave them bread and lent them linen. To further meet their needs, those of the old women who could walk continued their ancient industry, and went out every day to beg. The Sisters prepared the repasts, and themselves shared the bread of beggary: in such a fashion, with supplies that turned up in all sorts of unexpected ways, they just managed to exist. It was not, however, enough to share the bread begged of strangers, God required of them a new sacrifice and a last abasement: the begging of the old women had the inconvenience of constantly involving them in the danger of reviving their bad habits, of drinking, for instance, which was the prevalent vice of most of these unhappy creatures. The Sisters—jealous especially of the salvation of their poor people—wished to remove them from this temptation, and to spare them also the degradation of begging, though the most of them had grown aged in the employment, and considered it no disgrace. The father proposed to his children that they should be not only the servants of the poor, but mendicants for the love of them and the glory of God. The sacrifice was no sooner suggested than it was embraced. Without scruple, without hesitation, they became beggars. The Sisters, basket on arm, went to seek alms for their poor. With hearts inflamed by love for God and their neighbours, they bravely presented themselves in all the houses where their old people had hitherto received assistance; they accepted, in their stead, humbly and with gratitude, the fragments of bread and the pence offered to them. Providence indicated this method as an inexhaustible resource. The Sisters, in fact, extended their "quests" beyond the circle in which their "poor" had been in the habit of presenting themselves: it was principally by this means that they then acquired their daily bread, and to-day it is to the same noble and holy mendicity that they are indebted for their support. One of them, Sister Marie de la Croix, carried on the "quest" in every direction to such an extent that she came to be specially entitled "la quêteuse" of the Little Family, and even to be, on this account and in spite of modern prejudices, crowned by the French Academy."*

Though supplies seemed always to flow in for the enterprise, even in its commencement, its progress was by no means rapid as far as the Sisterhood itself was concerned. After the lapse of four years from the time of the founder broaching his idea, the number of Sisters had only increased to the extent of two more in addition to the two who had first commenced the work. Though many wished them well, there was so much that was repulsive and even disgusting in what they were called upon to go through, that such as wished to join the community often felt themselves instinctively withheld. It is even mentioned of the Sister Félicité (who afterwards became mother superior of the Sisterhood at Angers) that when she felt impelled to devote herself to a religious



Grotto of the Virgin. Drawn by H. R. Robertson.

life, and invoked that grace of St. Joseph, she naïvely added, "but not with the Little Sisters of the Poor."

It was not till the year 1854, fifteen years after M. Le Pailleur's appointment to St. Servan, that, by a decree dated the 9th July, the Pope formally approved of the Congregation of the Little Sisters of the Poor. They live under the rule of

* An honour decreed as the prize of virtue, accompanied by a present of three thousand francs

St. Augustine, and under the special constitutions settled by the founder. Civil rights were conferred by the French Government by a decree dated the 9th of January, 1856.

Having carefully studied the detailed account of the rise of the community, I could not avoid the conclusion that the institution had grown gradually in a very natural but quite unexpected manner; that the founder himself at first can hardly have meant more than to find charitable employment for the two young women to whom he recommended the care of some aged and infirm people. The very name of the order, not adopted till long after the commencement of the work, sounds as if it might have been originally a title given by the people. The adjective "Little" has the suggestion of a pet name, such as Mrs. Browning says is in itself a caress.

The absence in France of anything corresponding to the right of the destitute in England to claim relief at the workhouses is a considerable factor in the case. As far as I can learn, there are everywhere established *bureaux de bienfaisance* for the collection and distribution of voluntary alms, and these bureaux are managed by district visitors, who make it their business to become acquainted with the circumstances and deserts of those who apply for relief. For the sake of brevity I have referred to this assistance in my translation as "the parish." As mendicity in the streets is forbidden throughout France, and the public subscriptions dispensed with discrimination, there must always be a large field for the exercise of a charity whose only condition is that its object should be aged and destitute. I remember once on Ascot racecourse an impudent rogue making a great harvest by appealing to the crowd on behalf of "the destitute wicked!" An involuntary thrill of sympathy was universal,



The Sisters at Work in the Fields. Drawn by H. R. Robertson.

and the coin flowed freely. Any personal argument is powerful, and we find mentioned that an old market woman at Nantes gave willingly to the Sisters, saying that she would probably need them herself in her old age.

The sketch of the old woman with the cow was made on the way from Becherel to the Tour St. Joseph; an indication of the latter may be seen in the distance. The cap with large lappets tied back which forms her head-dress bids fair to become obsolete before many more years are passed, as also does her primitive occupation of spinning with the distaff. The young women in the town of Becherel have gradually reduced the size of their coiffure till it has become ridiculously small; indeed, some of the specimens we came across looked as if they must have been made for dolls, and only transferred to human heads for a joke. The occupation of spinning, whether with the distaff or wheel, is doomed soon to die out, for wherever in Brittany I have noticed women engaged at this employment they have invariably been quite old. The inference I would draw for the benefit of those of my readers who may not have visited that old-world country is that, if they wish to make its acquaintance, they should not delay, for everywhere the old costumes and customs are disappearing, and once gone they will be gone for ever.

H. R. ROBERTSON.

THE ACADEMY SCHOOLS.

IN the controversies that have raged at various times over the Royal Academy, curiously little has been said about what is, after all, perhaps the most important function that body has to fulfil. I mean the rearing of young artists. In these days especially, when so many channels of publicity are open to every painter who can show the slightest claim to notice, the office of the Academy as a link between the public and the profession is comparatively unimportant. It is no longer a matter of life and death to be well hung at Burlington House. Not a few men have lately leapt to success without appearing there at all; but as a teaching body the Academy still holds its own. It has become in the teaching of Art what Oxford and Cambridge are in the teaching of letters. All other schools are content to be its feeders; even from the most successful, students are ready to go there for their final polish, and for that appearance in the prize list which corresponds to a class at the Universities. It is strange, then, that so little has been said as to the system on which the Academy does this part of its work. Every now and then we hear grumblings from some dissatisfied student who thinks he has been left to grope too much in the dark, and sighs for French methods. But on the whole the schools have provoked but little either of praise or abuse. For this there are more reasons than one. In the first place they have kept themselves very carefully withdrawn from the public eye. The annual exhibition of their results is only open for a few hours, and except to those who are practically interested in Art it is difficult to know which those hours will be. In the second place, they have as a fact reared a very large proportion of those who have afterwards made their mark in England. On the continent the men who do best are the pupils of individual masters, for



No. 1.—Decorative Design for a Public Building, by H. C. Nye.

even when they go to an institution like the École des Beaux-Arts, they are placed under one particular teacher, who gets the credit of what they may afterwards achieve. Compared, then, to any quite similar institution, the Academy schools are and have always been a great success. Hence abuse has not often raged against them. But in spite of this it must be confessed that with those young painters who are just old enough to know something of the truth about Art, they are not popular. During the last few years there has been an ever-growing tendency among such as could afford it to go to Paris for their education. Every year the number of pictures which betray French teaching is greater than it was before. It is worth while to ask why this is.

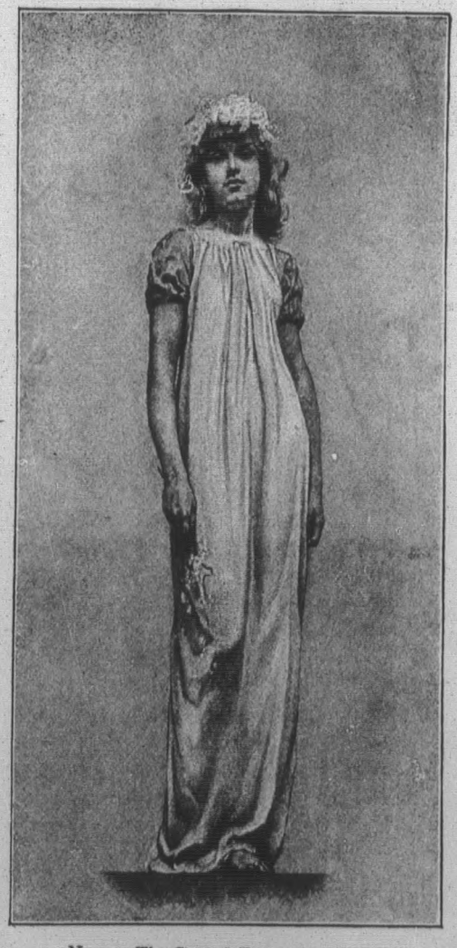
It may be taken for granted that most of the young Englishmen who become painters would prefer to have English teaching if it were as efficient as French. They are not blind to the value of a national inspiration. But they go abroad to save time. At the Academy, when they have passed through the various stages which entitle them to paint from the life, they find their further progress barred by a multiplicity of councillors. Each month they have a new visitor, so that what they learn from one is unlearnt from another. Every one who knows what happens in those rooms beneath Burlington House, can describe how, when Mr. A. is visitor, they are more than half empty, and how, when the turn of Mr. B. comes, it is difficult to find a place. All this means that the student has to choose between the loss of perhaps two-thirds of his time and the bewilderment caused by a constant change of advice. What a young painter requires is to be shown how to paint what is set before him, and to paint it straight-away. When he has learnt to see the model —and even that is a matter of practice—and to put him on



No. 2.—Decorative Design for a Public Building by H. J. Draper.

canvas in the simplest and most direct fashion, then it is time for him to select a "process" or to invent one for himself, and to give way to his own artistic bent. The first stage is imitation, and until that has been got safely through, the student should not be troubled by his own æsthetic likings or by those of any one else. When he can draw, model and colour a nude figure, and set it against its background with something like truth, then he may look about for such a process as suits him, and set to to develop such creative power as he may possess.

All this can be got through more rapidly under the French system than the English. As a fact, French artists remain longer *in statu pupilari* than English, but that is because their technical standard is far higher than ours. It cannot be denied that a prolonged education is apt, in some degree, of course, to destroy originality. The business of the teacher is to show his pupil how to become a master of his material. What to do with it the latter must choose for himself. In France there has been a tendency—now, happily, much weaker than it was—on the part of masters to dictate what should be done with the powers they had helped to train. Under our system there is little or no danger of this; and it may even be allowed that in the case of a great genius, it is likely to do as well as the French. But great geniuses are few, and an institution like the Academy schools must not be modelled to suit one man in a century. There can be no doubt that to the average student, the system of carrying him through an unbroken course until he becomes a thorough master of his tools is the best. Among other things, it gives him that respect for his material, for the inner organization of his work — in a word, for handling, in which English painters have, as a rule, been wanting. During the continuance of the "Old Masters" Exhibition this winter, groups of painters and students stood day after day in despairing wonder before that head of Pope Innocent X. from Apsley House. It is, perhaps, the finest example of "brushing" in existence. It is a book in which every brush-stroke is a chapter. But among our living masters more than one could be named who might have rivalled even this, had early training given him a proper command of the brush and instilled a proper sense of its power.



No. 3.—The Central Figure from No. 2.

The year which ended in December last was not a "Grand Year" at the Academy schools. The prizes to be given away did not include gold medals and travelling studentships, except, indeed, in the class of architecture. But, nevertheless, there were forty-four prizes to be awarded, and only four were withheld. The public, which in this case means the students and their friends, took most interest in the Creswick Prize. This is a sum of £30 given in alternate years with the Turner Medal. On the present occasion the contest was between two pictures painted on opposite principles. The subject proposed was a 'Harbour at Low Tide,' and the voting lay between Mr. Arthur John Forster (see No. 6) and Mr. Arthur Trevethin Nowell (see No. 7). Mr. Foster took a realistic view of his subject. He was content, apparently, to select as picturesque a spot as he could find, and to realise it to his best ability. There is no sign of picture-



No. 4.—Decorative Design for a Public Building, by H. S. Percy.

making in his landscape beyond the two figures, which, by the way, are better placed and better painted than we often find them in students' work. Mr. Forster's weak points are his colour, which is a little cold and harsh, and his composition, which is a minus quantity. Mr. Nowell, on the other hand, has attempted, with some success, to embody a poetic idea. His seaport stands on rising ground above a silent harbour from which the water has retreated, the whole being relieved against the luminous tints of a melancholy sunset. As a conception this second picture is, beyond a doubt, better than the first. But it is inferior in execution, and, after what I have said above, it would ill become me to fall foul of a decision which pronounced that quality to be the first for the student. Among the remaining competitors no great signs of promise were to be found, while the other painting *concours* were all more or less disappointing. The copies from the Dulwich portrait of Molière were especially poor; not a single student having contrived either to catch the likeness, or to match the colour; and much the same verdict may be passed on the copies from a Richard Wilson. In the draped figure class the subject was 'Moses with the Brazen Serpent.' The winner, Mr. Robert Anning Bell, thoroughly deserved his prize. His figure was effective, the drapery helping both its pose and its moral significance. Of the Armitage prizes only the first was awarded. This was given to Mr. Sidney Paget, who really showed much dramatic force in his treatment of the prescribed theme, 'Balaam blessing the Children of Israel.' Among the other competitors two faults were rampant; on the one hand, a complete incapacity to make figures help each other, on the other, a mistaken trust in that peculiar trick in design which corresponds to alliteration in the use of words.



No. 5.—The Central Figure from No. 4.

But of all the competitions, the one which fell farthest short of what one might have hoped, was that for the prize offered for a 'Decorative Design for a Public Building.' Only two contestants seemed to have any notion as to what is meant by decoration. The rest sent in pictures with nothing special about them except their panel shape. One of these, a ploughman with his team in a March wind—the subject proposed was Spring-time—is rather good in its way, but that way is quite apart from decoration (see No. 1). The design to which the prize was given is by Mr. Herbert James Draper. It is graceful, the central figure especially so, and it suggests that with time its author may excel in the class of art to which it belongs (see Nos. 2 and 3). Its great defect is a faulty "arabesque." There is little rhythm in its lines; the connection between the figures is too accidental, and the various motives by which they are made to raise their arms so as to fill the upper part of the panel are too glaringly artificial. Taken in detail, however, the work shows much skill and still greater feeling. A third design (Nos. 4 and 5) has a clever figure in its central medallion, but in the rest, it suffers from the crudeness

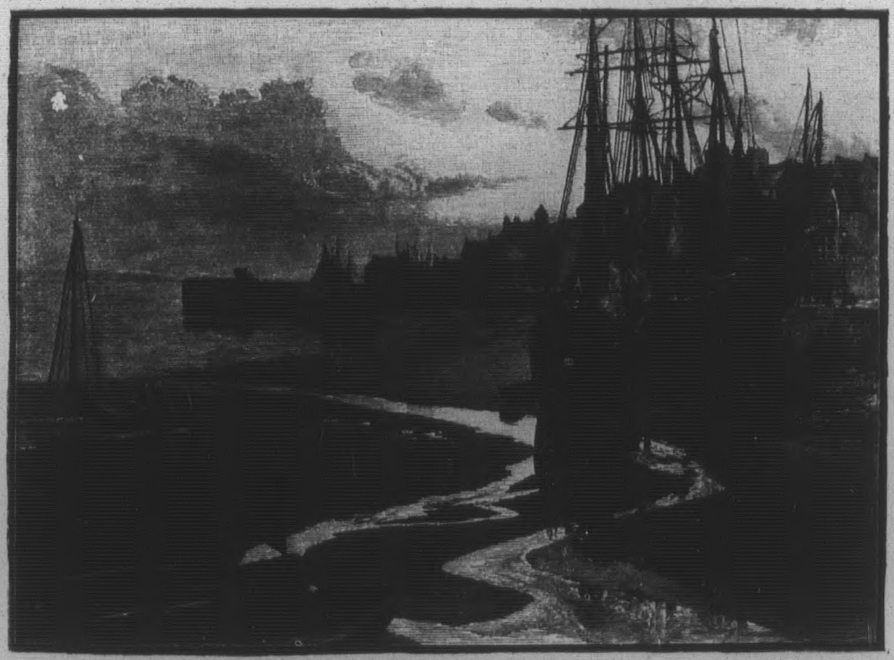
of its symmetry. The positions of Pan and Pomona, over the heads of two other figures, are particularly ill contrived.

Turning now to the sculptors, the models from the life were above the average. Mr. Henry Alfred Pegram, who took the first prize of £50, showed a set of three, in which the modelling was notable for delicacy as well as vigour. In the group competition, the subject for which was the 'Brazen Serpent,' the best model fell far short of the standard of some recent years. In one respect the subject was a bad one for a group, for every competitor would feel so bound to avoid any likeness to the 'Laocoon,' that he would get too far from the best line of treatment to bring his figures together. Mr. W. H. T. Venner, who took the first prize, failed in this very way, for one of his three figures had no sort of connection with the other two. Taking it all round, however, the sculpture continued to show that sense of new hopes for the art which has been one of the features of the last few years. In the class of architecture there was nothing very striking. But the design for a park entrance, with lodge and colonnade, which gained the travelling studentship, won also, I am told, the unique honour of a commission to carry it out. A like honour has been awarded to Mr. Draper's decorative design, which will be executed at St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

The experience gained at these competitions seems to point to one desirable change. At present a very considerable sum—this year it amounted to £120—is given annually for designs. The money would be much better spent in encouraging the students to become masters of their *métier*. Painting from the life at present receives two silver medals in off years. It would hardly be too much to say that were half the prize list swept away and the money thus granted devoted to that stage in the student's education, he would profit enormously by the change. In no country in the world does so much crude, half-amateur work seek a market as in England. There is a tendency with a young painter to look upon technique solely as a means to an end. It is only after much familiarity that he begins to understand how significant or insignificant handling may be. And if he is too soon encouraged to paint pictures, he never learns this at all till it is too late. Of course handling may be insisted on too much; but nothing is more fatal than to attempt pictures before it has become a second nature.



No. 6.—Harbour at Low Tide. By A. J. Forster.



No. 7.—Harbour at Low Tide. By A. T. Nowell.

WALTER ARMSTRONG.

THE HUMORIST PAINTER OF BAVARIA.

THERE are few of the comic artists of any nation comparable with Hugo Kauffmann for certain qualities of truth in humour. We are too much accustomed to emphasis and exaggeration in comic art as the emphasis and exaggeration of something which is not quite nature—something a little ready-made in the beginning, and "produced" into extremes of comic conventionality. It may be magnificent, but it is not truth. Now in Kauffmann the expression may be overdone, but it is the overdoing of most real nature, the lawful caricature of perfect and even subtle truth. We not only pardon his exaggerations, we welcome them as the lawful extremes of finely-observed and delicate fact. Overload as he will, he never loses the inimitable fineness and point of the truth. And there is something very sympathetic in the manner in which Kauffmann allows us to see the pleasure he has felt in observing some little turn of accidental nature in the action of a hand or the droop of an eyelid. He enjoys the trait with something of the joy of a discoverer. He dwells upon it, repeats it, lays stress upon it, and makes us share his pleasure in having grasped it. It is impossible to wish him to be more moderate, because he is so right.



The Riddle.

In studying the familiar ways of a people, is it well to be born amongst them, and so to be aware of the inmost impulse of their action, or else to bring to their life the more alert and watchful observation of a stranger? Herr Kauffmann seems to possess all that is to be gained from both positions. A North German, devoted to the study of the Germans of the South, he is full of the interest of discovering his subjects, and at the same time so much at home that the very subtleties of the *patois* are felt by him in all their rustic delicacy. Indeed, it is not merely the *patois* of the language with which he is concerned, but a kind of *patois* of expression, action, and habit, full of the charm of place. He is an Imperial German, Imperial by his education, observing local Germans in their own home-hills. This Imperialism gives his art its gaiety, and helps to differentiate it from the more serious work of Defregger and Schmid, Tyrolese and sons of the people.

Born at Hamburg, the son of a noted genre and landscape painter, Hugo Kauffmann began his technical training in his boyhood, entering the Städels Institute, at Frankfort-on-the-Main, when Steinle, still in his full vigour, was at its head. But Kauffmann chose Jacob Becker, an artist of more modern manner, as his special mentor. Hence he passed to Düsseldorf, and from that rather pedantic and self-conscious little nest of studios, to a colony of artists who left studios behind, to paint nature and the people among the Taunus Mountains. It was at this work that he gained the simplicity which a mere student hardly attains to. He learnt at once to be himself, and to forget himself in the outward studies of the artist. A short stay in Paris followed, and then Kauff-



Parody-Singing in Bavaria.

mann went to Munich, and soon found the subjects for his life-work in the Bavarian Highlands. With many painters it is manner that, with a powerful attraction, decides their career—the manner of a master or the method of a school, to be influential ever after the moment of choice. With Kauffmann it was matter, not manner. Although the art of Defregger strongly interested and inspired him, it was the peasant who fixed him among the waysides and inns and cottages of the German South. His high technical accomplishment—and as a draughtsman he has singular sureness and grasp—far from absorbing him in itself, set him free to be purely human in his motives and interests.



The Bashful Maiden.

As Mr. Herkomer also has found, national habits and local character have, as it were, taken their last refuge in the mountains. The hill-countries foster the small, strong patriotism of their people, and shelter from change many a custom forgotten in the easier life of flat ground. Into their fastnesses Kauffmann followed up the Bavarian music—the tones of the zither and the rollicking words of the *patois* local parody—the humour, the costume, the always-evident piety of the people.

That his motives are almost entirely comic (a notable exception being the work by which the painter was represented at Berlin) is no sign of a lack of deeper sympathy with the people he knows so well. He could not render their humour—with which alone his humorous art explicitly concerns itself—without an implicit knowledge of every part of their character. He laughs with his peasants, and when he rallies them, does so with an almost tender irony. Not all of his qualities are evident in his 'Parody-Singing' here engraved, though this brilliantly clever little picture of an evening of comic songs has his truth of pose and his excellent drawing to perfection. There is no caricature here, and Kauffmann is admirable in caricature. Among his slighter designs, for instance, nothing has more vigorous fun than 'The Fishermen,' which simply shows the excitement of a group of children at the capture of a fish. The almost ecstatic nervousness of the little girl who puts her finger to her mouth as she looks on is a thorough bit of Kauffmann. In 'The Bashful Maiden' (see opposite), and 'The Riddle' (see page 122), the delighted embarrassment of the one maiden, whom an audacious lover has caught, and the perfectly intelligent and defiant fun in the face of another, to whom a tourist is making his final protestations, are equally inimitable. In 'Rehearsing for the Concert' the artist has let himself go in delightful farce of surpassing energy.



Rehearsing for the Concert.

SOME LONDON EXHIBITIONS.

WORKS of Art coming from a catholic genius fully enough acknowledged to command general respect are, of course, rare, and their deficiency must be compensated for by a supply of works of lesser value. Now, if left to themselves, "the rich lower orders" naturally demand in pictures cheap qualities akin to those they have learnt to appreciate in the products of mechanical industries. They admire smoothness, neatness, polish, laboured detail, superficial resemblances to nature, variety and vividness of colouring. The ordinary painter, worried by a forced attention to these points, has no energy left to fight for the more important objects of Art. Work, though defectively handled, might have been personal and singular though weak and delicate, careless and rugged yet fervid and strong, had he been allowed to pursue his own aims. In the present state of matters, the lower walks of Art are made drearily monotonous by one fault, the unpardonable sin of an all-round respectable commonplace. The buyer and his counsellors have brought it upon themselves. Why should they judge a picture as they would a horse, and look for a decent passableness in all its points? A picture is not a girder or a wall; its strength should not be gauged by its weakest, but by its strongest point. At the Hanover Gallery, however, one somewhat excuses the commonplace which seems an inevitable ingredient in a show of pictures offered for sale. Here we always find a few excellent foreign pictures and an example or two of the great landscape school of France. In this winter's exhibition a couple of fair-sized Corots will at once attract attention. Amongst the figure pictures the visitor should not pass over the interesting 'En Vedette' of Meissonier; the somewhat coarsely worked 'Little Blonde,' by Tissot; that agreeable piece of colour, 'The Pasha and his Councillors,' by F. A. Bridgman; and 'The Music Lesson,' by Roybet. 'A Series of Venetian Scenes,' consisting of thirty or more small pictures by A. Brandeis, will detain no one very long: they are workmanlike, but they are tame and by far too much alike in treatment and effect. A set of pictures in the style of the French Romantic school of 1830, is much more amusing and artistic. Mr. Gilbert Munger, undoubtedly, has little originality, and is content to see nature through the spectacles of Diaz and Rousseau; but surely that is better than doing without any artistic vision at all? It is less impudent than the pretensions of some naturalists who would have us buy pictures, and for high prices too, into which they have confessedly put nothing of what the whole world has for centuries been pleased to call Art. Some of Mr. Munger's work shows an intelligent and feeling adaptation of the ideas and methods of his precursors.

In the Dudley Water Colour Exhibition at the first glance one sees an overpowering amount of commonplace. Perhaps it is an advantage, as affording some chance of enlivening the curious accidents of style, that much of it should be less "slick" and accomplished than the banal and clever kind favoured by dealers. A second look reveals some really excellent work, and a sensible general improvement in the intention of the whole gallery. There is less mad and undigested colour than usual. Indeed, the hot and feverish mood of British water colour seems to be gradually yielding to treatment. The rosy exanthematous eruption is leaving the walls of our galleries and permitting them to put on a healthier, quieter, and more atmospheric complexion. Foremost among the good men are Mr. Rupert Stevens and Mr. Alfred East. Mr. Stevens's work, always strong and vivid, is enlivened with sufficient variety: 'Down the Lane,' a stray but mellow effect of evening light; 'Moonlight Shore, Surrey,' rich and effective; Cranleigh Common,' a broad, solemn, David Cox-like composition, are all powerful and romantic, whilst 'Lock on the Aire' is extremely delicate and finished both in tone and drawing. Mr. East's 'Bit of Berkshire Common' gives a most pleasing feeling of repose, yet it is full of character, from the grey vaporous distance to the flat luminous common and broad creamy road near at hand. Mr. F. Hine's 'Moonlight in the Essex Marshes,' though somewhat brutal, grips hold of one by its intense realisation of effect; and it would be equally difficult to pass by Mr. Donne's 'Last Rays of a Stormy Sunset,' a striking presentation of vast alpine scenery. Mr. Hubert Medlycott, in 'Battersea and the Old Bridge from Cheyne Walk,' renders a busy scene with perhaps too much gaiety, but with a careful observation of detail. Mr. F. A. Verner's 'Old Edinburgh,' black and frowning of aspect, shows us the truth of old stone and dirty narrow ways better than any of the usual clean, spick and span, highly coloured representations of such scenes which unfortunately find favour with the effeminate æstheticism of the age. Mr. Thomas Scott's 'Spring Twilight' (121) reminds one of Harpignies' firm and delicate tree drawing and quiet simple colouring. We must mention also the large suggestive style of Mr. Claude Hayes's 'Orchard' (150), the fine quality of Mr. E. W. Cooke's distance in 'The Wye and the Severn' (124), and the strong colour of Messrs. Burnett, Carlaw, and one or two others.

At The Fine Art Society's galleries are Mr. MacWhirter's illustration of the 'Land of Scott and Burns,' and Mr. E. H. Fahey's 'Norfolk Broads and Rivers.' Mr. MacWhirter has had an exceptionally fine and interesting district wherein to choose his views; and, though he has made his selection with judgment and a feeling for the picturesque, he has been somewhat unequal in artistic achievement. By the side of such fine bits of tender colour and suggestive workmanship as 'The Old Bridge, Dumfries,' and the large 'Edinburgh—Moonlight,' of such fresh and bold work as the coast-scene, 'Dunure Castle,' or the water colour, 'The Land of Burns from Arran,' we find the raw colour and ragged ill-considered workmanship of 'Wark Castle,' and the flimsy idealism of 'Caerlaverock Castle.' Many of the large illustrations are well chosen and effectively arranged so as to bring out the picturesque qualities of the site. Amongst these we may mention the large water colour, 'Edinburgh from the Calton Hill,' the finely composed oil picture, 'Edinburgh from "Rest and be Thankful,"' and 'Melrose Abbey—

Evening.' On the whole we cannot help wishing that Mr. MacWhirter would supplement a certain artistic impetuosity, which stands him in good stead, with more decision of purpose and more frankness of technique; in a word, that he would consider whether he means to treat a given subject decoratively or realistically, with suggestive breadth or with a thorough insistence on fact.

Mr. Edward Fahey's views of the 'Norfolk Broads and Rivers' are painted with a conscientious regard for the true character of the country, which only those who have really navigated those lonely waters can fully appreciate. Certain aspects of the country, however, and certain phases of light Mr. Fahey has scarcely attempted. The extraordinary and threatening grandeur of the fen countries, when the dark sullen land is dominated by a vast and storm-rent sky, he has left entirely untouched. Most other kinds of effect—of grey days, sunlight, or evening—he has rendered with success, excelling chiefly in silvery keys of colour and quiet aspects of weather. It would have been possible, however, to have made more of certain isolated groups of fine trees to which the lonely flatness of the country lends an appearance of almost monumental dignity. This remark might also apply with some degree of truth to Mr. Fahey's view of that remarkable ruin upon a ruin, the tumble-down mill built from the remains of "St. Benedict's Abbey." In dealing with the structure of the country, the character of the reeds and grasses, the shape and cut of boats, sails, windmills, and other objects, it would be difficult indeed to combine Art and fidelity to fact in fuller measure than here. The long lines of waving reeds, the low horizons, the silvery distances, the close almost parallel lines of mud grasses or dykes are not only delicately true to nature, but are woven in far from ungraceful composition. The 'Water Frolic' and 'The Winning Boat' are representations of regatta days, those rare occasions when the Broads put on a look of populousness and animation. In these the artist is happy in the lively sparkle of his workmanship, the bright atmospheric silver of his colour, and the easy freedom of his arrangement.

In his Exhibition of Sketches at Messrs. Dowdeswells' Mr. J. M. Donne has need of quite other qualities than the close observation, the intimate delicacy of drawing, and the silvery refinement of colour which served Mr. Fahey for the even and quiet gentleness of his views of Fen scenery. Fortunately two artists could not well be more different than these gentlemen in their faults, merits, and limitations. Mr. Donne tackled all that is vast, bewildering, and romantic when he chose the Alps and the Riviera as his principal fields of labour. Most men have failed to make the scenery of Switzerland truly pictorial, and such men as Théodore Rousseau have set their minds to it. Mr. Donne, however, has limited himself wisely in more than one way. He has attempted little in the way of gigantic panorama; he has avoided high finish, large pictures, and elaborated foregrounds, and above all he has done well in eschewing pine-trees and realistic and close renderings of glaciers; and yet, notwithstanding, he has unquestionably succeeded best when, abandoning the arid upper wilderness of ice, rock, and cloud, he has descended to the lower regions of pasture and human habitation. The bright grass, the picturesque châlets, the traces of human life give the painter something to take hold, afford him a familiar footing in his foreground, whence he can throw his net over vast aerial reaches of distance and sweep profound abysses and unmeasured heights into some orderly and comprehensible scheme of perspective. Works like the 'Châlet at Almayel, Saaser-Thal,' 'Châlets at Zermatt,' the 'S. Mammette, Lake of Lugano,' are thoroughly effective both in arrangement and colour, and more than one of them shows an original power of observation which greatly adds to their charm. The visitor will easily pick out the more realised and robust, which like 'The Fletschorn from the Reider Alp, Evening,' give one a sense of size and solidity.

Mr. J. Van Beers has invented one or two new horrors for his show in Bond Street. He has multiplied dark passages, sable hangings, and peepholes till there is almost no ordinary picture gallery left. What there is deserves still less than his former exhibition, the name of *Salon Parisien*. Indeed, he promises soon to rival Mdme. Tussaud as a provider of horrid joy for the provincial. It is really a pity that any good work or any sincere and elaborated studies of the figure should have found their way to a place where they can neither be properly seen nor properly appreciated. Mr. Van Beers himself has been wise enough to send but little this time of that fine and delicate art which in the first exhibition proclaimed him a countryman of the Van Eycks. He has resigned himself almost entirely to the easier and perhaps more congenial and lucrative task of popularizing the studio *blague* in England, and amusing the ordinary loafer and pleasure-seeker.

Messrs. Buck and Reid have some pictures that are worth seeing. A couple of large Daubignys of the best sort may be said to head the list. One, very boldly handled in a thick rich impasto, shows a plain resembling that at Barbizon; the other is one of those thickly wooded river views in full summer green, in which he so conspicuously excels. There is an exquisite, little, mellow picture bathed in brown by that curious artist, Matthew Maris. From the character of the illumination one could almost imagine that the scene was taking place in some dim cathedral, so strange a light comes through the fretted branches of the trees as if through a stained-glass window. An admirable imitation of the spirit of Rousseau and Diaz is given by Lafon de Camarsac in a lovely woodland picture, which is far from being a mere soulless *pastiche*. There is also a magnificent example of Mettling's free and suggestive brushwork in the head of an old man, as well as some examples of the work of younger men who promise well. Foremost among these is Mr. J. M. Swan, whose lions and tigers are perhaps better than those of any other living man. Good studies and sketches with plenty of sentiment come from Messrs. H. Mulerman and A. D. Peppercorn.

ART NOTES AND REVIEWS.

PERSONAL.—The President has painted a subject from Theocritus, 'The Incantation of Simætha.' Mr. Frank Holl, who is going to America, has finished a portrait of Sir George Trevelyan. Sir John Millais is completing for the Duke of Devonshire a portrait of Lord Hartington. He has also on his easel a lovely subject treated in the manner of Gainsborough's 'Duchess of Devonshire.' M. Rajon has undertaken to etch the portrait of Mrs. Cleveland, wife of the President of the United States; and also a celebrated Jules Breton, 'The Reaper,' in the gallery of Dr. Weld, of Boston. Messrs. J. Aumonier, W. Aubrey Hunt, W. Stott, and Théodore Roussel have been elected members of the Anglo-Australian Society of Artists. The Berlin sculptor, Herr R. Grüttner, has gone to Olympia to arrange, for the Greek Government, the new museum. Mr. Seddon has been appointed Art-editor of *The British Architect.* M. Chaplain will execute the medal struck by the Institute in commemoration of the foundation of the Musée Condé. M. Zacharie Astruc's 'Le Marchand de Masques' has been set up in the Luxembourg Gardens, and M. Ainié Millet's 'Denis Papin' at the side of the Cour du Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers. Mr. Francis Parkman has shown that, as the letters on which rest the authenticity of the Sharples portraits of Washington and his family are forgeries, the portraits themselves must needs be forgeries likewise. Dr. Lee (All Saints, Lambeth) is publishing a letter on "Immodesty in Art;" it is addressed to the P.R.A.

MUSEUMS AND GALLERIES.—At the forthcoming exhibition of Victorian Art at Manchester, Sir John Millais will be represented by a score of subjects; Mr. Poynter by the "dragon pictures" done for Lord Wharncliffe; Mr. Burne Jones by a larger selection of his work than has been seen elsewhere; and Clarkson Stanfield by the 'Abandonned,' which is accepted as his best picture. A hundred thousand dollars have been subscribed for the endowment fund of the Pennsylvanian Academy of Fine Arts. M. Lundi, once a manufacturer at Rheims, has bequeathed his collection of pictures to the gallery, and £20,000 to the hospital, of his native city. To the Museum of the Comédie Française there have been added a fragment of the jaw-bone of Molière, from the Musée de Cluny, and, under the will of the late M. Hillemacher, a portrait of the actor Du Croisy, a member of the Illustrious Theatre, and one of the founders of the house. The Galitzin books and pictures have been bought for the Hermitage Collection for 800,000 roubles. The sending-in days for the Salon of 1887 are from the 10th to the 15th of March, inclusive; the jury will be elected three days after; the number of paintings that may be admitted is fixed at 2,500, with 800 drawings; and among the authors of these there will be divided 40 medals. Twenty-one will be given in the sculpture section, 12 in that of architecture, and 13 in that of "gravure et lithographie:"—a total of 86 medals for the official encouragement of Art.

SALES.—At the Hôtel Drouot the effects of the late distinguished artist, Sophie Heilbron, realised a total of 191,029 francs, upwards of 80,000 francs of which were for diamonds, jewels, and plate. The furniture offered by M. Fourdinois went for a total of 127,365 francs. At the Pittat sale—at which a total of 86,000 francs was realised—four bas-reliefs by Clodion, the 'Four Seasons,' from a house in the Rue de Bondy, were knocked down for less than a sovereign a-piece; they have since, says M. Charles Pillet, in the *Chronique de l'Art*, been sold for something nearer their real value. The Stewart Collection, to be brought to auction this month in New York, includes M. Gérôme's 'Police Verso' and 'Le Cours de Chars Romains,' M. Detaille's 'Camp de Saint-Maur,' Daubigny's 'Mois de Mai,' M. Meissonier's 'Friedland,' Bouguereau's 'Retour du Moisson,' Fortuny's 'Le Plage de Portici,' a good version of Mlle. Rosa Bonheur's famous 'Horse Fair,' and a Troyon of the finest type.

OBITUARY.—The death is announced of the painter and celebrated engraver, Ferdinand Gaillard, a pupil of Cogniet, the winner of medals at the Salons of 1867, 1869, 1872, 1876, and 1878; of the sculptor L.-J. Daumas, the oldest surviving pupil of David d'Angers, and artist among other things of the 'Cavalier Romain' on the Pont Iéna; of Dr. Heuzen, director of the German Archæological Institute at Rome; of the lithographic printer, Joseph-Rose Lemercier; of the pastellist and glass-painter, C.-L. Maréchal; of the Austrian painter Friedrich von Amerling, a pupil of Vernet and Lawrence; of the architect Lesoufaché, author of the restorations at Chambord and Dampierre; and of the collector Edmond Paix, President of the Council of the Museum at Douai.

A CORRECTION.—Miss Kingsley writes to correct a statement in her article "On Evesham Plain," with regard to the spelling of the name "Marl Cliff." From information received by Col. Wilson, of the Ordnance Department (accused of "debasing" the name from that of Mar Cleeve), from the Vicars of Bidford and Cleeve Prior, it appears that Marl Cliff or Marlcliff "is pretty generally adopted at the present time" as the spelling of the hamlet's name. It is thus spelt in the registers of the parish of Bidford, as kept by the late vicar for forty-seven years. An entry, however, in the register, dated 1663, gives the name as Marcleeve; and in a deed dated about the middle of last century the name appears as Marl Cleeve. These facts show that her informants were mistaken in thinking that the Ordnance Survey were responsible for the alteration of the old name, which is still in use among the country people. The change has been a gradual one.

The large collection of works by Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., which have been on loan at the Corporation Art Gallery, Birmingham, ever since the opening a year ago, have now been removed. They are replaced by a collection of the works of Mr. F. H. Henshaw, a veteran native artist, whose works are not so well known out of Birmingham as they deserve to be. As an evidence of the great popularity of the

galleries, it may be mentioned that during the first year, the number of visitors reached a total of 1,100,985.

The "LEONE LEONI" of M. Eugène Plon (Paris: Plon, Nourrit et Cie.) is as complete and serviceable a monograph as has been produced of late. It is a trifle unwieldy, to be sure; but amends are made for this by the use of excellent paper and type, and the presentation of a number, some fifty or sixty, of admirable illustrations: some etched by Le Rat, some produced by the Dujardin and Quinsac processes—which, one is constrained to admit, would on a smaller scale have been not nearly so effective as they are. Of the wealth of erudition M. Plon has lavished on his subject we have no space to speak. It must suffice to say that he has set forth all that is known on the subject of Leone Leoni, who was sculptor in ordinary of Charles V., and his son Pompeo, who had under Philip II. the charge sustained by his father under the great emperor. The lives and achievements of these two excellent artists are told with a particularity that makes the book most excellent reading; we see them at work, we study their correspondence, we examine their accounts, we are brought nearer to them than we have ever been to (say) Grinling Gibbons or David d'Angers. M. Plon, in fact, has filled a void in artistic history, and filled it in a manner and to a purpose that must secure him the lasting gratitude of students and amateurs alike. As for the illustrations, they are, as we have said, quite admirable. In England the two Leonis are hardly known; their work lies otherwhere, and personal, powerful, historically interesting as it is, so little has been told of it that it is practically virgin matter. M. Plon has reproduced so much of it that to possess his book is to be saved the trouble of a journey to Madrid. Here is M. Le Rat's idea of Leone's 'Eleanor of France;' here the sculptor's 'Charles V.,' the 'Empress Isabella,' the 'Mary of Hungary,' the magnificent 'Philip II;' here the tomb of the Marquis and Marchioness de Posa, the Cardinal-Duke of Lerma, the Cardinal Espinosa, the Valldès Monument, a score of vigorous and moving inventions more. As we have said, to have the book is to know as much as can be known at second-hand of Leone and Pompeo Leoni, who are very well worth knowing indeed.

Mr. S. Bate's "THE NATURALISTIC SCHOOL OF PAINTING" (London: *The Artist*) has the merit of a good healthy attack of measles. Mr. Bate is in that pleasing frame of mind—known, *du reste*, to all who have painted in France, or studied Art in the right spirit of modernism—to which, by a generous natural law, it is proved without demonstration that Art is nature and nature is Art: that black (in other words) is white, and white is anything you please. That he will, if he lives, outgrow this enchantment is certain; for such is the destiny of man. Meanwhile it is not unentertaining to consider—in the kindliest spirit—the antics in which his malady is signified: to listen to his impassioned yet incomprehensible delight in nature; to watch him destroying Art and revelling in the destruction; to hear him denouncing the "miserable law of composition," falling foul of "arrangement of line," "balance," "symmetry," and all the rest of it; to remark, not without a certain happy excitement, that he, too, has discovered the Blue Shadow, and fallen a victim to his discovery, even as the others. There is no such quality as the headiness, the "first fine careless rapture" of youth; and perhaps Mr. Bate had done better to put it into a picture, instead of, as he has expressing it, in a book. The picture would, of course, have been comic, but it would at least have told us something of himself. Now the book is comic too, but it tells us nothing which might not be told of almost everybody else: it only says that Mr. Bate is young, and enthusiastic, and has everything to learn; and that in years to come, in a word, he will, if he be fortunate, look back on these *juvenilia* with something of a blush and a good deal of honest amusement.

Lovers of Mediæval Art will be glad to have their attention called to the "HISTOIRE DE L'ART DANS LA FLANDRE, ETC., AVANT LE XVe SIECLE," by M. Dehaisnes (Lille, 1886). Since the appearance of the Comte de Laborde's "Les Ducs de Bourgogne," and Mr. Weale's "Beffroi," no such important work dealing with the arts of the Low Countries has appeared. The first volume of these, which is well illustrated with Dujardin plates, contains a most interesting account of the Art history of the period handled, and is full of new and most important matter throwing welcome light upon all manner of arts and industries. The author has succeeded in bringing into visibility an important artist of the fourteenth century, Andieu Beauneven of Valenciennes, whose name alone was previously known. He was a famous painter, sculptor, and miniaturist in his day. We are now able to point with certainty to a series of existing works by him. Another very important chapter is that which tells of the objects of artistic value possessed by the rich burghers of Douai. The author has been able to throw a brilliant light upon this question of mediæval household economy by means of long study of the wills preserved in the Douai archives. The remaining volumes consist of a series of documents carefully selected, and all previously unpublished. The book cannot fail to attain permanent rank as a work of the first importance.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Some dubious counsel as to the use of the palette knife excepted, Mr. John Collier's "Manual of Oil Painting" (London: Cassell), could not be bettered. Mr. H. R. Robertson's little manual, "The Art of Pen-and-Ink Drawing" (London: Winsor and Newton) is intelligent and suggestive; and so is Mr. Newman's treatise —"generally rewritten and revised to present date"— "The Principles and Practice of Harmonious Colouring as applied to Photographs" (London: Newman). Mr. Trueman Wood's "Modern Methods of Illustrating Books," one of "The Book-Lover's Library" (London: Elliot Stock), is capital; a better, more comprehensive handbook could hardly be desired. Herr von Falke's 'Die K. K. Wiener Porzellanfabrik" (Vienna: Carl Gerold's Sohn) is illustrated with a number of reproductions, in black and white, of specimens of Art-pottery which, to our mind, have nothing beautiful or unconventional about them. Mr. Talbot B. Reed's "A History of Old English Letter Foundries" (London: Elliot Stock) will be useful not only to printers, but to all such as are interested in the noble art of printing; it is well produced, moreover, and quite curiously illustrated. Miss Harraden's "Saint Hildred" (London: Fisher Unwin) is neatly and prettily printed; but the Æsthete in tights, who does duty as the hero, is not, intentionally at least, amusing. Mrs. Brewster Macpherson's "St. Cecilia" (Edinburgh: Morris, Son, and Gibb) is a rhapsody on Raphael's famous picture, and seems to owe something to Mr. Browning and something to Mr. Ruskin; as Art criticism (that is to say) it is rather unimportant than not.



PAINTED BY J MAC WHIRTER, A.R.A.

ENGRAVED BY E. P. BRANDARD.

IONA

LONDON. J. S. VIRTUE & Cº LIMITED.

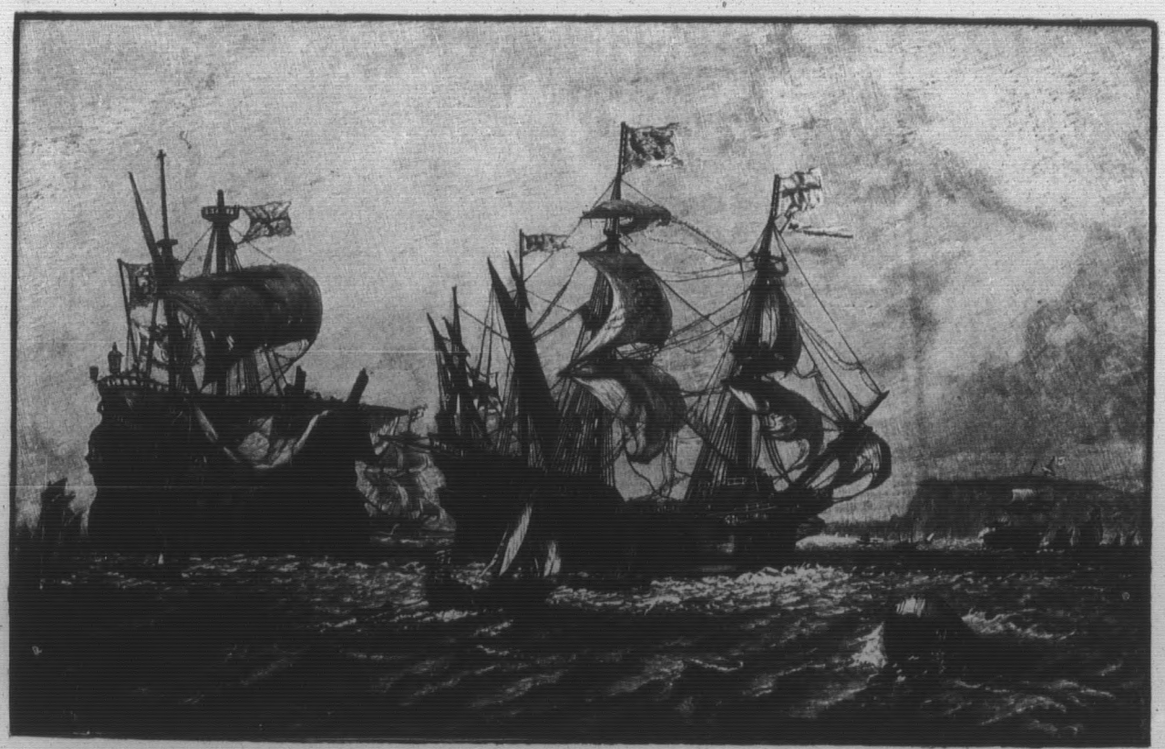
HER MAJESTY'S MARINE PAINTER.

SIR OSWALD BRIERLY.

THERE is probably no department of Art to the practice whereof a special training is more essential than that which deals with the movements of ships. No matter what be the technical skill of a marine painter, or how keen his sense of the picturesque, he cannot adequately fulfil the functions of a naval artist unless he be more than half a sailor. There can be no question that Sir Oswald Brierly possesses this qualification in a high degree, and that he, if any one, can paint a naval scene from a nautical point of view.

In the following notes of this artist's career, it will, moreover, be shown that he not only enjoys the advantages of an exceptional training of the kind above referred to, but that his position in the annals of his own department of painting is in some respects unique, both as regards the subjects of his pencilling and his own relations towards them.

Unlike some of his predecessors, who were sailors first and artists afterwards, Oswald Brierly set out on his voyage in life with the deliberate intention of becoming a marine painter; passed, from the beginning, through a regular course of education with that object; and, when he went to sea, it was not to handle ropes or use the sextant, but to ply his pencil.



The "General Ship" of the Andalusian Squadron taken to Torbay by Drake in the "Revenge," 1588.

His experiences afloat, during periods amounting in the aggregate to nearly eleven years, have thus been of a kind less rough than those in which some of the sea painters above referred to were nurtured. Brierly was never fated to knock about in coasting craft like Chambers, who began his sailor's life before the mast; nor even like his predecessor, Pocock, to cross the seas at the behest of a merchant shipowner. It has been his brighter and more gentle destiny to breast the waves in buoyant yachts, and well-appointed ships of Her Majesty's navy; to play his part in surveys of strange lands, and circumnavigate the globe in pleasure cruises with princes of the blood.

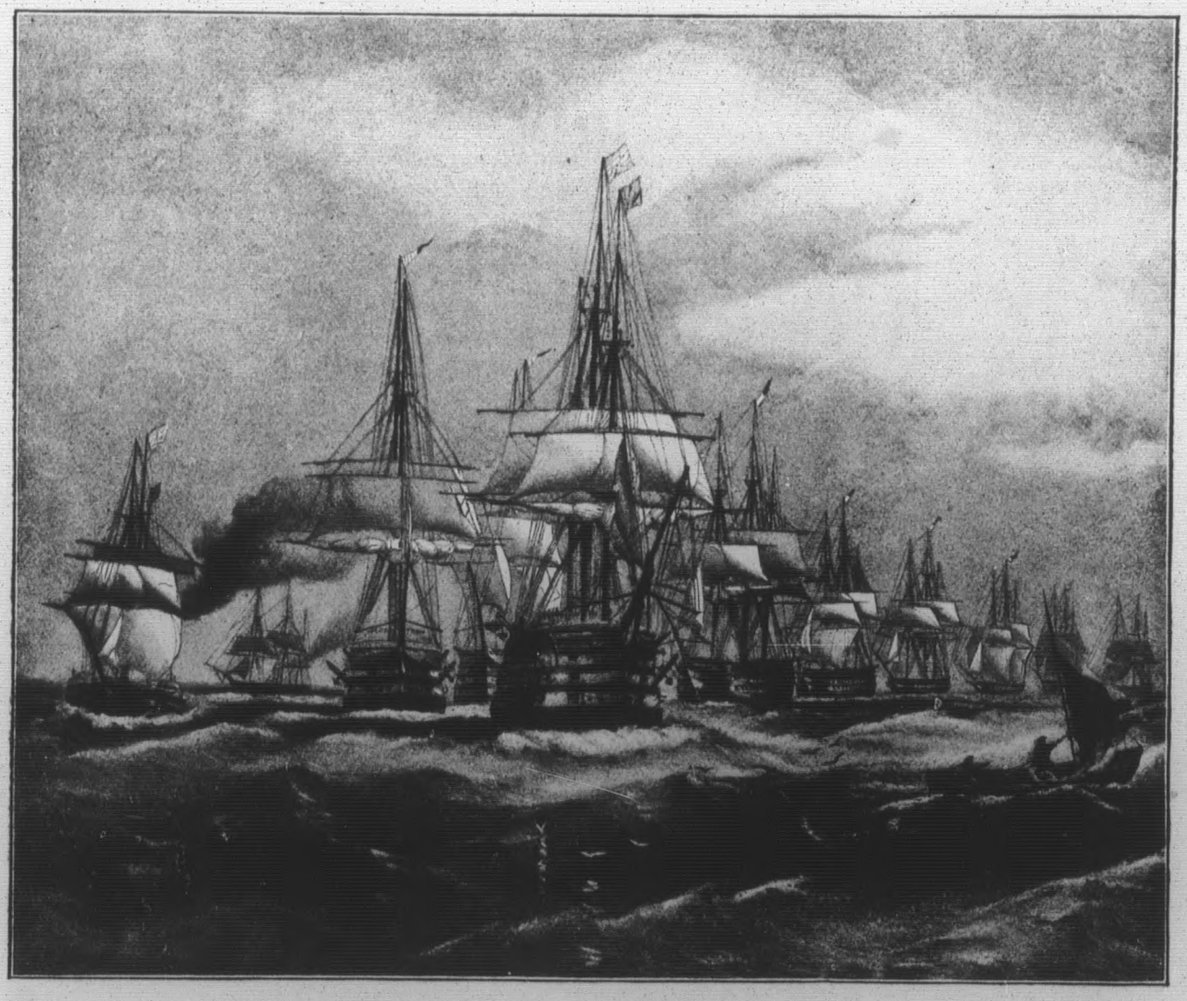
If these polite surroundings have naturally had some influence on the character of his art, inclining it more to the elegant and the beautiful than to the ruggedness of the picturesque, there has been no lack of variety or of exciting and perilous adventure in the scenes, both of peace and war, into which our artist has been borne on the white decks of his floating studio.

Sir Oswald Brierly, K.B., Marine Painter to the Queen, R.W.S., F.R.G.S., etc., etc., was born at Chester, then the place of residence of his father, a gentleman of good family, who had received an education in medicine, and also attained proficiency in the practice of Art.

Our artist's like predilection was declared early, in his fondness for drawing whatever models of shipping he could get, while receiving the ordinary school education in his native city. His father, perceiving the lad's bent, told him that to become, as he wished, a marine painter, it was necessary to go to sea. Nothing loth, he was at once put through a preliminary training with this object, and, after a general grounding in Art at the school of the late Mr. Sass, in Bloomsbury Street, London, he began his special training by a careful study of naval architecture at Plymouth.

In 1839 two drawings of his of men-of-war lying there (the *Pique*, thirty-six guns, and the *Gorgon*, steam frigate) were exhibited at the Royal Academy. To qualify himself the more thoroughly for sea voyaging, he then spent some time in a preliminary study of navigation, and, in the year 1841, started for a cruise round the world in the R.Y.S. yacht *Wanderer*, with its owner, the late Mr. Benjamin Boyd, to make sketches and study the sea.

Heavy gales and rough weather pursued the voyagers all the way to Australia, and in the latter part of the cruise, the sailing master having become incapacitated, the observations had to be made by our passenger-artist, who proved by his competency the thoroughness of training he had undergone. The voyage proceeded no farther than this, for the *Wanderer's* owner, instead of circumnavigating the world, established himself in New South Wales, and began to build the town which bears his name in the county of Auckland.



The Baltic Fleet entering the Great Belt, March 24th, 1854.

As to Mr. Boyd's handy artist-companion, he too had to assume for a time a colonist's life, performing for some years the functions of a magistrate for the said county. The name "Brierly Point," in Twofold Bay, still serves as a local reminder of his residence on that coast. Although his course of education on the high seas remained meanwhile in abeyance, he availed himself of the opportunities offered by the locality to study the whaling operations in that district.

It was not until the spring of 1848 that a fresh opportunity arose for the continuance of his marine life, when the late Captain Owen Stanley (brother of the late Dean of Westminster) being in command of H.M. surveying ship *Rattlesnake*, invited Mr. Brierly to be his guest during an Admiralty survey about to be made of the coasts and islands of the coral sea to the north-east of that part of Australia which is now called Queensland.

The *Rattlesnake* was "one of the old class of 28-gun ships," and she had with her the schooner *Bramble* as tender, and for work in shallow water. She not only carried a "naturalist" proper, in the person of Mr. John M'Gillivray, who published a "Narrative of the Voyage" in 1852, but her assistant-surgeon had been expressly appointed to increase the scientific strength of the expedition, and was an observer no less distinguished than Mr. Thomas Huxley.

The advantage of such companionships were fully appreciated by Mr. Brierly, who, in the course of succeeding cruises, besides making many sketches, collected a mass of geographical and ethnological facts of such interest as to induce the late Dean Stanley to express a strong desire to edit his journals. It is much to be regretted that they have never been published. Our artist also found in the scientific assistant-surgeon a most industrious brother-sketcher. It is chiefly by the pencil of Professor Huxley that Mr. M'Gillivray's book is illustrated.

Mr. Brierly accompanied the survey during two cruises. In the first of these, which lasted nine months (from 29th April, 1848, to 24th January, 1849), the coast line and the Great Barrier Reef which runs parallel to it were examined from about latitude 24° to its northern extremity, Cape York, as well as Torres Strait to the westward; and a visit was paid to the then existing settlement of Port Essington, in the Coburg peninsula, the most northern point of Australia.

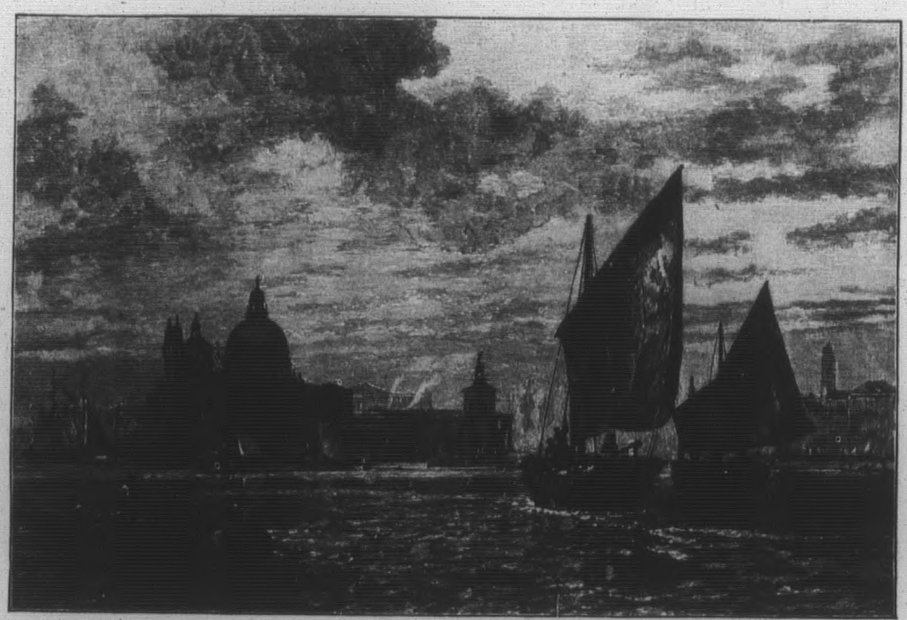
The second cruise, of about the same duration, beginning 8th May, 1849, was chiefly devoted to the exploration of the Louisiade Archipelago and the adjacent parts of the south coast of New Guinea, whereof very little was previously known. It proved the most interesting portion of the voyage, and was enlivened by adventures in which Mr. Brierly had his full share.

While at Sydney, the voyagers had received an account of the fate of Mr. Kennedy and his companions, who were murdered near Cape York; and they soon had experience of their own which confirmed previous accounts of the treacherous character of the inhabitants of the Archipelago.

On one occasion, while sketching alone, our artist was captured and towed off by a canoe of savages, but happily rescued by Captain Stanley, who followed with a boat's crew. And among the plates in Mr. M'Gillivray's book there is a lively picture by Mr. Huxley of a first attempt at barter with the natives, wherein he and Mr. Brierly, who were the foremost actors, incurred considerable danger. A small inhabited island, one of the first visited, was called "Brierly," in honour, as the author of the "Narrative" tells us, of the "talented marine artist who accompanied" the explorers.

Soon after the return of the *Rattlesnake* to Sydney, a sorrowful event occurred. The commander, worn by fatigue and anxiety, and saddened by recent deaths of near relations, died suddenly on the 13th of March, 1850, at the age of 39. The senior officer present on the station was the Hon. Henry Keppel (now the Hon. Sir Henry Keppel, G.C.B., Admiral of the Fleet); and he thereupon appointed Lieutenant Yule, who had been in command of the *Bramble*, to that of the *Rattlesnake*, with orders to return with her to England; but received Mr. Brierly as a guest on board his own ship, the *Mœander*, of 44 guns. The route assigned to this vessel opened out to our artist a continued succession of new scenes, and enabled him to carry his sketch-book to New Zealand, the Friendly and Society Islands, and so across the Pacific to Valparaiso. During the remainder of the cruise he visited various ports of Chili, Peru, and Mexico, returning home by way of the Straits of Magellan and Rio de Janeiro, and reaching England at the end of July, 1851.

Perhaps the most interesting part of this voyage was a three-days' visit, in June, 1850, to the island of Tongatabu, of which Mr. Brierly gave an entertaining account in a paper read on the 8th December in the same year at the Royal Geographical Society, whereof he was made a Fellow upon his return. It is printed in vol. xxii. of the Society's Journal. The two volumes published by Captain Keppel in 1853, with the title, "A Visit to the Indian Archipelago," are chiefly devoted to previous voyages of the *Mœander;* but they were illustrated with eight lithographs by Mr. Brierly, some in colours.



Fruit Boats going to the Rialto, Venice.

During the peaceful year or two which followed, our artist remained in England; and in 1851 he married the daughter of Mr. Edmund Fry, a member of the Society of Friends. He was still at home, among his sketches and reminiscences, when a page of more serious and tragic interest was laid open to him in the drama of life which it has been his function to depict. War being declared with Russia in February, 1854, and the fleet, under Sir Charles Napier, dispatched to the Baltic in March, Captain Keppel again gave him a post of observation on board one of Her Majesty's ships, namely the *St. Jean d'Acre*, 101 guns, which had been placed under the Captain's command. He was also employed by the *Illustrated London News* to send home sketches of the operations of the allied fleets, and was in fact one of the first in the line of graphic representatives of the press, so indispensable in modern campaigns.

Mr. Brierly was present at the taking of Bomarsund, and made sketches of all the operations in which the ships were

engaged; and many of them appeared from time to time in the journal above-named. Some of these, occupying an entire page, are to all intents complete pictures, and had not the old engravers for whom his predecessors in marine Art used to work, been then an extinct race, these designs would have been reproduced on copper, and now hanging on our walls as fit pendants to our prints after such artists as Cleveley and Serres, De Loutherbourg, Whitcombe, and Pocock, of whom Brierly is a legitimate successor.

When the allied fleets returned to England, Mr. Brierly had a series of fifteen very large lithographs executed from his drawings, and these were published on the 2nd of April, 1855, with the title, "The English and French Fleets in the Baltic, 1854." Copies of this series were deposited, by order of the Emperor of the French, in all the principal libraries of France.

In the second year of the war Captain Keppel did not return to the Baltic, but served with his ship in the Black Sea, and, after exchanging into the *Rodney*, 74 guns, in July 1855, obtained command of the naval brigade before Sebastopol. Mr. Brierly accompanied him also to the Crimea, and was constantly engaged there in taking sketches, both on board ship and also under frequent fire in the trenches. The capture of the Malakoff he watched throughout from the deck of the *St. Jean d'Acre*, as if it were a scene in a play.

While in the Black Sea he also accompanied the late Duke of Newcastle on board H.M.S. *Highflyer*, and visited Circassia, Mingrelia, Abasia, etc., and was afterwards for a time with Lord Clarence Paget on board H.M.S. *Princess Royal*. He was in the Sea of Azoff with the late Captain (afterwards Admiral) Sherrard Osborn, who commanded the squadron of gunboats stationed there; was present during an engagement with the Forts at Taganrog on board a gunboat, much exposed at short range; with Captain John Day in an attack on the Russian position, and at other operations in the same sea.

At the close of the war an application was made by various distinguished naval officers, requesting that Mr. Brierly might be awarded the Baltic and Crimean medals, upon the ground that he being often under fire, had taken sketches of all the



The Prince of Wales leading the Squadron.

important operations of the war, and that these sketches were of the highest interest to the naval service.

In the performance of these labours, Sir Oswald Brierly has fairly acquired the right to be regarded as our graphic naval historian of the war with Russia. But such a position gives of itself an exceptional character to this class of his works, in the line to which they belong. For not only did the operations by sea during that contest differ essentially from those which his predecessors had been called upon to paint, but the ships employed were also of a new class. And neither the like models, nor the like combinations will ever again offer themselves to the pencil of the marine artist. In the scenes he witnessed, naval warfare and naval architecture were alike in a state of transition. The "steam frigate," such as he had painted as a student in 1837, was merely a germ of the great steam fleet that entered the Baltic in 1854. But even then, the motive power that now reigns supreme was "auxiliary" only, and the giants of the navy, though less massive in appearance than of yore, had lost none of their dignified aspect, and were still of graceful form.

It was, however, his misfortune, as an artist, that there were no real sea-fights to depict, of ship against ship, and the manœuvres of one fleet against another. Our broadsides were directed against granite instead of wooden walls, and there was little or no opportunity of showing what the fleets were like when in an action at sea. Almost the only chances of depicting an imposing combination of men-of-war were on occasions when the movements partook of the nature of parade, or when the fleet was contending against the elements. One of the latter was ably seized in 'A Gale in the Baltic,' which forms the subject of No. 14 of the lithographs; while 'Entering the Baltic' (No. 1 of the same series), and 'Running for Dover Straits,' and 'Entering Winga Sound,' in *The Illustrated News* of 25th March, and 1st of April, 1854, are good examples of the former. An occasion of the like kind was afforded when, at the end of the war, Mr. Brierly was honoured by the Queen's command to attend on board the Royal Yacht, *Victoria and Albert*, to take sketches for her Majesty of the great naval review which then took place at Spithead.

This was the commencement of a third stage in our artist's career. Since that time it has been pursued more or less under the direct patronage of the Court and the Royal Family, for whom he has at different times executed a variety of commissions.

In the summer of 1863 he accompanied Captain H.S.H. Count Gleichen in H.M.S. *Racoon*, of which vessel the Duke of Edinburgh was a Lieutenant, for a cruise to the coast of Norway; and when H.R.H. was appointed to the command of H.M.S. *Galatea*, Mr. Brierly was attached to his suite, and accompanied him on a cruise to Lisbon and up the Mediterranean, and afterwards round the world, *viâ* Madeira, Rio, Tristan d'Acunha, the Cape of Good Hope, Adelaide, Melbourne, Tasmania, and Sydney, whence an excursion was made to Queensland.

The ship sailed from Plymouth on the 26th February, 1867, and returned to Southampton on the 26th June, 1868. The gay receptions at all ports on the route, the balls, shooting parties, and fêtes of various kinds, ending, however, with the picnic near Sydney, whereat the miscreant O'Farrell made a dastardly attempt on the Duke's life, are fully described in a volume published in 1869, entitled "The Cruise of the *Galatea*," by the Rev. John Milner, chaplain, and Oswald W. Brierly, with chromolithographs and graphotypes, from sketches on the spot by the latter. Mr. Brierly's original sketches during this cruise were exhibited at South Kensington on his return home.



Sir Oswald Brierly, R.W.S.

In the same year, 1868, he was attached to the suite of the Prince and Princess of Wales, to make sketches for their Royal Highnesses in their trip up the Nile, to Constantinople, and to the Crimea. Honours now fell thick upon him. From the Sultan he received the decoration of the Osmanie and the Turkish war medal; the Khedive gave him the Medjidie; the King of Greece, the order of an Officer of the Redeemer of Greece; and he was presented to the Emperor and Empress of the French.

Except some Continental visits, including two protracted sojourns in Venice in 1874 and 1882, in company with Mr. Edward Goodall, R.W.S., this expedition has been the last of his travels. Of the subsequent employment of his time at home, an account has yet to be given, and in it of the main portion of Sir Oswald's exhibited works. He had sent nine more drawings to the Academy in 1859—61, 1870, and 1871, of scenes in the war and in strange lands. In 1872 he became an Associate of the Society of Painters in Water Colours.

This was also the year of his second marriage, which was to the eldest daughter of the late Mr. Louis Huard, of Onslow Square and Brussels; his first wife having died about two years before.

In 1880 he was elected a full Member of the Water Colour Society, and in 1882 received one of the Royal Diplomas then granted to that body. Upon the death of the late Mr. Schetky, in 1874, the post of Marine Painter to her Majesty was conferred upon him, and he was at the same time elected Marine Painter to the Royal Yacht Squadron. In 1881 he was made Curator of the Painted Hall at Greenwich, and in 1885 received the honour of knighthood.

Throughout his whole career as a painter, Sir Oswald Brierly has been constant to water colour as his medium, and for the past fifteen years a regular exhibitor of drawings, sketches, and studies at the Water Colour Society. Among these have been various memoranda of the Nile expedition, with some of the artist's voyages in the *Galatea* and other ships; and latterly a number of studies, out of a large collection which he has made of Venetian boats and scenery, some of these being among his more elaborate works. With them are also sketches off the east coast of England and in the Channel. His whaling experiences in Australia have furnished the subjects of finished drawings in 1873, 1876, and 1885.

During this period, too, Sir Oswald has entered into another sphere of historic art. Attracted by the halo of chivalrous romance which surrounds the naval annals of Queen Elizabeth's time, and picturing in a sailor's brain the grand episodes of the defeat of the Spanish Armada, he has employed his pencil in producing an important series of water-colour drawings realising these events, which in their combination of technical knowledge, artistic taste, and poetic fancy, are of their kind unique. To insure, as far as possible, the truthfulness of the representations of ancient shipping in every detail, Sir Oswald, in the same spirit of thoroughness which marked his earlier undertakings, has spared no pains in his researches, collecting old prints and models, collating many authorities, and even visiting Holland and other parts of the Continent in search of archæological information.

The first exhibited of this series was the 'Retreat of the Spanish Armada' (in the Royal Academy, 1871). This was followed by 'Drake taking the *Capitana* to Torbay' (Water Colour Society, 1872), 'Sir William Winter attacking two large Galleons' (Water Colour Society, 1875). Then came 'Morning after an Engagement off Florez between Sir Richard Grenville, in the *Revenge*, and a Spanish Fleet' (Water Colour Society, 1877). This impressive drawing is a realisation of Mr. Froude's grand description of the spent ship "settling slowly in the sea, the vast fleet of Spaniards lying round in a ring, like dogs round a dying lion, and wary of approaching him in his last agony." It has been supposed that the picture in its turn gave to the Poet Laureate the motive of his poem entitled "The Loss of the *Revenge*." The two pictures last mentioned were chosen by the Art Union of London for engraving and distribution among its subscribers. The next year there was 'Vessels of the Armada driven on shore on the Coast of Ireland' (Water Colour Society, 1878). Two similar subjects, 'The Sailing of the Armada' (Water Colour Society, 1879), and 'The decisive Battle off Gravelines' (Water Colour Society, 1881), have been etched by David Law.

The principal Armada pictures are in the collection of Sir William J. Clarke, Bart., of Melbourne, for whom was also painted 'The Ship of Don Pedro de Valdez taken to Torbay by Drake in the *Revenge*' (Royal Water Colour Society, 1882). Other of Sir Oswald Brierly's works have been purchased for the public galleries of Sydney and Melbourne. To

the same class as the Armada subjects belong 'Blake going on board the *Resolution* to take Command against the Dutch, June, 1652,' and 'Magellan discovering the Straits, 1520' (Water Colour Society, 1873); and 'Blake's Squadron waiting to attack Prince Rupert's Fleet in the Tagus, 1651' (Water Colour Society, 1874).

From the above account it will be seen that the career of Sir Oswald Brierly entitles him to be included in three special categories of artists. Besides being a marine painter of the old class, who has recorded the operations of the British fleet in his own day, he belongs also to the line of travelling artists who have sailed in discovery ships, and helped to extend our knowledge of the globe and its products and inhabitants, as, for example, William Westall, who sailed with Flinders in yet earlier days to "Terra Australis." And he holds a distinct rank in virtue of his pictures of old sea-fights and ships of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In each case an exceptional position, apart from his acknowledged merit as an artist, may fairly be assigned to Sir Oswald Brierly.

An opportunity will, we hope, be given of studying Sir Oswald's works, as well collectively as in their various phases, by means of an exhibition shortly to be opened at the Pall Mall Gallery, under the patronage of the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Edinburgh, who have promised to lend pictures in their possession.

The private view is announced for the 23rd of April, and the exhibition is to remain open until Monday, the 25th of July.

I. L. ROGET.

A FOREIGN ARTIST AND AUTHOR IN ENGLAND.*

III.



A Carnarvon Character.

TWENTY-FOUR hours in London is a short time in which to form an opinion of the largest city in the world, and we must reserve our impressions for a future moment. But a day, however, is sufficient to impress the stranger with the mightiness, the immensity, the bewildering activity of the Giant City.

The next morning we left for Llangollen by the Great Western Railway. We found the English railway official, the most civil public servant it is possible to meet with in any country. He is always ready to give every information and assistance in his power.

Until Shrewsbury is reached there is little in the scenery to call for remark; but after leaving the Salopian capital the country assumes a more picturesque aspect, hills rise in the distances in successive ranges, rivers, small water-courses and torrents merrily run between rugged banks or grassy meadows. Equally rugged are the names of the localities traversed, in which a narrow, a very narrow, stream of vowels with difficulty winds its way amidst rocky consonants as hard as granite. Before reaching Cefn, the railway crosses the valley of the Dee, and soon we perceive the vale of Llangollen enclosed by lofty hills.

At Ruabon we found ourselves in the centre of an important coal-field and close to one of those lordly demesnes, such as are to be found in Great Britain only. Wynnstay is the seat of Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn, the King of Wales, as he has been nicknamed, who is the happy possessor of some 150,000 acres of land, situated in seven different Welsh counties. The wealth of some of these English landowners is something perfectly astounding, and on hearing of the fabulous extent of their estates one is tempted to exclaim ironically with Dorine: *Le pauvre homme!*

But now at last we were in Wales, that romantic country of which we had heard so much, quite prepared to admire its beauties sung by poets, depicted by artists, and spoken of with rapture by tourists and travellers.

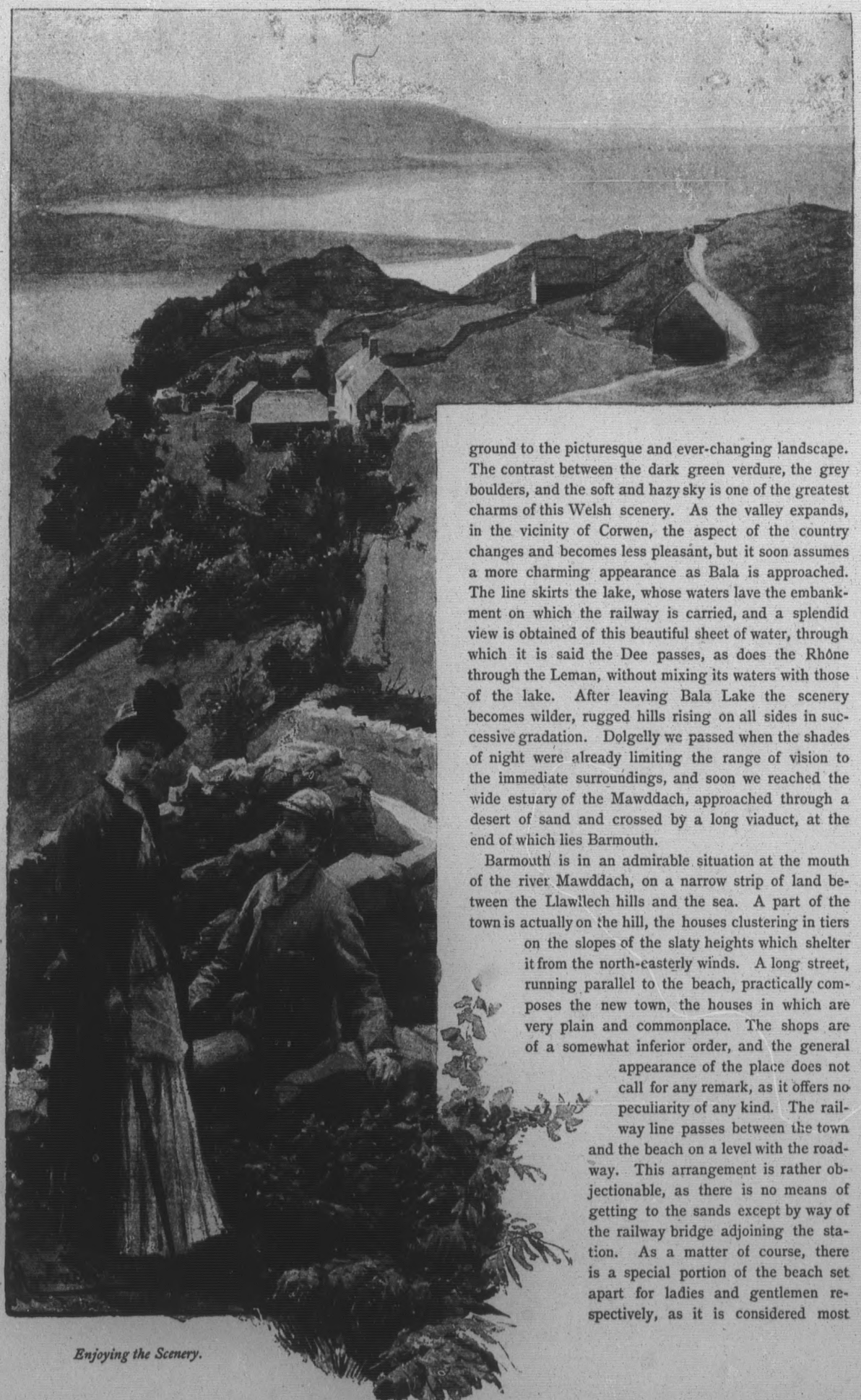
A short run took us to Llangollen, which we reached towards five o'clock in the afternoon. From the station the first thing that struck us was the Dee, rushing on a bed of rocks, over which its waters noisily dashed and foamed, before disappearing under a fine old bridge, dating from the fourteenth century and formed of four arches, three of which are pointed, whilst the fourth, that nearest to the town, is almost perfectly circular.

Llangollen is situated in a narrow vale, in the midst of which runs the Dee, and is enclosed by hills of moderate heights, described as mountains by people who are carried away by their enthusiasm for the beauties of nature. It is a small place, with a population of nearly 5,000 inhabitants, living in old and dilapidated houses, with slate roofs, forming irregular streets, narrow and not remarkable for cleanliness.

Here the only approach to national peculiarity in dress is that the women nearly all wear men's hats over their linen caps. This is peculiar but not pretty.

The country to the west of Llangollen through which the railway passes on its way to Corwen, Dolgelly, and Barmouth, to which last-mentioned place we were bound, is much prettier than that which lies on the other side. The Dee winds its way between finely wooded banks and lovely green meadows, beyond which, on both sides, rise verdant or rugged heights, whose undulating summits stand out sharply on a second and higher range of hills faintly outlined in the distance. The serrated bluish tops of the farthest mountains seem at times to blend with the azure of the sky and form a splendid back-

* Continued from page 74.



Enjoying the Scenery.

ground to the picturesque and ever-changing landscape. The contrast between the dark green verdure, the grey boulders, and the soft and hazy sky is one of the greatest charms of this Welsh scenery. As the valley expands, in the vicinity of Corwen, the aspect of the country changes and becomes less pleasant, but it soon assumes a more charming appearance as Bala is approached. The line skirts the lake, whose waters lave the embankment on which the railway is carried, and a splendid view is obtained of this beautiful sheet of water, through which it is said the Dee passes, as does the Rhône through the Leman, without mixing its waters with those of the lake. After leaving Bala Lake the scenery becomes wilder, rugged hills rising on all sides in successive gradation. Dolgelly we passed when the shades of night were already limiting the range of vision to the immediate surroundings, and soon we reached the wide estuary of the Mawddach, approached through a desert of sand and crossed by a long viaduct, at the end of which lies Barmouth.

Barmouth is in an admirable situation at the mouth of the river Mawddach, on a narrow strip of land between the Llawllech hills and the sea. A part of the town is actually on the hill, the houses clustering in tiers on the slopes of the slaty heights which shelter it from the north-easterly winds. A long street, running parallel to the beach, practically composes the new town, the houses in which are very plain and commonplace. The shops are of a somewhat inferior order, and the general appearance of the place does not call for any remark, as it offers no peculiarity of any kind. The railway line passes between the town and the beach on a level with the roadway. This arrangement is rather objectionable, as there is no means of getting to the sands except by way of the railway bridge adjoining the station. As a matter of course, there is a special portion of the beach set apart for ladies and gentlemen respectively, as it is considered most

improper in England, including the Principality of Wales, for people of different sexes to bathe within a considerable distance of each other. This distance varies according to the localities, and depends on the degree of prudishness from which the town councillors suffer. In some cases the worthy burgesses have only a mild attack, in others the disease sets in with great severity. We cannot say what is, in this respect, the condition of the Barmouth local authorities, as when we were there it was so cold that no one dared venture in the water.

Walking on Barmouth Sands is no easy matter, as the foot sinks at every step, and when the wind blows, the fine sand fills the air, through which it is wafted, getting into the mouth, ears, and eyes in the most uncomfortable and painful manner. They say that at Barmouth, sand is to be found even in eggs. It is not quite so bad as that, but very nearly, for the slightest breeze raises clouds of sand, which is carried into the street and the houses.

The hills behind the town afford very commanding views of the environs. The way to the summit lies through a very steep zigzag path cut in the rock. As we ascended, the atmosphere being clear, the town, the bay, and the hills at each extremity stood out in relief as on a raised plan with wonderful distinctness. On the other side the wide valley of the Mawddach,

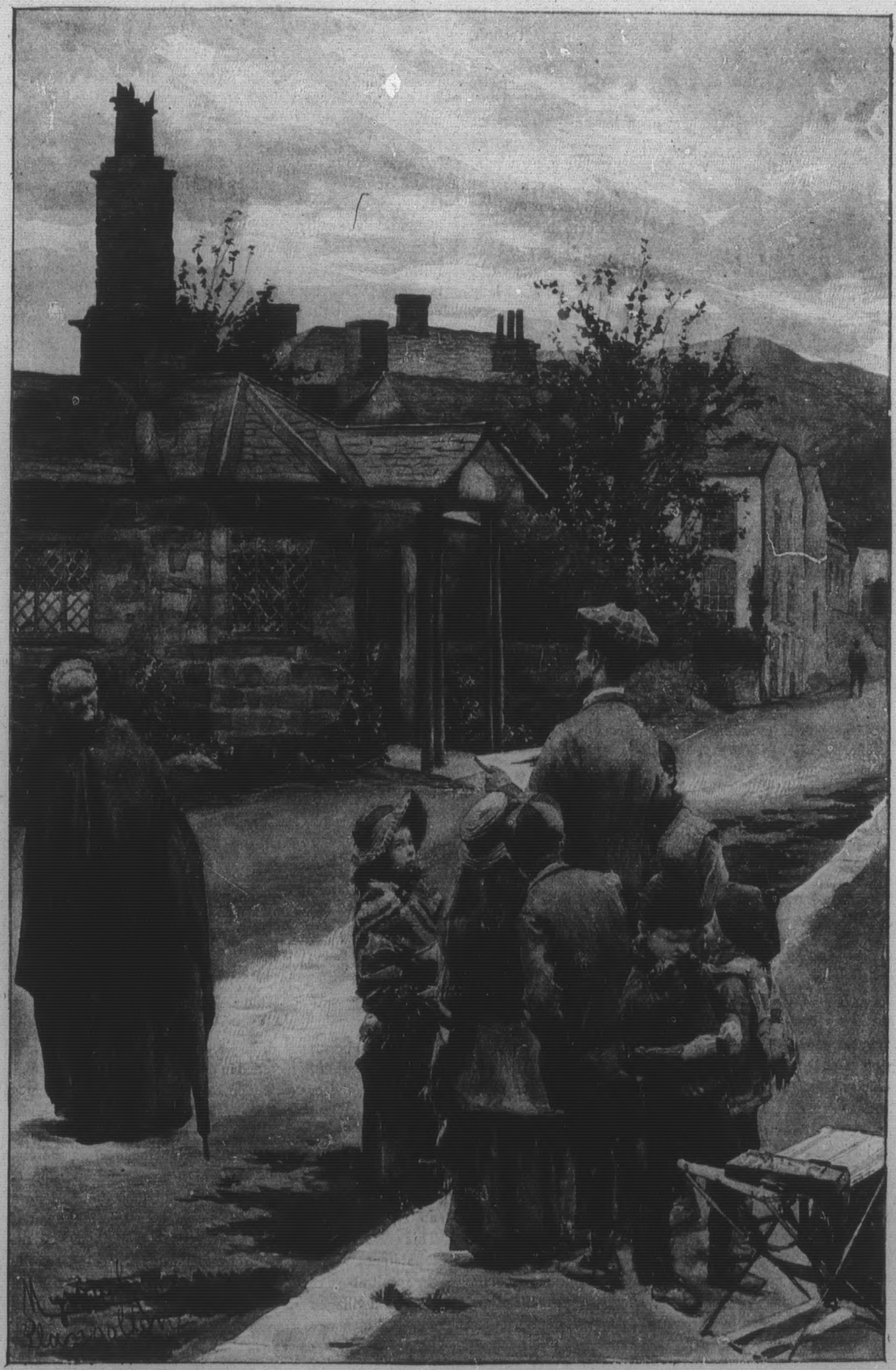


Off Barmouth. Out for a Row.

enclosed within a double wall of rocky heights, could be seen for a long distance, the silvery river winding its way between the tall hills and joining the sea after passing under the long railway viaduct, now a narrow, straight black line on the dazzling water shining like burnished metal under the rays of the morning sun. Beyond that could be perceived the bluish summit of the chain of mountains of which Cader Idris is the culminating point.

Wishing to obtain a more extended view we continued our ascension, climbing over the rocks and those curious dry stone walls which are a feature in all Welsh landscapes, but unfortunately one of the sudden mists so frequent in this country had set in, and Cader Idris and the chain of mountains it commands, as well as the hills which enclose the bay of Barmouth, had vanished from sight. This is one of the great drawbacks of Wales, where it is well-nigh impossible to rely on the weather, or rather on the atmosphere, which in one instant from clear and bright changes to mist, and sometimes to almost complete darkness.

Resuming our wanderings, we soon came to a spot where a number of young ladies were engaged in sketching a farmhouse in a picturesque situation. We often came across similar



Sketching the old Toll House.

scenes; for there are what may be termed classical places, which every lady visitor or tourist who is able to wield the brush or pencil feels it incumbent upon her to draw or paint to the best of her abilities, and often these sketches are of no mean order. English ladies and young girls are, as a rule, very proficient in drawing and sketching in water colours, as the prospectuses of boarding-schools elegantly express it, and there is hardly a well-to-do English home where the drawing-room walls do not bear testimony to the artistic skill of the mistress of the house or her daughters. Besides these amateurs, there was a good sprinkling of professional lady artists, easily distinguished by their peculiar æsthetic dress, their assiduity, and their greater dexterity in handling the brush; their general appearance also indicated that they were working for their livelihood, and not, as in the case of their perhaps less fortunate sisters, whiling away a few idle moments.

Sea-fishing and boating are indulged in by many visitors, this being a most enjoyable manner of spending an hour or two when the weather is fine and the sea smooth. The harbour is situated near the bridge, where boatmen are always ready to set out, and invite visitors in the most engaging manner to take a boat. "Fine day for a sail, sir; beautiful weather!"

The wooden railway viaduct connecting the two banks of the Mawddach is used as a pier by the visitors, as well as a foot-bridge for crossing the river. It is nearly a mile in length including the two embankments (one on each side), between which extends the bridge properly so called. It is a wonder how the railway engineers have been able to construct these embankments on the moving sands, and how, having built them, they manage to keep them from being blown away by the wind or washed into the sea by the tide and waves. The bridge is narrow, the line being a single one all the way from Ruabon to Carnarvon, and this makes it appear even longer than it really is, although it takes about twenty-five minutes to get from one end to the other. From the middle of the viaduct, where we happened to be at sunset, the view of the valley of the Mawddach is most admirable, much finer, in fact, than from any of



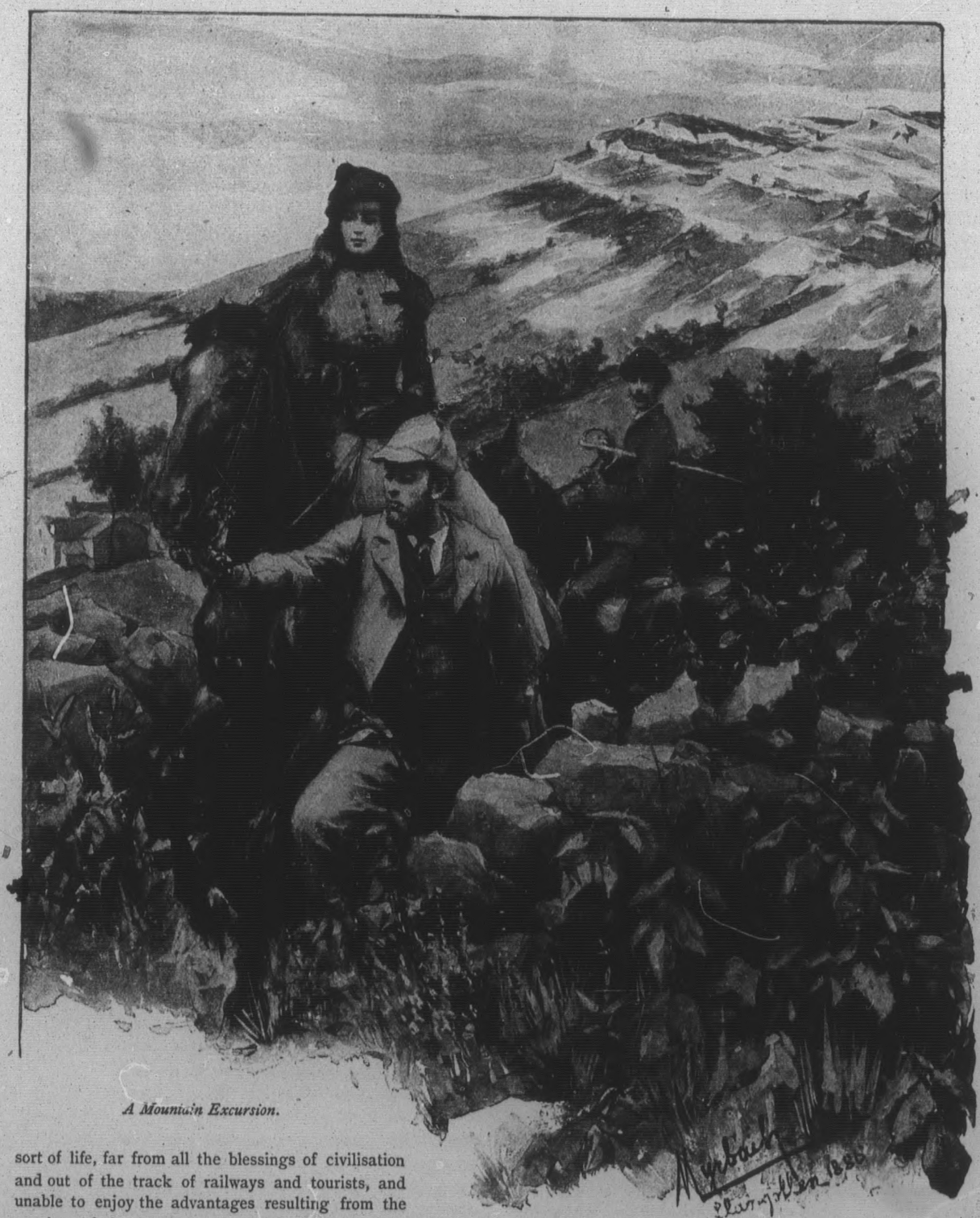
In the Reading Room, Llangollen.

the surrounding heights. On each side extends a chain of mountains, some covered with a rich mantle of verdure, on which numerous flocks of sheep are seen grazing; others bold and rugged, whose shadows fall on each other and give the landscape an ever-changing aspect, the alteration in the colours and shades being most interesting to watch. At the end the double chain of mountains seems to join and form a solid background, the broad Mawddach having the appearance of a large lake or inland sea, enclosed in a semicircular range of capriciously outlined hills.

Barmouth has its legend, of course, and tradition asserts that the bay in front of the town was formerly a large tract of land, and that immense fields and forests and valleys and towns, once inhabited by a prosperous population, were, in one night, submerged by the sea. Thus, it appears, was formed Cardigan Bay, which has taken the place of a vast territory. The history of the disappearance of this Welsh Atlantis has, as may well be supposed, inspired many a national bard and poet, and it has been recorded in prose and verse. In commonplace prose the event may be told as follows:—The country being low, it had been found necessary to erect sea walls provided with flood-gates, in order to allow the numerous watercourses to flow into the sea. Now the flood-gates were, it is needless to say, closed at high-water, and the duty of opening and closing them at the proper time devolved upon an important functionary who was styled captain of the gates. This official, after copious libations, one night, when all the inhabitants were asleep, forgot to close the flood-gates, with the result above mentioned, that, between sunset and sunrise, cities and villages were destroyed, and thousands and thousands of men were drowned, without reckoning women and little children, as says Rabelais.

That was very sad, no doubt; but everything happens for the best, and the people of Barmouth have every reason to

congratulate themselves on this terrible calamity. In fact, if they were not the most ungrateful people on earth, they should have, long ago, erected a monument of some kind to Seithenyn, for such was the name of the captain of the flood-gates, to whom they are indebted for the prosperity of this pleasant little town. For what would they and their place have been but for Seithenyn's drunkenness? Nothing but dwellers in an insignificant little inland village, living a commonplace sort of life, far from all the blessings of civilisation and out of the track of railways and tourists, and unable to enjoy the advantages resulting from the passing of the former, and the more or less prolonged stay of the latter. Instead of that, Barmouth is a sea-side place, a bathing resort much frequented by tourists and holiday-makers, who stay there for weeks, to the delight and profit of the inhabitants, who, during the season, reap a rich harvest, and are prosperous and well-to-do people, living in a pretty and picturesque little town, and so salubrious withal, that it is recommended to invalids for a winter as well as a summer residence.



A Mountain Excursion.

Many people to whom statues have been raised were less deserving than Seithenyn, and the people of Barmouth should lose no time in repairing an injustice which, if persisted in, would be a blot indeed upon their reputation. Whilst talking of reputation, it is painful to have to record that the Barmouth people, as late as the first few years of this century, were notorious for plundering wrecks. And even in the year of grace 1886, the Welsh do not shine as hospitable people, for we read in the newspapers that, during the gale of October of the same year, some of them refused to supply shipwrecked sailors with the necessaries of life before they were paid for; and, but for the kindness of Lord Dunraven, who sent to the poor men clothes and money, they would have perished from cold and hunger. At the same time some dead bodies washed ashore by the sea were despoiled of their clothes by the population, whilst a man, whose name we regret to be unable to transmit to posterity, actually organized a show with the dead bodies, for the view of which he charged so much per head. Have progress, civilisation, humanity, not yet made their way into Wales?

Whilst on the subject of civilisation and progress, it is to be noted that the art of advertising, at all events, has attained in the Principality a certain degree of perfection, and been pushed rather too far. The very hills and rocks are pressed into the service of the wily advertising agent, who dishonours the work of nature with flaming coloured posters, announcing cheap excursion trains, concerts and theatrical performances, and conveying the welcome information to those who are not versed in the Welsh language, of the continuation of English opening services by the Rev. Somebody, D.D.

P. VILLARS.

(To be continued.)

IONA.

MR. MACWHIRTER, whose work has been often associated with movement, whether of flying horseman or mountain storm, has chosen a scene of singular peace in his picture of 'Iona,' from which our line engraving is taken. There is wind, passing or gathering, in the sky, but the soft grey lower world is undisturbed, the chief life in sight being that of the birds—the people of the high latitudes—lighting in flocks on the thin salt harvest-fields of the Hebrides. Mr. MacWhirter has the not very common quality among his compatriots of rendering this lightness of vegetation with a pleasant touch—a kind of execution which recognises the charm existing in the slender growths common to the far north and to the south, to the fields of extreme Thule and to those of the Riviera; the charm of crops and trees and wayside flowers, not massed together in opulence, but with atmosphere enough about each blade and branch to show all the fineness of the lines. When, with this rather ascetic delicacy of detail, we have also the soft breadth of a grey climate, Nature certainly presents herself in a singularly pictorial aspect.

But a picture of Iona is necessarily picturesque as well as pictorial. Not only is it a scene for the eyes, but it has the "before and after" to which the rigorous artistic theorists object, as belonging rather to literature than to painting. In another sense than Dr. Johnson's, we might repeat to them his own words, inspired by this very island of Iona:—"Far from me and from my friends be such frigid philosophy. . . . . Whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings." Certainly Johnson had no intention here of controverting the modern impressionist, but we may quote him not inaptly for our purpose. There is no banishing the distant or the past from a picture of the ruins where St. Columba preached, where community after community of monks fell under the spears of the Northmen, and saw their sanctuaries go up in flames—of the place where Johnson stood. For not least among the associations of the scene is the remembrance that here was meditated that passage of immortal prose which should rebuke for ever the excessive love of the now fashionable monosyllable.

Mr. MacWhirter is one of the most sympathetic of the band of Scotch landscape painters whose work has been conspicuous in the Academy for the past fifteen or twenty years. And sympathetic is hardly the word that can be applied to some of these vigorous North Britons. He has evidently been more a student of style than his fellows; and assuredly, whatever may be the charm of self-effacement in personal manner, the charm of individual style is great in Art, and gives to a picture a human interest closer than that of a story. Again, Mr. MacWhirter is perhaps more legitimately a grey painter than the Scotch artist generally consents to be. We are too often offered violet mists and purple distances at the head of Highland glens in place of the simple greys of nature. Indeed, there has hardly been a principle dearer to the British school—for our early pre-Raphaelites shared it with the Scotch landscape painters—than this conviction of the artistic duty of seeing colour, especially violet, in natural greys. It was, if we do not misinterpret the theory by the common and persistent practice, considered a kind of test of the truly artistic eye—how much force it could use, how much blue it could induce in mountain distance, how much purple in a mist. Not least amongst the mischiefs done by this principle was that loss of light which English painters are only now beginning to retrieve by their closer study of the relations of illumination and shadow. Another thing which makes him a more sympathetic artist is that his choice of subject has not imposed upon the public all the rigours of the national conditions in their fulness. His Scotland is not wholly a land of glens obstructed by boulders, much horned cattle, and an occasional Sabbatarian, for he is willing to consider birds, open downs, and the relics of monastic ages. And while most artists have painted the Highlands under the effect of the persistent rains which foster the intensity of green and make of the scenery that "wet pebble" which, according to Sir John Millais, it resembles, with its colour undulled by drought—colour again!—Mr. MacWhirter's Scotland is allowed to get dry now and then, and to unfold the soft dun distances of grass, thin with the sea wind and embrowned with the summer.

THE DRAMA IN PASTEBOARD.*

BY the aid of brush and burin we have been made sufficiently familiar with the leading figures of the great generation of actors which ushered in the century. John Philip Kemble and his sublimer sister live for us on the canvases of Lawrence, Gainsborough, and Reynolds; and Kean was a favourite subject with the artists of his day. West, however, furnishes us with a valuable supplement, as it were, to these elaborate and idealised portraits. In his plates we see the actors, not posing in a studio, but as they appeared to ordinary observers on the stage itself. Here, for instance, is a sketch (No. 1) of Kemble as Dionysius in Murphy's *Grecian Daughter*. Does it not help us to put life and movement into our mental picture of an actor whom we are apt to conceive as impossibly stiff, cold, and statuesque? The plate is signed "Cruikshank," and, although it is not mentioned in Mr. Reid's catalogue, I have little doubt that George Cruikshank is the artist. It greatly resembles in style the portrait of Miss O'Neill, reproduced below (No. 2), which Mr. Reid attributes to George Cruikshank; and on the other hand I do not find that it at all suggests the work of his brother Robert. That the actor represented is John Philip Kemble there can be no doubt, though, oddly enough, I can discover no evidence of his ever having played Dionysius. At Covent Garden, in 1804, he played Evander in *The Grecian Daughter* to the Euphrasia of Mrs. Siddons; and when the play was revived, eleven years later, with Miss O'Neill as Euphrasia, Kemble was not in the cast at all, Young playing Evander and Conway Dionysius. He may, however, have played the part on some single unrecorded occasion, just when the artist happened to be there to see.



No. 1.—Mr. Kemble as Dionysius in "The Grecian Daughter."

Kean is, of course, a prime favourite with West and his designers. We have portraits of him as Bertram, as Brutus, as Macbeth (in the ridiculous tartans and Scotch bonnet then considered appropriate to the character), as Othello, and as Richard II. Of his Richard III. there are no fewer than five plates, one of which is here reproduced (No. 3). This is more elaborate, but less characteristic and first-hand, than most of the West plates. The details of the costume are evidently borrowed from some painting, and do not represent the impressions of the theatre. The pose, too, is merely conventional. What a pity the artist had not the judgment to choose, or the skill to reproduce, the great effect, a few minutes later in the scene, which aroused the enthusiasm of Hazlitt! "He fought like one drunk with wounds," wrote the critic, "and the attitude in which he stands with his hands stretched out, after his sword is taken from him, had a preternatural and terrific grandeur, as if his will could not be disarmed, and the very phantoms of his despair had a withering power."

For five seasons Miss O'Neill was the queen of tragedy at Covent Garden, and Juliet, the part in which Cruikshank has drawn her, was one of her greatest performances. Her worshippers insisted on preferring her to Mrs. Siddons, and in some characters she may, no doubt, have surpassed her great predecessor in tender womanliness. But no competent judge has ever claimed for her the general supremacy in the field of tragedy which Mrs. Siddons undoubtedly possessed. Her range was much narrower and must have remained so, even if she had not left the stage so early. Mrs. Haller, Mrs. Beverley, and Jane Shore were among her chief parts—characters demanding sensibility rather than grandeur and intensity of passion. Yet she was held to approach the great Sarah so nearly that Byron refused to see her lest she should "disturb or divide his recollection of Siddons."



No. 2.—Miss O'Neill as Juliet.

* Concluded from page 108.

"No," he wrote to Moore, "I'm resolved to continue *un-O'Neilled*." Macready praises her "native elegance, feminine sweetness, unaffected earnestness, and gushing passion," though he admits that she did not possess



No. 3.—Mr. Kean as Richard III.

"the noble pathos of Siddons' transcendent genius." George Ticknor, who saw her in Mrs. Beverley, "cried like a schoolboy" over her performance, and "absolutely dreaded to see her again." Washington Irving in the same year (1815) wrote: "I have never been so completely melted, moved, and overcome at a theatre as by her performances." Cruikshank's drawing, though it no doubt indicates the general build of her face, certainly does not do justice to her beauty. Indeed, the beauty which had to trust to Cruikshank for its perpetuation would stand a poor chance of being a joy for ever. The interest of the plate lies in the costume and attitude. I take it that the scene represented is the last of all, though it might conceivably be the commencement of the potion-soliloquy. It seems odd, according to our notions, that Juliet should stand up to give herself her quietus. We may conjecture that Miss O'Neill was proud of her "back fall" and disdained the lolling, not to say sprawling, attitudes, so much affected by modern artists. In our eyes, too, Juliet, in the high-waisted gown of the Directory, and managing, even in the supreme act of her life, the serpentine scarf of the period, is scarcely less ludicrous than Macbeth in the uniform of a Highland officer, or Hamlet in a court suit of the eighteenth century. Miss O'Neill's dress might have served as the model for one of Mrs. Langtry's costumes in her recent revival of *The Lady of Lyons*, in which her treatment of the flowing shawl showed a genius for drapery such as Miss O'Neill herself can scarcely have surpassed. Miss O'Neill, indeed, had probably little attention to spare for her draperies. All testimonies concur in representing her (let the believers in Diderot's *Paradoxe* take note of this) as an actress whose power lay in the poignancy with which she felt in her own person the emotions which she had to express. "She gives herself up entirely," says Boaden, "to the impression of circumstances; is borne along the tide of passion and absorbed in her sufferings." "Miss O'Neill," said Macready to Lady Pollock, "was a remarkable instance of self-abandonment in acting. She forgot everything for the time but her assumed character. She was an entirely modest woman; yet in acting with her I have been nearly smothered by her kisses"—no doubt in this very part of Juliet. It is strange to think that this lady, who came to London, a mature actress, in the year of the battle of Waterloo, lived to hear of, if not to see, the early triumphs of Mr. Irving and Mrs. Kendal. She left the stage in 1819 to marry Sir William Becher, and died so lately as 1872.

If we needed any evidence as to the faithfulness of portraiture which was often attained in the West series, the plate which represents Braham as Sir Huon in *Oberon* (No. 4) might serve to convince us. It has been said of Luca della Robbia's 'Singing Boys' that one can distinguish in the mute marble the precise quality of voice possessed by each of the choristers. In West's Braham we can read not only the quality of his voice, but the quality of his acting. Writing of the production of *Oberon*, for which he furnished the libretto, Planché says: "Braham, the greatest English tenor perhaps ever known, was about the worst actor ever seen, and the most unromantic person in appearance that can well be imagined. His deserved popularity as a vocalist induced the audience to overlook his deficiencies in other qualifications, but they were not the less fatal to the dramatic effect of the character of Huon de Bordeaux, the dauntless Paladin who had undertaken to pull a hair out of the Caliph's beard, slay the man who sat on his right hand, and kiss his daughter." Can we not see in the pose and gesture of West's portrait the incompetent actor going through his little round of attitudes, which are designed less to express the emotions of the character than to help the singer out with his notes? No one who looks at the plate will need to be informed that John Braham's real name was Abraham, and that he hailed from the region of Whitechapel. There is no doubt that he was a wonderful vocalist. On hearing him for the first time (in *Der Freyschütz*), Weber is said to have exclaimed, "This is the greatest singer in Europe." "There is a fine scorn in his face," says Lamb, "which nature meant to be of Christians.



No. 4.—Mr. Braham as Sir Huon de Bordeaux, in "Oberon."

The Hebrew spirit is strong in him, in spite of his proselytism. He cannot conquer the Shibboleth: how it breaks out when he sings 'The children of Israel passed through the Red



No. 5.—*Madame Vestris.*

Sea!' The auditors for the moment are as Egyptians to him, and he rides over our necks in triumph." Another critic wrote of his singing of certain airs in *Jephtha:* "In the order of musical effects it ranks with the finest efforts of Mrs. Siddons in the drama."

It is true that some of the stiffness of Braham's figure in the accompanying plate is due to the fact that it was evidently designed for "tinselling." How many of my readers know what is meant by tinselling? Not many, I suspect, could pass an examination on its principles and methods. Yet it was once a popular sport among the youth of both sexes, and I am not sure that it did not deserve the name of an art quite as much as "tintoleo" painting, or plaque-daubing, or any other boarding-school pastime. With the ordinary schoolboy, indeed, it was a distinctly mechanical process. He simply bought the pieces of tinsel ready stamped to the shapes required, and pasted them down upon the portions of the figure they were designed to fit. Bright green and blue coats of mail, of the scaly texture indicated in the plate of Sir Huon, greaves, armlets, swords, helmets, epaulettes, and many other portions of theatrical attire, were thus to be had ready-made at the tinsel-shops, and it required no great genius to fit them to the Roman warriors, paladins, pirates, and brigands of the toy theatre. But when the schoolboy called in the aid of his sisters, much higher flights of art were essayed. In such a case, Sir Huon's legs, instead of being painted ultramarine or crimson-lake, according to the taste of the artist, would be carefully cut out, and a piece of mauve or magenta satin would be pasted on the back of the plate, filling up the outline of the eliminated legs. The modelling of the knees would then be indicated on the satin with the aid of sepia or a mere lead-pencil, and Sir Huon would stand revealed before the wondering nursery with a golden helmet and belt, a bottle-green hauberk and magenta hose. But Sir Huon is not a favourable subject for this developed art of tinselling combined with insertion. Larger surfaces than even a paladin's legs are required for the due display of flowered and watered silk, satin, llama, and poplin in which the artists delighted. A pirate's jacket and skirts, an admiral's coat and breeches, and of course the robes of peers, princesses, sultanas, and the like, were the subjects on which these mimic costumiers loved to lavish their taste and skill. A lady has presented to the British Museum, through Mr. Colvin, some very elaborate specimens of this now neglected art, which seems to have faded away along with the wax-flowers of a generation which dreamt not of Girton. It is well that our great treasure-house of bygone civilisations—or shall I say of bygone barbarisms?—should possess specimens of this dead art among the rest.



No. 6.—"*Bounaparte.*"

When Weber's *Oberon* was produced at Drury Lane with Braham as Sir Huon, Madame Vestris was one of the pillars of the theatre. Indeed, Planché asserts that she was the only member of the cast who could both sing and act. We are assured that she was "the best actress that ever sang, and decidedly the best singer that ever acted." For thirty

years she was the idol of the public. She played in farce, comedy, burlesque, and opera, and as manageress of the Olympic Theatre she introduced to the stage that refinement of mounting and repose of action which the Bancrofts in our



No. 7.—"Blucher, the Terror of Bounaparte."

own time have brought to perfection. It is not wonderful, then, that she should be a favourite subject with the West artists. In the accompanying plate (No. 5) she is represented in four of her best-known characters, two "breeches parts" (in which she excelled) and two more strictly feminine personages. It was as Pandora in Planché's *Olympic Revels* that she opened her memorable campaign at the Olympic, January 3, 1831. Many were the reforms which were introduced at the Olympic. Propriety of dress, whether ancient or modern, was carefully studied; so was propriety of manners. The programme of the "evening's entertainment" was for the first time brought within reasonable limits, the playgoer being allowed to depart in peace at eleven instead of half-past twelve or one. When West's plates were published, Vestris was at the height of her Olympic prosperity. It was towards the close of her reign in Wych Street that she and Liston introduced to the stage Charles James Mathews, the future partner of her managerial splendours and miseries at Covent Garden and the Lyceum. "Her early life," says her latest biographer, Mr. R. W. Lowe, "was undoubtedly of the lightest, yet Charles Mathews, in their long married life, does not seem to have faltered in his love for her, and Planché, who knew her very intimately, never speaks of her without admiration and respect."

Jeremy Bentham is said, on I know not what authority, to have pronounced Astley's to be "the genuine English theatre, where John Bull, whatever superior tastes he might ape, was sincerely at home." There was a good deal of truth in this judgment, and it may be added that the attractions of "Ashley's Theayter" were not of the lowest or most puerile order. Ducrow, for instance, was a man of real plastic genius, and there was a genuinely artistic element in some of the performances at the Westminster amphitheatre which is not always to be discovered in the Olympias of to-day. Even the announcements on the playbills were conceived in a grandiose spirit of which our puny modern showmen seem incapable. It was the principle of the establishment that "Historical panoply and the glorious emblazonment of deeds of chivalry and skill are the noblest aims of the Dramatic Muse." The nobility and gentry of Westminster and Lambeth were invited to assist at "the Olympian Revels at Babylon, where the Egyptian colossi frown at us from three thousand ages," and to behold "the vast shades of Semiramis and Osiris called from pyramidal slumbers by the gorgeous wand of Mr. Ducrow." But the "panoply" of modern history was quite as popular as that of Egypt and Babylon, and the *Battle of Waterloo* never failed to thrill the patriotic fibre in the breasts of an Astley audience. Here are "Bounaparte" (No. 6) and "Blucher, the Terror of Bounaparte" (No. 7), as embodied in obedience to the "gorgeous wand of Mr. Ducrow." These were the days in which the British nation took its military glories very seriously, and if any Gilbert of the period had dared to "chaff" the Union Jack, or to hint that "one jolly Englishman" was not of necessity a match for any three Frenchmen, he would have done so at peril of his life.

The volume devoted to scenery is not the least interesting part of the West collection at the British Museum. Pantomime scenes and tricks and the sensation-scenes of melodramas were evidently most in demand; but there are also several sets of scenery for Shakespearean plays. The accompanying graveyard scene from *Hamlet* will give a fair idea of the general style of scenic art, so different from the built-up and pieced together scenes to which we are now accustomed. The obelisk on the left, evidently studied from the latest monumental monstrosity in a fashionable undertaker's catalogue, is a ghastly object to associate with poor Ophelia's resting-place.



No. 8.—The Graveyard Scene from "Hamlet."

WILLIAM ARCHER.

IRISH LACE.

THE lace industry of Ireland is the successor to no ancient school, nor can Erin boast of any laces of her own invention. Indeed, this people, so fertile in decorative invention and so skilful with their fingers, seem throughout all time to have cared less for embroideries and needlework than any other nation in Europe. The love of bright colour, the high taste and marvellous handiwork that inspired and produced the goldsmiths' and illuminated work of the ancient Irish, do not appear to have been exercised on the work of the needle, and since the Norman invasion the poverty and unsettled condition of Ireland have closed the market to all such expensive superfluities as embroidery or lace.

Yet poverty is the mother of the Irish lace industry, and its history is, broadly speaking, the history of Irish famine; for Irish lace existed, and still exists, not to supply the commercial demand for it, but to enable a poverty-stricken population to earn a meal of porridge or potatoes.

We first hear of the Irish lace trade towards the middle of the last century, when the Dublin Society organized lectures for the instruction of lace-workers, and granted prizes to the annual value of thirty pounds for the best-made Irish lace. There was, indeed, sore need for some such industry; the exemption of pasture-lands from tithe, and the raising of the embargo on the importation of Irish cattle into England, had occasioned a perfect grazing fever, and as a consequence thousands of small tenants were evicted in order that their lands might be laid down in grass. The restrictions on exports had utterly ruined Irish trade, and thus there was no business for these evicted farmers and cast-off agricultural labourers to turn to, when the Dublin Society resolved to establish an industry by which the women of Ireland might earn a living as good as that which the women of Venice, Flanders, and Valenciennes secured for themselves. But the buyers of fine laces,—the courtiers of France, the merchant princes of Venice and Flanders,—had no existence in Ireland, where each new-born trade was strangled by the timorous jealousy of England, and where the large majority of the people were, by the laws affecting their religion, debarred from entering the professions or from holding any place at court. Under these conditions the majority of the Irish gentry could barely maintain their position, and not one in a hundred could spare money to buy rich laces, so that the industry failed for want of a market, and for long we hear no more of Irish lace.

The end of the second decade of this century was, however, a period of exceptional distress in Ireland, and again we see this handmaiden of luxury striving to stand between famine and the people. The farmers of both England and Ireland had suffered keenly from the low prices which succeeded to the peace of 1815, and four years later the failure of the potato crop deprived millions of people in Ireland of their only food, they having no money to buy the wheat harvest which was shipped over to England to pay the rents.

Throughout the country the benevolent strove to find means to lessen the distress, and at Ahan, near Carrickmacross, two ladies named Reid, having heard by chance of the success with which a neighbour had taught her maidservant to make Brussels appliqué, first set themselves to acquire the art, and then taught it to their neighbours. Thus quietly and unostentatiously was founded the Carrickmacross lace school, which has weathered every change of fashion, and which has now many imitators throughout the country. The next attempt to establish lace-making in Ireland was the one commercial venture connected with the history of this industry. A certain Mr. Walker, of Oxford, whether inspired by hearing of the readiness with which the Carrickmacross peasantry had learned the neat art of appliqué-making, or tempted by the cheapness of labour in Ireland, resolved to found a lace manufactory at Limerick, and for that purpose brought over twenty-four guipure and appliqué-makers from England. The work was soon learned by the quick-witted Connaught girls, and in a short time Limerick appliqué excelled that of Carrickmacross, though it, like all later appliqué laces in Ireland, took the name of the original manufacture. But these handmade laces were necessarily costly, and in those days when machine-made laces were developed only to an extent which fitted them for window curtains and like purposes, there existed a great demand for cheap laces, and to meet this two varieties of hand embroidery on machine-made net were practised at Limerick and attained popularity under the names of "run" and "tambour" Limerick lace. The growth of machine laces has ruined the trade in these nets, for, owing to the nature of their foundations, they are little more durable than machine laces, and they are inevitably more expensive; still the charming lightness and prettiness of the "run" lace ought to have enabled it to hold its own if it had been worked from good designs. Like all lace and embroidery, run net depends for its beauty mainly on its design, and, unhappily, design has always been the weak point of Irish laces, and to this cause, quite as much as to their coarseness and the imperfections of their execution, must be attributed the ruin which threatens or has overwhelmed the various centres. Poor Limerick, standing half-way between real lace and imitation, fell to the ground, and it is unlikely that it will ever have a resurrection, for the wages earned by it are hardly likely to tempt the girls of a city, and it is to the country districts that we must look for the future of Irish lace.

By far the greatest number of lace centres came into existence during the famine years of '46, '47, an evil hour for decorative art, when deft-fingered ladies who now produce soft-coloured Persian embroidery or brilliant harmonies adapted from the book of Kells, devoted themselves to the multiplication of hideous designs in crochet and inanities in tatting. That was the fashion of the hour; and remembering these things we can only wonder, not at the many bad things that were produced in these Irish lace schools, but at the bright exceptions that prove how closely the modern laces of Ireland might vie with the best productions of Italy and Spain. Some districts both in north and south have wrought some really fine copies of the heavier antique points; and first among the northern schools we must place Innishmacsaint, in county Fermanagh. In this desolate "isle of the sorrel

plain," Venetian and Spanish laces are so exactly imitated that they have frequently been sold as old point, and it is difficult to realise that this delicate work was taught by amateur lace-makers, and learned by a peasantry who had probably never seen a piece of lace till they began to try to copy it. Yet lace-making was never attempted in this district before the years of the great famine, when the wife and sister of the rector being, by a happy chance, skilled lace-makers, set themselves to impart this art to their starving neighbours. The district of Clones, in Monaghan, was scarcely less fortunate, for though the rector's wife there did not know point stitches, she instructed her people to make a crochet lace very little inferior to the old Dutch crochets, which are often bought and worn in the belief that they are Italian points. The best Clones laces, whether copied from Dutch crochet or Greek lace, are of almost equal value with the originals, and they were at one time in vogue among continental and American leaders of fashion, attaining, by their merits, a good market and commercial success. But the temptation to work cheap, and the floods of bad Irish crochets which inundated the market, ruined the name of this budding industry, the small amount of good being involved in the ruin caused by the plethora of inferior work. But the tide is now on the turn, and crochet has now the brightest prospects of any Irish lace, the new silk crochets invented by Messrs. Hayward, of Oxford Street, and finely executed from good designs, having caused a reaction in favour of this comparatively low-priced lace.

The best work of the needle must always be superior to the best work of the crochet hook, which does not lend itself to the infinite and delicate gradations of stitch, relief, and texture, that bear so large a part in the beauty of needle point. But the effect of fine crochet is so nearly equal to that of point of the second order that the difference of cost will probably turn the balance of fashion in its favour. The northern lace schools, depending chiefly for their organization on the ability and zeal of one person, are apt to degenerate and flag when death or circumstance removes that inspiring spirit, and it is probably for this reason that we find such a much larger number of lace-makers in the southern provinces, where the schools are all under the direction of convents. Here, as in the north, the lace trade owes its existence to philanthropy, and dates mainly from the great famine year, the founder of the southern point laces having been a nun of the Presentation Order at Youghal. While the Fermanagh rector's wife was teaching point stitches to the women of her husband's flock, this Munster nun was instructing a chosen band of girls and nuns in the mysteries of point lace-making which she herself had recently unravelled from a small piece of old Venetian point. She was a woman of rare intelligence, choosing her pupils with a quick instinctive knowledge of the character that would make not only the readiest pupil but the best teacher. She had too a lively fancy and bright ingenuity in design, each stitch and pattern suggesting to her some new effect or combination, so that the work of her school was stamped with an originality and character that secured a certain market and gained it the title "Irish point." Her success led to the foundation of many lace schools, and lace teaching convents are now thickly scattered throughout Munster, the manufacture embracing not only Irish, Venetian, Spanish, rose and tape needle laces, but all those varieties of Carrickmacross appliqué, Limerick embroidered net, drawn linen and crochet which are known as Irish lace. Crochet is probably the most extensively made of these varieties, much of it being the work of children in the national schools, and so poor in design and rude in make that it has no right to consideration either as art or lace. Happily the persons most concerned in the welfare of the lace trade are at last awakened to the ruin that must follow this deterioration, and the nuns have eagerly responded to the offers of help made by the Art Department at South Kensington. We have become so accustomed to find all materials for embroidery ready to our hands that we hardly realise how impossible it was to procure good designs and soft bright-coloured wools and silks before the South Kensington authorities took the matter in hand; but we have only to compare the fancy work of the average Englishwoman of to-day with that of the previous generation, to see how vast is the improvement in the materials at our choice and in the Art culture of the workers. And what South Kensington has done for English embroidery it is now striving to do for Irish lace, by encouraging design, by offering prizes, and by establishing branch schools for special instruction in elementary drawing and lace designing. This work was begun in 1884, when Mr. Alan Cole first visited Ireland in the interest of the lace-makers, and since that time he has made an annual tour in the south, delivering lectures, visiting convents, and inspecting the lace, designs, and drawings that have been made under the direction of the Art Schools of Cork and Waterford. More than ten convents have now connected themselves with these centres, thus obtaining all the advantages accruing from Government grants of money, and of examples, such as specimens and photographs of fine old laces, books on Art, and the like. It is encouraging to find that though the majority of the competition prizes have been gained by a professional designer, Mr. Michael Hayes, a certain number have fallen to members of the various communities in which the younger nuns are working hard for the Art teacher's certificate. Before Irish lace can rank with the modern laces of Brussels or Burano, much remains to be done both in the matter of design and execution; but it has made an onward step, and what is now most needed is generous but discriminating patronage. The Queen, who last year ordered Irish laces to the value of £45, has now given a commission of £60 for laces to be executed from the new designs, but the success of the new silk crochets of Messrs. Hayward speaks better for the future of the lace trade than any amount of philanthropic aid. Yet there are instances of thriving trades founded on purely philanthropic motives; the Donegal wool industry promoted by Mrs. Ernest Hart bids fair to rank among these, and the Burano lace trade stands already on a firm commercial basis. Yet three-and-twenty years ago, when Countess Marcello resolved to revive this industry, there existed no demand for Burano lace, and only one woman in the island understood point lace-making. Moreover, Burano had never been an historic lace—merely a Venetian effort to reproduce the airy Brussels points when these superseded the heavier Italian laces in the eighteenth century. The modern Burano was handicapped also by the impossibility of finding Italian thread even and fine enough to reproduce the cobwebby Brussels foundation, yet by the nobility of its designs and the neat perfection of its stitches it won for itself success years before suitable thread could be procured. Since then the manufacture has steadily advanced, and the Burano school now produces not only the old Burano patterns, but the best points of Brussels, France, and

Venice, and these laces, exact reproductions of their famous forerunners, find a ready market. The supply has created a demand, and more than three hundred women of that tiny Adriatic island now find regular employment in the lace school. Their work, most strictly supervised, always reaches the same high standard, and it may safely be said that nothing ugly, vulgar, or even commonplace has ever come out of the Burano school, which has bravely resisted all temptations to work cheap. As a result of this wise foresight Burano keeps its market, and the best workers, instead of earning the few pence that are the wages of inferior lace-makers, can make three or four francs daily, the more ordinary hands earning one franc a day. Cheap laces in these days of pretty machine-made trimmings can never pay. Coarse crochets, when made, like one I saw at South Kensington a few days since, from good "rococo" design, will probably find a market as the best finish to washing dresses; but to secure this they must be low-priced, and are utterly at the mercy of fashion. Good laces, on the other hand, will be worn as long as women care to be well dressed, and for this reason we would advise lace patrons to encourage most those finer laces which can be developed till they reach the sumptuous perfection of the old points of Italy.

MABEL F. ROBINSON.

'THE GRANDFATHER IN CHARGE.'

FROM THE PICTURE BY G. JAKOBIDES.

PICTURES of babies have prevailed more or less in all the modern schools of Art, from the days of Giotto to those of Jakobides. The Bambino of early Florentines and earlier Siennese has indeed given place to the child of mere humanity; but the child is still a centre, is still "set in the midst"—though now as an anonymous baby from the crowd. Some years ago there was a protest against the prevalence of baby pictures at the Academy. Mr. Hamerton, in the early Art criticisms by which he partly seconded, and partly withstood, the still earlier teachings of Mr. Ruskin on painting in many phases and fashions, made himself the spokesman of an energetic complaint against the Academy baby.

But it was not his youth, or his round forms, or the mildness of the incidents of his daily life, that made the prevalent exhibition infant of twenty years ago so hopelessly insipid and so profoundly *banal* in English Art. It was his conventionality, and the fact that the painters who appealed to a kind of feeble popularity by his means cared not too much but too little for him. And it has been left for two foreign painters, and one whose training has evidently been entirely foreign, to show in our own Burlington House what intelligent and sympathetic realism can do with a class of subjects too long held to be all very well for popularity, but not altogether worthy of Art. First came Signor Chierici's Italian cottage interiors—domestic scenes of a kind which any cheap or ready-made feeling (unfortunately too common in English work of the corresponding class) would have turned to sickliness and cant. But in his hands they had the impulse and directness, the vital realisation of true emotional Art. We may hope that 'The Widow's Dinner,' for instance, is not yet forgotten—that group of children whose unequal heads are gathered about the table, at which the mother in her new grief suddenly breaks down in overwhelming weeping. And a few seasons later M. Dagnan's 'Vaccination' appeared at the Academy as a very lesson in truth—truth of action, of character, and of light. The turn of every baby arm or leg, the manner in which the high tones of the blond heads were effaced in the light of the window, the exquisite relations of the whole illumination of the room, were such as to give the picture, studiously familiar as it was in subject, an unapproachable distinction. Then again there was a picture signed with an English name, Mr. Reginald Bottomley's 'Maternité,' in which the painter showed us merely a grim and unkempt young woman who has strayed into a picture gallery with her baby in her arms and pauses, with no particular expression, either pious or sentimental, before a Madonna and Child. Here again the trite situation was rendered with that quality of distinction which can be compassed by nothing except the delightful union of two rare things, truth and style.

Why, indeed, should the child, the freshest thing in the world, have been so long condemned amongst us to treatment by the stalest Art and literature? France has done more heroic work in painting and in letters, but none more valuable than in her restoration of the child in 'L'Art d'être Grandpère' and M. Dagnan's memorable picture. But it is not only French or Italian tenderness which has undertaken the new treatment of children in Art. Germany, with her insistent and emphatic humour, her delight in a kind of truthful exaggeration, has chosen the more or less grotesque view of child-life, and takes her own kind of pleasure in Kauffmann's urchins, and Schütze's tragedies of the village school, and the continuous and endless tragi-comedy of the crying baby. To the student of expression the latter object is doubtless valuable; nevertheless we might wish that it remained a matter of study merely. For a clever picture of an infant screaming is too noisy for pleasure in days when silence is so valuable and so rare. Other passages of young and harmless petulance and passion—a small bird with its feathers standing up, raised by some unexplained rage over the top of its head, or a kitten with its tail enlarged—appeal, as pictorial subjects should appeal, we are told, to the eyes only; but in M. Jakobides' 'Grandfather in charge' our ears, we are inclined to complain, are put to trial. The human youngster is aggressive in his rage. He casts himself upon the tolerance of the world which he defies, in a manner which would insure his extinction if he were not human. He is the one impossible young creature who cannot move or be left alone, who cannot feed without help, who would dash himself into destruction a thousand times a day but for the vigilant, gentle force constraining him; and more than all, he is the one young creature who makes himself intolerable by noise. And this is the view of many-sided infancy taken in this intensely expressive picture. The painter has observed, among other things, that a little child is all utterance; the passion is audible by the voice, but it

speaks by the whole body. It is a similar truth, in a pleasanter aspect, which Mr. Russell Lowell records when he says of his little girl, "Her very hands smiled also;" and this smiling of the limbs, and especially of the palms of the hands, cannot have escaped the notice of any sympathetic student of children. With the grandfather, on the other hand, explicit expression—expression which is distinct from mere action—is confined to the face; but there it is tense indeed.



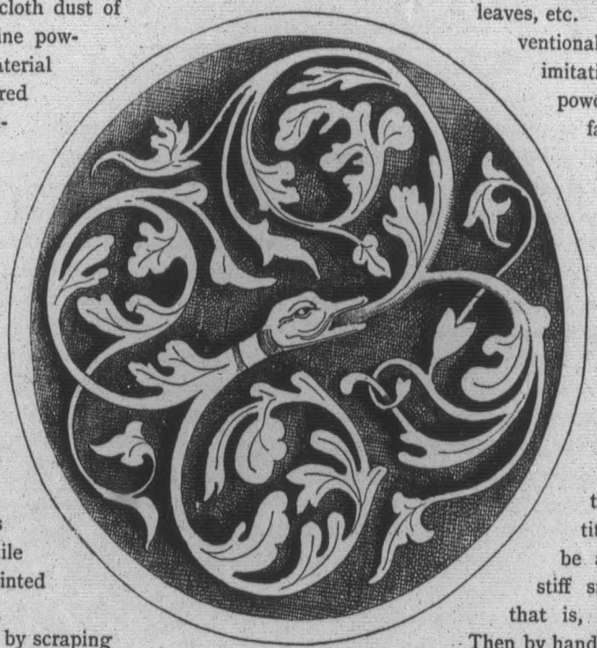
Grandfather in charge.

Excruciation, mingled with tolerance and amusement, screw his wrinkles into deeper lines; for though we have called the yelling child intolerable, he finds toleration not only from his young mother, but from the old man, whose temper is sweetened by all retrospect, memory, and experience.

ALICE MEYNELL.

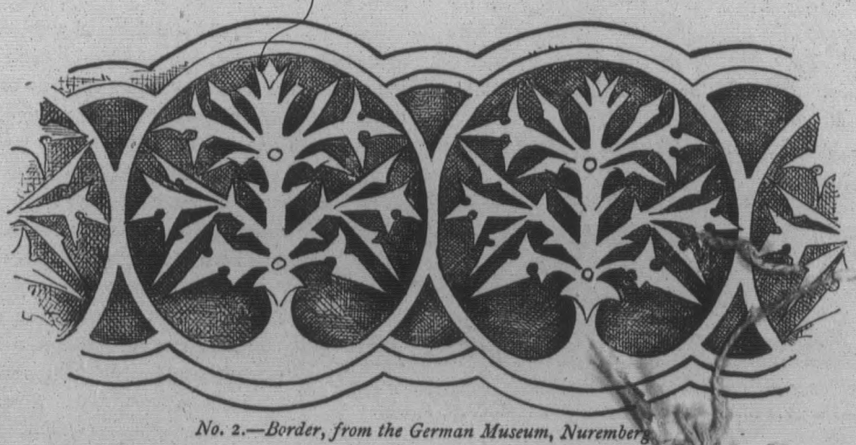
HOME ARTS.—MOSAIC-POWDER WORK.

UNDER this title I propose to designate the decoration of plane or flat surfaces by painting them with glue on which powders of different kinds are sprinkled. The art is a curious one, and I am not aware that any writer has ever treated it in detail in all its varieties. These are three; the first of which is working with cloth dust of different kinds. This I call fine powder-work. The principal material used for this is the dust of coloured woollen. The reader has doubtless often seen on wall-papers, especially on borders, flowers, or other ornaments, which differed in texture from the ground, and which resembled fine felt cloth or velvet. This is made by simply taking the dust of wool or other textile fabrics and sprinkling it on a coat of size or glue. With a little skill it is easy to make pictures of a varied kind in this manner; landscape can by means of it be happily represented, while the garments of figures so painted seem like cloth itself.



No. 1.—Suggestion for Cover to Box.

Wool powder may be made by scraping or clipping very dry wool. For this purpose it should be well washed with soap or soda and dried thoroughly. When a sufficient quantity has been made shake it through a sieve, and then pulverize still more what remains. A sieve may be made by simply taking a small hoop of wood or strip-ring of cardboard and pasting on it a circle of lace net, or buckram. Woollen cloth may be scraped with a knife, to make the dust; in skeins it may be cut with scissors to sufficient fineness. The coloured powder can be simply thrown on with such a sieve, but it will be found advisable in most cases to use a pepper-castor with large holes. Other appliances are to be adopted according to circumstances.



No. 2.—Border, from the German Museum, Nuremberg.

It is very necessary that the artist in powder-mosaic should know how to draw and design. By this I do not mean picture making, I mean to design sufficiently to make a circle, a spiral, a semicircle, and a wave-line of semicircles, to double these and to apply to them crockets and finial ornaments, or what may be called leaves and tips. These latter may be circles, trefoils, plain leaves, ivy-leaves, Indian fig-leaves, etc. It is better to use simple conventional ornaments than elaborate imitations from nature. For mosaic-powder work such designs are by far the most effective. The first step in it is to provide materials. Let us assume that we are to work at first in wool powder alone, and that our object is to make a border or frieze, a foot or eighteen inches wide, for a room. This may be made of wool or muslin, or we may take the cheapest kind of wall-paper. If you cannot get it plain, work on the back. If there is to be a constant repetition of the same figures, it will be advisable to cut them out of stiff smooth cardboard, varnished; that is, to make stencils for them. Then by hand, or with the stencils, draw the pattern. Cover the background either with a suitable coat of paint, or with glue or varnish, and then coat it with the dust or powder.

The liquid glue to be used for this purpose should be of very good quality, mixed with nitric acid, say a teaspoonful to half a pint of glue. It is a very dangerous liquid to handle, and a stain of it on the hands will remain for weeks; stir it well into the glue with a glass rod. Glue thus made, as I know from experience, having often prepared it, holds far better than any other kind, and it may be kept liquid and cold for a year when corked up in a glass bottle. Its peculiar fitness for mosaic-powder work lies in this, that it *dries slowly*; where large surfaces—as, for instance, in veneering—are to be glued this is a great advantage. Its drawback to amateurs, especially to ladies, will be the very pungent and

disagreeable smell of the acidulated glue. For ordinary work a common quality of glue may be used, but for certain powders only the clearest and most transparent should be taken. Experiments in very easy patterns should first be



No. 3.—A Simple Border.

made before anything elaborate is attempted. A very large proportion of beginners often fail to achieve anything because they wish to make masterpieces at once.

A very great improvement to mosaic-powder work is to raise the pattern a little into relief. For this take any kind of powder, clay, plaster of Paris, or the cloth-dust itself if you have enough of it, and by mixing it with glue and thoroughly combining them, apply it either in coats or *en masse*, till it attains the requisite thickness. Finish it off with a coat of glue or size, and sprinkle powder on all.

When all is dry the outlines may be drawn with a brush and dark paint round the edges of the pattern, or better still, they may be gilt. To do this draw the lines with a camel's-hair brush dipped in white of egg or thin gold-size, such as is sold for the purpose in small bottles at any artists'-materials shop. While it is yet wet, take the gold-leaf, such as is attached lightly to the paper or which adheres to it, but easily comes off. Cut, carefully, narrow strips with scissors, and lay them, with the gold down, on the size. Press it lightly on the back with a soft sponge or a brush. Take off the paper, and when it is dry, that is to say in about ten minutes, brush away the superfluous gold-leaf which adheres to the size. If any gold appears in the wrong place, scrape it away with a penknife. If there are vacant places gild them over again.

When this work is done on leather, or thick tough paper, cardboard, or wood, the outline may be first traced with a small wheel set in a handle. The disc should be about the size of a threepenny-piece. This very much improves the appearance of the work. Such an outline may be made with the edge and end of a paper-knife; one that is pointed is best for this purpose. A tool in the shape of a heart-point is also employed for this purpose.

Glass or Metallic Powder.—Glass of different colours



No. 4.—Border. Motive from the Porch of St. Stephen's, Vienna.

reduced to powder may be used instead of the wool or silk dust, or in combination with it. It is best to break it fine in an iron mortar, which should be half filled with water. For some work finely levigated glass is the best, for when it is rather coarsely ground it sparkles more brilliantly. It may be broken and shaken through sieves of different grades, and the different sizes thus obtained be kept separately in wide-mouthed bottles. Bronze powders and such as are sold as glitterine or lustre paint may be used to finish work. Even common brick-dust, or powdered marble, or cocoa-nut shell are suitable for certain work or effects. The artist need never want for material when he can get glue.

Wood Dust.—If we take the filings of wood, or very fine saw-dust, and combine them with glue of the proper thickness, the paste thus made can be used to fill up cracks and holes, so that the defect cannot be perceived. The most decayed pieces of worm-eaten old carving, such as are often destroyed as useless, can in this manner be made valuable. In fact, this forms an artificial wood which can be cast in oiled moulds, or even carved, cut, and polished, as I have myself ascertained by experiment. Applied to grounds of paper or wood, it has the effect of wood-carving; of course the relief may be as low or high as desired. Cocoa-nut shell in fine powder works well with fine glue to make a substance like wood. Glue made with acid is not liable to crack. Ordinary glue without acid becomes tough if a little glycerine be very thoroughly mixed



No. 5.—Border.

with it. This kind of artificial wood can be greatly improved by subjecting it to heavy pressure. Ivory or bone dust may be used for surface painting, and also mixed with glue to form solid objects. In the latter case the powder should be very fine, almost like flour. The surface can be finished with files and sand-paper.

The repairing of old and decayed wooden objects with glue and sawdust suggests something nearly allied, both as regards the subject and the material to mend it. We often read in the newspapers that on opening an ancient tomb there were found in it objects which crumbled and fell to powder on being touched, or on being exposed to the air. But there are very few cases indeed of this kind, in which the objects could not have been perfectly preserved, had those who found them at once sprinkled or sprayed them lightly at first with weak size or glue. This can be made even by boiling old kid gloves; but, in fact, glue of some kind is seldom far to seek. Spraying is effected by taking almost any kind of brush, steeping it in a liquid and then drawing the edge of a stick over it, causing it to spray or spatter. By cutting out patterns of paper, laying them on other paper and then spraying with ink or water-colour, a good dotted effect is produced for a

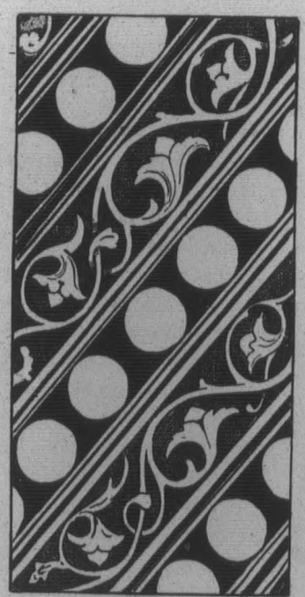
ground. I have seen in Vienna, where I am now writing, boxes of all the tools and materials with patterns for spraying.



No. 6.—Design for a Frieze.

In powdered mosaic, the ground may be sprayed and the pattern worked in wool, glass, wood, or ivory dust.

It is well for those who are not artists to confine their patterns to monochrome, that is to single colours. In fact there are not many even among those who paint fairly well who can improve on monochrome in ordinary or cheap decoration. Powder-mosaic is an easy art, since it simply requires that certain surfaces shall be covered with glue, which, while wet, is covered with the dust to be employed to give colour. In this way, with even black and brown, or any contrasting colours, or even with common dark grey sand and brick-dust, a wall may be tastefully decorated. Sand when freely employed makes a beautiful stone-like appearance, especially when in relief. Romanesque or Byzantine, and Norman or Gothic patterns would look particularly well worked in this way in sand. In such a case the ground and pattern may all be of the same material, the design to be in relief, the ground shaded or coloured immediately at the edge of the pattern, rather dark and fading away, to increase the contrast, but not made a mere line of shadow. Such work in sand actually amounts to a minor art by itself, and might be treated as one. A broad frieze in a deep sand relief, two feet broad, would be a striking ornament to a room, and the humblest artist who knows enough to draw a pattern and paint glue over it, and then throw sand on it, could thus adorn any room.



No. 7.—Decoration for a Tin.

In applying powder-mosaic to walls, if stencils are used, the glue or size may be applied either by directly painting with a brush, or else it may be jetted or spirted on from a syringe or indiarubber bag with a tube which has a "rose" like a strainer at the end. The sand or powder may be either thrown on, especially with wool powder, or put on a wet paper and then pressed on the glue. Of course, the paper which holds the powder should be at once withdrawn, before the glue sticks to it. Sand or heavy powders may be used more freely than the wool, because they are more easily gathered up from the floor, while a light dust flies all about the room.

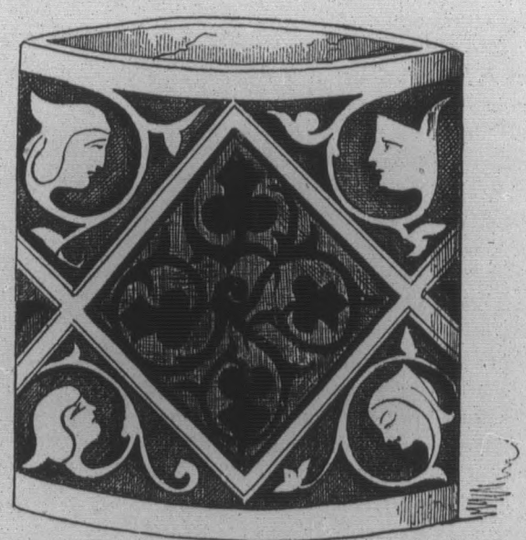
Though mosaic powdering is peculiarly adapted to mural or wall ornamenting, it may be applied to many other objects. One of these is CYLINDERS. Make a long round box of thick cardboard or wood, and put in a bottom piece. If this be coated with glue and then simply rolled in any powder, especially a glittering metallic dust, or bronze-powder, it will have a very pretty appearance. Poor persons could make them to sell at a profit. But if a simple pattern be added to this when dry by painting it with glue, and this again be powdered, the effect may be admirable.

SCREENS.—Paint human faces on screens by hand, or else purchase at a Japanese shop faces made for the purpose, to be *appliquées*, or sewed on to grounds. Execute the garments of the figures in glue and coloured cloth dusts.

SIGNS.—Patterns made with water-proof glue and sand will endure exposure to the weather for a long time. Very pretty and remarkable work for indoors or covered places may be executed with any pulverized material which will resist the air.

MOTTOES for decoration may be made with bronze powders.

TINS.—The tin cylinders which are thrown away by millions may be decorated with glue and powders very effectively, so as to form household ornaments of some value. They may be used to contain dry flowers and grasses.



No. 8.—Suggestion for a Cylinder.

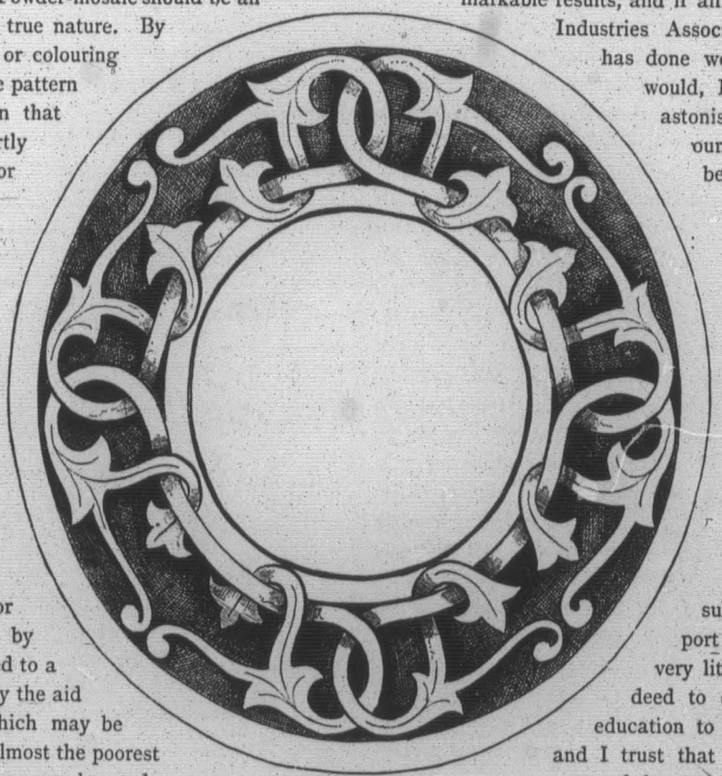
LOOKING-GLASS AND PICTURE FRAMES.—The cheapest of these may be made to assume a fine appearance by covering them with glue and cocoa-nut powder, or walnut dust. A very curious effect may be produced by using coarse sawdust and alternately throwing on the size and then the dust, till it attains a high but irregular relief. No one seeing it for the first time would imagine how it is made. With a little experimenting the artist will find that this may be greatly varied, and that with certain powders and dusts a great variety of results may be produced.

Relief and good effect may be obtained by cutting out patterns in cardboard and fastening them to the ground either by gluing, sewing, or using small tacks. The thickness of the pattern may be increased to any extent by adding layers of paper and paste or glue to it. When attached it may be finished off with a sharp penknife, and a file, or sand-paper. This is well adapted to be covered with glue and sand, as I have observed the effect of sculpture may be thus produced, although the imitation of one material by another is not to be commended, as it is allied to sham. Powder-mosaic should be an art by itself, and show its true nature. By shading with dark sand or colouring matter at the base of the pattern we give some intimation that the work is, as it were, partly painted. A cylinder or tankard may be made in this way to present a very beautiful appearance.



No. 9.—Half of a Frame for Picture or Looking-Glass.

It is being rapidly realised that really good household decoration goes far to refine and cultivate people, and to make them moral and happy, and it is a great thing to realise that this may be done at slight expense. It is not absolutely necessary for men to see great pictures by great masters to be trained to a sense of the beautiful. By the aid of certain minor arts, which may be learned and practised by almost the poorest people, the humblest cottage may be made a source of pride to its occupants. Much cheap sneering has been expended by small and ignorant writers on the "craze" for decoration, on the "barn made beautiful," and "æsthetic clodhoppers," but the more deeply it is studied, the more is it found to be true that culture is possible for the poorest, nay, that it is needed to subdue the worst features of poverty. In all countries where communities even of peasants pursue at odd hours some kind of Art work, they are much better and happier for it. It is not compatible with utter brutality and ignorance. The experiences of the Rev. Mr. Raunsley, of Keswick, in teaching farm-labourers *repoussé* (brass-work) have been attended by remarkable results, and if all that the Home Arts and Industries Association of Great Britain has done were to be published, it would, I venture to say, greatly astonish the great majority of our public. Fact has proved beyond all dispute by its two exhibitions that any British boy or girl can even with very little teaching be made to produce not Art-trash but true Art-work of real value. This association, which is producing such remarkable results, has done it at a very trifling expenditure and under great difficulties. It is in need of the substantial pecuniary support which it deserves. A very little would go very far indeed to enable it to extend its education to hundreds or thousands, and I trust that this appeal will induce some of those who are able to give such aid to inquire into its work, and ascertain what it has really done, and what it actually wants.



No. 10.—Design for Top of a Box.

CHARLES G. LELAND.



No. 11.—Border.

AN AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE'S GALLERY.

THE dispersion of the Stewart collection of pictures in New York brings to an end one of the most famous private galleries of the time. The fact that an American millionaire put it together is significant of a choice stimulated rather than restricted by huge prices, and also significant of a certain modernity of taste and of an evident Gallicism. If good Americans go to Paris when they die, rich ones go before their death, and with the rest goes the great picture-buyer. Englishmen belong to their own race, and England has close artistic ties with the Republic, cemented by the election of its West, and Copley, and Leslie, and Boughton to the British Royal Academy. But, for all that, the New York Crœsus finds his way to Paris rather than to London in search of pictures. It would be unpatriotic and even unfair to opine that it is technical inferiority on the part of English artists which drives American custom across the Channel. The English merchant-prince, who has the same love of Art and the same capacity for lavishing money on its gratification, as the Stewarts and the Vanderbilts, finds in the English market all that he needs. The pictures are to his mind; and, if well chosen, they are something more than things of beauty to him, they are also an excellent investment. His American brother, however, has quite other tastes and predilections.



Portrait of Mrs. Stewart.

On all contemporary European paintings there is, as every one knows, a heavy American import tax—a tax which may often deter would-be purchasers from securing canvases they admire in their walks abroad—but which tells with equal severity on pictures sent from Paris as on pictures sent from London. Some other reason for American neglect of the London market must therefore be suggested; and we suspect that very trivial causes may be cited to partly explain a fashion now seriously detrimental to English artists and to English Art. The system of studio training in Paris, so superior to that of our own Academy, has inevitable attractions for American students; and thus has been formed between the two Republics an artistic connection with innumerable ramifications. Where the students go, the parents and the patrons go also. Paris has become, therefore, the school and the market of Art to the American, who, with his keen appreciation of personality, thoroughly enjoys his contact with the great painters of the age. In London, a pilgrim from New England presenting himself without other credentials than his love of Art at the door of our Academicians, would be told that he was never "at home" except by appointment. In Paris, on the contrary, he would have opportunities of access to the greatest studios; and that he appreciates the difference his purchases only too distinctly indicate. Everybody knows that this year Sir Frederick Leighton has sent pictures to America, in fulfilment of a commission; and every one enjoys the President's Sunday afternoons. Of Mr. Alma Tadema much the same might be said; and Mr. Boughton, whose charming house on Campden Hill is a rendezvous for Americans in London, exports more pictures to America than do all the rest of the Academicians put together. We do not insist too strongly on this connection between society and the sale-room; but it must not be left wholly out of view in an inquiry of the kind. Nor can we ignore the fact that the American receives not only more hospitality in Paris than he does in London, but more appreciation of a delicate kind—the kind of appreciation that he likes. The Frenchman hails him as a brother Republican; and in other than political matters accepts him with cordiality where we have been apt to hold him at arm's length. That insular attitude is passing—is perhaps already gone in intelligent English society; but the effects of it must long remain, and it will be sufficiently apparent whenever a great collection, such as that of Mrs. Stewart, goes under the hammer, and is found to be without a single illustration of the art of Leighton or Watts, of Millais or Tadema, of Orchardson or Fildes, of Poynter or of Burne Jones.

We are aware that it is not only in the studios and the galleries of London that the absence of the American is felt. To Paris with the picture-buyer goes nearly every other assortment of American. Irving may have a triumph across the Atlantic; but the American stage-student goes to Paris for his training, just as surely as the American woman goes there for her bonnets. The very architecture of American cities is derived in the main—or

was until yesterday—from that of Paris, as may be illustrated by a glance at the palace owned by Mrs. Stewart in New York. As the home of so famous a collection, it is an historic pile, and it is also, in its way, a monument to the individuality of the great collector. Designed in the style of the Italian Renaissance, as modified in Paris, it differs from European models, inasmuch as the richest decoration is given to the ground floor. The first floor, usually chosen for the most elaborate treatment, is here left comparatively plain. Over the second floor is a boldly projecting cornice with a balcony parapet, from which spring effective dormers; and the Mansard-roof—to be seen in perfection at Versailles—has an intricate cresting in zinc, after the usual French fashion. The elaborate ground floor has a cornice all to itself; its windows have projecting balconies supported on carved consoles; the wall surface is almost entirely covered by a grove of pillars; and the story being raised on a basement of strongly marked horizontal lines, seen through and above the pierced boundary walls, possesses a dignity and an elegance unique in a ground floor. Still, in spite of modifications and adaptations, the taste which dominates the structure is that of the city by the Seine, not that of the sombre squares of London.

About the structure of the picture gallery there is nothing special to remark. But it is impossible to get a glimpse of such an interior without reflecting on the extraordinary



The Children's Festival. By L. Knaus.

revolution effected in American taste almost within the memory of the "oldest inhabitant." The age of Copley and the age of Church have given place to that of Meissonier and Daubigny. In ethics no less than in taste the transformation has been astonishing and complete. It is not so long since the Academy at Philadelphia—because it contained some undraped statuary—was opened one day in the week for "women only," and the earliest cast of the Venus de Medici, brought to the Quaker city by Robert Pine, had to be "privately exhibited." At Boston itself, a lady visiting the sculpture gallery for the first time, was shocked to find a young woman at the ticket-table; "You ought to employ your time in making aprons for these horrid statues" was her indignant remark. And Powers' 'Greek Slave,' itself in the Stewart Gallery, was received with grave misgivings when it first appeared, a deputation of clergymen being sent to see it at Cincinnati, to decide whether it should be "countenanced by religious people." Of late years the only complaint has been of the difficulty of the sight-seer in having access to this and the other masterpieces of the Stewart collection.

The place of honour on the walls of the gallery was accorded to 'The Horse-Fair.' Before beginning on this immense canvas—one does not like to remember that it was begun more than thirty years ago—Rosa Bonheur devoted herself during eighteen months to a series of studies. Clad in her masculine blouse, she used to attend, two days a week, the horse-fair, where she had all the appearance of a young connoisseur. "Come along, young fellow," said a stalwart

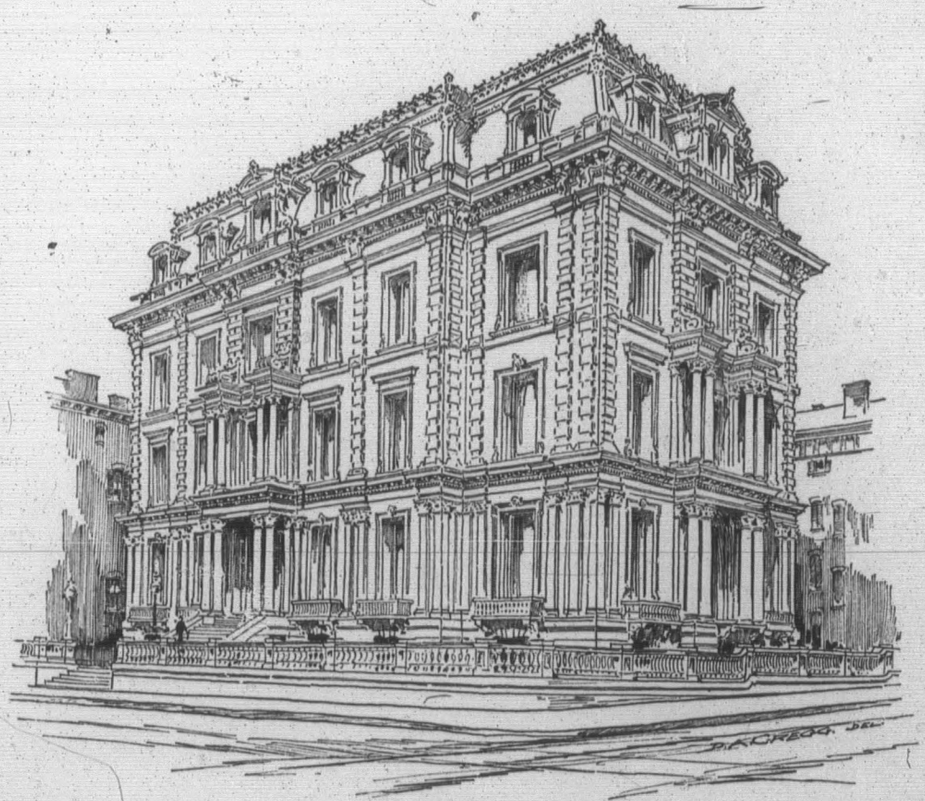


The Picture Gallery.

Norman one day, almost crushing the artist's shoulder with a slap of his hand, "and see what a fine beast I have here. Sketch him for me, and I will stand you a drink." Rosa did the sketch more easily than she was able to escape the recompense. The government bought the picture from the artist, who, later on, regained it, and then sold it to M. Gambart, who exhibited it in England, after which it went to America. How broad was taste here exhibited may be gathered from the fact that the gallery which boasts this masterpiece of Rosa Bonheur possessed also two canvases by Troyon. Rosa Bonheur will live by her power of draughtsmanship; but in Troyon we have, besides distinction of manner and colour, a perfect style and a fulness of brush which place him at the head of the cattle painters—we might say of the animal painters—of the world.

Of Gérôme the gallery had several examples, such as 'Une Collaboration,' the 'Gladiators,' and the 'Chariot Race.' Munkacsy, an artist of two styles, is represented by 'A Visit to the Baby,' in his clever and brilliant mood. Detaille's 'Rest at Camp, St. Maur,' and De Nittis's 'Flirtation in Hyde Park' are among the two hundred and seventeen pictures of the collection. But the Meissoniers form perhaps the most memorable group:—'At the Barracks,' 'Charity,' and '1807.' The last of these is the greatest. It was bought for a sum exceeding £12,500. Showing more than the artist's ordinary and marvellous conscientiousness, but with less than his usual display of dramatic imagination, this canvas represents a charge of cuirassiers—probably at the battle of Friedland. His study of the horse in action was a wonderful feat, and helped to bring about that revolution in the representation of a horse in movement which has marked our era. In this instance he devised a tramway, in which he was drawn, so that he might keep pace with the charger's gallop, and note his action all the while.

Among paintings by Auguste Bonheur, Bouguereau, B. Constant, E. Frère, and Gallait, the eye catches sight of one English picture, 'The Disputed Boundary,' by Mr. Erskine Nicol, A.R.A. How it strayed over the boundary, which is hardly disputed, and which shut out all but French works from the Stewart Gallery, we have not a guess. Keeping Teutonic company with Mr. Erskine Nicol in the Stewart Gallery were Piloty and Knaus. 'The Triumph of Germanicus' is a fine work from the brush of the painter of the grand 'Nero walking among the Ruins of Rome, who, by the way, may owe his own discovery by American collectors to his 'Discovery of America.' Like Piloty, Knaus also, though born at Wiesbaden, belongs to the Munich School. Eight years of student life in Paris have left their mark on his works, of which the gay and pretty 'Children's Festival' is a fine example. In every capital in Europe, as well as in New York, his pictures find ready buyers at a large price.



Mrs. Stewart's House.

Of the two exquisite examples of Fortuny, 'The Serpent Charmers' claims priority. It was painted in Paris in 1864, but whether it was the first, or second, or third rendering of the subject—Fortuny never made an exact replica—is a little uncertain. In Baron Davillier's catalogue, under the date of 1870, is recorded "'The Serpent Charmers,' painted for M. Edouard André;" and after that we read "The same subject, painted for A. T. Stuart." On the other hand M. Walther Fol declares that the subject was first painted for his brother, and was then reproduced on a panel for M. André.

The other picture, 'The Beach of Portici,' is a brilliant rendering of Neapolitan sea and sky. Of this picture Fortuny wrote only a few weeks before his death, "There are some women on the grass; some bathers who plunge into the sea; the remains of an old château; the walls of a garden; the entrance to a village. All this in full sunlight, and without taking away a single ray. All is clear and gay. And how could it be otherwise, since we have so happily passed our summer? My picture is not yet finished, I need a month of work."

We have to thank Mr. Walter Rowlands, of Boston, for kind assistance in preparing the illustrations for this article, and we hope shortly to publish an article from his pen on the dispersal of this collection, which will have taken place before these lines meet the public eye.

JOHN OLDCASTLE.

THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY.

BY a reduction of two hundred in the number of works selected for exhibition, the Academy has secured a better average of merit than usual, and in the principal rooms has been able to avoid the skying of good work. In important original figure paintings the collection is a little deficient; in landscape, with one or two brilliant exceptions, the subjects and treatment do not display progress or originality; and in portraiture, along with some conspicuously weak examples, there is a successful effort made to maintain the good name of the Scottish school.

As in several recent years, the collection is almost exclusively of native Art.

The main interest of the exhibition centres in the large work by the late John Phillip, 'The Early Career of Murillo—1634.' This painting was purchased in London last year by Mr. J. M. Keiller, of Dundee, at the price of £4,000, and good judgment has been shown in suspending in its favour the rule that the exhibition should be of works of living artists.

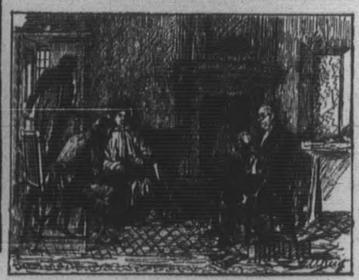
Sir William Fettes Douglas, the President, is represented only by three water-colour drawings, which, though small, have all the subtle charms of touch and colour he ever infuses into such work. Sir Noel Paton and Sir John Steell do not exhibit.















"Potato Gleaning," Robt. MacGregor, A.R.S.A.

"Primrose Day," Pollok S. Nisbet.

"November," W. F. Vallance, R.S.A.

"The Playmates," T. Austen Brown.

"The Till by Twizel Bridge," George Aikman, A.R.S.A.

"Their Legal Adviser," George O. Reid.

"Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes," J. Smart, R.S.A.

The leading place in original work is taken by Mr. W. E. Lockhart, with a large gallery picture on an incident in Bulwer Lytton's "Last Days of Pompeii." The scene is the court of the house where Glaucus, having a jeweller in attendance, selects a gold chain and hangs it on the neck of the blind girl, Nydia. The picture has many excellencies, and both as a composition and in technique is of high merit. Mr. Robert Herdman, besides several portraits and a figure subject, 'The Tryst,' as sweet and rich in colour as any former work, shows a large picture, 'Landless and Homeless,' illustrating a Highlander's feelings in leaving his cottage and "croft." Mr. W. MacTaggart presents a brilliant portrait, 'Mrs. Orchar,' worthy of his powers. The large seapiece, 'For Shelter,' has some fine qualities, but it is slovenly in execution, wanting in texture and definition, and deficient in aërial perspective. The portraits by Mr. George Reid maintain their accustomed merit, the chief being a noble likeness of Lord Moncreiff in his peer's robes. A boy's portrait, a half-size full-length, is of remarkable strength. From Mr. Archer has been sent his large work, 'St. Agnes, one of the Early Christian Martyrs,' a work of groups rather than a completed whole, and deficient in strength in the central figure. Mr. Robert Gibb exhibits his portrait of H. M. Stanley, the most vigorous work in this branch on the walls, and giving fine expression to the commanding head and face of the gallant explorer. Mr. H. Cameron and Mr. G. Hay present examples of their accustomed dainty conception and fine colour, but do not step out of former grooves. Mr. W. D. Mackay's bright landscapes charm as before by their truth to nature and fine technique. The fine breezy effect and moisture-laden atmosphere in Mr. W. F. Vallance's large work, 'November.'—the port of Dunbar on a stormy day—will be judged from our reproduction, while one of Mr. John Smart's large pastoral landscapes is also reproduced. In sculpture the Members of the Academy show busts only. Amongst them is an excellent likeness of the venerable sculptor, Sir John Steell, the work of Mr. D. W. Stevenson, recently elected R.S.A.

Of the work of the Associates we give sketches of 'Potato Gleaning,' by Mr. Robert MacGregor; and 'The Till by

Twizel Bridge,' by Mr. George Aikman. The former is essentially French in character, and though brilliant in respect to workmanship, shows timidity in the artist as regards his own individuality. However well he may follow in the lines of another school, a distinct personality in Art would be a better aim. Mr. Aikman, besides the fine work reproduced, shows a large sunset view of Norham, almost too gorgeous in its brown and crimson tones. Mr. J. C. Noble's landscapes this year follow one motive, and in their rich and almost lurid harmony are admirable as studies in colour and tone, but perhaps of doubtful truth to nature as we see it in this country. Mr. G. W. Johnston, in 'Borderland' and other works, maintains his reputation; and in a large and panoramic work Mr. J. D. Adam takes a new departure, though illustrating his speciality in a fine drove of Highland cattle in the foreground. Mr. R. Alexander's 'Happy Mother,' a collie with pups, is one of his largest and finest works, full of character, and fine in tone. The new Associates, C. Martin Hardie, Arthur Melville, and James Hamilton, show nothing of importance, and several others of the rank are represented by few or small works.

In the productions of artists outside the Academy we may mention Mr. G. O. Reid's excellent interiors, one of which, 'Their Legal Adviser,' we reproduce. Mr. Pollok S. Nisbet confines himself to landscape work, and a fine picture is shown in our sketch. Mr. T. Austen Brown varies his style from the light spring green of last year, though that still prevails in the picture of which a sketch is given. His small work, 'A Trial Trip,' is admirable in tone. Mr. Robert Noble, in 'Fête des Fleurs,' gives a gorgeous study of colour, highly finished and well harmonized, but deficient in texture and in the relations of the figures to the glowing flowers amidst which they are seated. Mr. J. Knox Ferguson essays Charlotte Corday and Marat, with much cleverness in arrangement and in the handling of the details, but wanting in grasp of character. Mr. G. N. Langlands shows a large landscape, 'The Tweed at Littledean,' which marks a distinct step in his career, and gives much promise. Mr. R. G. Hutchison presents a large interior, 'Reminiscences of the Crimea,' in which a veteran listens to the recital of the story of the campaign. This is well conceived, and though somewhat sombre, is admirably wrought out in draughtsmanship and colour. Portraits by C. Kay Robertson and C. A. Sellar are of special merit, and the works of R. Paton Reid, John Oswald, Hector Chalmers, J. M. Brown, and G. D. Armour deserve mention. In the water-colour department, Mr. R. B. Nisbet shows a fine landscape, 'Hambleton, Surrey,' and Mr. Thomas Scott's 'Tweed from Bemerside Hill' (Sir Walter Scott's favourite view) is meritorious, though his lesser works may be preferred. The small figure subjects by Mr. Henry W. Kerr show excellent colour and a rich sense of humour and character. Here the works of W. F. Vallance, David Murray, W. G. Stevenson, and W. J. Douglas also attract notice.

ART NOTES AND REVIEWS.

THE GLASGOW INSTITUTE.—The Twenty-sixth Exhibition is remarkable for variety and general interest. The local artists show well, and there are splendid examples of English and Continental Art. The Loan pictures are especially good. The Council decided this year to exclude water colours. One of the principal Loan pictures is the 'Little Miss Muffit,' of Sir J. E. Millais, now the property of Mr. Keiller, of Dundee. Facing it is Fred. Walker's 'The Sunny Thames.' 'Wandering Shadows,' by Peter Graham, R.A., painted in 1878; 'Moonlight,' by C. Jacque; 'Le Soir,' by Rousseau, and landscapes by Corot, Daubigny, and Diaz, are admirable examples of these masters: their educational value in such an exhibition as that of the Glasgow Institute cannot be overestimated. The local painters contribute much excellent work, full of performance and promise. Joseph Henderson's 'After the Storm' sparkles with life and motion. A. K. Brown paints with truth and poetical feeling; he is conscientious in all he does, and never forces an effect. His 'Grey Stirling' and 'Carradale' are refined and delicate, and yet full of strength and "grip." Duncan Mackellar is making steady progress; his 'Charles Surface' is a careful and correct bit of figure-drawing. Tom MacEwan's 'For Daily Bread,' deserves high praise for both colour and sentiment. Alexander Davidson's 'Doll's Washing' is a happily-arranged portrait group of children, and his 'Curiosity' has good expression and handling. 'The First of Winter Snow,' by J. D. Taylor, is natural and carefully worked. Among the animal painters special attention must be directed to G. D. Armour, Thos. Hunt, Denovan Adam, A.R.S.A., W. G. Stevenson, A.R.S.A., Geo. Pirie, and J. Carlaw. Some of the younger men in Glasgow are strongly influenced by certain phases in the French Art of to-day: among the most prominent are Messrs. Guthrie, Lavery, Walton, Henry, Roche, and Kennedy. 'Over the Harbour Bar,' by W. M'Taggart, R.S.A., is full of go and swing. Among the Edinburgh artists who exhibit are Messrs. Herdman, Smart, Lockhart, Pollok Nisbet, Paton Reid, Waller Paton, Beattie Brown, and Joseph Milne. Of the portrait painters we may mention George Reid, Joseph Henderson, R. C. Crawford, and E. A. Walton. The collection of sculpture is not large: two medallions and a bronze head, by T. S. Lee; 'A Border Maid,' by J. P. M'Gillivray; and 'Night,' by Emmeline Halse, are its chief features.

THE MANCHESTER ACADEMY AND SCHOOL.—The Manchester School has, we take it, as legitimate a claim to independence and individuality as any. Mr. Joseph Knight, who is largely represented in the present show, has long won general recognition; but his style has apparently crystallised, and it is amongst the younger men that the chief characteristics of the School are most evident. Foremost among them is Mr. Anderson Hague, a painter of great energy, a true colourist, and endowed with real versatility. In the present exhibition, his portrait of a little girl, 'Hilda,' is marked by force, simplicity, rich colour, and excellent tone; his "Unwilling Model' is equally striking, and, moreover, is touched with humour; he exhibits also a farm-yard scene, a landscape from the banks of the Conway, a corn-field with wooded background, a snow scene, and a vase of chrysanthe-

mums. Similar qualities are shown in the work of Mr. J. H. Davies, who contributes a view of the Conway estuary, with Penmaen Bach in the distance, and two landscapes, specially noticeable for good colour and accurate drawing of trees. Mr. J. H. Slater is another conscientious painter of the School, and his landscapes from the neighbourhood of Arundel are all rich in colour, true in tone, and instinct with real feeling for the beauty of woodland and pasture. In a less marked degree, the work of Mr. F. W. Jackson is characteristic; but he has a strong individual sense of the quieter harmony of nature, and delights in atmospheric subtleties. Mr. R. G. Somerset, who was formerly regarded as one of the leading lights of the School, has settled down, like Mr. Knight, to a steady individual style, and the landscapes he sends fully maintain, if they do not enhance, his reputation. Amongst other contributors are many who do not show any sympathy with the new school, but whose painting is still interesting. Most noticeable of these perhaps are Mr. Basil Bradley, Mr. W. Bright-Morris, Mr. W. Morton, Mr. Eyre Walker, and Mr. Charles Potter.

PICTURES IN LONDON.—The Nineteenth Century Art Exhibition can boast of some two or three really good pictures, painted with artistic freedom, and that happy infusion of apparent accident which agreeably masks the necessary conventions of the Art. Mr. F. Hind again gives proof of the vitality and freshness of his interest in nature. In spite of his attention to technique he constantly chooses new subjects, and shows no inclination to become the victim of one landscape effect or arrangement. His 'Evening Calm' impresses one by its delicate and charming colour, as well as by evidences of an intimate and personal investigation of nature. In his 'Life on the River' we see a barge and figures treated with breadth, subtlety of aerial tone, and an elegant but quite unobtrusive art of composition. Mr. H. S. Tuke is another artist upon whom we can always depend for something freshly observed as well as originally and scientifically treated. Not that his science is by any means mechanical or exclusive of spontaneity, as may be easily seen in the personal handling and impalpably aerial colouring of 'Taking a Spell,' or in the atmospheric tone and well-observed values of 'In a Cornish Garden.' Another fine picture, of a different sort, is Mr. E. S. Calvert's 'Eventide,' a work less intimate and delicate than those of the other two men, but broader in handling and more stately in its decorative effect. Perhaps we should place on a slightly lower platform Mr. Norbury's dark and powerful 'Evening at St. Asaph,' Mr. Edwin Nichol's rather coarse but strong and true 'In King Arthur's Country,' Mr. G. E. Corner's clever but sober 'Grey Weather in Normandy,' the pleasant colour and elegant technique of M. G. Montbard's 'Pond in Brittany,' a rich moonlight on snow; 'Tewksbury,' by Mr. V. Yglesias; and a clever, sparkling, and suggestive sketch, 'Landing Fish,' by Mr. Fuller Maitland. Mr. Edgar Wills, in the rich brown key of his 'By the River Side,' and Mr. E. P. Sanguinetti in his forcible snow scene, employ conventions rather effective than true. Messrs. A. V. Poncy, A. W. Williams, Ernest Law, W. H. Thompson, Dunham Massey, W. Fitz, and one or two others, contribute work which merits attention. Actual figure subjects are few and far between, and cannot, as a whole, compare with the landscape. Mr. Norbury's well-felt 'Travelling Circus,' and Mr. J. W. Dunsmore's well-drawn 'Romance sans Paroles,' are unquestionably the best.

PERSONAL.—The new R.A.—*vice* Mr. Richmond resigned—is Mr. Luke Fildes, whose 'Venetian Flower Sellers' we engraved in our January issue. The *proxime accessit* was Mr. Burgess. The new A.R.A. is Mr. Alf. Gilbert. Our statement, that Mr. Seddon had been appointed Art editor of *The British Architect*, is mere rumour; our informant was misinformed. Mr. Ewan Christian has been recommended by the Royal Institute of British Architects for the Queen's Gold Medal for architecture. The next winter exhibition at the Grosvenor will probably be of the works of Sir F. Leighton; upon the request of the Prince of Wales these Galleries will be placed at the disposal of Mons. Vereschagin during October and November for a display of his extraordinary collection of pictures of battle and other subjects. Messrs. Barlow and Horsley have undertaken to hang the pictures in oil, and Sir John Gilbert and Sir James Linton the water-colours, at the Manchester Jubilee Exhibition: Sir F. Leighton's new picture of 'Hero,' with its predella, representing the death of Leander, has been purchased for the Art Gallery of that city. Mr. Du-Maurier is bent, it is said, upon a visit to America. M. Meissonier is painting a water-colour, eight feet by five, of 'Napoleon Reviewing his Army.' Mr. John Lafarge has finished a stained-glass window—ten by fifteen feet, the size of it — for the church at North Easton, Massachusetts, in memory of Helen Angiers Ames. Munkacsy's 'Christ before Pilate' has been sold for £20,000 sterling; it is said, and denied, that it is to serve as "an advertisement for the buyer's dry goods establishment."

SOUTH KENSINGTON.—Colonel Donnelly's announcement that "the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education have decided to make arrangements for the admission of a limited number" of industrial art students, free of charge, to the schools, museum, and library at South Kensington, has created an excellent impression. In England, education in the industrial arts has always left much to desire. It has been for years a common cry that the British workman is not nearly so well taught—and, in consequence, not nearly so accomplished and useful—as his French and Belgian brethren. It is for the employers of labour to begin; it is for the men and women, whom they may think fit to send to London, to show themselves worthy of the distinction. Art is difficult, and improvement is not likely to overtake us like a flood. The thing is, that the new conditions should be taken advantage of at once. The British workman is no more an ass than the rest of his kind; and here is his chance of proving it.

MUSEUMS AND GALLERIES.—In New York the trustees of the Metropolitan Museum have issued a report showing that (1) the institution is rich to the extent of over a million dollars; (2) that the Art Schools attached are maintained at a cost of 7,000 dollars per annum; and (3) that the number of pupils is at present not less than 248. The Boston Museum of Fine Arts is the richer, under the will of the late Richard Perkins, by 30,000 dollars. A movement is on foot for starting a School of Art for West Bromwich; the Wolverhampton Art Gallery and School of Art shutting up at the same moment for lack of funds. The Crystal Palace Company propose to hold an exhibition—16th May to 30th June—of works "by *bonâ-fide* students in the most advanced grades, executed without assistance in Royal Academic and State-aided schools, accredited professional private Art schools," or by certain categories of "individual professional students;" there will

be premiums of from £5 to £15 for excellence in oils and water-colours, landscape, the figure, "models and sculpture, and specimens of the fine arts applied to industry." It is proposed to purchase by subscriptions the old palace at Maidstone and turn it into a picture gallery and museum. M. Louis David, a son of the famous painter, has bequeathed to the Brussels Gallery four of his father's pictures, among them the tremendous 'Mort de Marat.' Seventy gold and twenty-eight silver coins have been stolen from the Musée Municipal at Metz.

BUSTS AND STATUES.—It is proposed to place (by subscription) a mural tablet, the work of Mr. Alfred Gilbert, in the crypt of St. Paul's, to the memory of Randolph Caldecott. A 'Columbus' in bronze, ten feet high, will be erected in St. Louis, U.S.A. In Paris, M. Dalou's 'Le Triomphe de la République,' which is now at the founder's, will be set up in the Place de la Nation some time in 1889; it is to cost some £20,000 sterling. A sum of 15,000 francs has been voted by the Conseil-Général of La Manche, and another of 15,000 francs by the Municipality of Cherbourg towards a statue of Jean-François Millet; subscriptions are invited. The bust of Dufaure has been placed in the Galerie des Bustes du Sénat, beside those of Chanzy, Gambetta, and Thiers. M. Rodin is engaged upon a decorative bust—Renaissance style—for the studio of Mme. la Baronne Nathaniel de Rothschild; his group for Calais—Eustache de Saint-Pierre and his five heroic companions—will be ready, it is hoped, some time this year.

OBITUARY.—The death is announced of Ernest Hillemacher, a pupil of Cogniet, painter of 'Molière et sa Servante,' and the 'Partie de Whist;' of the ecclesiastical architect George Goldie; of the Art critic and archæologist Olivier Rayet; of the antiquary E. Lervengard; of M. Leori-Montgazon, professor of History and Fine Arts at the University of Angers; of M. Lechevallier, a pupil of Horace Vernet, and of M. Delplanque, keeper of the museum at Douai.

THE EIFFEL TOWER.—The proposal to erect in the Champ de Mars a monstrosity in "tôle boulonnée," 300 mètres high, has, very naturally, excited the indignation of every one who has at heart the interest and the beauty of Paris. How the abortion got itself accepted as possible and desirable is not yet known. But that it has done so—that Paris, "the navel of the arts," will presently see itself the lovelier by an abomination whose only quality is that of being inevitably visible, is certain. The intelligence of the city has protested against its erection, but M. Lockroy, the Minister of Commerce, a son-in-law to Victor Hugo, has "smiling, put the question by," in a document which would not have been out of place in the *Figaro* or the *Gil Blas*, and the work of degradation goes gallantly on. There was some such proposal to disfigure London, in celebration of the Jubilee, of course, but it was shelved without a dissentient voice. How is it, if the French are *so* intelligent and the English so stupid—*si routiniers et si boutiquiers*—that in matters of this sort they sometimes order things for the better in England?

Sir Henry Layard has edited and rewritten Kugler's useful "HANDBOOK OF PAINTING" (London: John Murray) to such an extent that it is practically a new book. Kugler himself was not so much ingenious as industrious; his first editor, Sir Charles Eastlake, was rather ingenious than industrious; Sir Henry Layard, to whom we owe this fifth edition of a meritorious work, has succumbed to the influence of Morelli, and is both one and the other. Of course it is impossible, in the space at our command, adequately to deal with the mass of elucidation and correction for which the new editor is responsible. All that can be said is, that without Kugler in his new guise no Art library can be considered complete. It is a good work made better, and the student of Italian Art will hardly do without it. Of the second volume of Woltmann and Woermann's "HISTORY OF PAINTING" (London: Kegan Paul), translated by Clara Bell, there is perhaps less to say. It is excellent in its dull, plodding, methodical, essentially German way, and, as translated by Clara Bell, it is by no means bad reading. Clara Bell, indeed, has the knack of translation. Her sentences run smoothly and lightly; her phrasing is neat; her originals are heavy enough, but she makes them quite acceptable. The first volume was, however, revised by Mr. Sidney Colvin; this second is not, and the falling off is obvious. Another drawback is, that the illustrations, which are many and appropriate, are not named, but numbered; so that you have to hark back with every one to the page reference, which is annoying. Still the book is a good one, and not to take advantage of its teaching were to argue one's self unfit for education.

Professor Max Müller's "La Carità of Andrea del Sarto" (London: The Fine Art Society), is, like everything he does, extremely lucid, pleasant, and persuasive; better reading of its kind could hardly be desired. The "Society in the Elizabethan Age" (London: Swan Sonnenschein) of Mr. Hubert Hall, is excellent reading, though its statements are not to be accepted without salt; the illustrations are eminently curious and inartistic. Mr. W. Raeburn Andrews's "Life of Sir Henry Raeburn, R.A." (London: Allen) is a very poor book; the great Scots portrait painter deserved a better biographer and critic, and indeed has found one—if we remember aright—in Mr. N. L. Stevenson. Of "The Legendary History of the Cross," by John Ashton and H. Baring Gould (London: Fisher Unwin), nothing need be said, except that it is an interesting and well-illustrated compilation, and is certain of acceptance. Under the title of "Magyar Müveszek," which, being translated, means "Hungarian Painters," a volume has been published by Messrs. Révai, of Budapesth. It deals with the school of artists which, with Munkacsy at its head, is bringing into prominence its claims to recognition in the capitals of Europe. Unfortunately the letterpress is written in the Magyar language, so that one can do little more than examine with pleasure the two hundred illustrations by Munkacsy, Zichy, Vago, Wagner, and others.

WE have received from the Berlin Photographic Company a photogravure on an important scale of Mr. Alma Tadema's 'A Reading from Homer.' We can readily understand that the artist is exceedingly pleased with the reproduction, as it renders much of his work with a tenderness and a delicacy not usually found in process plates.



BASSANO. INVT.

ETCHED BY E. SLOCOMBE.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

OUR JUBILEE NUMBER.

THE fiftieth anniversary of the accession of Her Majesty the Queen to the throne of Great Britain and Ireland has been made on every side an occasion for a review of the past half century, and ere these pages come before the public it may have been well-nigh sated with the multitude of these loyal effusions. This being so, it may be asked why *The Art Journal* should follow suit, and add yet another to their number. Here are shortly the reasons.

In the first place, Her Majesty, the late Prince Consort, and other members of the Royal family have always been generous patrons of this Journal. Many of its volumes have been issued under their immediate auspices, and the present one has received the Queen's sanction for its dedication to her.

In the next place, owing to a coincidence, this Royal Jubilee volume is the fiftieth of this veteran Journal. Started shortly after Her Majesty's accession, its tomes contain the only complete history of the Art of the reign. It seems, therefore, reasonable that when such a conjunction of events happens a survey of the period of which it is a record should be made. Fortunately such a task is a pleasant one. We look back on no such gloomy retrospect as that which recently forced from Lord Tennyson, the Poet Laureate, the words—

"Chaos, Cosmos! Cosmos, Chaos! who can tell how all will end!
Read the wide world's annals, you, and take thee wisdom for your friend.
Hope the best, but hold the Present, fatal daughter of the Past."

The papers contained in this number, written by independent and competent critics, having a free hand to administer praise or blame, testify to the continuous advance which has to be chronicled in every branch of the Arts.

This is largely due to the beneficent, intelligent, and healthy patronage bestowed upon them by Her Majesty, the Royal family, and notably the late Prince Consort.

In 1837 our National Gallery comprised but 148 pictures, of which but 47 had been purchased: now, thanks also to generous benefactions, it contains 1,222. Whilst the appreciation of foreign masters has increased to such an extent that £75,000 is not deemed too high a sum to pay for a single example, a feeling is everywhere prevalent that the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the British school have a right to an equal place upon its walls.

Painting and sculpture, in which half a century is a short time wherein to effect an advance, present marked changes for the better. The department of water colours at the commencement of the period under review, hardly known beyond the confines



Statue of the Queen, by Count Gleichen, about to be erected at the Holloway College.

of two water-colour galleries in London, now affords employment and recreation to thousands.

The Royal Academy Exhibition of 1837 contained works by 683 artists, and these comprised nearly the whole practising body at that time. That of last year included works by over 1,300 artists, and at the twelve principal exhibitions in the United Kingdom some 9,500 pictures, by 4,500 artists, were exhibited.

The figures connected with the growth of our Art museums are dealt with at length farther on by Mr. Gilbert Redgrave. Suffice it here to say that the annual amount now spent upon our museums and Art education is £650,000, as against £1,500 in 1837. Our Art treasures in these museums are practically priceless, for they could not be replaced.

In the department of the Industrial Arts, towards the advancement of which the efforts of *The Art Journal* have from the first been strenuous and persistent, the headway gained has been throughout most satisfactory, as Mr. Lewis Day testifies (see page 185).

In the Graphic Arts the progress has been marvellous. The discovery of photography, whilst it has inflicted a well-nigh death-blow to the arduous art of line engraving, has not prevented the resurrection of etching and a revivifying of wood engraving; on the other hand, it has aided the cheap, rapid, and exact reproduction of objects to a wonderful degree. I may be pardoned for mentioning here its most recent achievement. Portraits of stars, invisible to the eye through the medium of the strongest telescope, have been graven on plates, without the aid of any engraver's tool, and printed from those plates on to the pages of a popular magazine.



Marble Statue of the Prince Consort in the Entrance Hall, Balmoral Castle. By W. Theed, R.A.

The portrait of Her Majesty, given with this number, is etched by Mr. E. Slocombe from a portrait which has been purchased by Sir Charles Aitchison, Lieut.-Governor of the Punjab, through Sir Owen Burne, for the Punjab Institute, Lahore, as a memorial of Her Majesty's Jubilee. Her Majesty wears the magnificent historical lace used only upon State occasions. Her jewels consist of the Imperial Crown, necklace and earrings—wholly made of diamonds—and the Kohinor as a brooch. The Ribbon of the Order of the Garter crosses the breast, and from the shoulder depends the Order of the Star of India. It is published by permission of Mr. Bassano.

The etching of 'The Round Tower at Windsor' is by Mr. Axel H. Haig. Upon mentioning to this distinguished master of the etching needle my desire to include in this number an example of his work, he very kindly, at much inconvenience and in very inclement weather, accompanied me to Windsor and made the drawing for this plate. Where everything is so well preserved and trimly kept, the selection of a subject from the Royal Palace was not an easy one; even the Round Tower, from its ovoid form, only lending itself to artistic reproduction at one point. Mr. Haig's plate is a remarkable translation of the scene as viewed in winter sunlight, with a cutting easterly wind.

The views of the interior of Balmoral have been drawn by Mr. F. G. Kitton, by permission of Her Majesty.

MARCUS B. HUISH.



'The End of the Day.' From the Painting by the late G. H. Mason, the property of Her Majesty the Queen.

VICTORIAN FINE ART.

THE accession of the Queen marks an epoch in English Art with curious exactness. In his volume on our national school of painting, M. Chesneau puts the commencement of the modern period in 1850, making it coincide, if not depend, on the pre-Raphaelite revolt. But in 1855, only five years later than the date he selects, the English pictures made their famous success in Paris, and those were by no means the growth of five years. They were for the most part the work of men who had been born in the early years of the century, and had begun to make their mark about fifteen years before their productions went to Paris. When the Queen ascended the throne some of our "old masters" were still alive, although the work by which they will live in the future was mostly done. Constable, indeed, had just died; but Wilkie still lived, and Turner had yet fourteen years of life before him. But even for Turner 1837 marked the close of his career. In 1838 he painted his last great picture, 'The Fighting Téméraire tugged to her Last Berth,' and from that year onward he gave to the world little but those pathetic commentaries on his own 'Fallacies of Hope,' which are fading so fast on the walls of the National Gallery. But among these fleeting dreams of light and colour we find now and then a picture in which his old power reappears for a moment. One of the best is 'Peace: The Burial of Wilkie,' here given. Such an event as the death at sea of a great painter and the lowering of his body the same night into the waves, could not fail to impress a mind like Turner's, and he painted it; painting, too, a companion for it in the eccentric 'War: the Exile and the Rock Limpet.' Turner, of course, was by far the greatest survivor from the Georgian age, but in 1837 some older patriarchs than he were still alive. Of these I may be content to name Sir William Beechey, Richard Westall, and James Ward. Beechey is one of the many English painters to whom justice has yet to be rendered, but Westall's name only deserves mention because of the amount of work he did in his day. In 1837 James Ward still had twenty-two years to live, and much vigorous work to do,



'The Burial of Wilkie.' By J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

but his style is entirely that of a previous age. So far then as concerns the schools which rested immediately on (1) the example of our great trio of portrait painters, Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Romney, (2) the national admiration for Claude, (3) familiarity with the Dutchmen and the example of Wilkie, and (4) the uninformed enthusiasm for high Art resulting from the grand tour and the achievements of English dilettante, the end may be said to have come with that of George III.'s sons. The old Art did not receive the *coup de grâce* until many years later, but the close of its real vitality was then. The works of such men as Maclise, Abraham Cooper, William Collins, John Chalon, Sir Martin Shee, Sir J. Watson Gordon, only served to bridge over what was more or less a vacuum. They bear the same relation to their predecessors as the Dutch painters of the early eighteenth century do to their masters of the seventeenth. Artists like Clarkson Stanfield among landscapists, Mulready and Leslie among painters of genre, and Etty in a class of his own, stand, of course, at a far higher level. But even they were survivals, and, except in the case of Stanfield, most of their finer work was done in the first forty years of the century. The only branch of English Art that was really at its full fruition in the early years of the Queen's reign was landscape painting in water-colour. But before turning our attention for a moment to that, a few words must be said upon the four painters just named.



'The Bather.' W. Etty, R.A., from the picture in the possession of W. Orrock, Esq.

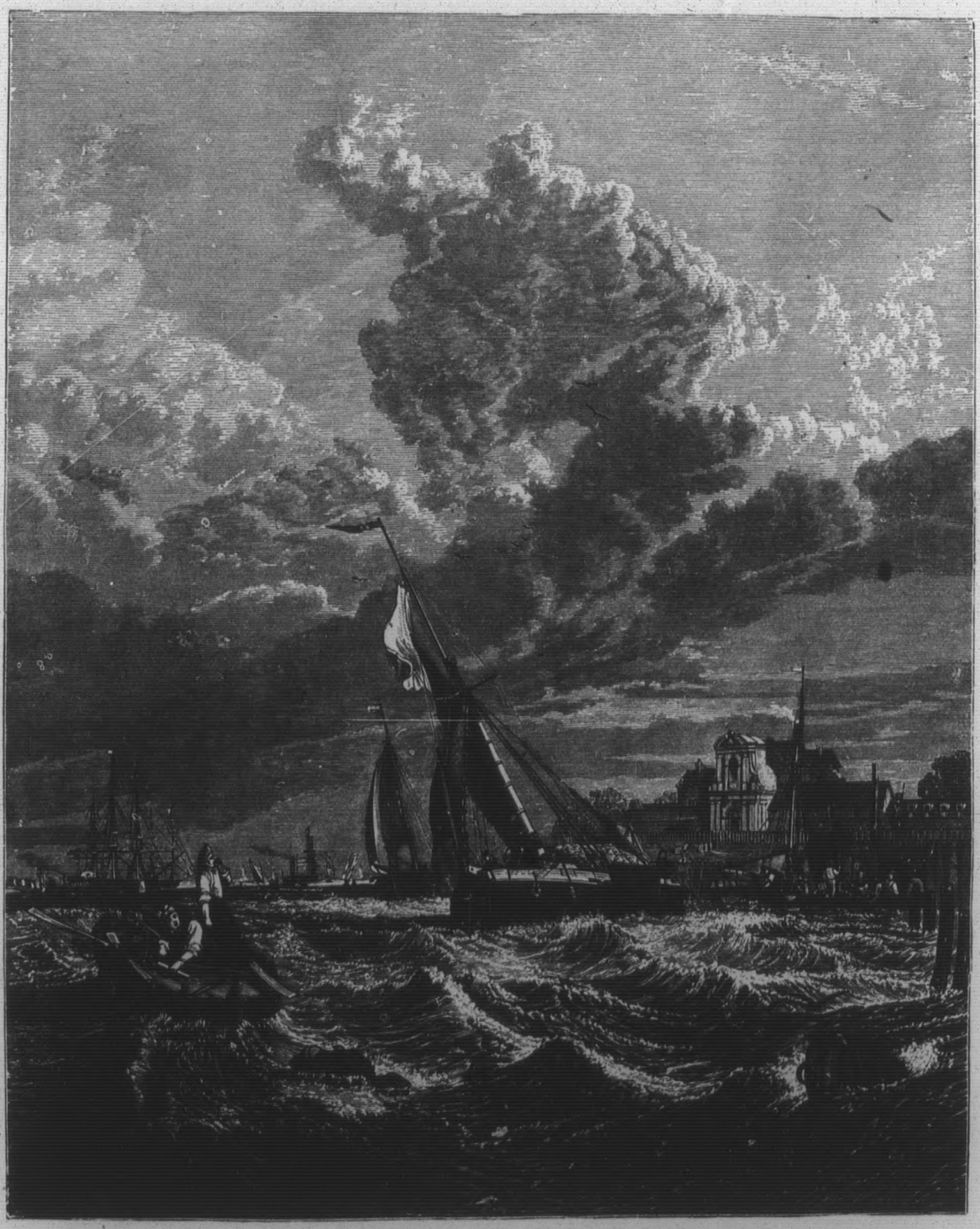
At the present moment the Art of Stanfield stands, perhaps, a little higher than it deserves in public esteem. The echo of Mr. Ruskin's praise is still ringing in men's ears, and they cannot believe that one upon whom it was lavished was, after all, but a mediocre artist. The picture we have chosen for reproduction (page 165) represents Stanfield well. It shows his considerable faculty for arrangement, his assured technique, his deficient sense of colour and atmosphere, and his curious skill in suggesting



'Katherine and Petruchio.' C. R. Leslie, R.A., South Kensington Museum.

movement. It was exhibited at the Academy in 1844. Just about that year the painter was at his best. The 'Castello

d'Ischia, from the Mole,' was painted in 1841; the 'Isola Bella,' in 1842; the 'Castello d'Ischia,' in 1843; and the 'Day after the Wreck,' in 1844. In spite of the commonplace quality which runs through the whole of Stanfield's work, these are fine pictures—how fine, the different ideals we now follow prevent us, perhaps, from fully realising; but that their character is that of our *ancien école*, as M. Chesneau calls it, cannot, I think, be denied. The case of Mulready is rather different. Born in 1786, he was already an Associate of the Academy in 1815, and by 1837 had painted most of his finer pictures. In his later years his colour became hot and purple, his handling poor and laboured, and



Tilbury Fort—Wind against Tide. Clarkson Stanfield, R.A.

his draperies styleless. But one of his very best productions, the lovely 'Sonnet,' at South Kensington, dates from 1839. The ideals of Leslie, whom I have heard called "the English Terburg," were very different from those of Mulready. In his best pictures he succeeds in giving a refinement to his figures (even sometimes to figures in which that quality is a little out of place, such as those of Falstaff and Sancho Panza), that no one else can equal. Look at the head of Perdita, in the Sheepshanks Collection, or at that of Katherine, in the picture we engrave (page 164). It is not only through purity of line, as, for example, in Katherine's throat and bosom, but through colour also, that Leslie contrives to suggest a refined soul.

This scene from *The Taming of the Shrew* is, perhaps, his masterpiece. In humour, his 'Widow Wadman and Uncle Toby' is finer; but nowhere else has he so fully succeeded in combining pictorial with dramatic force as in the 'Katherine and Petruchio.' Its colour is harmonious, its chiaroscuro true, its handling broad, and its action sufficient. All that such a picture requires to almost justify the comparison with Terburg, is a little more warmth and a little more thoroughness in the rendering of textures. Unfortunately, it was not often that Leslie reached so high a level.

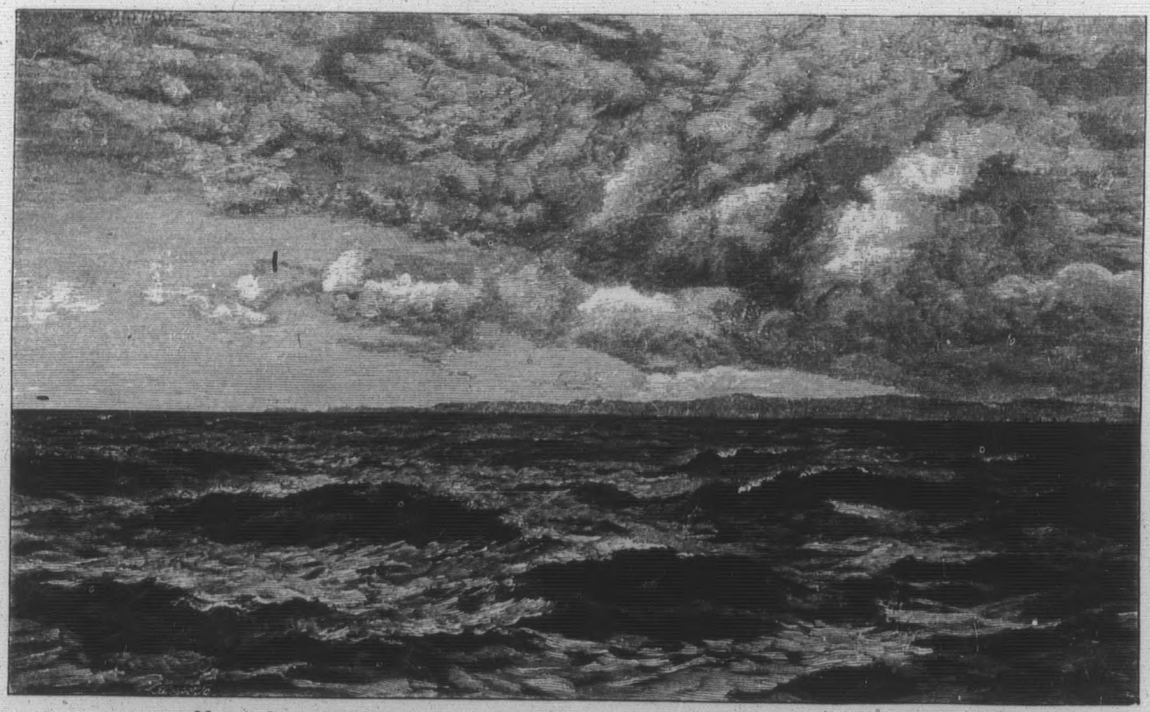


Romeo and Juliet. Ford Madox Brown.

The fame of Etty has had its fluctuations. Late in his own lifetime his reputation was great, and his pictures were sought for. Since then they have sunk in price, until now their market value is far below their merit. In saying that, however, I am alluding to his better work. Few men are more unequal, and every month Ettys are sold in which bad drawing meets bad colour. But at his best, Etty was a very great executant. His flesh painting, in its way, has never been equalled. Titian's colour was beyond the reach of the English master, but even Titian never gave the peculiar

texture of flesh as Etty contrived to give it. The picture we engrave is little more than a study, but it is a masterpiece in this matter of texture. The forms of woman, the warm pearliness of her skin, the flush of her life, have been painted once for all in such things as the 'Laura de' Dianti,' and the 'Worldly and Artless Love;' but Titian fails to give the substance of flesh. His flesh is surfacy and without the variety of truth; it is, in fact, without texture. In that particular the only painter who can be put beside Etty is Rubens in his earlier pictures, and not a little of their apparent veracity is won by a suggestive exaggeration. Etty is one of the many artists who have suffered in fame from the want of real judgment in Mr. Robert Vernon. Even at this date, it is ungracious, perhaps, to question that gentleman's taste, although to do so has a certain fitness, for his gift to the nation is certainly one of the artistic events of the Queen's reign. But in truth, the Vernon collection was a libel on British Art. Scarcely a painter but has done better work than anything there to be seen of him.

But the most striking feature in our Art at the time of the Queen's accession was the condition of the essentially English pursuit of water-colour painting. Constable had died three months before William IV., and in his own medium had scarcely left a successor. But the example he set was understood by those who worked in the lighter material, and to them we must turn for the English equivalent to the French school of 1830. In 1837 the following masters of water-colour were alive and painting: George Barret, b. ——, d. 1842; George Cattermole, b. 1800, d. 1868; David Cox, b. 1783, d. 1859; Joshua Cristall, b. 1767, d. 1847; Peter De Wint, b. 1784, d. 1849; George Dodgson, b. 1811, d. 1880; Edward Duncan, b. 1803, d. 1882; Copley Fielding, b. 1787, d. 1855; John Glover, b. 1767, d. 1849; J. D. Harding, b. 1798, d. 1863; William Havell, b. 1782, d. 1857; Jas. Holland, b. 1800,



Mount's Bay. H. Moore, A.R.A. The Property of the Manchester Corporation Art Gallery.

d. 1870; W. H. Hunt, b. 1790, d. 1864; John Frederick Lewis, b. 1805, d. 1876; William Muller, b. 1812, d. 1845; Samuel Palmer, b. 1805, d. 1881; Samuel Prout, b. 1783, d. 1852; Joseph Mallord William Turner, b. 1775, d. 1851; John Varley, b. 1778, d. 1842. A few of these, as may be seen by the dates, were near the end of their time; but even Varley, Cristall, and Barret did good work in the period embraced in our purview. As for the rest, it is not too much to say that had not events led them into what is, after all, the byway of water-colours, they would have given England a school of landscape which would have left her without a rival. Of Turner it is needless to say more than that, so far as his water-colour drawings are concerned, no man before him had so fully united knowledge, imagination, and executive skill. In pure art he was excelled by Cox. No finer art than that of Cox at his best exists. It has the poetry of Corot without his mannerism, the truth of Constable without his want of style; and yet Cox at his best is scarcely finer than Barret at his. Some of Barret's simpler drawings have a unity and a penetrating truth which are scarcely to be found in the pictures of any painter in oil. Those who saw the collection brought together last summer at the Institute, to refute the notion that drawings are fleeting things, will remember his 'Timber Waggon.' As fine as the finest Cuyp in atmosphere, it had a purity and a balance that are only to be found in the creations of the rarest souls. After these two men come a crowd of others who, but for the modesty of their work, would by this time be famous all over Europe. De Wint, Holland, Muller, Prout, Havell, Harding, Fielding, Dodgson, Varley: one and all of these had talent enough to have raised them at least to the level of all but the leaders, Corot, Rousseau, and Troyon, among their French contemporaries. In other genres, Holland, Prout, and Roberts treated architecture with a quite peculiar union of lightness and significance; Cattermole devoted real genius to the production of what may be called schemes for pictures; while the queer little crea-

ture whom his friends called 'Billy Hunt,' produced a series of studies in the colour and texture of fruit, flowers, and sunlight which have never been approached, much less excelled. That in saying this I am not overshooting the mark will be acknowledged by all who have looked through good collections of his work. Unhappily, water-colour drawings are never seen to advantage in a gallery. Their small size makes it difficult to examine one without interference from its neighbour, while their inevitable want of depth and force makes it impossible to isolate them, like an oil picture, by weight of frame.

The painters I have named had plenty of successors. Their example bore fruit more freely than that of the workers in oil. The cry for novelty has done much to damage the old school of pure aquarellists, but even now George Barret, and Cox, and Hunt, and De Wint have worthy followers. It is but a few years ago since Samuel Palmer, a disciple, conscious or unconscious, of Barret, made his last drawing; while among those who carry on the traditions of the rest the names of Thomas Collier, R. Thornewaite, Geo. P. Boyce, Albert Goodwin, Alfred Hunt, Henry Moore, J. W. North, Henry Hine, Sir James Linton, and many more at once suggest themselves. The new school which has arisen in these latter years through the influence of Frederick Walker must be reserved for notice farther on. At present we must return on our steps for a moment.

One evening in October, 1831, the porter of the Royal Academy rushed into the library, and shouted to the students there assembled, "Now, gentlemen—now, you young architects, there's a fine chance for you: the Parliament House is all afire." And what the porter said soon became the general notion. The architectural prize fell to Mr. Barry, and ten years after the fire, in April, 1841, the House of Commons assented without discussion to the appointment of "a select committee to take into consideration the promotion of the Fine Arts in this country in connection with the rebuilding of the Houses of Parliament." The committee sat a few times and examined a few important witnesses, and then, the dissolution of the Parliament being imminent, they were compelled to close the inquiry, reporting that the opinions of all whom they had examined were in favour of an attempt being made to encourage every Art in the country in connection with the rising palace. When the new Parliament met, Sir Robert Peel announced that the further consideration of the question would be referred to a Royal Commission, which was appointed in the November of the same year. The choice of Commissioners was, of course, absurd. The idea upon which such bodies are formed in this country seems to be taken from our jury system, with the judge left out. The Redgraves put it very clearly when they say:* "The Commission was, in fact, admirably constituted for the determination of the most abstract questions of State policy, rather than to descend to technical Art matters, such as the relative merits of oil or fresco, the most fitting subjects, or the most appropriate places for picture decorations. Yet we cannot suppose men of such high rank, so able in their own sphere of action, so used to judge and decide, would be consulted and remain silent. No; with the lights they possessed, and applying the reasoning to which they had been trained, they would, we must conclude, express confident opinions, which, having no basis in a trained art judgment, might by chance be right but must by rule be wrong. Such an array of distinguished men was therefore illusory, and worse: they could not be rulers in Art matters, and could hardly be ruled." But at the time it was only those few who had both cool judgment and experience in Art that expressed such doubts, and when the Commissioners, as the outcome of six months' deliberation, invited artists to a competition of cartoons for fresco, their action raised the highest hopes. How far these hopes were fulfilled is now an old story. The failure may be ascribed to three immediate causes. First of all, to the absence of anything like natural or acquired fitness in the English artists then living to succeed in fresco; secondly, to the choice of competition as the means of getting the best work; and, thirdly, to the simple but, so far as I know, unnoticed fact, that pure fresco never does stand on new walls, either in Italy or anywhere else. The cartoon competition took place in the summer of 1843, and a supplementary competition of "specimens of fresco painting" in the following year. The number of artists contributing was fifty-six. But instead of coming to any conclusion upon the mass of work sent in, the Commissioners proposed a third competition, and then a fourth, offering on each occasion a few substantial prizes, indeed, but still obeying the principle they seem to have set themselves, of carrying on their experiments at the expense of those artists who might be lured on by hope. At last, in August, 1845, the Commissioners screwed up their courage to advise that the six arched spaces in the House of Lords should be filled with frescoes, adding that "it would be desirable to proceed gradually with the execution of the fresco paintings, and that one should be completed before the others were commenced."

The first painting to be begun in the new Houses of Parliament was the 'Baptism of St. Ethelbert,' by Dyce, in the House of Lords; the last to be finished, 'The Judgment of Daniel,' by Mr. Herbert, in the Lords' Committee Room. Between the two dates what disappointments, what heart-burnings, what hatreds and jealousies, had been caused by the action of the Commissioners! And yet that body, as constituted, could scarcely have acted in any other way. There was only one man on it who had the knowledge required to enable him to form a confident opinion. The others were like men in the dark, groping about aimlessly until, perchance, some ray of light should come to help them out of their perplexity. The decoration of the new palace at Westminster has been the great artistic opportunity of the Queen's reign, and it is not too much to say that it was deliberately thrown away—thrown away because our rulers refused to act upon what their reason must have told them was the only sound principle. As it is, the outcome of years of muddle is a series of good pictures, in fair condition, by Dyce; two pictures, in a more or less precarious state, by Maclise, about which tastes will always differ; the masterpiece of Mr. Herbert; a number of ill-conceived scenes from history by Ward, Cope, and others, and the worst series of iconic statues in existence.

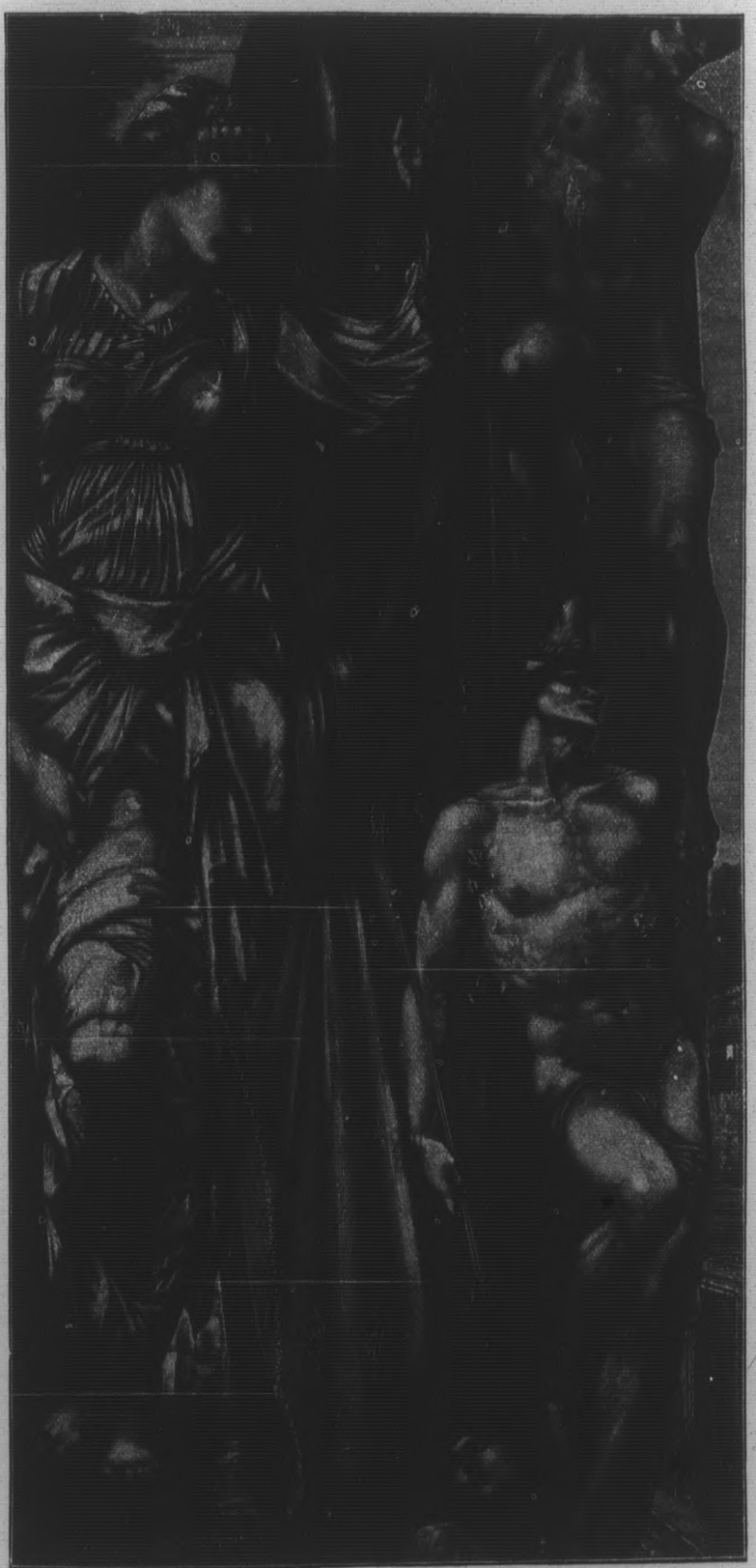
More important in some ways than the earlier competitions was one of oil paintings, held by the Commissioners in 1847. For this they offered three prizes of £500, three of £300, and three of £200. These were awarded in July, and, with curious generosity, the Commissioners further recommended that £1,300, which had been taken in shillings at the doors, should be spent in buying three of the best works sent in!

* *Century of Painting*, vol. ii. p. 518.

The prize-winners we find were F. R. Pickersgill, G. F. Watts, E. Armitage; J. Cross, Poole, N. Paton; J. E. Lander, C. Lucy, and J. C. Horsley. Among the unsuccessful exhibitors are the names of Poole, T. M. Joy, Joseph Severn, and Millais.

The doings of the Royal Commission were virtually put an end to in this year 1850, when the House of Commons refused to vote £1,500 for three pictures by Sir Edwin Landseer, which had been commissioned for the Peers' Refreshment Room. After this only those projects were carried out to which they were already committed, and the great experiment was brought to an end without the rise of any new reputation, if we except that of Dyce, and without the provision of any new field for English Art.

At the Paris Exhibition of 1855 those English artists who attracted most attention were Landseer, Leslie, Stanfield, F. Grant, Frith, Millais, Ward, and Poole. If we add to these the names of Hook, Cope, Eastlake, Egg, Elmore, Linnell, and the water-colourists, of whom Cox and Cattermole were the chief, we shall have before us the men who stood at the head of our school about the time of Turner's death. Of these the fame of Landseer was by far the widest. Born in 1802, of a family nearly the whole of whose members achieved distinction in some branch of Art, Landseer made his first success as a painter at the age of thirteen, when he gained a medal from the Society of Arts for a drawing of a large Alpine mastiff, which was afterwards etched by his brother Thomas. In 1817 he exhibited for the first time at the Royal Academy, and in 1820 sent to the British Institution his large 'Alpine Mastiff Reanimating a Distressed Traveller,' following this up next year with 'The Larder Invaded,' for which he obtained a premium of £150. These pictures won fame for their author while he was still a boy, and in 1826 Landseer was elected A.R.A., his promotion to the "full honours" coming four years later. In 1850 he was knighted by the Queen. Between 1817 and his death Sir Edwin sent 175 pictures to the Academy. He died in 1873, and was buried in the crypt of St. Paul's. His works are too well known to need illustration.



The Wheel of Fortune. By E. Burne Jones, A.R.A.

A second-class medal was awarded at Paris in 1855 to William Powell Frith, who, two years later, painted the picture on which

his fame will mainly rest in the future. This is the 'Derby Day,' now in the National Gallery, which no doubt, at the time it was done, was looked upon as a piece of realistic audacity. The style to which it belongs is now so completely *démodé*, that its good points are now overlooked. The best work of Paul Falconer Poole was done about the same time. Born in 1810, he was elected an Associate of the Academy in 1846, and an R.A. in 1860. Perhaps the best of the pictures by him which were collected at the "Old Masters" in 1884, was the scene from the *Decameron*, 'Philomena's Song by the Side of the Beautiful Lake.' In this he soared for a moment into really magnificent colour. To the same faction in Art as Landseer and Frith, in his early days, belonged Egg, Elmore, Horsley, Frost, Solomon Hart, Cope, and a few who need not here be particularised; while apart from them stood such men as William Muller, who died as early as 1845; James Holland, who, after beginning life as a flower painter on porcelain, ended by producing pictures that even now are esteemed far below their value, and died as late as 1870; J. F. Lewis, who displayed unequalled skill in the management of the most dazzling tints of the East; and the Aberdonian, John Phillip, who did for Seville pretty much what Lewis did for Cairo. Phillip was by far the ablest representative we have had of the particular form of Art he followed.

The effect of his example is to be traced in the early and more solid works of Mr. Edwin Long and in those of Mr. J. B. Burgess, Mr. Haynes Williams, and others.



Fata Morgana. By G. F. Watts, R.A.

In 1849 came the pre-Raphaelite revolt, the most important "movement" that has ever taken place in English Art. The times were ripe for it; and indeed, as I have pointed out elsewhere, it was no more than the Art branch of the great uprising against lethargy and conventionality which seems to have been set afoot, in the first instance, by the mechanical progress made in the long peace after Waterloo. The enormous activities, both of brain and body, which had been called out in the struggle against Napoleon, were diverted after his fall into more peaceful channels. With such events behind them as the French Revolution, the subjugation of Europe, and our own final triumphs by sea and land, men could not sink back into the sloth of the eighteenth century. They turned their minds to innovation in science, politics, commerce, literature, and religion. Each of these had their revolution, and Art had to have hers. That in some ways this last revolution should be founded on error was inevitable; for revolutions are only made by very young men, and Art as a whole is too complex for their grasp. The seven original members of the pre-Raphaelite brotherhood were William Holman Hunt, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, James Collinson (succeeded after a time by W. H. Deverell), Frederick George Stephens, John Everett Millais, Thomas Woolner, and William Michael Rossetti. Several others have been spoken of at one time or another as members. Of these, the most important are Mr. William Bell Scott, Mr. Arthur Hughes, and Mr. Ford Madox Brown. These may all be ranked, of course, as sympathisers with the movement, but they did not join it. Mr. Madox Brown's considerable reputation, like that of Rossetti, has grown up almost entirely without the aid of societies or exhibitions.

The most important work of Mr. Madox Brown's maturity has been the decoration of the Manchester Town Hall, but in coherence and passion he has not often equalled the 'Romeo and Juliet' we engrave.

And now I must turn to the *de jure* pre-Raphaelites. Of these by far the most famous is Sir John Millais, but in 1849 the master spirit was Dante Rossetti. It is but five years since he died, and already his genius is taking its true place. Already it is seen by those who form opinion that he was a poet of the first rank, and that, had he not served two gods, he might have been a great painter too. He was without that perfect sanity of judgment which leads its possessor to make the very best of conditions. These he too often tried to ignore,

and to make paint more pregnant than it is. Of all his pictures the finest is 'The Beloved.' In that his colour rises to its highest level, and his design to a point it reaches nowhere else. Unfortunately the most important of his works that has yet come into a public collection is at least as striking an example of his defects as of his qualities. This is the 'Dante's Dream,' at Liverpool. The critic who, before a work of imagination, fixes his eyes upon technical defects, is looked upon as a soulless creature. But to my mind nothing is more pathetic than to see a great thought robbed of its power by faults of utterance, and when those faults might have been easily cured the pity is all the greater. As a poet, Rossetti was not only a true genius, he was a thorough workman. He polished his verse till every cadence and every syllable helped his thought. And all this he did not in solitude, as he painted, but among his friends and his books, that is, among standards which both excited and restrained his power. For his pictures he relied on himself. He neither looked at others nor allowed his own to be seen in public. And so faults and mannerisms of all kinds crept in, until, in his later years, little charm but that of suggestion was left in what he did.

Millais, as a pre-Raphaelite, was a convert of Rossetti's, and like most converts he at first displayed more zeal than his teacher. The 'Return of the Dove to the Ark,' the 'Isabella,' the 'Carpenter's Shop,' were more unbending applications of the new principle than anything by Rossetti. But the ideas which governed them were too rigid to last, and even as early as 1852, when the 'Huguenot' was painted, they began to expand. On the whole the 'Huguenot' may be called the most successful of English pictures. From the day it was shown at the Academy until the gathering at the Grosvenor last year it had never been seen by the public, but by reproductions had become more widely famous than any other modern work of art. Technically Sir John Millais has never reached the Velasquez-like freedom at which he seems to have aimed. For some cause or another this particular quality seems to be beyond the reach of our countrymen. Facile they are often enough, but they seldom contrive to make their facility significant. The peculiar combination of ease with precision, and precision with coherence, which makes Velasquez and Frans Hals so great, has found scarcely any echo here if we except the work of Raeburn. After the 'Huguenot,' Millais' hand gradually became freer and his conceptions less pregnant. A hint became enough for a picture, and a single pictorial motive for its carrying out. As years passed on he left all complexity behind, and we find him painting such things as 'Sleeping,' 'Waking,' 'The Minuet,' 'Stella,' 'Vanessa,' and 'The Gambler's Wife.' The last of these is again a study of expression, but in each of the others the motive is to be found in some passage of colour or texture. His latest period will be famous for his male portraits, and of these the finest is the one we engrave. It has been called *the* portrait of the century, and it would be difficult to name any other that could dispute the title. Painters' portraits of other painters should be good; and so in fact they are. Unluckily they are not numerous.

The third painter among the brotherhood who demands notice is Mr. William Holman Hunt, who has always kept his place apart. Like Madox Brown, he may be called a typically non-Latin painter. Balance, unity, subordination, to those virtues he is usually indifferent. The encyclopædic principle is supreme in his work. In every scene he paints he puts in all the facts he can, and the rest he hints at. "Art for Art's sake" is for him the formula of a soulless paganism, the glorification of sense. That a work of Art



H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge. By Frank Holl, R.A.
By permission of Messrs. H. Graves & Co.

can be informed by a single idea, and by so being can proclaim the power of its author more eloquently than the completest record, he never seems to have admitted. His most important pictures have been—'A Converted British Family sheltering a Christian Missionary from the Pursuit of the Druids,' 'The Hireling Shepherd,' 'Valentine and Proteus,' 'Claudio and Isabella,' 'The Light of the World,' 'The Awakened Conscience,' 'The Scapegoat,' 'The Finding of Christ in the Temple,' and 'The Triumph of the Innocents.'

It is the fashion to talk as if the influence of the pre-Raphaelite movement had long since died out. As a fact, it is the efficient cause of much that is most characteristic in our present phase of Art. Its direction, of course, has been vastly different from that foreseen by its founders, which is not to be wondered at, seeing what their age was in 1849. In the early years of the Queen's reign nature was looked upon as a thing to be followed so far as it did not contradict tradition. Students, no doubt, were told to go to nature, as they are now, but the spectacles through which they were to look were to be those made in Rome, and Bologna, and Amsterdam. Truth must always be selected, for without selection there is no Art; but selection for the sake of unity and selection for the sake of conformity to some conventional standard are two very different things.

Speaking broadly, it may, I think, be said that pre-Raphaelism first enforced the principle that all Art that deals with nature must speak through truth. One of the results was that not only the "brethren" themselves, but a number of young men whose activity began after the brotherhood was defunct, confused nature with Art, and fancied that a minute analysis of the look of things would in itself make a picture. This is nearly always the error to which young men of genius incline. From the days of Raphael himself to our



Fish from the Doggerbank. By J. C. Hook, R.A. From the picture in the possession of David Price, Esq.

own they have begun with a curious particularity, and have only learnt with time to distinguish between essentials and superfluity. To a man of this sort we owe the third of the four schools or movements into which I have ventured to divide Victorian painting. Frederick Walker was born in 1840. At the age of sixteen he entered an architect's office, and it was not until 1863 that he exhibited his first work in colour at the Academy. Meanwhile, however, he had done much good drawing on wood and designing for books. His first picture was 'The Lost Path' (1863). In 1864 he was elected an associate of the Water-colour Society, and in 1867 a full member. The 'Fishmonger's Shop,' lately etched by Mr. Macbeth, was exhibited with the Society. His first important oil picture was 'Vagrants,' exhibited in 1868; this was followed by 'The Old Gate' (1869); 'The Plough' (1870); 'At the Bar' (1871), since, I believe, destroyed; 'The Harbour of Refuge' (1872), and the 'Right of Way' (1875). Walker was elected A.R.A. in 1870, and his early death in 1875 may be said with more certainty than usual to have deprived his country of much great art in *posse*. The ablest of those who may be called Walker's disciples was no doubt George Pinwell, who died in the same year. His Art has lately been much *en évidence* through the fine translations of it made by Mr. R. W. Macbeth. Both Walker and Pinwell were essentially English in their views on Art. Their example has enormous influence, but I confess that to me it does not seem to work for good. To it we owe not a few of the invertebrate productions in which the slightest possible veneer of "feeling" is expected to make up for every kind of technical deficiency. But this remark only applies to the rank and file of the school. For among those who would never have painted exactly as they do but for Fred. Walker, I may include such excellent artists as Mrs. Allingham, Mr. J. W. North, Mr. Lionel Smythe, and Mr. W. Small.

The fourth "movement" is towards French ideals in art. This may be said to have had its beginnings about twenty



'A Social Eddy.' By W. Q. Orchardson, R.A. From the picture in the Gallery at Aberdeen.

years ago, at the time of the Paris Exhibition of 1867. It was about then that French influence first began to make itself felt in London studios. Shortly afterwards the war of 1870 sent a crowd of industrious visitors over here, who made friends and did much in other ways to make their notions acceptable to their hosts. Finally, another most efficient cause of the change is to be recognised in this, that here Art, as a profession, became popular so widely and so suddenly, that our means of education were quite unable to meet the demand upon them. The atelier system has an infinite elasticity; a country in which it obtains can provide for the training of any number of would-be painters; and so it was inevitable that a large number of English students should find their way across the Channel in search of what they could not get at home. Yet another cause to be reckoned with has been the influence of Mr. Whistler. For years past his work has been a sort of touch-stone wherewith to distinguish the real lover of Art for Art's sake from the much more ordinary person who regards it for its didactic, its narratory, or its moralizing power. Whistler's best work—the best of his etchings, or of his pastels, or now and then, a picture such as the 'Valparaiso Harbour,' or the 'Cremorne' (if it is Cremorne), now exhibiting in Suffolk Street—are pure Art shorn of accidentals. They are, to use what may sound a rather 'high-falutin' metaphor, the souls of pictures with just enough of body to give them support. Of things like this the Philistine can make nothing, and so the young man who feels that his senses help him in some degree to understand what they mean, is apt to set himself apart and to fancy that he too can be a creator. For all these reasons there has been in every English exhibition for the last few years a certain number of canvases as to which we find it difficult, at the first glance, to decide whether they are French or English. Unhappily not many of them have shown true originality. Too often we find evidence that whoever made them did not clearly understand the difference between producing a work of Art and performing a feat. The drawback to French teaching has always been its tendency to preach means as an end; to say you should paint square and you should observe value, not because that is *one* way of getting coherence and intention, but because it is *the* way; and here lies the danger of the movement of which I am speaking. Unless all, or the majority of those who are in it, are gifted above the average of men, which is not likely, it is pretty sure to end in erecting a sort of shibboleth without which there shall be no salvation.

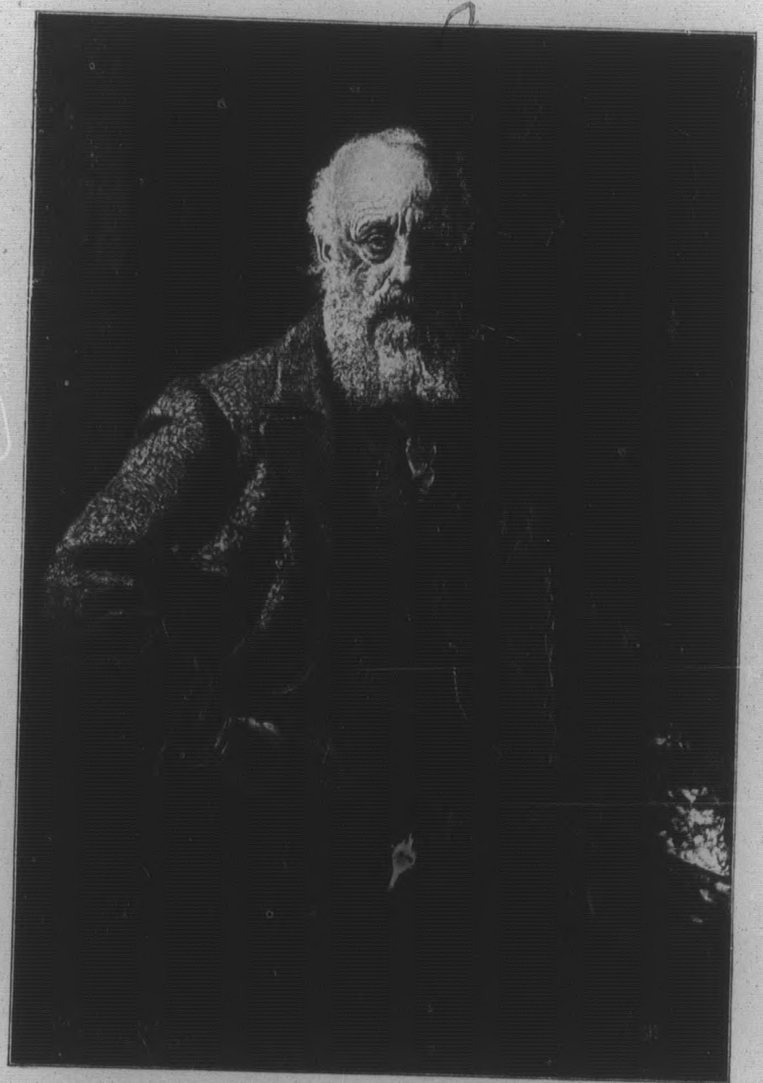
And now I must hark back for a moment to the pre-Raphaelites, to notice a development of their practice which would be possible, perhaps, in no country but England. I allude, of course, to the art of Mr. Burne Jones and of those who are, rightly or wrongly, believed to be his disciples. The real originator of this strain of English Art is Mr. Madox Brown, who has already been noticed. But Mr. Jones is its greatest exponent. His fame in the future will depend not upon his design, or upon his drawing, but upon his colour. As a colourist he has now and again soared for a moment into the very first rank. It is not too much to say that no modern picture quite reaches his 'Chant d'Amour' in those qualities of colour aimed at by the Venetians. The 'Wheel of Fortune,' which we engrave, is, perhaps, his finest design. Mr. Jones stands so absolutely alone in the school to which he belongs that it seems unnecessary to say even a word about those who fancy they have caught some part of his mantle. The three ablest among them are Mr. Spencer Stanhope, Mr. Strudwick, and Miss Pickering. The obvious fault of their art is that it has the apparent affectation without the pictorial genius of Mr. Burne Jones.

In the rough classification of which I have made use there has been no room for various men whose talents, at least, have shed lustre upon the Queen's reign. The first of these is Mr. Alma Tadema, who may be claimed for English Art in spite of his Dutch birth. For when he came over here, eighteen years ago, his work was characterized by the dryness of impasto and the poverty of colour he learnt from Baron Leys. It has been the English love for quality and transparency of tint that has banished from his pictures the leathery monotony which spoils those painted on his first arrival. His finest things, those over which collectors will do fiercest battle on some distant Saturdays at Christie's, are such little gems as the third 'Ave, Cæsar! Imperator!' the 'Tepidarium,' and the 'Apodyterium' of last year. Next, we must find room to note the apparition of the Scottish school of colourists. Of these by far the ablest is Mr. Orchardson, who, within the last few years, has taken his place, with Millais and Tadema, at the very head of British Art. For years his genius had been ripening, but it was not until he painted the 'Queen of the Swords' and won the suffrages of the French painters at the last "Exposition," that it was completely recognised. His success of 1878 was followed up by a series of really great pictures, the 'Napoleon,' the 'Voltaire,' the 'Salon of Mme. Recamier,' the 'Mariage de Convenance,' 'Alone,' and 'A Social Eddy,' which we engrave. The last is remarkable chiefly for its humour and the sympathetic insight with which it recalls a life that has disappeared. The other members of the Scotch school are mostly landscape painters, but their preoccupation, too, is with colour. The more distinguished among them, whom we take to be Mr. Pettie, the only one who mainly concerns himself with figures, Mr. MacWhirter, Mr. Peter Graham and Mr. Colin Hunter, have carried infinity of tint to an elaboration it has never reached before. The mention of these last-named artists reminds me that I have not yet said anything of the latest development of the art of Mr. Hook, which may in some ways be taken as the highest expression of the aims common to so many members of the Scottish School. But as a rule he has more unity than they, in spite of his ostentatious neglect of conventional symmetry. One of his best pictures is in the Chantrey collection; unfortunately it is not so entirely characteristic of him as the one which we engrave by permission of Mr. David Price, for there is no hint of salt water in it.

Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., demands a paragraph to himself, not only because his work is always talented and powerful, but also because he is the last in a list of seven men all of whom have been almost ideally fitted for the posts they held. It would be difficult to name any other institution which has been so uniformly happy in the choice of its head as the Royal Academy. Several of the P.R.A.'s have been in the second rank as artists, but each and all of them, and especially, perhaps, the four whose reigns have been embraced in the Queen's, have fulfilled the peculiar duties of their post with satisfaction even to those who are not easy to please in anything that concerns the institution. Sir Martin Archer Shee was elected in 1830, on the death of Lawrence, and Leslie, one of the fairest of men, declared, in speaking of his election, that although he himself had voted for Wilkie, he was quite satisfied to have been defeated, seeing what an admirable president Shee had made. To Shee succeeded

Sir Charles Eastlake, whose tact and general ability were equal to his predecessor's; and to Eastlake, Sir Francis Grant, whose social talents at least no one could be found to deny. Since Sir Frederick Leighton has sat in the chair of Sir Joshua he has been credited with various reforms and attempts at reform of which this is hardly the place to speak, and both the prestige of his P.R.A.-ship and the impulse of his personality have been used to support every movement that tends to elevate the art he loves and to attract the best minds to its study.

As a painter, the chief works of Sir Frederick Leighton during the past half century have been the two great lunettes in spirit fresco in the South Kensington Museum. The process, as I have already hinted, is one elaborated by Mr. Gambier Parry, and used by him in the decoration of Gloucester Cathedral and elsewhere. It is believed to offer an impervious defence to climatic attacks, and pictorially it is all that can be desired. We engrave the latest of the two lunettes. Prepared with better knowledge, the wall on which this is painted is without that pronounced "tooth," as it is called, which in London is sure to collect an unreasonable amount of dust. Sir Frederick has also attained to a high position in the ranks of the sculptors, as to which we shall speak later on.



Mr. J. C. Hook, R.A. By Sir J. E. Millais, R.A.

I must here say a word of the great development of portrait painting that has followed the success of Millais, and of which the most exclusive example is afforded by Mr. Frank Holl. Twenty years ago the portraits which occupied so much of the space at the Academy mostly deserved the obloquy in which they were held by the more ignorant section of the public. Not a portrait painter then at work could hold a candle even to Lawrence. The change dates from the earlier portraits of Sir John Millais, and from the sudden apparition of Mr. Ouless. Nowadays the last-named has been eclipsed by one of those who were then not heard of in this particular branch of Art, but the breadth, simplicity, and sincerity in which his charm lies were then new. Mr. Frank Holl, now the most popular English painter of men, might have waited long before the able but depressing genre pictures he painted ten years ago would have brought him fame and fortune. But among his portraits we can point to here and there one—to Mr. Bright, to Mr. Chamberlain, to the Sir George Trevelyan in the present Academy, to the official but still fine presentment of the Commander-in-chief, which we engrave—which for masculine vigour and artistic unity will hold their own with anything our country has produced. Other portraitists I must be content to name. The most notable are Mr. Herkomer, whose picture in another genre, 'The Last Muster,' would have been dwelt upon at length had space permitted; Mr. W. B. Richmond, Mr. Sant, and Mr. Watts. But of Mr. Watts I must say a little more, and with him and the battle painters I will conclude.

Mr. Watts is the only survivor of what was once a characteristic party in English Art, the party which had its origin in the rather truculent personality of James Barry. He is a believer in the *mission* of Art, in the powers of its moral associations. In this belief every work of his has had a text and a lesson to teach, and it almost follows of necessity that many among them have been wanting in those pictorial qualities which, as experience proves, are essential to the life of a picture. Happily, however, much of his work has been fine from the painter's standpoint too. Perhaps his masterpiece is 'Love and Death,' which is now hanging on the library staircase in the South Kensington Museum. But if time is kind to it, the great fresco in Lincoln's Inn Hall will carry down a fitter suggestion of his powers to our descendants. Together with Sir Frederick Leighton's two mural pictures at South Kensington, this may be fairly pronounced the most

successful attempt at mural painting yet made in modern London.

The last of the isolated movements in Art which I have to chronicle as belonging to the Victorian era, is that towards a school of battle painters, which seems to have subsided, however, as fast as it rose. It had its origin in the appearance, at the Academy of 1876, of Miss Elizabeth Thompson's 'Roll Call,' the vogue of which was ascribed by those who knew no better to the accident of its notice by the Prince of Wales. It was followed up, however, by 'Quatre Bras,' and by 'Scotland for ever!' two of the most virile pictures of war ever painted, as well as by 'The Return from Inkermann,' in which a smaller though still considerable measure of success was reached, and various unimportant works, the main effect of which was to excite more interest in subjects of the kind than had yet been shown in this country, and to prepare the way for other painters of the same genre. Of these certainly the most gifted is Mr. Caton Woodville, whose 'Saving the Guns, Maiwand,' and 'Kassassin,' are among the ablest pictures of battle our day has produced. Among the battle painters we may, perhaps, find a niche for Mr. W. L. Wyllie, on the strength of his two excellent pictures of 'The Bombardment of Alexandria.' The fact that these few artists have had this particular field to themselves is due, of course, simply to the absence of any real State purchase of pictures in this country. Battle pictures are, at least, as popular with the English public as they are with any other. From my own observation I should say they are vastly more popular than with the public of France; but the public doesn't buy them anywhere, and they can only be produced in anything like numbers where the State pays for them and places them in public collections.



Valour and Cowardice.
By A. Stevens.

To conclude, Art as a whole does not progress. Its highest achievements are the best expression of the best minds, not of the fullest knowledge. And we cannot flatter ourselves that the best minds of our day are any better than those of two, or three, or twenty centuries ago. But it cannot be denied that Art is more alive in England than it was at the Queen's accession, and that an enormously larger number of people have right ideas about it than they had then. To this, and to the general raising of technical standards, we may confidently look, if not for progress in Art, at least to a widening of its influence and to the appearance of a greater number of men who are able to reach its higher levels. In technical matters the general advance has, of course, been very great. Standards have been raised all round, and work which, a decade ago, would have been hung without hesitation at Burlington House, now has to seek publicity at some of those minor societies which have undertaken to be nurseries for promising and for hopeless Art. But it should never be forgotten that a finer technique does not necessarily imply a finer art. Wilkie said acutely of French painting when he saw it in Paris in 1814, that it was the result, and not the cause, of encouragement; and in all our hopes for Art in England, and in all our straining of the eyes to descry the advent of new genius upon our home horizons, we should guard against the mistake of accepting the means for the end, science for art, and ability to realise with the fingers for the faculty which conceives.

WALTER ARMSTRONG.



THE ROUND TOWER, WINDSOR CASTLE.

ORIGINAL ETCHING BY AXEL H. HAIG.

LONDON: J. S. VIRTUE & Co LIMITED.

SCULPTURE.

THE *doyen* of the better-known English sculptors in 1837 was Sir Richard, then Mr., Westmacott. The son of an obscure stone-carver in Mount Street, he was born in 1775, was elected A.R.A. in 1805, and a full Academician in 1815. Much of his training was obtained in Rome, where he gained the Pope's medal about the year 1796. Several of the monuments in St. Paul's are by Westmacott; the best, perhaps, is the memorial to Sir Ralph Abercromby. His fame has suffered greatly from the fact that one of the worst things he ever did has the ill fortune to be also the most conspicuous. I mean the atrocious group which fills the pediment of the British Museum. Westmacott was knighted on the Queen's accession, and died in 1856, at the age of eighty-one. He was preceded to the grave by Sir Francis Chantrey, who, though six years younger than himself, had died in 1842. The best of those statues by Chantrey which were produced during the Queen's reign is, perhaps, the 'Sir John Malcolm,' in Westminster Abbey. The 'Bishop Bathurst,' at Norwich, belongs to 1841, a year before its author laid down his chisel for the last time. It was not until many years after her husband's death that Lady Chantrey paid the debt of nature, and allowed the Academy to come into the enjoyment of that great bequest on which the sculptor's fame may rest more securely in the future than upon any works of his own.

Edward Hodges Baily was born only seven years after Chantrey, but he lived much longer into the Victorian era, dying in 1867, at the age of eighty. Baily was a pupil of Flaxman, in whose studio he worked for seven years. The first thing with which he caught the public eye was 'Eve at the Fountain,' exhibited as far back as 1818. After that early success he was commissioned to execute the reliefs on the Marble Arch and some others in Buckingham Palace. His best-known statue is 'Eve listening to the Voice,' now in the South Kensington Museum. Besides these ideal works, Baily executed a great number of busts and monumental figures; one of the best, the 'Lord Mansfield,' is in the Houses of Parliament, and perhaps the worst, the violent and tasteless 'Charles James Fox,' is in the same building.



Lady Godiva. By T. Woolner, R.A.

Eleven years later than Baily, Patrick McDowell was born of a tradesman's wife at Belfast, coming of that Scoto-Irish stock which has shown itself so well qualified to fight the battle of life. His boyhood was passed among troubles, and he made himself a sculptor. His only master was the obscure Peter Chenu, in whose house he lodged. In 1822 he began to exhibit at the Academy, and in 1846 became a full member of that body. His finest work, perhaps, is his statue of 'Eve,' of which there is a cast at South Kensington. It was exhibited in 1849. But his most important production is the symbolical group of 'Europe' on the Albert Memorial. McDowell died in 1870.

Marochetti, who was born at Turin in 1805, was far below all three of the men I have named in artistic feeling, but he had the good fortune, like so many of his countrymen, to be taken on trust in this nation of believers in all that is foreign in the art he practised. He came to England in 1848, and for nearly twenty years he was one of the best employed sculptors in the country. He was elected A.R.A. in 1861 and R.A. in 1866. Perhaps the least *banal* of his works is the statue of Richard I. in Old Palace Yard. John Gibson was older than Marochetti by fifteen years, but for other reasons it seemed good to mention the latter first. Gibson, the son of a Welsh gardener, established himself in Rome in 1817, and there, with intervals, he passed the rest of his life. His master was Canova, and the graceful unrest of the latter characterized much of his pupil's work. Gibson began to be known in England as early as 1821, when he was patronised by the Duke of Devonshire and Sir George Beaumont. In 1826 he commenced his group of 'Hylas surprised by the Water-Nymphs,' now in the National Gallery. Soon afterwards he produced his 'Cupid tormenting the Soul,' a favourite of his own. In 1833 he was elected A.R.A., and six years later became a full Academician. He exhibited very little, however, with the Academy, but made up for his abstention by bequeathing his earnings and the contents of his studio to that society at his death. Gibson's most famous work is the 'Venus,' which we engrave; his best, perhaps,

the 'Hunter, with a Hound,' of which the plaster model stands in the centre of the Gibson Room at Burlington House.

Four years later than Gibson, Richard Westmacott the younger saw the light. At first the pupil of his father, he was sent in 1819 to Italy, where he remained until 1826. Returning to England he passed through the regular stages of an English sculptor's career, when he has one at all. His most important production is the pedimental group on the Royal Exchange. It is at least an improvement on the similar work of his father in Bloomsbury. William Calder Marshall, a pupil both of Baily and Chantrey, was born in Edinburgh in 1813. He first exhibited at the Academy in 1835; was elected A.R.A. in 1844, and R.A. in 1852. In 1857 he was premiated in the competition for the Wellington monument in St. Paul's. His best-known statue, perhaps, is 'The Dancing Girl reposing,' but the finest, at least from a technical standpoint, is probably the 'Prodigal Son' in the Chantrey collection. To Henry Weekes, another pupil of Chantrey, belongs the credit of the first bust of the Queen made after her accession; the Martyrs, on the 'Martyrs' Memorial' at Oxford, are also his, and so is one of the groups on the Albert Memorial in Hyde Park. Weekes died in 1877. Mr. John Bell, born 1811, and still living, is the last member of the early Victorian school to whom I need allude. His best things are 'Dorothea' (1841), 'Andromeda' and 'The Eagle Slayer' (1851), the group of 'America' on the Albert Memorial, and 'Armed Science,' at Woolwich.



The Mower. By Hamo Thornycroft, A.R.A.

All these men derive more or less from Nollekens and Flaxman. Nollekens set the example of those simple, over-reposeful, but individual busts which have so long been popular in England. Flaxman preached style in its more conventional sense. For him rhythm of line was all in all. Any approach to pictorialism in sculpture he abhorred. Simplification, the reduction of things to their elements, impersonality, suavity, all these he aimed at, and his dramatic faculty enabled him to get them without sacrifice of force. It must be remembered, however, that Flaxman seldom had the opportunity to execute a statue. His fame was made by his designs in small, and much of the practice of his followers was based on those, ill-fitted as they are to afford models for life-size, still less for colossal, sculpture. It is then largely to the fascination of his example, acting on men of smaller gifts, that the unsatisfactory work done by the men I have named must be traced. Forms without character, modelling without research, heads without vitality, draperies without style or significance, these faults were almost if not quite universal in English sculpture fifty years ago. In a word it was a time of decadence, of which Flaxman had been the Raphael.

But in a vigorous modern society, decadence cannot end in death, and sculpture was to have its life restored by a single man. This was John Henry Foley, a member of that "English garrison" in Ireland, which has given so many distinguished minds to the commonwealth. He was born in 1818, and by the time he was twenty-two had attracted notice in London with his 'Ino and the Infant Bacchus.' Four years later he exhibited his

'Youth at a Stream,' in the Westminster Hall competition, and three years later still his model for a statue of Hampden. In 1849 he was elected an Associate, and in 1858 a full member, of the Academy. Among his later works are 'Lord Herbert of Lea,' outside the War Office, in Pall Mall; 'Selden,' in St. Stephen's Hall, Westminster; and 'Sir James Outram,' perhaps the finest of English equestrian statues, at Calcutta. The group of 'Asia,' on the Albert Memorial, and the seated figure of the Prince himself, are also by Foley. In all these things there is a grasp on what is really sculpturesque that we find in none of the work produced in the earlier decades of the century. The figure is modelled more searchingly than before; draperies are cast with more boldness and rendered with a truer sense of character, while the main conception as a rule is both coherent and fit for expression in the material used. The step forward taken by Foley was neither very long nor very bold; he had neither the wish, nor the courage, nor, may I say, the bad taste, to do for England what Carpeaux did for France. But he at least threw off the shackles of invertebrate classicality and put English sculpture on that road to success which it is now pursuing. It was not until after Foley's death, which occurred in 1874, that the effect of his example was fully recognised. It was seen in the appearance at the Academy of various works in which the old English flabbiness and simplicity were replaced by elaboration both in modelling and in the casting of draperies. The disciples of Foley are to be recognised, too, by a peculiar waxiness of surface which, though well suited to works in bronze, is less desirable for marble. The best of them are Mr. C. B. Birch and Mr. T. Brock. The finest work of the former is, perhaps, 'The Last Call;' of the latter, the Chantrey group called 'Peril.' In both of these the horse is modelled with a thoroughness of which no example is to be found in English work before their time. More recently Mr. Brock has distinguished himself by his portrait statues: a 'Sir Richard Temple,' for Bombay; a 'Robert Raikes,' for the Victoria Embankment; and a 'Sir Erasmus Wilson,' are perhaps the best of these. In all three there is much of the fine taste and the repose without emptiness which distinguish his master's 'Lord Herbert.' To Foley's credit must also be placed some of the merits of Sir Frederick Leighton's statues, 'The Athlete with a Python,' 'The Sluggard,' and 'Needless Alarm.' In all of these, but especially in the first two, there is plenty of evidence that, technically, the President would enrol himself among Foley's disciples. We have so recently given specimens of Sir Frederick's work that it is unnecessary to reproduce them again.

Another factor in the elevation of English sculpture has been the example of Alfred Stevens. His reputation dates from 1857, when he sprang into fame with his model for the Wellington monument in St. Paul's. His training had been won in Italy, among the masters of the Renaissance, but when called upon to produce a memorial for a modern general, he reconciled the teachings of Michael Angelo to the conditions of his own time with unprecedented skill. The groups on his monument combine expression with decoration to a degree unequalled elsewhere, while the recumbent figure of the Duke himself solves a problem which has been too much for every other sculptor who has put his hand to it. In any country but England the genius of Stevens would have been nourished and made much of; here it was smothered by officialdom, which saw in him mainly a troublesome creature who did not answer letters. And his great work, which every artist knows to be the finest thing of its kind in the world, is allowed to stand unfinished in a corner where it can't be seen. The effect of Stevens's example is mainly to be recognised in the greater flexibility it has impressed on plastic forms. In modelling the figure he was inferior in precision to many of his contemporaries, but as a welder of a sculpturesque conception into a decorative whole he had, and has, no equal. The group of 'Valour and Cowardice,' which we reproduce from a drawing by Mr. R. W. Macbeth, A.R.A., is one of two on the Wellington monument. At the same time as Stevens, Mr. Thomas Woolner, R.A., the one pre-Raphaelite sculptor, was rising into fame. He also stands apart from the general movement of his day. The characteristic of his work has always been refinement of handling and preoccupation with the more subtle constituents of expression. Mr. Woolner's bust of 'Gladstone' is, to my mind, the only portrait of that politician in which all his character is to be read, while his



Richard Cœur de Lion. By J. E. Boehm, R.A.

'Godiva,' which we engrave, is not only a masterpiece of rhythm and suggestive modelling, but dramatically one of the completest statues we have. Lastly, before I conclude with a few words on those young artists who form the rising hope of English sculpture, I must remind my readers that Mr. Watts, too, works in clay and marble. His equestrian statue of 'Hugh Lupus, Earl of Chester,' has been reproduced in these pages, and, as I write, his noble 'Clytie' is finding a new owner at Christie's. But as a sculptor Mr. Watts is not quite free from the weaknesses of the amateur, and we must confess as much in connection with some of the work of Prince Victor of Hohenlohe, better known as Count Gleichen. But the statue of the Queen, which the latter has in hand for the Holloway College at Egham, promises to be a real addition to Victorian sculpture. The pose is excellent, for it unites dignity with that *apropos* which it is so hard to get in a statue; and in some subtle way the action reminds the spectator that the buildings among which the statue is to stand were inaugurated by the lady whom it represents.

The first exponent in this country of the more picturesque powers of sculpture was Mr. Joseph Edgar Boehm, who, after studying here for a time in early youth, did not finally settle in London until 1862. The first thing with which he really caught the public eye, was a sort of *pasticcio* on one of the 'Chevaux de Marly,' with a heavy Clydesdale and its rustic groom substituted for the classic forms. But perhaps his finest work is the seated figure of Thomas Carlyle, at Chelsea. With a stronger vein of imagination Mr. Boehm would by this time have been the acknowledged head of his art in England, and, as it is, the trenchant modelling and regard for actuality on which so much of what is good in the work of Hamo Thornycroft, Alfred Gilbert, Onslow Ford, Harry Bates, and one or two more depends, are due in no slight degree to his example. He has selected for us the model of Richard Cœur de Lion, designed for the miserable Blackfriars Bridge fiasco, as the work by which he wishes to be represented.



Icarus. By A. Gilbert, A.R.A.

I have left myself very little room to speak of these four gentlemen. Mr. Thornycroft has for the last five or six years preserved a more consistently high level than any other sculptor in England, perhaps even in Europe. Almost as surely as the Academy comes round we find something there from his studio, which would by itself have been enough years ago to make its author famous. 'Lot's Wife,' 'Artemis,' 'Teucer,' 'The Mower,' 'The Sower,' these have been exhibited almost in successive years. In some ways the best of the five is the 'Mower,' which we engrave. In the conceptions of Mr. Alfred Gilbert there is a finer vein of poetry than in those of any other English sculptor. His ideas are not so sculpturesque as Mr. Thornycroft's, while now and then he falls below the latter in thoroughness of technique. But in pure imagination Mr. Gilbert stands alone. In 'Icarus' (which we engrave by permission of its owner, Sir F. Leighton), in 'The Enchanted Chair,' and even in the minute figures of the memorial to Mr. Fawcett lately put up at Westminster, there is a potential life in quietude which I can see in the work of no other living Englishman. The last names for which I can make room are those of Mr. Harry Bates and Mr. Onslow Ford. The strength of the former seems to lie in the more decorative powers of his Art, in rhythm of line and mass, and of the swelling contours of the human body. Mr. Ford, on the other hand, has always an intellectual notion to express, and, if we may judge from his 'Folly' of last year (lately engraved in this journal), his powers are great enough to permanently secure his share in that regeneration of English sculpture which is now in progress.

More than one member of the Royal Family has practised the sculptor's Art with success. The works of Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise show marked talent. A dignified bust of Her Majesty, from Her Highness's chisel, adorns the room of the Old Water-Colour Society, in Pall Mall, at which institution both the Princess and her elder sister, from time to time, also exhibit their capabilities in water-colour Art.

WALTER ARMSTRONG.

THE CROWN COLLECTIONS OF PICTURES.

THERE have been two notable collectors of works of Art amongst our English sovereigns, somewhat wide apart in the respective periods of their rule in the land—Charles I. and King George IV. Both of these monarchs were emphatically gentlemen amateurs with decided tastes for Art already consecrated and ennobled by time and the general verdict of the world.

Charles I., unlucky as he was in most things, was, however, fortunate in that his day was also that of Rubens and Vandyck, and in having the taste to appreciate, and the opportunity of securing the services of these veritable princes of Art. It would indeed be difficult to decide whether the tragic history of this king or the admirable presentments of the man and his family by the inimitable pencil of Vandyck, have the most tended to keep him so vividly in mind as a familiar figure to numerous generations of his countrymen and of the world at large. Undoubtedly Charles I. gave the first considerable impetus to Art in England, and the picture collections of the Crown remain to this day a noble memento of his taste. His immediate successors did little more than recover and garner up again his dispersed treasures, and for a century afterwards, although the nobles and rich gentry of England, carrying on the traditions of connoisseurship first implanted in the land by Charles, got together on all hands rich collections of pictures, statues, gems, and decorative furniture, the successive sovereigns made at the same period but few and fortuitous additions to the Art wealth of the Crown.



The Duke of Norfolk. By Holbein.
After a Photograph by A. Braun & Co. (Paris and Dornach).

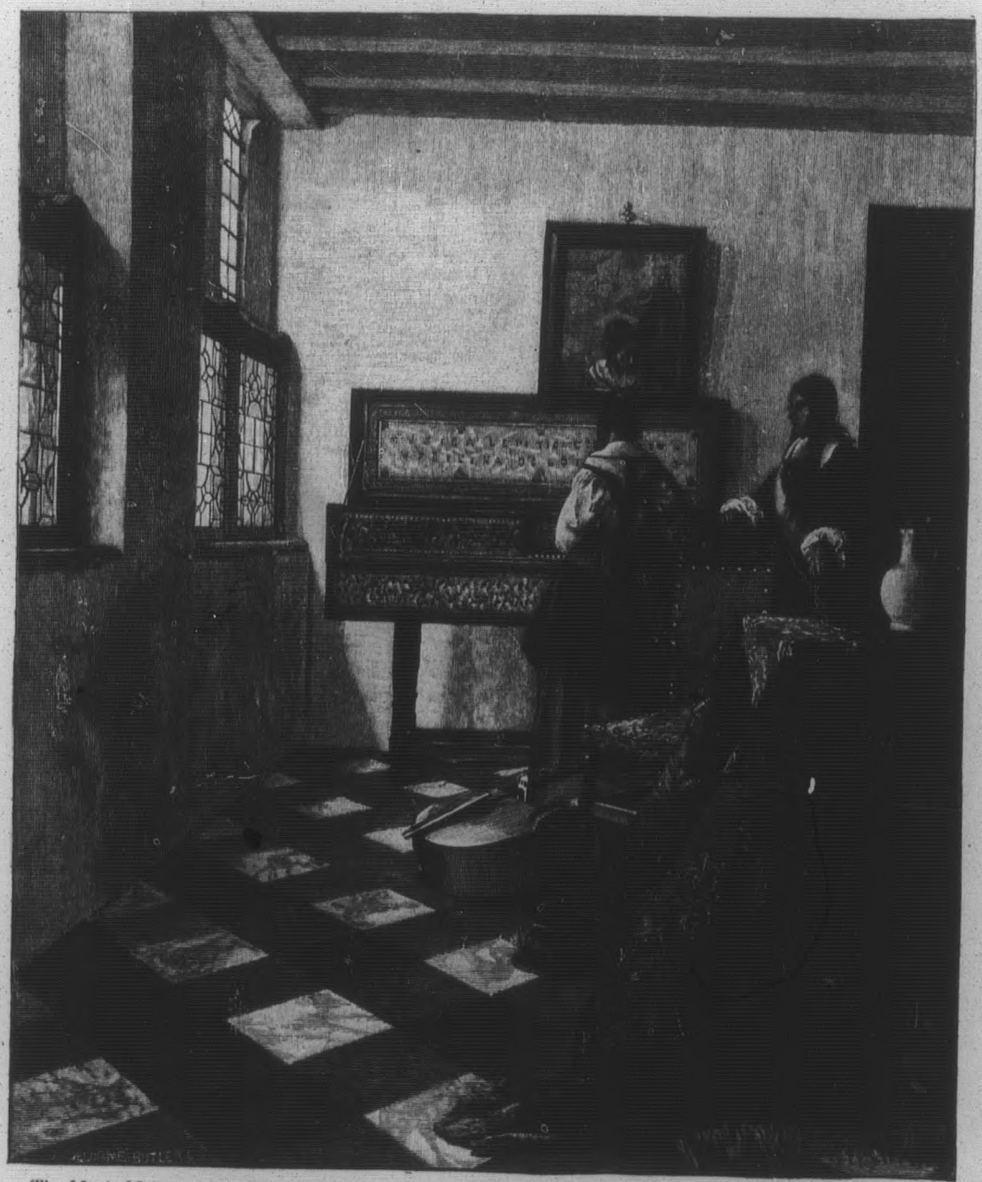
In giving an account of the royal collections more especially of pictures, which is our present theme, we may indeed practically pass over the doings in Art matters of all the English sovereigns betwixt Charles I. and the "first gentleman in Europe" of the earlier years of this century. George III., it is true, was not without certain Art proclivities; he added the splendid series of drawings by the old masters at Windsor to the general stock, but in the category of pictures, other than the works of the great portrait painters of his own day, Gainsborough and Reynolds, and a numerous but rather tedious series of the very secondary luminaries, Canaletto, Zuccarelli, and Benjamin West, the further acquisitions of the monarch were neither numerous nor remarkable.

To King George IV., however, the Crown owes the formation of a splendid collection of some two hundred precious pictures, mainly of the great Dutch and Flemish schools, as a series perhaps unique and unrivalled, and an infinity of specimens of rich furniture, porcelain, bronzes, and other objects of *virtu* and *ameublement*, pre-eminent treasures which have given to the royal palaces their present sumptuous aspect of regal adornment.

The Crown pictures are mainly placed in the three principal palaces—Windsor Castle, Hampton Court, and Buckingham Palace, but a certain number of pictures, principally portraits,

also decorate the walls of St. James's Palace and Holyrood. Her Majesty's private collections, consisting almost exclusively of modern pictures by English and Continental masters, are housed chiefly at Osborne. The public have admission to the state-apartments at Windsor, where the principal pictures are to be found, and to the Hampton Court Gallery, whilst the Buckingham Palace pictures are being made familiar through the annual loans of the chief specimens to the winter exhibitions of the Royal Academy.

Altogether the entire number of pictures in the possession of the Crown is upwards of 5,000, about 2,000 being placed at Windsor, 1,100 at Hampton Court, and 1,700 at Buckingham Palace. Of this vast accumulation, naturally a certain number of works are of minor importance. Portraits of all degrees of merit, from the incomparable masterpieces of Holbein and Vandyck, down to the formal productions of second and third-rate Court painters and professional copyists, also form a large proportion. Representations of state ceremonies and pageants and other works of purely historical interest again are another class, in which pictures of the highest intrinsic value are perhaps not to be expected. But after all deductions there remains still a splendid total of masterpieces of the greatest luminaries of Art, forming an appanage still strictly pertaining to royalty, such as probably no other country can equal.



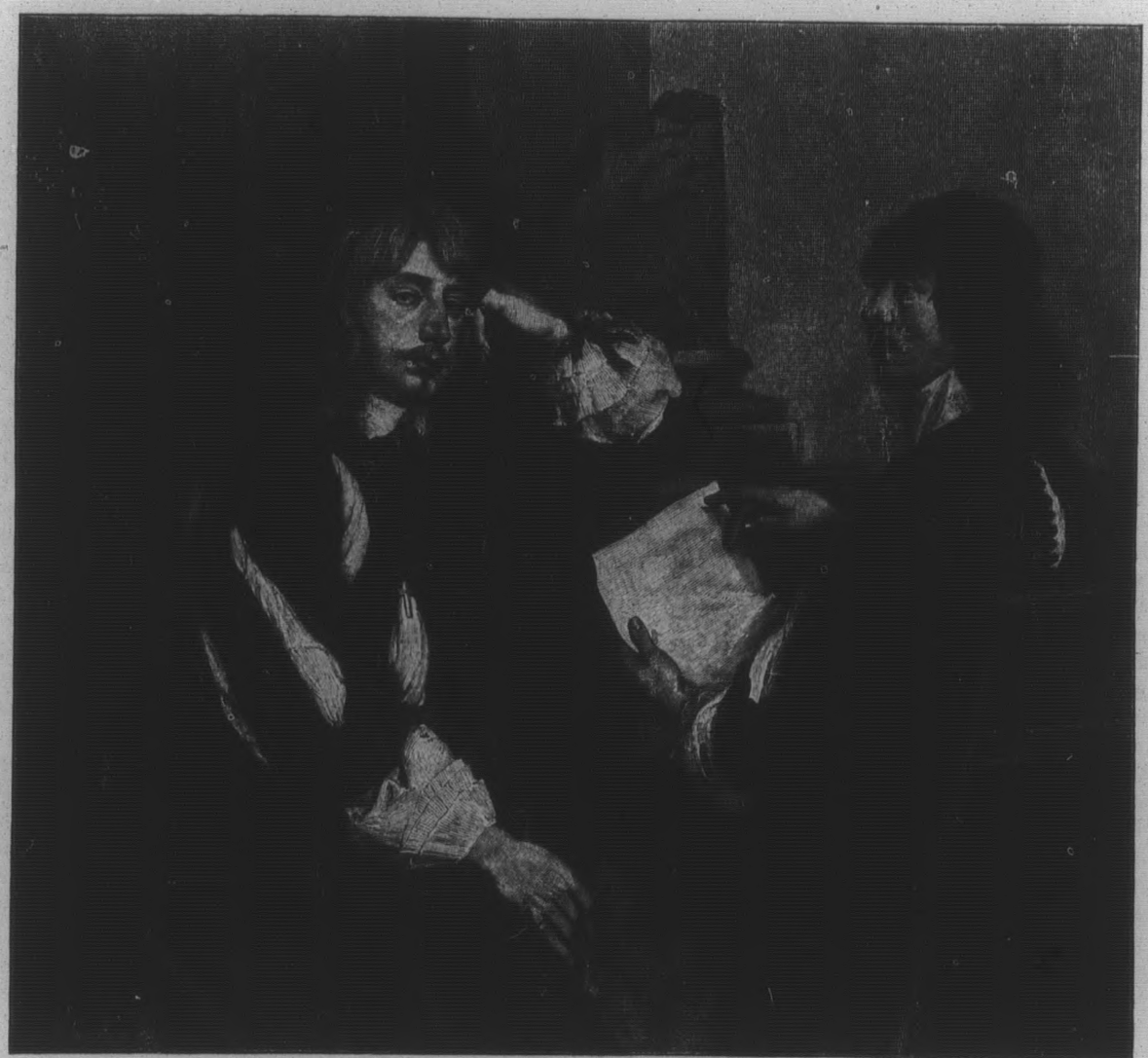
The Music Master and his Pupil. By Jan Vander Meer, of Delft. After a Photograph by A. Braun & Co.

Charles I. was perhaps the most ardent and considerable royal amateur and collector, who had till his time arisen in Europe; he began his Art acquisitions before his accession to the throne. Interesting glimpses of him and his Art pursuits whilst he was still Prince of Wales, have been handed down to us. When in 1623 he made his romantic expedition to Spain to pay his court to the Infanta, accompanied by the Duke of Buckingham, much of the time of the two gentlemen was spent in the research of pictures and other works of Art in the possession of private amateurs and dealers in Madrid.* In the young King Philip IV., afterwards the life-long friend and patron of Velasquez, and himself an amateur artist of no mean ability, Charles found a friend and ally of entirely kindred tastes. Philip presented the Prince on his departure with several important pictures, amongst which was more than one fine work of Titian. Curiously enough, Philip in the chances and changes of events afterwards became one of the principal purchasers at the sale of Charles's Art treasures by the Parliament, after his execution in 1648. But it was after Charles came to the throne that the one grand acquisition, which at once placed his collection in the foremost rank, was made, in the purchase of the famous picture collections of the Gonzaga family, Dukes of Mantua. This splendid gathering comprised the famous Mantegna

* An interesting work has recently been published in Spain, in which will be found a contemporary account in considerable detail of Prince Charles and Buckingham's residence from day to day in Madrid.—(S. Cruzada Villaamil, "Rubens Diplomatico Español." Madrid, Calle de rubio 25.)

Cartoons, then, doubtless, almost in their pristine state of conservation, and an unequalled treasure of Italian sixteenth-century pictures, in which the works of the neighbouring Venetian and Lombard schools predominated, Titian, Palma Vecchio, Pordenone, Paul Veronese, and Tintoretto, Correggio, Lorenzo Lotto, Giulio Romano—visions of gorgeous colour and admirably dexterous and charming execution arise in the mind as we enumerate these immortal names. Visions such as these later generations have never beheld, for time, alas! has now dimmed and blackened even the noblest of their masterpieces.

The great cataclysm of the Puritan revolution deprived the country of the chiefest jewels in this unequalled treasury, and to this day, as we stand before many of the choicest gems of the Louvre and the Madrid Gallery, once Mantuan pictures, our admiration cannot but be alloyed with bitterness and mental revolt at the cruel irony of fate which ravished these masterpieces from our own land. To this day, however, the Mantuan acquisitions form a notable proportion of the Crown collections; nearly all the fine Venetian and other North Italian pictures at Hampton Court, for instance, were from this famous source.



Killigrew and Carew. By Vandyck. After a Photograph by A. Braun & Co.

A clean sweep was made by the Parliament of all Charles I.'s gatherings; Cromwell himself, however, is credited with having saved the Raffaelle Cartoons from dispersion, and it is probable that they were not the only works of Art which he caused to be retained for the decoration of the palaces. At the Restoration, one of Charles II.'s first cares was to recover as many as possible of the old Crown pictures which remained dispersed in the possession of English purchasers, or their representatives; stringent and imperative measures were taken to effect their recovery, and active and unscrupulous agents, amongst others the notorious Will Chiffinch, were especially commissioned to hunt out the specimens and bring the respective possessors to terms. Generally speaking, the possessors of Crown property seem to have been only too eager to yield up their purchases on the footing of simple restitution, and there is no doubt that eventually by far the greater portion of the dispersed treasures, which had not been sent out of the Kingdom, were recovered. A disaster, however, which has happily had no repetition since, during Charles's reign, deprived the Crown of a number of master-

pieces; this was the fire at Whitehall Palace, when amongst many important works the great masterpiece of Holbein, the Tudor family picture, was destroyed. By a curious coincidence, early in the next century a very similar loss occurred at the palace in Madrid, when by the fire at the old Alcazar a far greater number of precious pictures, comprising many notable works of Rubens, were lost to the world.

King George IV.'s acquisitions were made mainly whilst he was Prince Regent, and they were originally placed in Carlton House. Afterwards, on his accession to the throne, they were removed to Buckingham Palace, and at the King's death all his splendid Art gatherings, his Majesty's own private property, by a pecuniary arrangement with the Government of the day were made Crown property. Seldom, or never, has so excellent a bargain been made, for such has been the enormous increase in the value of precious works of Art since that time, that it is but little to say that pounds sterling now represent what was then appraised at shillings' worth. Dutch pictures purchased by the King for a few hundreds each, are now, in many cases, worth more than so many thousands. We have seen in quite recent times at the Hamilton, Blenheim, and other great sales the fabulous amounts eagerly paid for Sèvres porcelain, French furniture, etc., but the most precious treasures of those great collections, both in quality and quantity, would pale and entirely lose ground by comparison with the plethora of more important specimens got together by the Royal amateur. A curious fact was communicated many years ago to the present writer, by one of King George IV.'s personal associates, a fellow amateur; it is to the effect that many of the finest works of Art, which the King acquired, were procured for him by a French cook in his employ, who during the Napoleonic war was nevertheless enabled to make his way into France and buy up the chief treasures of the old noblesse, the channel of importation being by way of smuggling from the French coast to Jersey and Guernsey, where the specimens were shipped on board English cruisers.



Holy Family. By Garofalo. After a Photograph by A. Braun & Co.

The engravings which illustrate the present article are all from pictures at Windsor Castle. The noble Holbein portrait of the Duke of Norfolk is perhaps chief and most beautiful amongst no less than about ten authentic works of this great master, placed at Windsor and Hampton Court, the greater number being at the former palace. Of Vandyck, there are twenty-four magnificent works at Windsor, about twenty-two of which are hung around the walls of the great state-room known as the Vandyck Gallery, and of Rubens there are thirteen fine pictures, eleven of which form the adornment of another state apartment called the "Rubens" Room.

The Duke of Norfolk is represented in a rich furred robe with the collar of the Garter round his shoulders, and bearing in each hand a white wand of office. In all probability the portrait was painted for King Henry VIII., it may be even under the same roof where it has ever since remained. At Hampton Court there is a fine full-length portrait of his son, the famous Earl of Surrey. The family likeness betwixt father and son, both of whom were destined to lay their heads on the block at Tower Hill, is very notable. It is interesting to remark that the young nobleman wears at his girdle a splendid dagger with a richly-chiselled gold hilt and sheath, evidently made from the design of Holbein, and not unlikely by his friend and executor, the goldsmith Master John, of Antwerp. Several original designs for similar daggers, by the hand of the great German master, are indeed extant. The Surrey portrait is doubtless by one of the English followers of Holbein, perhaps William Streete, to whom also is ascribed the fine standing portrait of King Edward VI., acquired for the Crown at the Hamilton sale.

The public have had an opportunity of inspecting the splendid Vandyck portrait of the two courtiers, Killigrew and Carew, at the Vandyck Exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery this year, where, together with the equally famous picture of the three children of Charles I., her Majesty has allowed it to be on loan. These incomparable works have this in particular to recommend them—they are both undoubtedly in every part entirely from the hand of Vandyck, which can be said of comparatively few portraits of his English period.

The 'Holy Family,' by Garofalo, which we also engrave, is a brightly-coloured and admirably-preserved work of the great Ferrarese school.

Our remaining illustration is of a work of which there are comparatively few specimens at Windsor. This striking Dutch picture, one of the best works of the extremely rare and interesting master, Jan Vander Meer, of Delft, would in fact have been perhaps more appropriately placed at Buckingham Palace along with the two beautiful pictures of Peter de Hoogh there preserved, and which it so closely resembles in style. We shall have more to say about it when we treat of the works of this latter master in the possession of the Crown.

J. C. Robinson.



Recent Plaster Work by Messrs. Collinson and Lock.

VICTORIAN PROGRESS IN APPLIED DESIGN.



Initial by Harry Rogers, 1851.

WE have all of us, probably, a very distinct idea of the progress of applied design during the long reign of Her Majesty. If there is any one in whose mind a doubt on that point lingers, let the cynic turn to the Illustrated Catalogue of the Great Exhibition of 1851, which the proprietors of the *Art Journal* brought out at the time. It is not a cheerful work, although then it was thought much of. One turns from its pages a sadder, if not in any marked degree a wiser, man. At all events, however, it enables us to realise, as before we scarcely could—so kind is time in dulling our painful impressions—the dreary level of dulness to which the minor arts had then sunk.

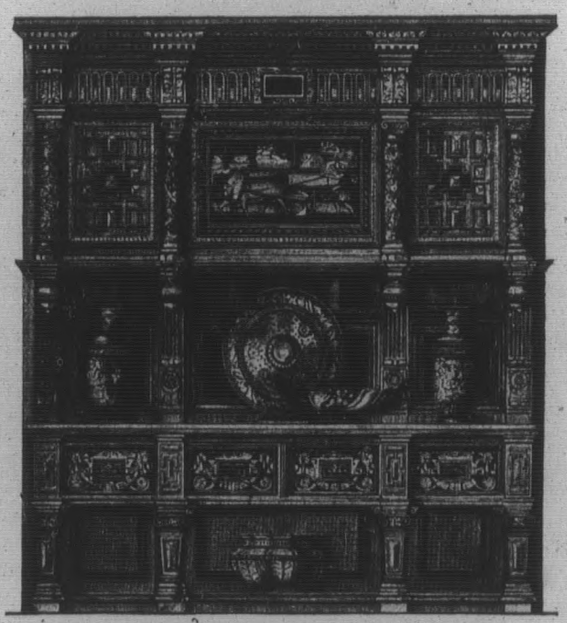
Even Mr. Ralph Wornum's excellent critical résumé which accompanied it, whilst itself a proof that taste was not altogether extinct among us, could not but be more or less tinged with the glow of that enthusiasm which the first world's fair excited. Yet he was fain to confess that his admiration and wonder were tempered by the after-recognition that there was "nothing new in the Exhibition in ornamental design; not a scheme, not a detail, that had not been treated over and over again in ages that are gone: that the taste of the producers was generally uneducated." That is very decidedly the impression which we too gather from the Illustrated Catalogue. Many even of the objects which Mr. Wornum felt himself bound to criticise at some length, we should consider at this date altogether beneath consideration. It says something for our progress that a very small percentage of the things illustrated in the catalogue of 1851 would have had the slightest chance of admission in such a catalogue to-day.

It would have been a simple thing to place side by side in this article examples selected from the first catalogue, together with the latest productions of the day; and there was some thought of doing so; but the old instances would not have added to the beauty of our pages—and we have contented ourselves, therefore, with a very few of the old wood-cuts which are either exceptionally interesting in themselves or go to illustrate some pronounced phase of past taste.

It has been said that the Exhibition of 1851 gave the death-blow to traditional design in England. There is some truth in that: up to that time there did linger among us traces of traditional style. The forms in vogue were florid and debased, but there was a likeness in them to forms more worthy of respect, and sometimes a breadth of treatment comparatively rare to see in modern design.

It is certain, however, that tradition was moribund—so slight a stroke was necessary to its extinction that it did not matter much whence came the blow. There was no cure for it, and killing was in this case no murder.

Though in the early years of the present reign, the baser forms of French Renaissance, or I should rather say of French decadence, ran riot in our factories, "All the most beautiful forms in the Exhibition (1851), whether in silver, in bronze, in earthenware, or in glass," says Mr. Wornum, "were Greek shapes." It may be added that the excellence attained in this classical direction was of a rather negative kind. Flaxman, whose influence was still felt in design when Her Majesty came to the throne, was one of those artists who mark an epoch if they do not make it. He relieves the dreariness of design throughout the long reign of George III.



Sideboard in "Jacobean" style, designed by B. J. Talbert for Messrs. Marsh, Jones, and Cribb, 1878.

—what a contrast, by the way, between the sixty years of his reign and the fifty years of the Victorian era!—he compares



Recent Wedgwood Vase.

more than favourably with the contemporary frigid French classicism of David. But the revived classicism was, after all, a cold and heartless thing, a chill reflection from the period of the First Empire and the preceding period of the Directory. It was itself a reaction after the fever of excess which raged under the later Louis—here as in France, since we were content to import our ideas of taste from Paris. In that respect, in the matter of originality that is to say, we have made very marked progress during the last five-and-twenty years; so much so that at the last Paris Exhibition in 1878 the "English style" made quite a sensation, and was even imitated by the Parisian designers. All the more is it to be deplored that there seems just now a determination to lapse once again into the easy ways of the Rococo. We have heard a good deal of late about patriotism; but anything less patriotic, to say nothing of artistic, than this playing into the hands of the foreign producer is hard to conceive. If this goes on we shall have eventually to acknowledge that this great Victorian revival was only a flash in the pan, resulting in no lasting improvement, illuminating only for a moment the darkness of the degenerate days in which we live.

Going back to the beginning of the reign, we find that it was in the year of Her Majesty's accession that the Commissioners passed the design of the present Houses of Parliament. That distinctly emphasises the turn in taste that had then already taken place. The approved Late Gothic manner was then a new thing. But the latest novelty of 1837 is now very old-fashioned indeed. How to Barry and Pugin succeeded Gilbert Scott, and to Scott, George Edmund Street and Burgess—all that is part of the history of the Gothic revival, an architectural movement with which we have only to do in so far as it affected the ornamental design of the period. It is curious to note how, in 1851, some of the most ambitious designs made expressly for the Exhibition were in the style of Pugin. One of these was the Puginesque cabinet (reproduced on page 188) exhibited by Crace. What a wilderness of styles we have wandered through since that piece of furniture was made! It must be owned that our wandering has not always been in advance. We have done better and we have done worse since then.

The decoration and furnishing of the Houses of Parliament had a very important influence upon design. It was an undertaking of such magnitude, and it was spread from first to last over so many years, that it was in one sense a school of design, in which some of the most prominent designers of succeeding years graduated. The names of John Hardman of Birmingham and of Mr. Crace will recur to every one. That of West is less known, but he played a part in the revival. The most original of the disciples of Pugin was Clement Heaton, of the firm of Heaton, Butler, and Bayne. He was very directly inspired by Pugin; but he put himself into his work, too, and nature as well. He was great in heraldic animals, studied indeed from the life but treated always in the heraldic manner, whereas Pugin probably had what is called "authority" for his Gothic beasts, the authority, that is, of some old example.

The direction of the Gothic revival, under the impulse of Sir Gilbert Scott and others, was ecclesiastical. And so it affected mainly certain industries, such as wrought-iron and brass work, glass painting, embroidery, and wall decoration; which, in fact, may be said to owe their revival to it. But if they owed their revival and encouragement to the church architect, they owed also to him a certain affectation and hide-bound orthodoxy which went far to neutralize the good. The modern mediævalism was all too strictly according to pattern; it was not so much the spirit of the fifteenth or the thirteenth century that was emulated as the old forms that were imitated in a more or less lifeless way; so much so that many of our restored churches are filled with most correct parodies of old glass, chancel screens that have every



Bronze Tobacco Jar, by Godfrey Sykes, 1853.

characteristic of mediæval smith's work except its character, shiny encaustic tiles that are in all respects exactly like old work except in the one particular of variety and consequent interest, and other such productions, in which the place of individuality and invention is supplied by pedantry and wholesale reproduction. Nevertheless the advance in the arts in question is undoubted. It is so great that one only deplores that so much work by able men has been spent on those "nonsense verses" on which the artist has spent his valuable time. He has learnt his art so, no doubt. The question is whether he would not have arrived at his knowledge sooner by a more direct road. When we look at the stained glass of such firms as Hardman and Co., Clayton and Bell, Heaton, Butler, and Bayne, the very excellence of the work makes one wish that they had not been so fettered—by whom or by what? the architect, the clergyman, or the conditions of trade? If only they had been free to do their best, what a much greater advance we might have had to chronicle. One sees in a recent work of Mr. John Clayton's (illustrated further on) that it was not for want of invention of his own that he for one has for so many years harped upon old times. In designing for a new restaurant he has felt free to be himself, and lo! we find him inclining rather to Renaissance types than Gothic, yet by no means slavishly affecting any period of past glass painting. Some of the very best glass of Heaton, Butler, and Bayne, again—for example, that executed at Eaton Hall for the Marquis of Westminster—is of a domestic character, founded upon no precedent in particular. Hardman and Co. have been more consistently ecclesiastical.



Portion of a Window at St. Mary's, Oxford, by E. Burne Jones, A.R.A.

I have said that at the Exhibition of 1851 the Puginesque style of Art was well represented. One of the wonders of the show was the so-called Mediæval Court. Another very noticeable thing was the influence of Owen Jones, which was most conspicuous in the decoration of the Exhibition itself. He appears to have been too busy to do much in the way of designing for manufacture, but in succeeding exhibitions his influence is very strongly felt; less, however, in the designs which he made for manufacturers, than in the sobriety of taste which he was so instrumental in bringing about. Owen Jones was not, if the truth must be told, the great colourist he was reputed to be. He had mastered the theory of Alhambresque colour combination, but he was never safe with a flat tint, where theory was of less avail. Indeed it was as a theorist rather than as an artist that he made his mark upon the first years of the latter half of this century. His influence was immense. His "Grammar of Ornament" marks a point, and a turning-point, in the history of English ornament. The "principles" he enunciated were not such as one can endorse *en masse*, at this date—they were many of them not principles at all: the title is too pompous and pretentious altogether. It would be nearer the mark (however irreverent) to call them "tips;" and as such they were of immense value to manufacturers, decorators, and designers, who were floundering in the depths of degradation in which he found the minor arts of design. A certain blindness

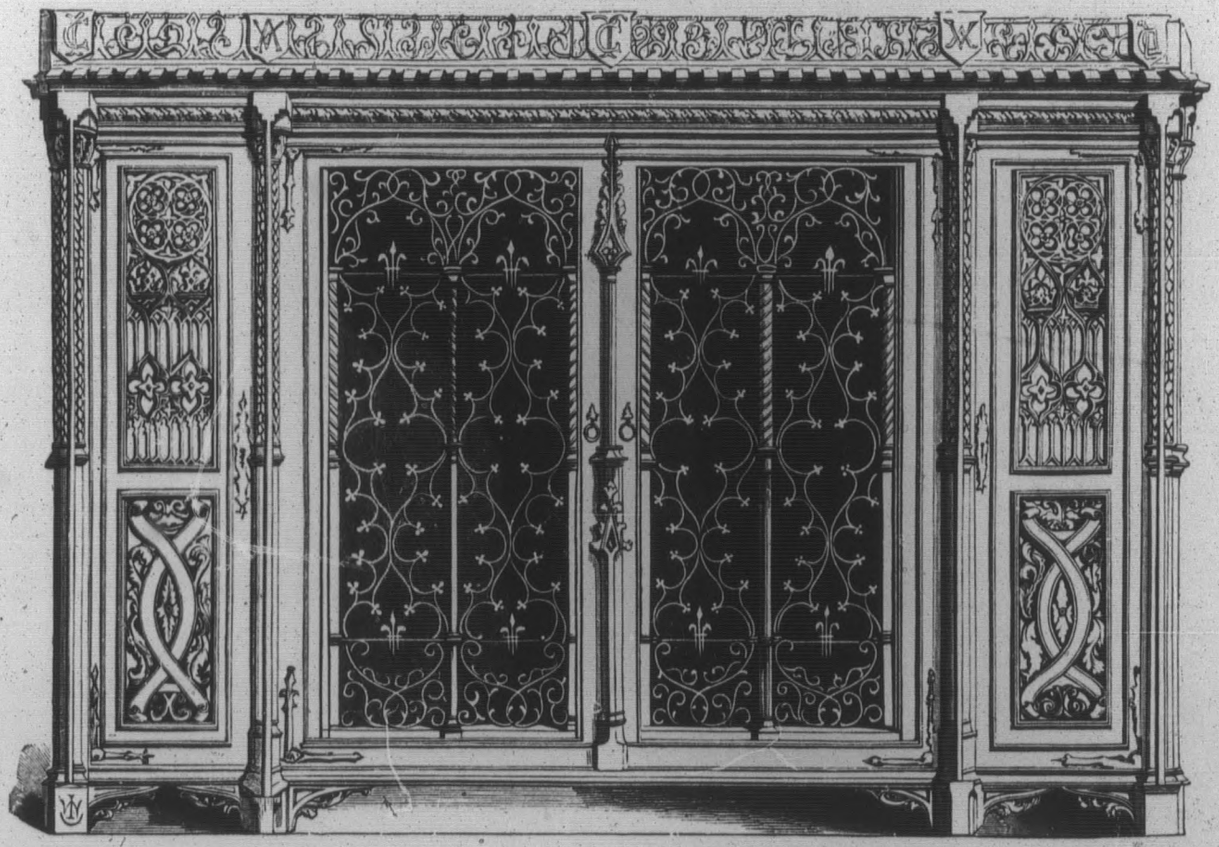
which he showed to the other side of the question, especially in the poor opinion he had of the natural element in design, fitted him perhaps all the better for a reformer—a reformer he undoubtedly was—and we can afford to forgive him if, in weeding out the huge crop of tares, he pulled up also some few remaining blades of wheat. No man did more than he towards clearing the ground for us, and so making possible the new departures which we have made since his time.



Recent Ivory Inlay on Rosewood, designed by Webb for Messrs. Collinson and Lock.

The influence of Ruskin, and of Pugin before him, counts also for something, but I attribute even more weight to the teaching of Owen Jones, because he appealed to and touched the manufacturers, whom he somehow succeeded in persuading to believe in him, much to the improvement in the taste of their productions.

As a designer the influence of Owen Jones was of less account. He was facile and eminently graceful, but his personal bias towards a Moresque form of ornament (see book-cover on page 189), with which the British public could not be expected to have much sympathy, prevented his founding anything like a school. In fact, if we except Dr. Dresser, on whom at one time his mantle seemed to have fallen, he had no personal following at all.



Puginesque Cabinet exhibited by Messrs. Crace at the Exhibition of 1851.

It strikes us now as strange how few were the men of any note engaged in 1851 in designing for manufacturers. Sir

Digby Wyatt did a good deal towards the better understanding of design. He was associated with Owen Jones in his "Grammar of Ornament," for which he wrote the essays on the Renaissance and Italian styles; and in his work at the Crystal Palace. He prepared with Mr. J. B. Waring the already forgotten, but very valuable hand-books to the Byzantine, Mediæval, and Renaissance Courts. The Crystal Palace itself, it must be remembered, started with the idea of developing the educational idea, the germ of which was in the Great Exhibition. It was to be a study-house of artistic culture, not merely a show place and bazaar. Sir Digby Wyatt was a robust artist of somewhat florid taste. He designed occasionally for manufacturers—a carpet of his design was exhibited in 1867, by Tubiville Smith—and he designed also for Howell and James some silversmiths' work and jewellery. But it is obvious that the architect of the new India Office had not much leisure for that kind of thing. It was in his office presumably, that Mr. Robert Dudley and Mr.

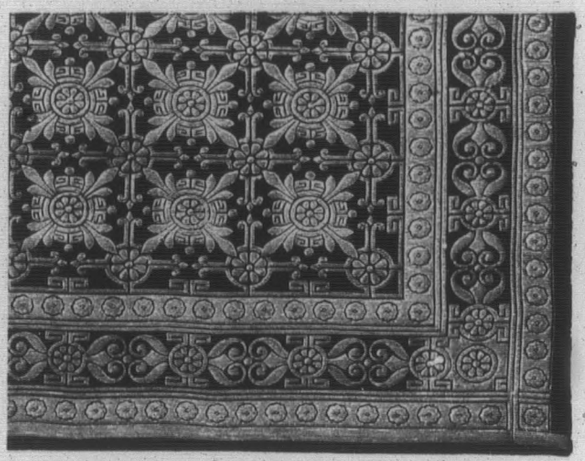


Binding of Victoria Psalter, designed by Owen Jones for Messrs. Leighton, Son, and Hodge, 1862.

Owen Davis, both of whom have since made names for themselves, had their attention first turned to ornament.

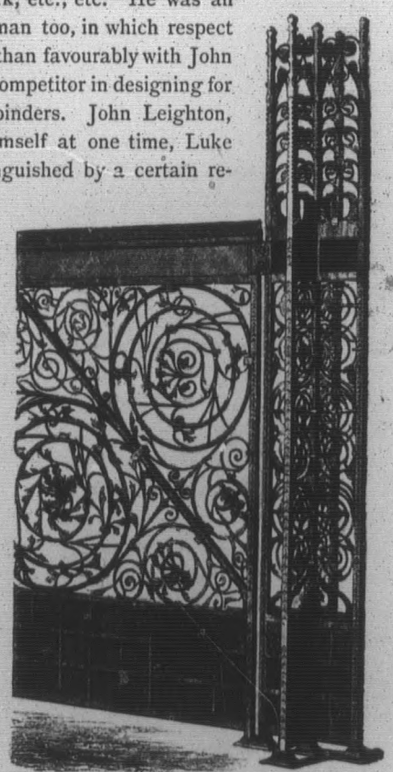
Mr. Dudley, who of late years seems to have deserted design for painting, designed for many years for colour printers such as Goodall and Son—and some of the most tasteful productions of the pre-æsthetic period were due to him. The colour printers, by-the-bye, were among the first to mend their ways in the matter of taste—De la Rue at the head of them, under the direct guidance of Owen Jones.

It is probable that there were not many men of any high artistic ability working at the end of the first half of this century for manufacturers. Design was not thought much of, nor the designer—who, probably, was very poorly paid. Among the mediocrities who designed for the 1851 Exhibition, Harry Rogers is conspicuous for the fertility and refinement of his design. The initial letter at the head of this article, and the monogram 1851, scarcely do him credit; they are selected rather in illustration of 1851 than of him. To see him at his best (if he ever did his best; he was always a hack) one must



Quilt designed by Dr. Dresser for Messrs. Barlow and Jones, 1878.

refer to his designs in illustration of "Quarles' Emblems"—but the Catalogue of the First Exhibition would be distinctly the weaker by the elimination of his contributions. There was no more graceful draughtsman working for manufacturers at that date than Harry Rogers. His style was based pretty much upon one phase of Cinquecento ornament, but there was no mistaking what he did for any one's but his. He designed some excellent bookbindings for Bone and Son, and J. S. Evans; wood carvings for his father (an eminent carver); metal work, etc., etc. He was an excellent draughtsman too, in which respect he compares more than favourably with John Leighton, his only competitor in designing for printers and bookbinders. John Leighton, or as he called himself at one time, Luke Limner, was distinguished by a certain reticence of manner and thoughtfulness of invention. His designs were always sober and appropriate. He knew what was wanted, and what could be done (no slight qualification in a designer at any time), and there was always intention in his work. His drawing strikes one as hard-handed; there is an air of painstaking about it; but he managed to evolve something like a style of his own, recognisable on many a book cover and wrapper of a generation ago.



Wrought-iron Gates, designed by T. Jeckyll for Messrs. Barnard, Bishop, and Barnard, 1867.

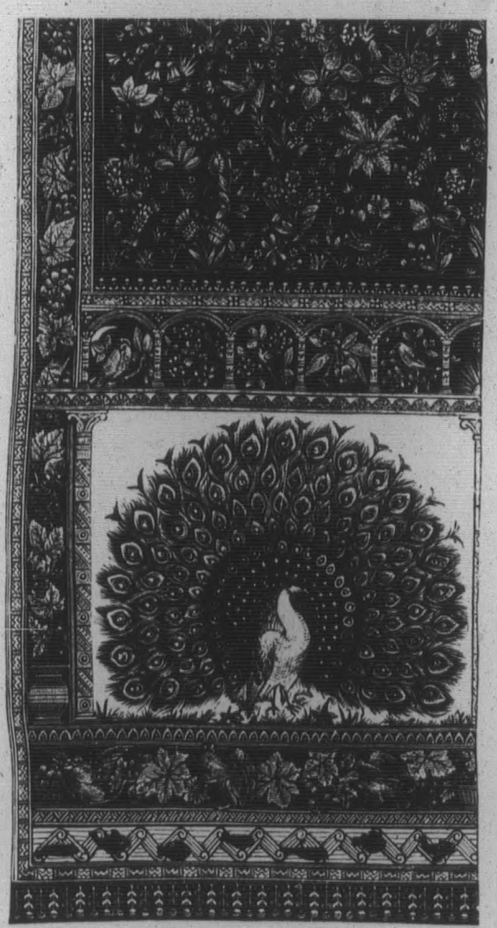
These men, however, though they represent fully enough the designers of the period, are none of them giants in design.



Recent Decoration in Burmantoft's Faïence, Messrs. Wilcock & Co.

The greatest designer of the Victorian era is yet to be noticed. As early as 1842, Alfred Stevens, who had studied some eight or nine years in Italy, was back again in England teaching at a local School of Art and working for manufacturers. That local School of Art was in a great industrial centre, it is true, and Hoole & Co. were producing important metal work. It seems strange, however, that such a man was not at the head of the Department at South Kensington, where he afterwards reigned supreme—though only as it were by deputy in the persons of Godfrey Sykes, Moody, and others.

It was in the very year of Her Majesty's accession that the Royal Academy moved to Trafalgar Square, and the School of Design, out of which grew the South Kensington Department, was opened at Somerset House. There was perhaps some national jealousy of Professor Semper, and his memory has not been kept green in the annals of design; but students who were under him at Somerset House all acknowledge the influence of his taste and teaching with a gratitude which proves him to have been a very fit man for the place. Whether no equally fitting Englishman might have been found is another question. Perhaps Semper has not had sufficient credit for his share in our Victorian regeneration.

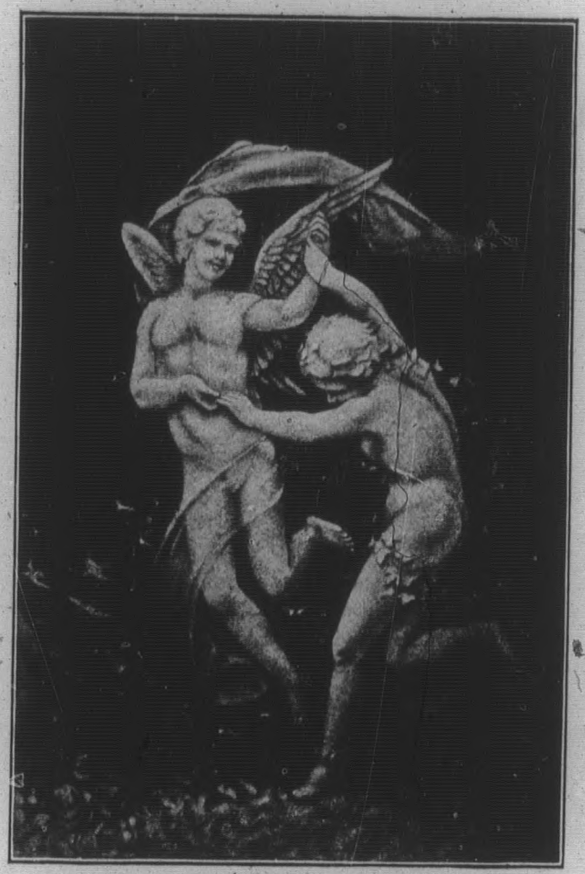


Tapestry Curtain of the "Peacock" period, Messrs. Barbour and Miller, 1878.

Somewhere about 1851 Godfrey Sykes, who had been a pupil under Stevens at Sheffield, and who was very thoroughly imbued with his spirit, came to South Kensington; and there he designed the terra-cotta front of the Science and Art Schools, the decoration of the Loan Court, and many other details of the Museum, and founded something like a school of design. The traditions of the school were carried on by subsequent teachers, Moody, Townrowe, and Gamble, the style being more or less that of Stevens, to whom the inspiration of these men is traceable.

The style of Stevens was too dignified to be popular. There was a seriousness about his design which fitted it eminently for monumental work, and his Wellington Monument registers the highest point of Art monumental in the present era. So too his designs for metal work and tiles, of which Messrs. Benham have allowed us liberal use by way of illustration to this paper, have not been surpassed, and are not likely soon to be. The future critic of Victorian Art will point to Stevens as the man of the period who came nearest to the great Italians of the Renaissance. It is our great good fortune that he devoted himself so particularly to applied art, though he owes to that, very likely, the popular neglect he suffered. The man

who modelled for a Sheffield founder was in the eyes of many only a sort of skilled artisan; had he confined his energies within the four sides of a picture frame, possibly his fame would not have been a posthumous thing: our treatment of him is one of the things *not* to the credit of the age.



Recent Pâte-sur-pâte Painting on China, by M. Solon (Minton's).

The School of Ornament established by the successors of Stevens exists still at South Kensington, Mr. Hugh Stannus being yet another of that band of artists who came directly under the influence of its originator; but, with one exception, it cannot be said greatly to have influenced Victorian manufacture. That is rather to be wondered at; but then, it is rather strange how little direct influence the Department has had upon British manufacture generally. Fashion has followed fashion, and had its day, and died, and the wicked world of manufacture has paid no more heed to the teaching of the Department than the profligate to the voice of the preacher. Now and again one has turned round to scoff, and that is all. The exception alluded to with regard to the influence of the school exists in the case of certain painted tile-work, which was produced by Simpson and Sons, who had for many years the assistance of Mr. Eldon, another pupil of the school, who designed for that firm a quantity of tile decoration which had in it much more of style than was usually to be met with in the trade. After the death of Mr. Eldon, Mr. Page Turner worked on the same lines, and is still designing somewhat in the style of the school; with that exception the influence of the school is not perceptible in modern manufacture.



Part of a Lace Curtain. Messrs. B. Walker & Co., 1887.

Some five-and-twenty years ago the battle of the styles was raging. The Classicists and the Goths were at war. Pugin and Ruskin and the High Church party and the Romantic School of Novelists, had all of them their influence upon the rebellion—for such it was—and the result of it was that, in the direction of Church work, the Goths had it all their own way. In the region of domestic art the victory was not so sure. The strongest exponent of Gothic principles as applied to domestic decoration was William Burgess, who lived just long enough to be elected an Associate of the Academy before he died. He was a devoted believer in the thirteenth century. But he was an artist and an originator too; and he did not let his learning overgrow his art or sap his invention. Burgess's work at Cardiff Castle, for example, or at his own house in Melbury Road, was not really of any century except our own; and that it was in virtue of its eclecticism. He founded himself obviously upon Early Gothic work, of a French rather than an English type; but he did not scruple to borrow notions from Classic or Oriental Art when they served his purpose. Even when his manner was most archaic his notions were his own, and he expressed them freely. He found room in his decorative design even for a joke now and then, the very surest sign that he was quite at his ease in that habit of ancient Art. The typical mock mediævalist of the period (one of the most terrible of scourges under which our day has suffered) was always so terribly afraid of doing anything for which he had no precedent in old work, that he was invariably and inevitably dull.

The style of Burgess was not one that could hope to be popular. His ideal was

very far removed from the earthly paradise of "Art *for* the people *by* the people." Nor could his manner be imitated to any purpose. In his case very decidedly the style was the man. It is easy to find fault with it. He was over partial to heavy and rather stunted forms; he gloried in the assertion of strength to an extent that bordered on the boastful; he was physically too short-sighted to see colours in their true relation, except when they were within a foot or two of his eye; he was whimsical, if you will; but he was a genuine artist, and a strong one, expressing himself, moreover, in all he did. There is no mistake about the authorship of any work of his. Mr. Walter Lonsdale, a pupil of his, who is doing good work in the way of stained glass and decoration, is doing it in his own manner—although he doubtless owes something to the training of such a master; as does also Mr. Charles Campbell, a decorator, who, so to speak, served his apprenticeship under Burgess's direction, and owes no little of his success to that discipline.



From a Stained Glass Window, designed and painted by H. A. Kennedy, 1887.

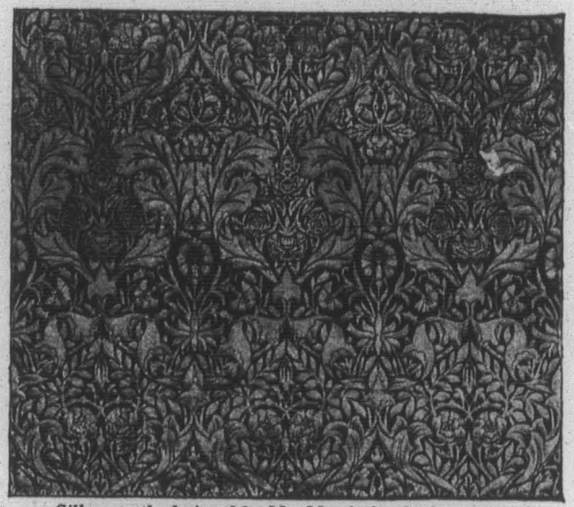
In days when books on decoration were comparatively few and far between, and not every lady felt herself competent to lay down the law on furnishing, Mr. Eastlake's "Hints on Household Taste" was something of an event. It indicated a turn in the tide of ideas on decorative art. It is one of the few real books on the subject, expressing vigorously opinions, not altogether original, but which the author had made his own. There is no mistake about his standpoint, which was essentially a manly and honest one. He had the courage of his convictions too, and carried his principles to their logical conclusion. That perhaps was the reason why they obtained only a temporary success in this country. In America it is said that the "Eastlake style," as they call it, still flourishes. The fact is the adoption of Mr. Eastlake's principles would consistently involve a recurrence to an altogether simpler and ruder mode of life than finds favour with us. There was something eminently incongruous between his furniture and the fashion of the day; and since society was not prepared to give up its fashions, the only alternative was that it should give up such furniture. Though the enterprise with which his name was associated was short-lived, the effect of his teaching remained, and we may thank him perhaps more than most men for the suppression of some of the worst and flimsiest forms of upholstery. Mr. Eastlake's designs for furniture were not particularly original. He harked back to the period of Knole House, from whence some of his best models were chosen. There was in these originals a stateliness which in the reproduction had rather the appearance of heaviness; twenty years ago the mark of the carpenter was much too apparent in the newest cabinet work, and there was besides a seriousness about it which induced a longing for some lighter style, even though it might not be altogether guiltless of frivolity.



Pile Carpet, manufactured by Messrs. James Templeton & Co., 1887.

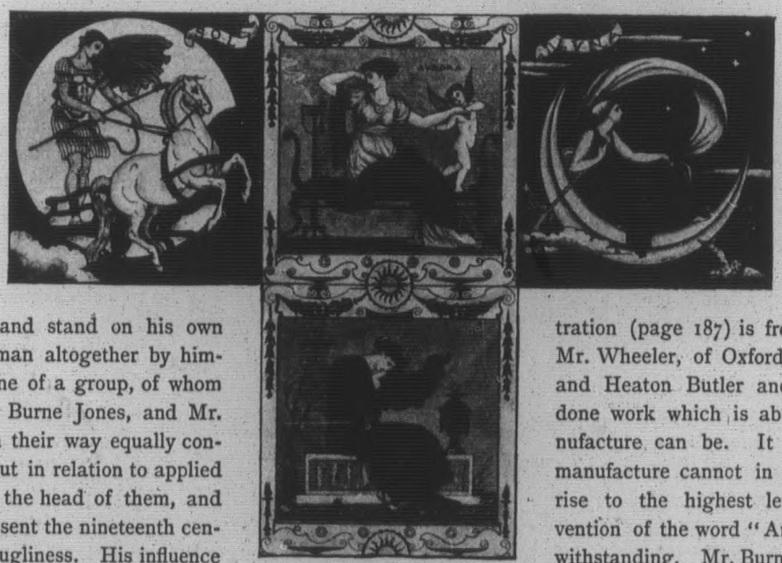
It seems a long while ago since Mr. Bassett Keeling notched and chamfered the stonework of the Strand Music

Hall (now transformed into the Gaiety Theatre), and domestic Gothic furniture was to be sought in Garrick Street, Covent Garden. Out of that little shop came, if I am not mistaken, that revival of embroidery which led in due time to the foundation of the School of Art needlework at South Kensington, under the patronage of the Princess Helena. A similar school exists under the auspices of the Princess Louise. Altogether there has been of late years a quite remarkable growth of taste in this direction. The lady workers who have, many of them, proved themselves artists with the needle, have however hardly yet shown much fertility of design. Some modern masterpieces of needlework, from designs by Mr. Morris, have been worked by Mrs. Morris, Mrs. Henry Holiday, and other accomplished lady workers, worthy rivals of their Mediæval sisters. Private schools have been started; the various fancy-work shops, with Mr. Helbronner at their head, have followed suit; and though there still remains in the feminine mind too firmly rooted an idea that conventional flower-work may be designed without any knowledge of style, drawing, or composition, at least we have good designs in plenty, good colour at choice; and the Berlin worsted pattern is already so much out of date that there is no longer any occasion to waste words over its enormity.



Silk, recently designed by Mr. Morris for the decoration of St. James's Palace. (Messrs. Morris & Co.)

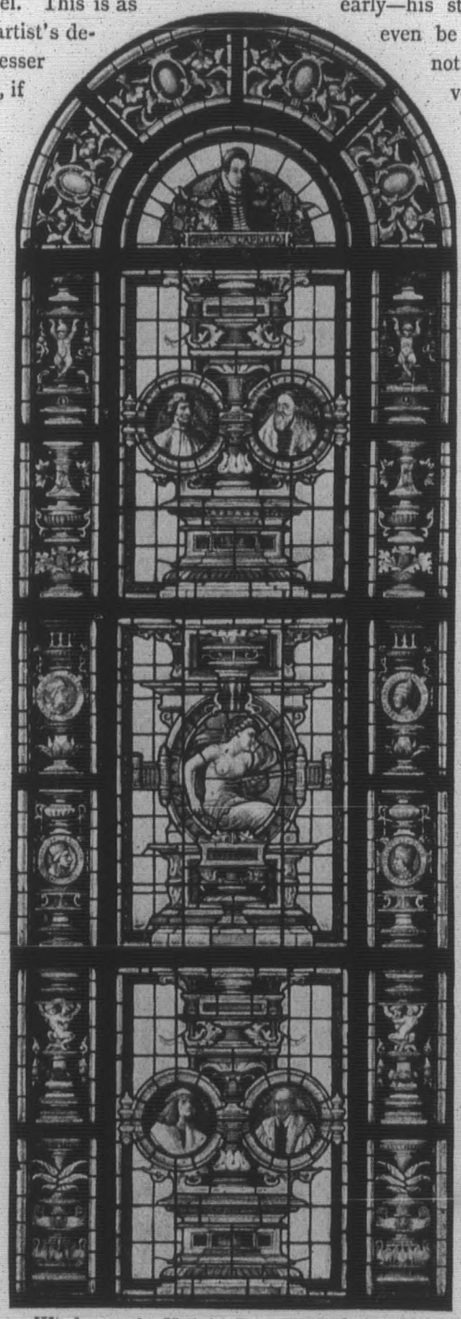
The name of William Morris is identified with the most determined effort of modern times towards beauty of design. A very Goth in feeling, he seems to love the Mediæval model with the passion of the artist rather than with the blindness of the archæologist. He has feeling and invention enough of his own to let go all hold on precedent, and stand on his own feet. He is not a man altogether by himself, of course, but one of a group, of whom Dante Rossetti, Mr. Burne Jones, and Mr. Walter Crane, are in their way equally conspicuous members; but in relation to applied design, he stands at the head of them, and may be taken to represent the nineteenth century reaction against ugliness. His influence was at work for many years on lines parallel to those of the Gothic revivalists, but never quite touching them, his independence and reality preventing him from taking any road but his own. At the present moment the effect of his example is beginning to be seen in the common run of manufactures. Paper-stainers, cretonne printers, silk and carpet weavers are imitating Morris's manner to the best of their ability. Whether this is a good sign of the times is open to question; that it is a sign there is no doubt. It shows, of course, a certain popular appreciation, but it seems to argue also a certain scarcity of original invention, when our highest flights in design are in deliberate imitation of somebody, no matter who that somebody may be. The influence of Morris is fully acknowledged, and there is no need to dwell upon what he has done for English design. It is quite likely that the fame of his ornament is very much owing to the accident of his being the author of the "Earthly Paradise." The decorator might have escaped notice where the poet was sure of recognition. But whatever its genesis, he richly deserves his great reputation. Of his pupils Miss Faulkner has made her mark by work, of which the worst that can be said is that it is admirable in design, very much in the manner of the master. Among the accomplished facts of the Victorian era is the lady decorator, more or less accomplished; and among these Miss Faulkner is very easily first. There are craftsmen besides, who after working under Mr. Morris for a time, are now at work for themselves or for other firms, and so helping to spread in a very legitimate manner the influence of an admirable style. In the production of stained glass, Mr. Morris has had the advantage all along of the co-operation of Mr. Burne Jones. That artist's ideal was influenced rather by the great Italian painters than by the study of old glass. At all events the glass of Morris & Co. is not at all on the traditional lines. Our illustration (page 187) is from a photograph by Mr. Wheeler, of Oxford. Clayton and Bell, and Heaton Butler and Bayne, have long done work which is about as good as manufacture can be. It is a pity only that manufacture cannot in the nature of things rise to the highest level of Art—the invention of the word "Art manufacture" notwithstanding. Mr. Burne Jones has designed windows which are to be compared with the best old glass. Mr. Clayton, Mr. Bell, and Mr. Bayne could, if they would, do work better than great part of the boasted "old" work. So perhaps might Mr. Grylls and Mr. Kemp, if they would but throw off the trammels of tradition on the one side, and of trade on the other. Or



Tiles, designed by Mr. Walter Crane for Messrs. Maw & Co., 1878.

are the two actually allied, the adherence to tradition but the prompting of commercial policy? Mr. Henry Holiday and Mr. Walter Lonsdale are designing glass under conditions more favourable to the production of their very best; but the only artist I believe in England, who is at once designing and painting his own work on the glass, is Mr. Arthur Kennedy. The head by him (page 192) is not only painted on the glass by the artist, but finished on the glass from the model. This is as it should be. The translation of the artist's design by another and almost inevitably lesser artist, must be to the detriment of Art, if to the profit of the manufacturer.

The Gothic revival—to take up the thread at a point where it was convenient to follow a divergent line of argument—brought to the front an artist who for some years made the most decided impression upon the furniture of the period. J. Bruce Talbert was never so well known to the public as many others of less moment. He was not sufficiently a man of the world to take the position he might have done. But he was a master craftsman—the master of his craft—and craftsmen almost unanimously placed him at the head of the roll. Trained for an architect, he took to the design of metal work, and helped to make the deserved reputation of Mr. Skidmore of Coventry. At the beginning of 1868 he published his "Gothic Forms applied to Furniture, Metal Work, and Decoration for Domestic Purposes," a kind of pattern-book, not so much addressed to the public as to the furniture trades; and it was seized upon with an avidity warranted by its intrinsic value. With some of the faults of other quasi Gothic furniture, that of heaviness, for example, and a too persistent obtrusion of construction (there was that excess of zeal on the part of all the reformers), the originality of the design was as marked as its vigour. His style became immediately the fashion, and more than fashionable; it was exaggerated by some, and watered down by others. Who does not remember the ebonised wood, the gold panels, the painted flowers, the spindles, and the rest? There was a rage for what was ignorantly miscalled "Early English" furniture; to be succeeded at such quick intervals by other rages, that it is difficult to realise how short a while ago it is since Talbert was out-Talberted by Mr. Moyr Smith, the most vigorous of his disciples, and Collinson and Lock were making furniture in black and gold, of a type as pronounced as their present style of delicate inlay is refined. It was in furniture that Talbert's influence told most effectually, but it was not confined to that; he furnished some of the most characteristic designs that were brought out between the years 1870 and 1880, one or two of which, for example his sunflower wall-paper, produced by Jeffrey & Co., and some of the silks and tapestry curtains he designed for Cowlishaw, Nicol & Co. and Templeton & Co. were distinctly superior to the kind of thing now being produced. But even in the short years of his life—he died too early—his style underwent more change, it might even be said changes, than that of the men noticed hitherto. Owen Jones, Alfred Stevens, Morris, and the rest, adhere pretty much to one type: their work is better or worse, usually better, but always in much the same manner. Talbert, though he led the fashion, followed it too. He ended in forsaking Gothic forms for those of later English work. The sideboard (page 185) designed for Marsh, Jones, and Cribb, for the last Paris exhibition, was after the "Jacobean" manner; and the elaborately inlaid "Juno Cabinet" which, on the same occasion, gained for Jackson and Graham the highest award, massive as it was, had about it a refinement that reminded one of Greek rather than Gothic Art.



Window at the Holborn Restaurant, designed by T. R. Clayton, 1885.

And here let me note the remarkable way in which, during the last fifteen years or so, the pace at which the fashions follow one another has increased; the speed is so great as to suggest a fear lest this increasing rate of speed should be indicative of a downward direction. I alluded just now to Talbert's sunflower paper—we passed through a sunflower period, when one could scarce turn without meeting that ill-used flower, so that one sickened of the sight of it. But that affectation of Art which, under the name of æstheticism, went far to bring into disrepute the very notion of the beautiful (itself a parody of wholesome artistic enthusiasm), lived only just long enough to be parodied in comic opera, and died the death it so richly deserved. The success of a gorgeous piece of decoration by Mr. Whistler brought into notice the peacock, and for a year or two the peacock reigned side by side with the sunflower. The curtain produced by Messrs. Barbour and Miller (page 190) illustrates the period, and reminds one of a similar design by Mr. Crane, who on several occasions turned the bird to excellent decorative account.

All this may read rather like frivolity, but it is not the chronicler who is frivolous, but the design of the period, which seems to have taken to frivolity by the way.

Mr. Whistler's famous peacock room, like some other of his work, was suggested obviously by Japanese Art, whose

influence upon our design must not be overlooked. It was at the Paris Exhibition of 1867, that Sir Rutherford Alcock got together something like a representative collection of Japanese work, the major part of which was afterwards sold in London by Farmer and Rogers. This fresh Art of Japan was a revelation to all of us; and scarcely a designer but was inoculated more or less with the virus of desire to do likewise. One of the first on whom its effects were visible was Thomas Jeckyll, who stamped upon the ironwork, wrought and cast, produced by Barnard, Bishop, and Barnard, of Norwich, a character of its own, which by its originality and workmanlikeness won for that firm the widest and most deserved popularity. His fine wrought gates exhibited at Paris in 1867 (page 189) are prior to his Japanese period, but they show marked invention and originality. And what a change has come over the spirit of the time since Mr. Norman Shaw designed for Benham and Sons the Gothic gates they exhibited at Paris in 1862. What an example too of the pace at which we are moving, when the author of those same Gothic gates is now the leader of a style the very opposite to it, which his genius has been mainly instrumental in forcing upon the public taste!



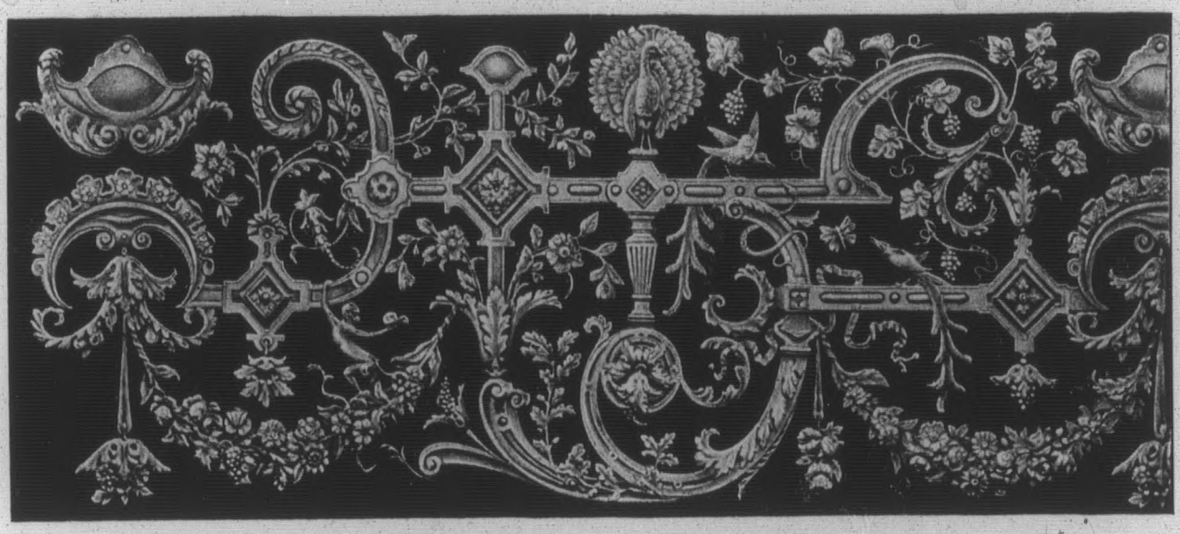
Embossed Frieze, designed by Mr. Fox for Jeffrey & Co., 1887.



Wall Paper, designed by Lewis F. Day, 1887.

To return to the Anglo-Japanese style. Next to Jeckyll, with his quaint fire-grates, the most influential convert to Japanese forms was E. W. Godwin, an artist of yet higher powers, who accomplished only too little, but who did many things more than well. Of his architecture it is not my province to speak (and I am bound, by the way, to pass over many architects of eminence who have influenced applied Art, but whose work was in main architectural), but his Anglo-Japanese furniture, produced by Mr. Watt, set something like a fashion which is not yet extinct. A notable instance of his design was the cabinet and suite, in which he had the assistance of Mr. Whistler, exhibited at the last Paris Exhibition. At that same gathering, nothing was more marked than the influence of Japan upon the exhibits, English and French. Mr. Binns, of the Worcester Pottery Works, showed himself a convert to the new faith. Shoolbred & Co.'s elaborate furniture and decoration, designed by Mr. Batley, a pupil of Talbert's, was not only elaborated in a manner altogether un-English, but the details, where they were not inspired by his master, savoured very strongly of Japan. It is not necessary to multiply instances; wall-papers, carpets, and fabrics of all kinds showed the influence of Japanese models

—an influence excessive at the time, resulting in a style of Art most un-English; but which, now that the fever



Frieze in Tynecastle Tapestry, designed and executed by Mr. Scott Morton, 1887.

is past, we may believe, will affect the design of the near future very favourably; for in workmanlikeness, fitness of treatment, spontaneity, and many other qualities most essential to good ornament, there was everything for us to learn from it. The proportion, symmetry, restraint, and beauty of form which it lacks we can study in the remains of Greek and Renaissance Art.

Other Oriental influences have since then been at work, Indian, Cretan, Egyptian, Persian, etc. The wonder is that Indian design has not long before this affected us. Instead of which we have been doing our little best to pervert the native workman from the way he should go—and would if only left to himself. One seems to see just now some trace of Indian influence, but it is mainly our imports, not our manufacture, that is affected. Again the Mohammedan lattice work and such-like, imported from Cairo, has only relatively to do with British design; but it has become something of a fashion to fit up smoking-rooms and lounges with furniture which almost compels a corresponding scheme of decoration. Hence has arisen a style of decoration, picturesque enough, and not inappropriate, once in a while, for a lounge or smoking-room, but hardly a type of

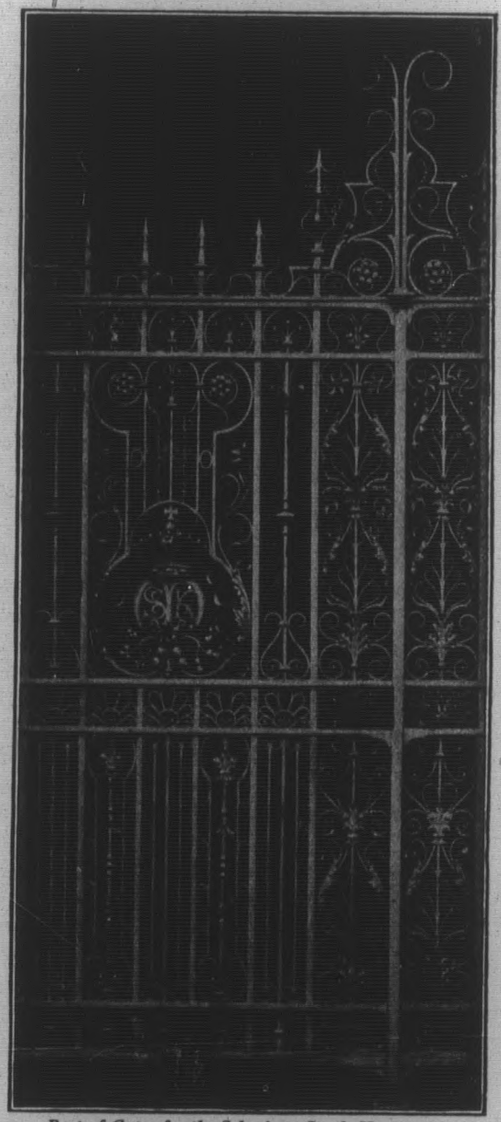


Wall Paper, designed by Miss Aumonier for Woollams & Co., 1887.

Victorian design. The importation, after the Russo-Turkish war, of all manner of Greek and Turkish embroideries—miscellaneously described as Cretan—threatened at one time to have more influence than it actually had. For a year or two tinted muslin curtains were made in imitation of the imported embroideries, and in some few instances new departures on somewhat similar lines were attempted, but that seems all suddenly to have passed away, and the newer form of lace curtains are on the lines of modern Swiss lace, as may be seen in the example (page 191) by W. B. Walker and Sons, who, by the way, only a few years ago were making what was for many years known as Nottingham lace. The Swiss manner is better, certainly; but why always an imitation of something or somebody? We have yet to show our powers of initiative in this later nineteenth century. Sir Digby Wyatt said, in 1851, apropos of Paisley shawls, which were all of quasi-Cashmere patterns, that the "shawl of the future was yet to be invented." It never was invented. The shawl disappeared from the shoulders of the British matron ere ever we had found an English design for it.

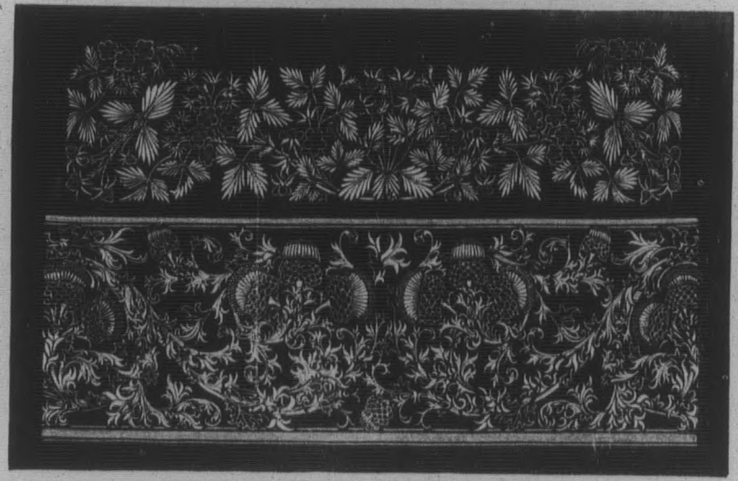
The Persian influence has shown itself mainly in carpet design and in our faience, some of which has recently borne

clear evidence of inspiration from that source. Deck, of Paris, was one of the first to see the use that might be made of Persian models. Minton & Co. were not far behind; but their most artistic adaptation from this source was made by Mr. De Morgan, whose work in its turn has been followed with some success by manufacturers such as Maw & Co., of Broseley, who also are rivalling in a satisfactory way the beautiful lustre ware first revived by Mr. De Morgan, and which is now becoming almost an item in commercial pottery. Some of Mr. De Morgan's work is illustrated in the article on the Graphic Arts, and a group of specimens of his lustre ware, which is so characteristic of him and so indicative of his influence upon current design, on page 200. The De Morgan lustre is founded rather upon Hispano-Moresque models than upon the famous ware of Gubbio, but it is by no means a copy of either. It has all the breadth of the old Spanish work with a character all the artist's own.



Part of Gates for the Schools at South Kensington, by J. Starkie Gardner, 1887.

The great pottery industries, which of late years have extracted even from foreigners ungrudging praise, may here fitly be mentioned. The famous English firms have more than held their own. The names of Wedgwood, Minton, Copeland, the Worcester Pottery Company, have not grown dim. The old-established firms have made new departures, and younger rivals have pressed them hard. Some of the progressive impulse has come from outside the established trade, which like all establishments, is apt to be too much restricted by old traditions. Some influence was exercised by Mr. Coleman, who, about 1870, went down to Stoke at the invitation of Mr. Colin Campbell (of the firm of Mintons), and devoted himself for a year or so to experimental pottery painting. We may attribute probably to him in some measure the broader treatment of English faience, of which examples were exhibited in Paris at the Exhibition of 1872. He, so to speak, set the pot painter's palette anew, and showed the way to a richer, purer, juicier scheme of colour, which was yet essentially ceramic in character. The school of china painting, which, in connection with Minton & Co., he established at South Kensington, certainly led to the wider appreciation and understanding of pottery painting, which shortly became the rage, its popularity culminating in the exhibitions of amateur work instituted by Howell and James. Minton & Co. also had the foresight to secure the co-operation of M. Solon from Sèvres, and M. Mussil, very much to the advancement of pottery painting in England, if not of English pottery painting. M. Solon in particular introduced that form of pâte-sur-pâte which is popularly known as Solon ware.



Portion of Linen-Damask Tablecloth, by J. Wilson.

It is no disparagement of Wedgwood or Flaxman to say that this is a distinct advance on the famous Wedgwood ware. It is more distinctly appropriate to clay, and affords more facility to the artist. Painting in liquid clay, slip painting, as it was called, is an old form of English pot decoration, but it was of the rudest description. The transparency and delicacy of modelling exhibited in M. Solon's pâte-sur-pâte was quite a new thing, and one of the most beautiful of modern times. An instance of it is given on page 191. It is worth noting that whilst the art of pottery painting has advanced in our time, the "mystery" which for so long a time surrounded it has been dissipated. "Overglaze" and "underglaze," "biscuit" and "barbottine" are no longer secrets of the trade, but are open even to the lady amateur.

Of more recent successes in pottery which have to be chronicled must be included that of Doulton & Co. On the basis of a purely utilitarian industry they have founded an

artistic reputation which is world-wide. Of their faience, which is or was eminently popular, it is impossible to speak with entire commendation. The technique was always behind that of the greater firms, such as Minton, Wedgwood, and the rest, but the fresher style and the broader treatment of their work probably urged those firms forward in the path of *design*. In stoneware, but for the worthy rivalry, in however small a way, of the Brothers Martin, Doultons have it all their own way, and a very excellent way it is, notwithstanding a certain hardness belonging rather to the material and to the English character than to the firm or their artists. One of these, Miss Barlow, has made a new departure, in a kind of animal drawing in sgraffitto, as spontaneous as one could wish. The rusticity of the treatment is, however excusable in her case, not quite the best suited to vase decoration.



Tile Panel, designed by Alfred Stevens. Messrs. Benham and Sons.

Another artist, bred, so to speak, in the Doulton factory, is Mr. Tinworth, one of whose subjects in terra-cotta we are enabled to illustrate, page 211. The revival of the terra-cotta industry belongs practically to the last half century. Among the earliest examples in London are the statues, capitals, and ornamental details of St. Pancras Church, dating about 1825. The strides made since then in the application of terra-cotta to architectural decoration, exterior and interior, is enormous. Whether the taste displayed in its use has been proportionate is another matter. There is always a temptation where ornamental details can be so easily repeated (as they can where the process consists simply of "squeezing" into a mould) to overdo the ornamentation—and to the excess of ornament in terra-cotta we have to attribute a certain lack of breadth and dignity yet to be desired in modern work.

Apart from the consideration of the material in which he works, Mr. Tinworth's art calls for some attention on account of its spirit, which, in one shape or another, pervades much modern design. He represents in applied design the realistic spirit, and he is indeed one of its ablest exponents. His 'Last Supper' is in very curious contrast, not only to the beauty-loving art of Mr. Burne Jones on the one hand, but of the modern mediævalist on the other. The art of the early Christians is very justly accused of sacrificing beauty to expression. In that respect Mr. Tinworth is every inch a Goth.

In glazed earthenware or majolica, a quite recent revival, which is now the accepted method of decorating restaurants, buffets, and the like, Wilcock & Co., of Burmantofts, have during the last few years been doing some of the best work (an instance is given on page 190). W. B. Simpson and Sons, in conjunction with Maw & Co., were earlier in the field (witness the decoration of the Criterion), and yet hold their own. Simpson and Sons have also shown what may be done in enamelling on iron for decorative purposes; and quite recently have perfected a process of Limoges enamel. This had been imitated some years ago in china at the Worcester Potteries, but the actual enamel on copper is quite new in England. There is a quality of colour in the work sometimes rather dangerously near tinsel in effect, but always exceedingly rich and quite *sui generis*. The idea of executing the enamel in sections, throwing the joints into the outlines, is an ingenious adaptation of a method used in stained glass. It permits the production of works of such a size as to be really valuable in decoration. The slight modelling of the copper in more important parts of the design adds considerably to the richness of the general result. The figure on the opposite page is by Mr. Sacheverel Coke, one of the few painters of our time who is imbued with the notion of style. It seems to come naturally to him to design with a breadth recalling Stevens and the old masters. The actual painting in enamel is well done, but not



"Lincrusta Walton," modelled by Mr. Brooks, 1886.

quite in the way the artist himself would have done it. Even though it were technically better painted, that is not the same thing as autograph work, nor the equivalent for it. There is this essential, though perhaps inevitable, difference between

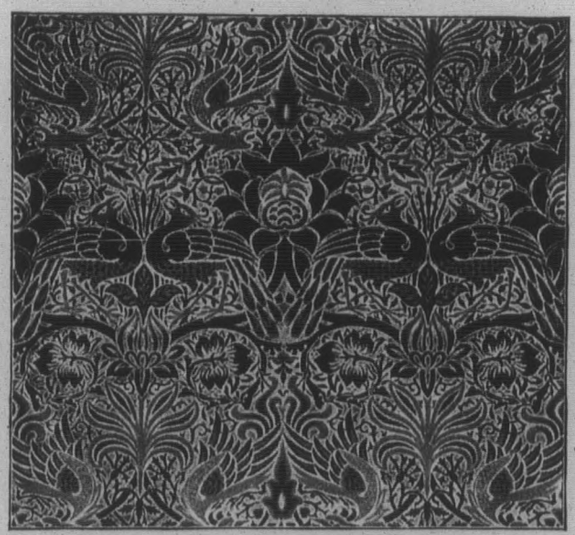
the old work and the new, that Leonard Limousin designed his own plaques and dishes, which the modern enameller does not. Every enlightened amateur would prefer that painter and designer were one; and in work which must be more or less costly, one almost expects they should be.

In the department of furniture and decoration, the transitions from style to style, or rather from fashion to fashion, have been more conspicuous than in any other branch of industry. We have seen in the case of Talbert how he forsook Gothic more or less for the style prevalent in England in the seventeenth century, the English style, that is, subsequent to what is known as Elizabethan—(shall we ever evolve a style that shall be known hereafter as Victorian?). Mr. Norman Shaw, Mr. Stevenson, and other eminent and able architects, have since then brought into vogue a fashion known by the name of Queen Anne. In the short twelve years when that good queen was on the throne, St. Paul's was finished, but we have no architectural work of importance stamping her reign. There is no doubt, however, that William III. brought over with him from the Netherlands a certain Dutch influence which is perceptible in the buildings of the last quarter of the eighteenth century; and the name of Queen Anne has been somewhat whimsically given to a revival of the style of that period; only the new design is ordinarily much more Netherlandish, not to say outlandish, than its professed prototype. It is owing to the genius of a small group of architects that this affectation has come into vogue. A certain homeliness and comfort may be conformable with it; but artistically it is a movement decidedly retrograde. That it is eminently picturesque does not go to prove that it is, architecturally or decoratively speaking, admirable. Houses are not built as subjects for sketches. The finest buildings do not make the finest pictures by any means. That Mr. Norman Shaw has done great things in the style, proves only his immense ability and not at all the capacities of the style.



Limoges Enamel. Messrs. W. B. Simpson and Sons. Figure by A. S. Coke, 1887.

Trollope and Son showed at the Paris Exhibition of 1878 a room in cedar wood really in the style of the period; for the authenticity of which Mr. G. T. Robinson, whose articles on furniture will be fresh in the memory of readers of this Journal, is a guarantee.



Curtain Material, by William Morris.

Following hard upon the style of Queen Anne, so-called, came a revival of that known as "Adams." The brothers Adam, who flourished under George III., designed in a manner sufficiently marked. Their architecture was the English equivalent to the French Louis Quinze and Louis Seize—and there was about the details of their ornament (how far that was due to "ghosts," Italian or other, does not matter) a delicacy and refinement not altogether unworthy of emulation. But, when all is said, it was only a thinner and less substantial variety of the then current Renaissance; and if we are to go back to the Renaissance—and that is the direction in which taste seems now to be inclined—by all means let us go to the purest sources and draw our inspiration from the fountain itself, and not from any of the little side streams that trickle from it. Some of these may be close at hand, but they are muddier than one could wish. One of the most delicate instances of this rather feeble style was in the boudoir of Gillow & Co., designed by Mr. Henry for the Princess of Wales, at Paris in 1878. Their later work, which we illustrate (page 200), is in much purer Renaissance taste. Some excellent and unaffected furniture has been designed in recent years by Mr. T. E. Collcutt for Collinson and Lock—whose English Cottage, in the Street of Nations, created so much interest amongst foreigners at the last French Exhibition. Still more recently Collinson and Lock have been doing excellent plaster work and wood carving, and especially admirable inlay from the design of Mr. Webb. Instances of these are given on pages 185, 188. The inlay is exquisite. It is obviously out of the question to note one tithe of the men who have been and are still doing good cabinet work. The general taste is immensely advanced. The panels and drawer front by James Lamb, of Manchester (page 213), show a certain independence of design, which is much rarer even than the delicacy of their execution. Good taste is not confined, however, to such noted firms as those mentioned: the West End has no monopoly of Art.

In metal-work we have seen the transition from the ecclesiastical of Pugin and Hardman to the ecclesiastical of Gilbert Scott and Skidmore, Hart, Richardson, and the rest, from the Renaissance of Stevens and Hoole, to the Japanesque

of Jeckyll and Barnard, Bishop, and Barnard. The Coalbrook Dale Company have been casting iron as well as it can be done. We had chosen one of their grates for illustration; but the photograph came out unsatisfactorily. Mr. Starkie Gardner, whose Gates for the Science and Art Schools at South Kensington we illustrate (page 197) has also turned to new domestic use the resources of wrought iron. As an instance of refinement and freshness of treatment in domestic ironwork we illustrate (page 202) a grate chosen almost at random from the productions of Longdon & Co. Benham and Sons' bronze fire-dogs, fire-iron supporters, and stove tiles, from the designs of Alfred Stevens (illustrated on pages 198, &c.) have already been alluded to in referring to the artist.



Inlaid Cabinet. Messrs. Gillow & Co., 1887.

In pattern design great strides have been made since 1851. The quasi-natural, aimless, boneless meanderings, which did duty for pattern design some forty years ago, have passed away, or linger only on occasional chintzes and table damasks, those most conservative of industries. The flattened floral style which, one cannot say flourished, has died out. We have recovered from the geometric mania, and thanks to the initiative of Morris, Crane, Burges, Godwin, Talbert, and others, we can boast a real and indeed a most astonishing progress not only in taste but in design.



Tiles, Della Robbia Panel, and Lustre Vessels, by De Morgan, 1887.

The names of many of the men to whom recent designs are due, are merged in that of the firms for which they work; their indentity is a secret even to "the trade." So much is this so, that in some cases, artists like Mr. Owen Davis, for example, have spent the best part of their talent, which in his case and others, is considerable, in work for which no credit comes to them. This is not quite as it should be. The manufacturer should in fairness give the artist his due. He need not fear to lose his services by so doing, for he can always secure them to himself by fair payment. The secret of his secrecy would seem to be a desire to obtain those services at less than their actual market value.

In the chintz and linen damask trades I said that conservatism was strong. In table damasks there is still a finikin kind of design which is presumably calculated to appeal to the lady purchaser. In the cloth illustrated (page 197), Mr. Wilson, of Bond Street, has indulged in a departure farther from the orthodox naturalism than is usual. In fact I must except him from my strictures and in some degree also Erskine, Beveridge, & Co., of Dunfermline.

What is new in cretonne or

chintz is mainly in imitation of some other (usually woven) fabric, such as tapestry. The effect is often satisfactory, but the principle does not point to any great inventiveness. Mr. Morris's cretonnes must be excepted, and their influence is beginning to be generally felt. For the rest, some of the best things done are the reversible patterns by Turnbull and Stockdale, many of which, however, are too directly inspired by Japan. In silks, velvets, brocades, many beautiful designs have been brought out, but the taste is returning to questionable French models. Silk weavers like Warner and Ramm have yielded to pressure, and pride themselves more about designs such as the Louis XVI. pattern (page 202), than upon the bolder and more beautiful things they have manufactured, but which find less favour with West End tradesmen. In tapestry curtains there was, some ten years ago, a wonderful improvement. The craze for cheapness has actually put an end to that. Templeton & Co., who would not debase their manufacture, have had to discontinue that branch of it.



Fire Dog. By Alfred Stevens. Messrs. Benham and Sons.

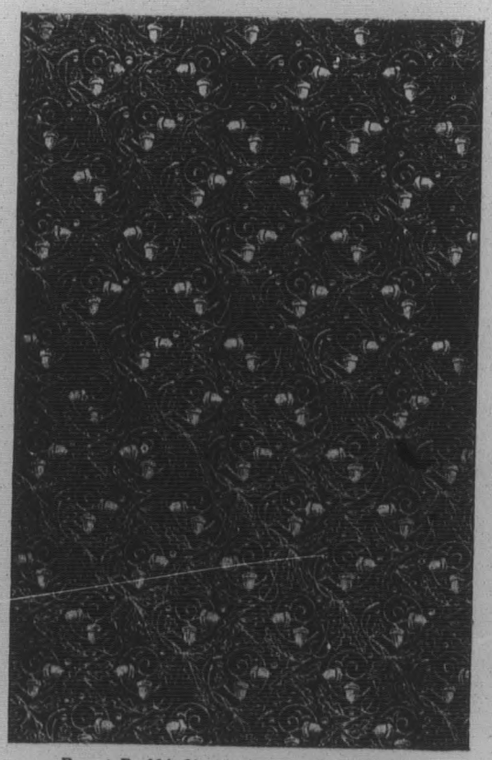
This cheapening is the rock ahead of all further progress in design and manufacture. If this is to go on so the outlook is not hopeful. In silks, satins, and "dress goods" the advance has been considerable, but whence the good patterns come, whether from French or English mills, only the draper knows. In wall paper and other wall coverings the advance has been great. The names of the artists employed by Jeffrey & Co. alone would form a long list, some of them as worthy of note as Crane, Talbert, Burgess, Godwin, Albert Moore, J. D. Sedding, and Miss Faulkner, to all of whom they were the first to apply; and to whom was given without stint the credit of their design. The frieze on page 195 is executed in the embossed paper introduced by them, from a design by Mr. Fox. Woollams & Co. are represented (page 196) by a design by Miss Aumonier. Scott, Cuthbertson & Co., Toleman, and other firms are producing excellent designs in wall paper. Among the recent novelties in the way of material for wall covering, the most important are "Lincrusta" and "Tynecastle tapestry." Many of the designs in Lincrusta (the invention of Mr. F. Walton, who invented linoleum), have been rather hard in detail, owing to the difficulty of die-sinking upon which the manufacture depends, but in more recent productions this evil is avoided; in the instance given (page 198) the effect is much more that of modelling—in fact it was modelled by Mr. Brooks, the artist of the Company. Mr. Scott Morton's "Tynecastle" inclines to the opposite extreme of softness of modeliing (as does Jeffrey's leather-paper). The frieze (page 196) is by the inventor. It is satisfactory to note that here the inventor is himself an accomplished designer, and his manufacture bears the impress of his style.



Recent Plaster Work. Messrs. Collinson and Lock.

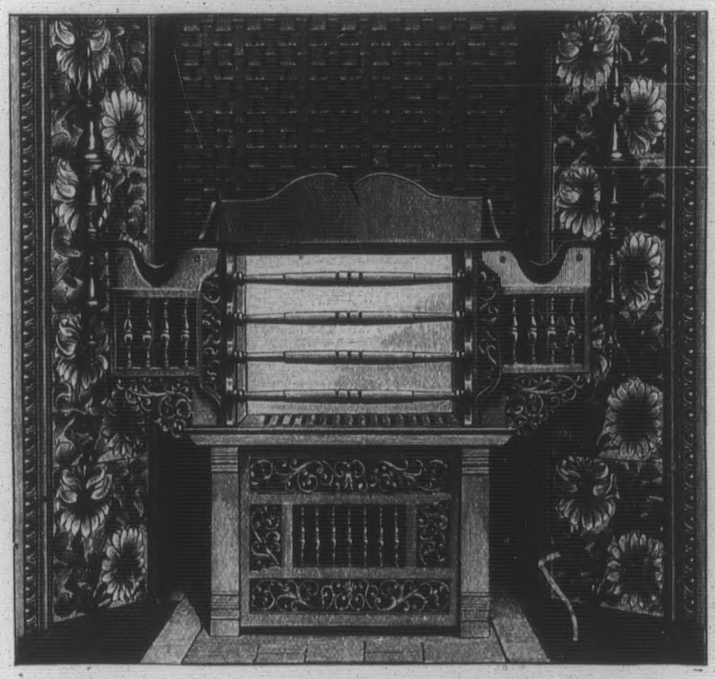
Admirable designs are produced by Jackson and Sons in fibrous plaster, but as yet there has scarce been that originality that one could wish. Mr. Morris's raised plaster pattern, in the dining-room at South Kensington, is the newest thing in plaster yet.

In the matter of flooring, the arts of parquetry and mosaic (marble and ceramic) have been of late successfully revived, and indeed brought into common use. As to floor coverings, the carpet of the period shows quite exceptional progress since 1851. To say that we have rivalled the best productions of the East would be to say too much, but we have taken the Oriental teaching to heart, and we have perhaps caught up Herr Haas of Vienna, who beat us so in taste at the last Paris Exhibition. Persian and Indian types now prevail, much to the credit of modern manufacture. Still a copy is always *after* what it copies, even if the conditions of our manufacture allowed us to compete directly with Eastern carpet-weaving. It is a good sign, therefore, that producers like Templeton & Co. are gathering inspiration from old embroidery (see illustration, page 192) and other sources which compel a translation of the design into something rather different. From thence to original design is not a great step.



Recent Bookbinding by Messrs. Burn & Co. Designed by Mr. Orrinsmith.

Many branches of manufacture well worthy of note must necessarily be very inadequately noticed in an article of this kind, even if they do not escape notice altogether—glass-work, for example, pottery, jewellery, and so on. Exquisite engraving on glass is done; but it is in the graceful forms of blown glass that our recent advance is most evident. The revival of the art at Murano preceded our awakening, I believe, but Powell and Sons and others have not been slow to learn; and we are producing English glass which, with the light and glass-like quality of Venetian glass, has little of its frivolity.

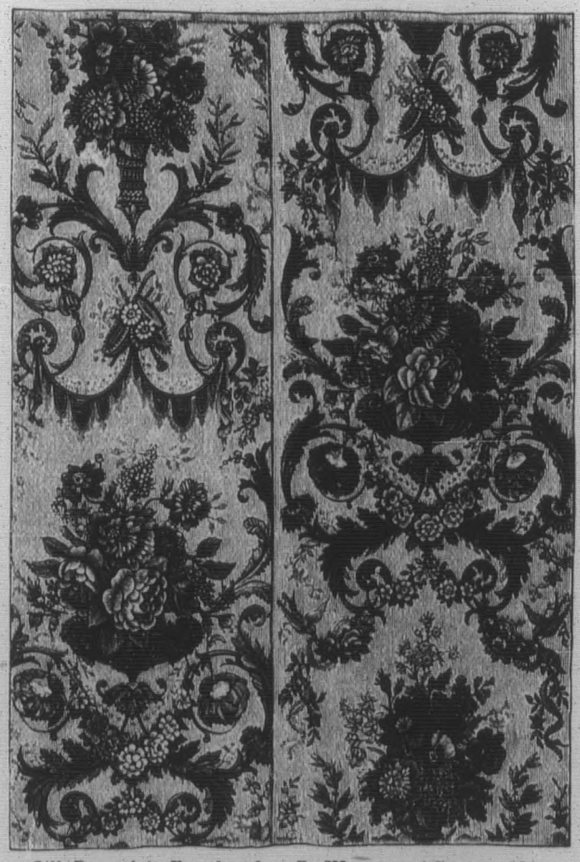


Firegrate. Messrs. Longdon & Co., 1887.

The work of the silversmith, though it comes under the head of applied Art, shuts itself out from notice here. Sculptors like Mr. Armstead have been employed by the modern silversmith, but to this day, the best modern silversmiths' work rests its claim to our respect upon its *Art*, and not at all upon the application of that Art.

In jewellery again we have not much to boast of. The British taste appears with difficulty to get beyond the idea of a massive ring or band of gold with costly stones embedded in it.

Bookbinding has of late years entered on a new phase. Perfect workmanship in morocco and calf is still to be got for an adequate price, but the designs produced are those of the Henri II. period still. The lovers of sumptuous bindings seem to be conservative to a man. In the despised art of binding in cloth—the bookbinding of commerce—considerable progress has to be chronicled. Some of the most tasteful work of this kind has been done by Burn & Co. from the designs of Mr. Orrinsmith. The example given on page 201 somehow recalls the cover which Rossetti designed for his first volume of poems, but it is not in the least degree a copy. The bindings of Novello & Co. have also been characterised by good taste.



Silk Damask in French style. By Warner and Ramm, 1887.

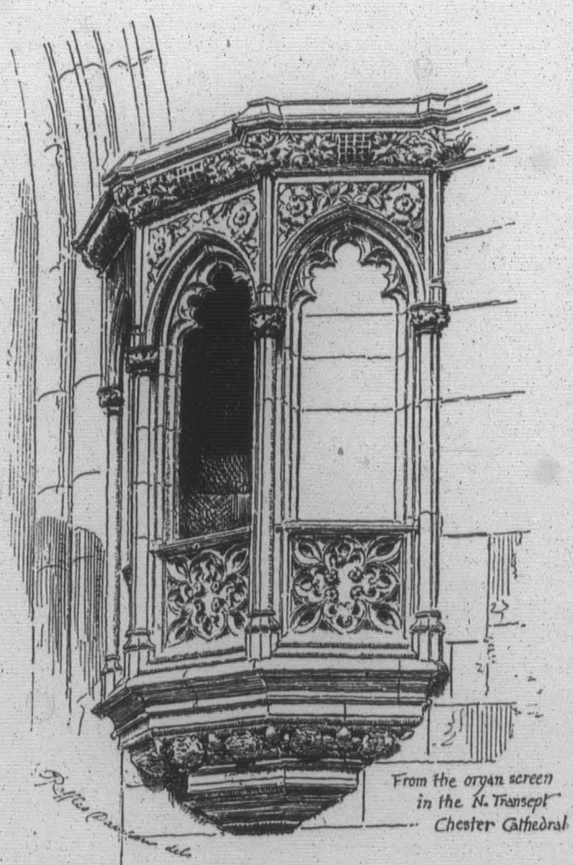
With all our improvement, our most recent departures in design, especially in silks, tapestries, and fabrics of that kind, have been too uniformly in the direction of cheapness rather than of taste. Messrs. Liberty & Co. have certainly in some instances managed to combine both.

To sum up: in most departments good things are being done, better than anything since the Renaissance perhaps; but, in many trades the average level of design is not so high as it was five or ten years ago. This comes in some cases of degrading the quality of material, which necessitates a fussy and undignified character of ornament; but that is not the only source of evil. In the costlier and better class of material there is an equally unpromising tendency towards the rococo. One important producer, to whom application was made for something by way of illustration, admitted frankly that he was doing nothing of which he was very proud. If that is not indicative of advance since 1837, at least it shows progress in the manufacturer of the day, inasmuch as he knows, when he works down to the popular level, that he has not much to be proud of. Another thing is certain: if we do not always do better than has been done any time within the last fifty years, we certainly could, if we would, produce in the applied Arts work second only to the best of the best periods.

LEWIS F. DAY.

THE ARCHITECTURE OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S REIGN.

THE history of the architecture of the last half century would easily fill a considerable volume. No previous period has witnessed such a wealth of enterprise, nor such wholesale variety of fashion. The material prosperity which has resulted from the beneficial influences of Her Majesty's reign, the rapid increase of population, the facilities of locomotion, liberation from the trammels of tradition, and the freedom of thought and action resulting therefrom—all this has swelled the mass, and increased the variety, of our buildings, and left to us who attempt to appraise the achievements of Victorian architecture, a task of incomparable magnitude and complexity. It is as well therefore at the outset to set limits to the enterprise I have undertaken, so that, within the scope which the following paper affords, I may endeavour to produce some coherent and intelligible impression on my readers. And if the extent and complexity of the subject suggests necessary limits, so also does the position of the writer, who, himself a Victorian architect, has neither the wish nor the right to pass judgment on his contemporaries.



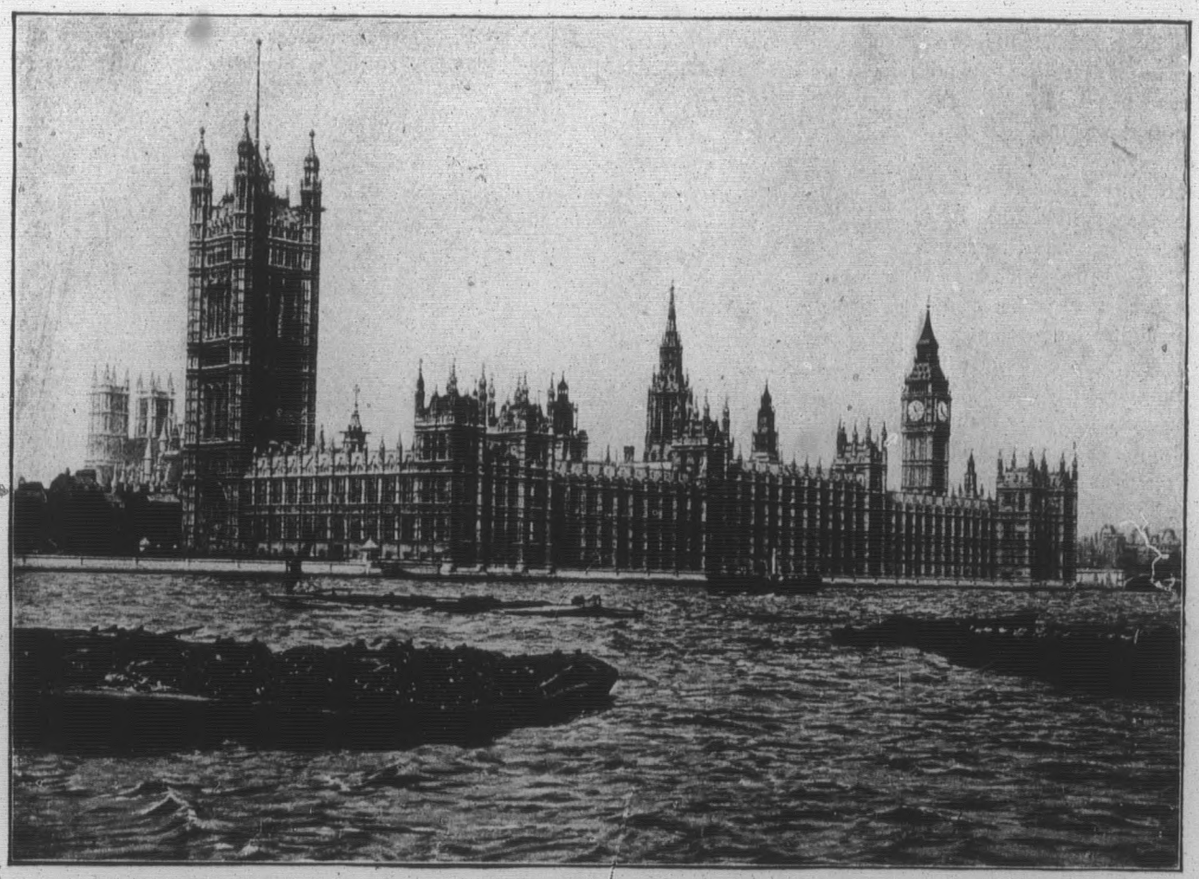
Sir George Gilbert Scott, R.A., Architect.

It is essential for this purpose to see, by a brief *résumé* of the past, what antecedent influences had been at work. Architecture is essentially a continuous Art. The limits of invention either to an individual or to an epoch are far narrower than they appear, and even the multiform phases of the Victorian era are all, more or less, based on precedents of antiquity. Humanity has evolved—but two great and original styles capable of practical application, the Greek and the Gothic; and to one or other of these, or to their combination, all subsequent Art is traceable. So far as we in England are concerned, until the close of the last century the Art of the Greeks had influenced us only through its descendant in the second generation, the Renaissance; while Gothic may be fairly looked upon as an indigenous style, seeing that, though we have not the credit of its earliest evolution, its spirit was completely assimilated by English workers, its achievements here were inferior to those of no other country, and its latest developments were completely differentiated from those of other nationalities. Before the Gothic era, we had in England, practically, no architectural style. From the thirteenth to the sixteenth century a truly national school of Gothic monopolised the architectural enterprise of the country, until in the reign of Henry VIII. the classical influence swept in, and the two currents met and combined. During the next four reigns our architectural history is that of various phases of amalgamation, showing the gradual triumph of the new element, until in the time of Charles I., mainly under the influence of Inigo Jones, a school of unadulterated Renaissance attained to an ascendant. As in former schools of architecture, so in this, a distinctly national character is apparent; even Inigo Jones, though a travelled student of the Renaissance, was no mere copyist, while his great successor, Sir Christopher Wren, held and used precedent as a master uses it, and gave to the style both an English character and an elasticity which made it available for all contemporary requirements. The lamp which he lighted was kept burning by some able successors, and his influence, modified by fresh foreign study, survived almost to the end of the eighteenth century. Meanwhile, apart from the monumental buildings in which the powers of noted designers appear, a style which we may call vernacular made its appearance, which had its model in the architecture of the Low Countries, modified by a certain reticence which is characteristic of our race, by which influence it lost much of its salient picturesqueness, but by its simplicity, dignity, and frank recognition of practical requirements, won its right to be considered as a true style, while it harmonized excellently with more ambitious contemporary work.

The publication of Stewart's "Athens" resulted in a new phase of architectural enterprise, and set the fashion of a fastidious accuracy of proportion and correctness of detail, to which everything—practical requirements, variety, picturesqueness—had to give way. So long as no deviation, even the minutest, from the legitimate number of modules was discernible, the end was attained, and there seemed to be reason to fear that the great rule that "architecture was made for man, and not man for architecture" would fall into oblivion.

Moreover, the study of Greek design was necessarily confined almost exclusively to buildings of a monumental type. The architecture of the ordinary dwelling-house, which undoubtedly differed fundamentally from that of the temple, was practically lost. The problem then was to apply the style of the Greek temple to the varied uses of modern life; and in public buildings, where windows and chimneys were not necessarily important features, this could be done with some degree of success. Purely ornamental structures, such as the gateway to Euston Station, or a Bank of England could reproduce the feeling of monumental Greek architecture with some degree of success; but the attempt to foist the style upon dwelling-houses, and use the portico as a purely adventitious feature, diminishing light and air and subverting the practical requirements, involved too much artificiality to be permanent; or when this feature was dispensed with, and the effort to reproduce Greek feeling was limited to the accurate proportion and spacing of windows and the moulding of cornices, involving the sacrifice of all salient features, and the annihilation of the picturesque, the appeal was made too exclusively to refinement and knowledge, and, to the uneducated eye, the effect was that of dulness and monotony.

The ordinary current type of domestic architecture which we have called above the vernacular, had meanwhile undergone considerable change. Till about the end of the reign of George II. it had associated with the plain but dignified and

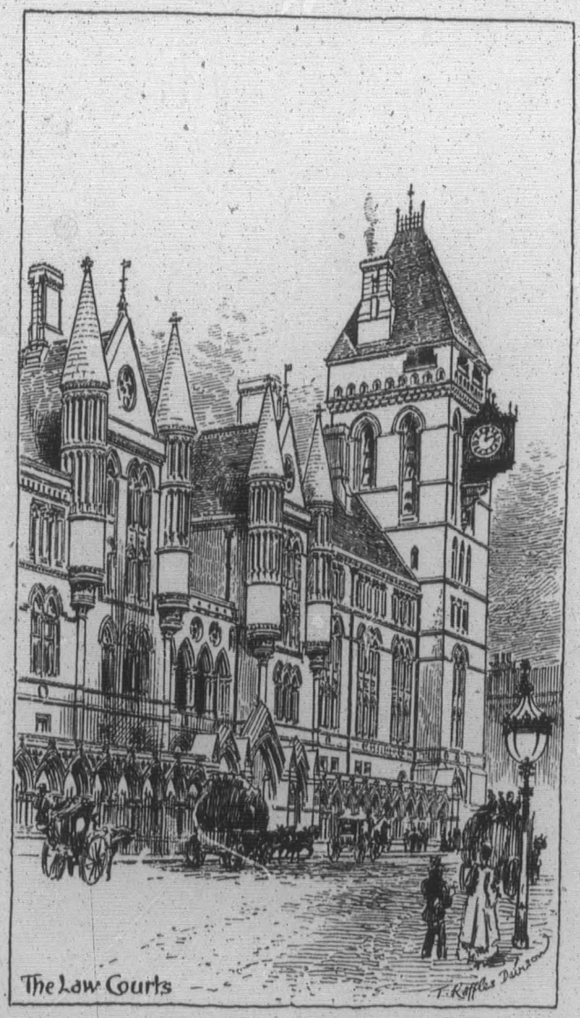


The Houses of Parliament.
Sir Charles Barry, R.A., Architect.

refined exterior a bold and rich character of internal detail. Under George III. much of the breadth of style was lost, and an over-refinement began to creep in which culminated under the brothers Adams; and the later influence of a first-hand study of Greek examples, in the hands of the ordinary builder, gave us a monotonous and unintelligent reproduction of classical detail, divorced from its legitimate position and possessing, therefore, neither appropriateness nor interest. Still, the old tradition was not entirely lost; something of the spirit of the past survived even into our own century. Behind the dead monotony of the Gower Street fronts were hidden mantels and mouldings which, if lacking in interest, retained traces of refinement. The school of mouldings invented by the Greeks proved hard to spoil, and it was not till the first quarter of the present century had nearly lapsed that the old life finally died out.

Meanwhile Gothic, which had in the sixteenth century begun to take a subordinate position, had never absolutely died. There had been a sort of minor revival under the influence of Laud which had left its mark upon many churches in the country. Even Sir Christopher Wren had not ignored the claims of a style which, however, he looked upon as rude and barbarous. Meanwhile in quiet country villages, in farms, and even in manor-houses of the more modest kind, Gothic tradition had by no means become extinct. The picturesque gables, the projecting chimney-stack expanding

towards the ground and forming the ingle-nook, were still maintained, and the survivors of them have exercised no inconsiderable influence upon the architecture of our own time. Horace Walpole and the poet Gray were, by a genuine and original impulse, real students of Gothic—and the former having the power to indulge his fancies, left a monument of his predilections as well as a treasure of his knowledge. The results of Gray's studies remain only in some few letters—and the quality of his knowledge is therefore subject to a less severe test. Walpole's Gothic is to the criticism of our time little better than a travesty of the style he attempted to copy; nor until the time of the second Pugin was any Gothic work produced which showed a sufficiently accurate reproduction of the style to set its claims fairly before the public. He, however, basing his work upon his father's researches in Normandy as well as on personal study, was able to carry Gothic design to a point of completion which made it worthy to command serious attention and forced it into rivalry with the classic, now already more or less artificial, and consequently moribund. He must be regarded as the real reviver of Gothic, and though it is easy, from a modern stand-point, to criticise much of his work, his best, notably St. Augustine's, at Ramsgate, possesses more of the essential elements of Gothic than much that has been based on larger experience and fuller knowledge. No doubt many supplementary influences came in aid of his ability and knowledge to inaugurate the new fashion. The interest which Sir Walter Scott aroused in feudal life, the publication of "Percy's Reliques," the rise of the romantic school, and the general break up of traditional formality which corresponded in time to the French revolution, had paved the way for a new interest in a remote past and made the task the easier, while classical architecture, as shown by the decadence of its vernacular phases, had lost its hold upon the popular mind.



Mr. G. E. Street, R.A., Architect.

The event which turned the balance in favour of Gothic was the selection of a design in that style for the Houses of Parliament, which event marks the inauguration of Her Majesty's reign, and makes an excellent point of departure for a consideration of its architectural achievements.

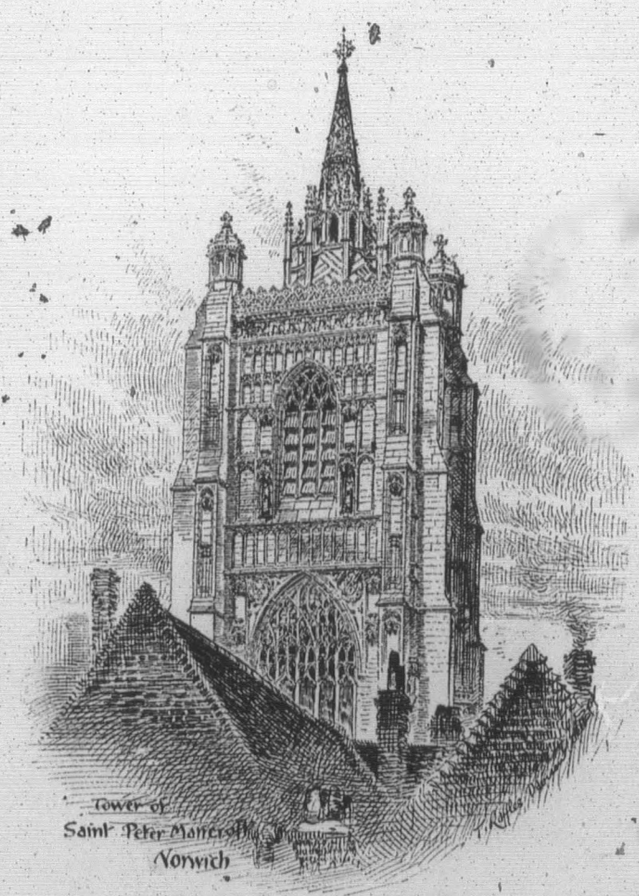
The architecture, then, of the Victorian era was launched upon these conditions:—Renaissance architecture more or less effete and played out; Gothic here and there surviving in its more rustic, and partially resuscitated in its more important forms; the Greek style newly introduced and worked with great knowledge and accuracy, but proving inapplicable to the ordinary requirements of the day; and of these three candidates for popularity a special impetus had been given to one. Moreover, it must be borne in mind that for the first time in the history of the national Art was there a complete break in the chain of tradition, while the absence of a current and generally received style, together with the common habit of foreign travel, rendered every phase of the architecture of the past available for reproduction.

It may be as well to consider first the lines on which Gothic architecture was developed; then to consider how and why the Greek styles failed to take root among us; and, lastly, to see in what manner and under what influences the classical and Gothic traditions met and to some extent were amalgamated; for although a combination of the two great original schools of design is, as we have seen, by no means without precedent, the age of Victoria has at least indicated a new phase of compromise, which is perhaps its sole really original contribution to architectural art.

As the latest type of Gothic had ruled the early and crude efforts of the pre-Victorian revival, so it was the style adopted for the new Houses of Parliament. The note of the structure is simplicity of line and intricacy of detail, of which last there is continual repetition. The formality and uniformity of the parts mark its inferiority to the works of genuine Gothic buildings, but the whole effect is decidedly pleasing, though apt to cloy the taste with an over-dose of sweetness. Still, its main defects must be put down to the character of the style, and considering how imperfect was the knowledge of Gothic Art at the time of its erection, we can only be thankful for a result which will never, except from the highest critical stand-point, stand in need of apology.

Of church architecture of the early portion of Her Majesty's reign, St. Mary's, Munster Square, built by Carpenter, may be taken as a fair example, rather above than below the average. The plan is not considerably varied from the ordinary type of the Middle Ages; the detail reproduces in general outline the character of the style adopted, but shows an absence of accurate knowledge, and seems to be founded on a study rather of illustrations of Gothic architecture than on an acquaintance with the actual stone. The standard of workmanship is about

on a level with that of the second Pugin, but there is lacking the individual genius for the picturesque which is shown in his best work. From this average level Gothic was distinctly raised by Sir G. G. Scott, who began to be known to fame some ten years after Her Majesty's accession. His archæological knowledge of Gothic was much in advance of his time and his powers of design considerable. The illustration on page 203 is a fair example both of the merits and the defects of his work. It shows knowledge and correctness of detail and proportion, but somehow from its very normality seems to lack the poetical interest which is found in the best old examples of Gothic architecture, and nowhere more completely or more generally than in England. There is more of the letter than of the spirit in his design; and though for a time he was a leader and a real contributor to the progress of Gothic Art, it was not long before a far higher standard was indicated. Mr. Butterfield, who, under the influences of the Tractarian movement, had been a close and accurate ecclesiological student, sprung at once into notice by a work which, though now some thirty years old, holds its own as one of the great works of Art of the epoch. His Church of All Saints, Margaret Street, shows qualities far higher than can be attained by any degree of knowledge. For the first time since the revival we see the very essential spirit of the art absorbed and the style used as by one who is a master of its principles. If there is departure from absolute precedent, it is due not to ignorance or wilful violation of law, but to superiority to mere technical limitation. It is possible and easy to take exception to much that may be found in his work. Strong and genuine originality must always be caviare to the general and a stumbling-block even to the elect; but no adverse criticism can annul the great fact, that Mr. Butterfield was the first to show how Gothic could be handled as by a master. Had the attainment shown in this work been duly appreciated and his influence become, as it deserved to be, paramount, the development of Gothic would have been far more rapid. That it was not so immediately and obviously is due partly to the width of the gulf which he leapt at one bound, and partly to the qualities of the artist, whose originality made him inimitable. That his influence has been of the utmost importance no true critic can doubt, but it was long before it was fully assimilated, and meanwhile the fashion went astray after the gods of other countries.



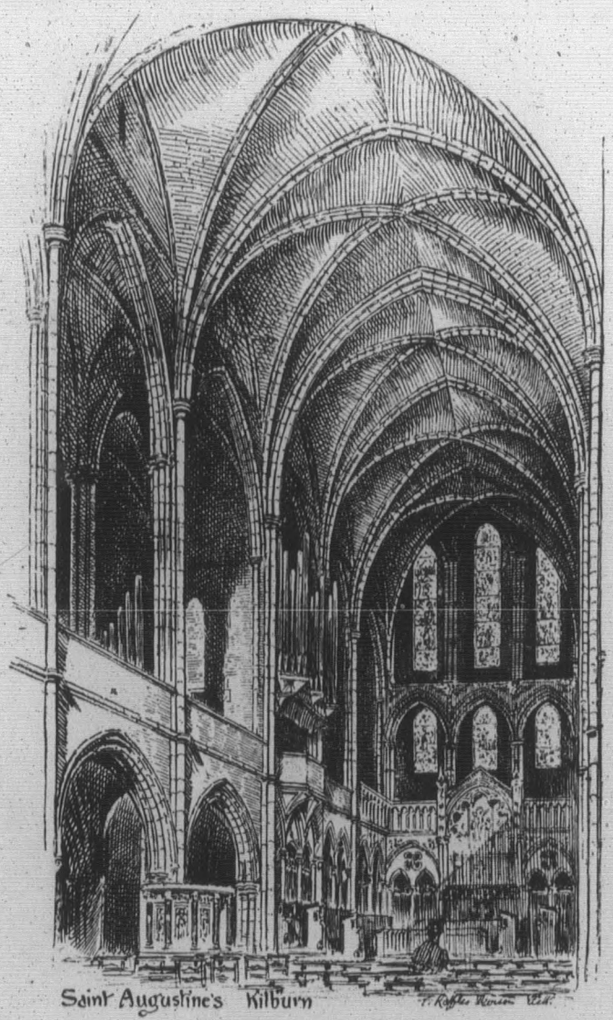
Mr. G. E. Street, R.A., Architect.

The publication of Mr. Ruskin's "Seven Lamps of Architecture," followed by "The Stones of Venice," produced, as by their genius and eloquence they were bound to do, a great effect on the public mind. So far as they inculcated reverence for, and accurate study of, the work of the past, their effect was altogether beneficent; while, inasmuch as they turned the thoughts of English architects away from their native style, the result is, at least in my opinion, to be deprecated. The north is, and has always been, the home, as it was the birthplace, of Gothic Art, and Italy never got at its true spirit in the brief period during which the style was there current. Nor was this the only distracting influence. The issue of Viollet le Duc's "Dictionnaire Raisonné," a more complete and organized encyclopædia of French than there was extant of English architecture, led to a second and not less important schism. Mr. Ruskin's lead towards Italian forms was followed by Mr. Street, who published a work called "Brick and Marble in Italy," and applied his research in the design of a church in Great Garden Street, Westminster. At Oxford the new Museum and the new buildings at Christ Church expressed in a concrete form the *aperçu* of Mr. Ruskin; Mr. Burges applied to his design, in a somewhat exaggerated form, the peculiarities of early French work, and nearly every Gothic architect except Mr. Butterfield, who was strong enough to hold aloof from the phases of fashion, at least for a time, underwent the influence of foreign examples. It would perhaps be scarcely fair to attribute this movement exclusively to the vagaries of fashion. There can be no doubt that the over-ornate character of the Houses of Parliament, and the spiritless correctness of subsequent work, had led to a reaction in favour of strength and force. Mouldings had been used without meaning, tracery without poetry, therefore Gothic architects would have none of either. Precedents had to be sought elsewhere, and were found in the school of plate tracery and unmoulded or crudely moulded reveals.

It was not, however, very long before the indigenous style had its revenge. English architecture is always with us, and to those capable of entering into its spirit can scarcely fail to become a second nature. One after another of the errant troop returned to the native fold, having learnt perhaps during their wanderings in the wilderness that force may be obtained without violence or loss of refinement. It is but rarely now that foreign sentiment is to be detected in Gothic work, and there is at least a school of architects who can use the national style both with freedom and with accuracy.

The two most important national buildings of our own time are undoubtedly the Houses of Parliament, by Barry, and Mr. Street's Law Courts. When we have said that both are Gothic we have exhausted the elements of resemblance, and have nothing left but points of contrast. Simplicity of outline and intricacy of detail in the one is opposed to varied sky-line and abundance of mass and of wall surface in the other; an almost feminine sweetness in the earlier contrasts with a masculine severity in the later. Forty years have indeed seen the utmost conceivable change in character, even if an equivalent progress in design be disputed. That a higher aim is apparent in the later design is probably obvious to all, but to all true students of architecture it will be also, I think, no less apparent that the work falls somewhat short of the mastery of style and knowledge of effect which might have been expected as a product of the years spent in the development of Mediæval design. Besides the faults of arrangements which the lawyers and the public have, with some degree of injustice to the architect, vociferously condemned, there is a certain sense of effort and strain in the building. It nowhere gives the sense of freedom, ease, and consequent happiness, in the task.

If the character of the Houses of Parliament is inferior, it is at least handled with more ease. Their defects are due rather to the over-refinement and softness of a decadent style, than to lack of qualities in the designer. I fear that a critical comparison of the two will detect rather the wide swing of the pendulum of fashion, than substantial progress in the art of design; and as an indication of the direction which future progress is likely to take, the same comparison is of little help. It is the fashion to abuse both buildings; the age appears to be in sympathy with neither. Soft profusion of detail has won as few suffrages as uncompromising austerity. "We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced; we have mourned, and ye have not lamented." If English people take their architecture, as their pleasure, sadly, the Law Courts should have found favour. If Gothic could make them gay, "invitâ Minervâ," the Houses of Parliament should be a welcome panacea; but both have failed As the most important works of their time, and as instructive from their contrast, these two buildings have occupied much of our attention.



Mr. John N. Pearson, R.A., Architect.

If their comparison has marked the most conspicuous change in the fashion of the Gothic of our era, there have been other phases of only minor importance. Such a building as the Natural History Museum, at South Kensington, of which an illustration is given in another part of this number, shows the use of an eclectic type of Lombardic Romanesque, executed in terra-cotta, a material which the present reign has resuscitated, and concerning the use of which there would be much to say did space permit. The architect, Mr. Waterhouse, who has probably erected more public buildings than any one now living, has employed various phases and types both of Gothic and Renaissance, and has shown himself by his versatility to be a typical representative of this age of most manifold architectural enterprise.

But it is time to consider the later development of church architecture, in which, rather than in any type of secular work, the real achievements of the Gothic style are manifest, and where it seems likely to reign supreme in the future. Though during the later years of the present reign there has been considerable diversity as to the section of Gothic which has been adopted, there has, on the whole, been a general tendency on the part of the leading church architects to found their design on English examples. Mr. Street, during the later years of his practice, built many churches of English character, and showed in ecclesiastical Art a greater mastery of design than in his great secular building. The illustration which we give of the Tower of St. Peter Mancroft, at Norwich, is a fair example of a free and picturesque handling of fourteenth-century Gothic. Mr. Pearson, whose earlier work had expressed the influence of French examples, showed an accurate knowledge of English Gothic, as well as a masterly power of using it with freedom for purposes both of arrangement and of effect His church, St. Augustine's, Kilburn, of which an illustration is here given, is an important landmark in the history of the revival. In its plan he departs widely from the ordinary type of the Mediæval church. It is, in point of fact, a church of almost cathedral dimensions built under one span of vaulted roof, the aisles being mere passages and nave and chancel continuous. The design is one which is specially interesting to an architect, as the main conception is constructional, and is used for an eminently artistic result; and as the

individual taste of the designer appears to preclude all the more obviously attractive features of Mediæval architecture, it is no small achievement to have produced a work in which no harshness or crudity mars the breadth and boldness of the design.

Messrs. Bodley and Garner's work, which is usually on the lines of late fourteenth-century Gothic, shows no such obedience to self-imposed sumptuary law; all the elements of effect available in the style are freely used, elegance of tracery, refinement of moulding, richness of carving, and decorative painting, to a not less harmonious result. The progress made since the earlier works of the present reign is evinced mainly in this, that whereas the earlier were usually mere transcripts aiming only at correctness, and at the best attaining to negative merit, in the later every element of design is used to a clearly conceived artistic result. With all the wealth of ornament which their work admits, there is no superfluity, no want of subordination, no danger that the leading idea should be obscured in the detail. Their most sumptuous and most successful work is unfortunately buried in the country. The Memorial Church at Hoarcross is of small dimensions, calculated for less than a hundred worshippers; those who have seen it are likely to retain the impression of the dignity of a cathedral. In richness of invention and harmony of effect it would find its parallel in a lyrical poem.

Probably a majority of church architects are at the present moment working, with more or less success, with similar aims and on similar lines. But though it widely diverges from what I take to be the lines of future development, it would be unfair to omit mention of a real achievement in architectural design—Mr. James Brooke's plans for the Liverpool Cathedral.



St. Mary's, Munster Square. Mr. R. C. Carpenter, Architect.

If I have so far omitted all mention of modern Gothic as a style of domestic architecture, it has not been without a purpose. In this connection it can scarcely be regarded as having a future before it, but must be considered rather as a tributary to a larger movement which may carry us far. As a style suitable to the ordinary dwelling-house, Gothic may be said to have been tried in the balance and found wanting, though many have attempted its adaptation to modern ends with various degrees of ability. Space will not permit that I should trace the various phases of domestic Gothic even with the very inadequate attention I have devoted to the ecclesiastical; I can give but the briefest summary of the most salient facts. Sir George Gilbert Scott then saw the need—if Gothic was, as he hoped, to become once more a universal national style—of giving it such elasticity as would enable it to compass modern utilitarian features. His enterprise was expressed both in abundant examples and in a treatise called "Gothic Architecture, Secular and Domestic." But seeing that his favourite type was that of the thirteenth century, which depends for effect upon simplicity and severity, and implies a manner of life widely divergent from that of our own time, the gulf proved too great to bridge. Such a work as his Westminster Buildings is evidence of the hopelessness of the task, at least on the lines on which he worked, and its essential departure from the character of real Mediæval work is emphasised by the proximity of the Abbey. Mr. Burges took a stronger line. His domestic work implies the opinion that if the Victorian Era was not living a life suitable to thirteenth-century architecture it should be made to. Mr. Butterfield, holding the Gothic influence in a less pedantic manner, adopted a larger freedom of adaptation, and boldly introduced features not largely divergent from those of comparatively recent times, while by feeling and composition he recovered in the *ensemble* what he deliberately sacrificed in detail. There can, I think, be little doubt that his method of fenestration paved the way for a development of domestic architecture which has been, and is likely to be, of considerable importance. The three architects I have mentioned were adherents of Early Gothic. If the gulf between the thirteenth and nineteenth centuries was hard to bridge, it might seem worth while to try what might be got out of the Gothic of a much later date. Mr. Norman Shaw and Mr. Nesfield made a bold experiment in this direction with excellent artistic results, and their work received at least a *succès d'estime* from the general public. The picturesque elements found in half-timbered constructions, with overhanging stories, bold dormers, chimneys, and gables, were all brought to bear. So many buildings of this type survived in different parts of the country that the style could not be said to be unfamiliar, while its capabilities for giving abundant light and air made it suitable for affording one main desideratum of modern life.

Meanwhile another architect of great originality made a new departure in domestic style. Mr. Philip Webb seems to have been the first to see how much of character, dignity, and refinement was indicated in the ordinary brick domestic architecture of the eighteenth century. He boldly adopted the mode of fenestration of this style, which he endeavoured to combine with Gothic construction, and with a free and picturesque character of gable and chimney. If the combination of the elements of this style with the pointed arch has remained, and is likely to remain, a phase special to the individual architect, the resuscitation of many elements of a school of Art but lately lapsed, and therefore suitable to modern wants, is undeniably due to him. It takes genius to see the merits of a style which is unpopular, and this at least Mr. Webb has done for us.

But we are overstepping our limits, and it may be well to glance at what classical Art has accomplished, before discussing the most modern phase in which a combination of the two elements is apparent.

We saw that shortly before the close of the last century a study of Greek architecture had superseded a decadent tradition of the Renaissance. This phase survived at least until the first quarter of Her Majesty's reign was ended. Among the most successful works of this period may be mentioned

St. George's Hall, Liverpool, by Mr. Elmes; the Fitzwilliam Museum, by Basevi; the British Museum, by Smirke; the Taylor and Randolph Buildings, by Cockerell. The Royal Exchange, by Sir William Tite, is a fair average example of the classical revival, and we give an illustration of it (p. 212) as the building which is probably the best known.

Of all the buildings mentioned above I should be disposed to give the palm to Mr. Cockerell's building at Oxford. It always appears to me to have more life and more character than any Victorian effort in Greek style with which I am acquainted; and standing as it does in the city which of all others has, for its size, received most architectural study, that it should attract so little attention is a proof how completely interest in the use of Greek architecture for modern purposes has died out.

The reason is not far to seek. A style which was founded exclusively on temple architecture, and which was only applicable so far as buildings might be reduced to the form of Greek temples, was necessarily limited in its range, and could only be admitted so long as it aroused an enthusiasm which was above all considerations of utility. The influence which it may still exert must be indirect. It may still serve as a standard of simplicity and proportion; the features which we derive from its grand-daughter, the Renaissance, may be purified and refined by reference to their original source, and so may be preserved among us the results of a century of close and accurate study of the great examples of Greek architecture.

For it is the Renaissance which, in very various forms, is now engrafting itself on the revived Gothic. We saw how the thin end of the wedge was introduced, how an element of the later English Renaissance was combined with mediæval construction. Since then the history of our domestic Art is to be found in a constantly increasing proportion of the Renaissance element in the amalgamation. It was not long before a more classical feeling was manifest in the picturesque forms which Mr. Shaw had derived from old English Gothic. Soon, too, a study of the domestic architecture of the Low Countries and of Germany led to the introduction of fantastically shaped gables and quaint brick ornament. As a typical instance of this influence we give Mr. Shaw's Alliance Offices, Pall Mall, perhaps the best as well as one of the most conspicuous examples of "free classic." The wealth of the picturesque which such a style admits shows a whole heaven of departure from the rigid classicism of the beginning of the reign, and perhaps indicates the most important line of future development. Nor is this the only form in which the combined influence of Gothic and Renaissance is apparent. Messrs. Bodley and Garner's School Board Offices show the adoption of a type of rather French Renaissance in which the outline of the dormer windows had been adapted from the Gothic. Mr. Jackson, in the Examination Schools and many other buildings at Oxford, has worked upon the lines of the English transition. The phases of the movement are manifold, and it is hopeless to attempt even to catalogue them. It must be enough for us to say that a new form seems to be growing up which may be the germ of an original and harmonious style in the future. If in addition to a real resuscitation of Gothic, Her Majesty's reign proves to have laid the foundations of a new domestic architecture, fifty years will have borne no inadequate fruit.

Whether this shall be so or not depends rather on the public than upon the architectural profession. It must be apparent to all how very small a portion of contemporary buildings evinces any kind of architectural purpose. A dead and lifeless mediocrity predominates, varied by lamentable parodies of more original work. Thus the enterprise of architects is in danger of being either swamped or discredited. Every original idea runs no more risk of being rejected by dulness than of being travestied by vulgarity. An increased appreciation on the part of the public of refinement, harmony, and power in design is the only condition on which Art can really flourish or progress. May the Victorian era last long enough at least to see the ordinary public converted into an earnest and discriminating patron of real architecture!

BASIL CHAMPNEYS.



R. Norman Shaw, R.A., Architect.

FIFTY YEARS' DEVELOPMENT OF THE GRAPHIC ARTS.

THAT "Science and the Arts thrive in times of peace," is an axiom which has become trite to weariness; and the only apology which can be urged for its repetition in this place is its singular appropriateness to the subject of this paper. Possibly during no previous period of similar duration have such marked changes been observable as those which properly belong to that time of peace the Victorian Era.

At the commencement of this epoch the methods of artistic reproduction in general use were limited in number—comprising line-engraving, etching (sparingly employed), mezzotint and stipple engraving, and occasional examples of aquatinting. These were all the methods of intaglio engraving in use; while the relief method found its sole representative in wood engraving. In the production of large pictures for the decoration of galleries and walls of dwellings, line-engraving emphatically held its own, and was deservedly popular; indeed, the mezzotint was the only contemporaneous method that divided the honours with the older method for this peculiar description of work. As a means of book illustration, however, mezzotint was almost inadmissible, its peculiar effects requiring a larger area for development For this purpose line and stipple engraving, with occasional aquatints, held the field.

Bearing in mind the rapidly increasing attention which has, during the last twenty years, been devoted to etching, and the popularity which it has attained, it would have been anticipated that some account of this department of Art as existing about the commencement of the Queen's reign, would occupy a conspicuous position in this place. Etching has, however, undergone such rapid changes in popular estimation as almost to give countenance to the belief that, instead of being an important element in Art, it has been subject to the wayward caprices of fashion.

In 1837 etching had fallen almost into disuse. Its revival has been a gradual process. The earliest efforts of the artists who materially contributed to raise its character were more distinguished by an apparent desire to conciliate the amateur and so to render the Art popular, than characterised by independent vigour and artistic intelligence. This peculiarity is indicated in the first publications by the members of the Etching Club, who were mainly instrumental in bringing about the resuscitation of etching. These were etchings to Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," followed in 1844 by "Etched Thoughts," and in 1847 by Gray's "Elegy;" also in 1849, etched illustrations to Milton's "L'Allegro," in 1852 "Shakespeare's Songs," and in 1857 "Etchings for the Art Union of London." Probably the most important work by this club has been that published in 1865, "Etchings by the Etching Club," including plates by Seymour Haden, Hook, Redgrave, Horsley, Samuel Palmer, and Creswick.

The changes which have been experienced during the half century have not been changes uniformly indicating progress, for in some departments of the reproductive arts a retrograde movement has to be chronicled. The art of line-engraving, for instance (which, in connection with book illustration is fitly represented by the reproductions in *The Art Journal* of the pictures forming the Vernon Gallery and other important series of pictures), is fast becoming a thing of the past. There are several circumstances which are contributing to this, a very important one being that the older line-engravers are passing away and their places are not being supplied from the rising generation. Again the field formerly occupied by line-engraving is gradually being taken possession of by the modern and partly automatic process of photogravure. A similar fate seems also to be overtaking both mezzotint and stipple engraving.



By J. Gibson, R.A.
(Reproduced by Dawson's Process.)

The only relief process in use at the commencement of the Queen's reign was wood-engraving, and the condition occupied by this Art may be gathered from an examination of the illustrations accompanying the publications which appeared at the time. *The Penny Magazine* and *The Saturday Magazine*, both commenced in 1832, were at the time considered marvels of cheapness. The illustrations in each number were held to be of a satisfactory excellence. This was, however, at a period when the first efforts were being made towards solving the problem of printing woodcuts at a steam press. The printer's art was in a confessedly imperfect condition, although nearly 400 years had elapsed since Caxton set up his printing-press at Westminster. That is to say the printing-press in promoting the means of popular education had created a demand for literature which had outstripped its ability to satisfy either as to quantity or quality; and the printer's ingenuity was taxed to meet the new circumstances under which he was called upon to exercise his calling. This condition of things manifestly influenced wood-engraving by retarding its progress. In pointing out, therefore, the very primitive state of wood-engraving at this time it is but fair to notice that printing, so

far at least as the multiplication of illustrations by the typographic press was concerned, was in an equally primitive condition. The first efforts at printing woodcuts by the steam press was in 1832, and the success was for some time not very conspicuous.

The "revival of wood-engraving," which is usually considered to date from the time of Thomas Bewick (1753—1828), was only beginning to be felt at the commencement of the Queen's reign.

Unlike the resuscitation of etching it was far from being a gradual work, for in a few years Charles Knight, who had produced the *Penny Magazine*, gave to the world the superbly illustrated editions of Lane's "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," and Knight's "Pictorial Shakespere." A little later—in 1848—the Art Union of London produced a volume of illustrations to Milton's "L'Allegro," which forms a charming series of wood-engravings by many of the most celebrated engravers of the day, after designs drawn upon the wood by artists of established reputation.

Although the Art of lithography was discovered at the close of the eighteenth century, many years elapsed before the true capabilities of drawing upon stone were understood and appreciated. The nineteenth century was far advanced before a few patient workers were found who studied the Art, developed its capabilities, and persevered until it took its place in popular estimation as affording unusual facilities for rapid reproduction. Among lithographic pioneers the names of Francis Nicholson, Michael Hanhart the elder, and Louis Hague are conspicuous. As a rival to line-engraving, no pretensions were advanced on behalf of lithography, because the sharpness peculiar to line-engraving was wholly beyond the power of lithography to imitate successfully; but it was fairly satisfactory in reproducing effects which had previously been considered the especial prerogative of mezzotint and aquatint.

By a coincidence worthy of notice, *The Art Journal* affords a striking example of the changes which have occurred in the reproductive arts during the period covered by



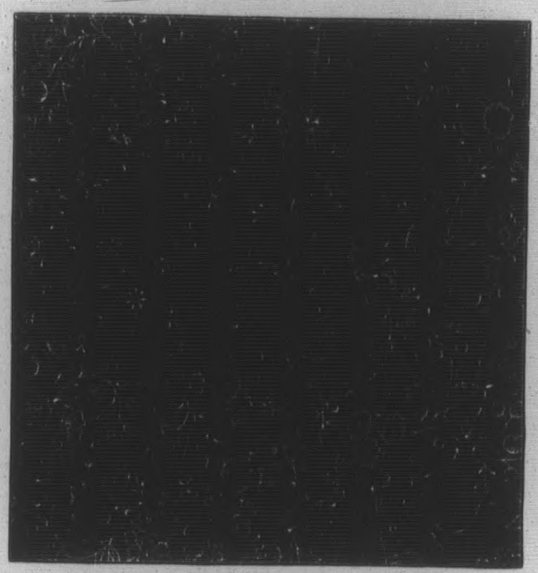
The Last Supper, by George Tinworth. Messrs. Doulton & Co. (Reproduced by the Klicotype Process.)

this paper. Even a cursory examination of its pages will give a very reliable indication of the state of the arts of reproduction during the fifty years of its existence. For its first six years the doings of the Art-world were illustrated more by pen than pencil, and the statement above made of the poverty of the means of book illustration existing at the period is amply confirmed. It was not until the year 1844 that attempts were made at assuming that wealth of pictorial illustration to which the readers of the recent volumes of *The Art Journal* are accustomed.

We now pass on to an account of the phases through which the older methods of the Art of pictorial illustration have passed through and to mention the new methods, or "processes," which have been discovered.

In wood engraving important changes have been experienced, yet it is questionable whether all are improvements. There has always been a tendency among wood engravers to strive after the effects which legitimately belong to the intaglio method, rather than to develop the peculiar genius of the woodcut. The effects known as cross-hatching, for example, which are easily accomplished in copper-plate engraving, are, when imitated in wood engraving, the result of a painfully tedious operation; and when in the middle of the lozenge-shaped space which exists between the crossed or hatched lines a dot has to be left, the difficulty of the work is still further enhanced. In the older method of tint-work in woodcuts the cutting of a sound and firm tint line has been replaced by a tint of most elaborate fineness, in which a great deal of what is technically called the "drawing" is lost. In the American school this fashion has been pushed to its greatest limit, and the effort seems to be to reproduce the general tone of a picture rather than to express vigour or delicacy of outline. Another of the peculiarities of the American school is the more free use of the white line than has heretofore obtained either in England or on the Continent. In the best descriptions of tint work on wood the effects were formerly produced entirely by the engraved line, which was employed both in the outline and in the shading of the pic-

ture; but in the modern school of wood engraving there is an especially free use of a tint white-lined obtained by being cut



Silk Design. Messrs. Liberty & Co. (Woodcut.)

through in an opposite direction to the lines of the tint. In certain cases this white-lined tint is effective, but by being constantly used it degenerates into an appearance of rottenness.

One of the most prolific sources of employment for wood engravers has been the establishment of illustrated newspapers. It was not until 1842, when *The Illustrated London News* was started, that any successful effort had been made towards the continuous record of events by pencil as well as pen. The typographic press being the only available means at hand for printing, and wood engraving the only relief process known at the time, there was no choice but to employ that mode of engraving. The late Herbert Ingram, when he made his perilous venture in the region of illustrated journalism, had the prudence to employ the best available artists and engravers for the purpose, and the first number, even looked at by the light of the present state of wood engraving, contains some very creditable specimens of the art.

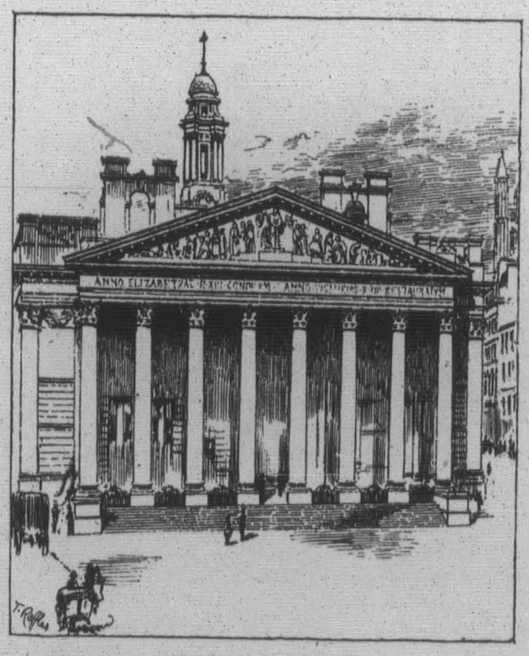
Arising out of the success of *The Illustrated London News* has been created the very large demand for illustrated supplements printed in colours. The first of these was published in 1855 in conjunction with the number of that journal appearing at Christmas. When first commenced they made no pretensions to be considered artistic productions; they were merely ordinary woodcuts upon which coloured tints were printed. Subsequently, the successful reproduction of high-class works was aimed at, and the proprietors of both *The Illustrated London News* and *The Graphic* now commission artists of the first rank for pictures, for which very large sums are paid. Of such "supplements" the sale has been prodigious, often reaching as large a circulation as half a million of copies. In recent years, relief aquatint blocks, which are products of the current half century, have been freely employed, particularly for printing the grey tints of these pictures, thus giving a stippled appearance to the finished pictures. These relief aquatints have scarcely ever been used except in combination with woodcuts; but there are examples which could be pointed out in which an illustration in colours has been produced entirely by relief aquatint plates. The application of these plates to the reproduction of sketches in black and white has also been tested with considerable success; but although the intaglio form of the art has frequently been so used, the relief aquatint has never become popular as a monochrome agent.

In the matter of chromo illustrations produced from raised blocks, *The Art Journal* was, we believe, the first in the field, a picture so produced by Messrs. Leighton Brothers having appeared in it in 1851, under the title of 'The Hawking Party.'

Of "processes" of engraving more or less automatic in character, several have been discovered, some of which were soon abandoned as not yielding satisfactory results either in an artistic or commercial point of view. Of those which have survived, and which are now in active operation, some are of a purely mechanical or chemical character, while others owe their existence to the aid of photography.

The first in point of time, and by right of its distinctive features one of the first in importance, is the process invented by Edward Palmer about 1844, and then called by the name of *Glyphography*. In *The Art Journal* for 1844 there is an illustrated account of the invention; the process, much improved, still occupies a forward place among methods of engraving under the name of "Dawson's Typographic Etching"—a title which fitly describes the method of working.* Several of the illustrations in this number are by this process.

The variety of names under which the photographic processes have been introduced, have caused considerable confusion in the public mind; thus, that which employs the gelatine film as the direct printing surface has been known, respectively, as Albertype, Heliotype, Collotype, and Photo-mechanical Engraving. This process is now extensively used both in this country and in America, and is being successfully worked here by the "Automatic Engraving Com-



The Royal Exchange.
(Reproduced by the Direct-Photo Engraving Company.)

* A technical description of this process is given in *The Art Journal* for 1885, page 182.

pany," Messrs. Waterlow and Sons, and others. The *Heliotype Process*, which is the preferable name, consists in the use of a sensitized gelatine film, upon which the picture is printed photographically. The opaque parts of the negative having screened portions of the gelatine from the action of light, those portions retain the power of swelling or absorbing water; but where the gelatine has been exposed it has become hardened, and its absorbent power destroyed. If this surface of gelatine be now damped and afterwards an ink-roller be passed over it, the effect produced will be precisely similar to the ordinary treatment of a lithographic stone during printing. The absorbent part of the film when damped resists the greasy ink, while the hardened parts will retain it. In this way from 1,000 to 1,500 impressions can be obtained from a single skin, without any appreciable deterioration. The negative having been preserved, the gelatine skin, when worn out, can be easily replaced. Recently, the ability to print heliotypes by steam power has been successfully attempted. When used as book illustrations heliotypes cannot be printed in the text like wood engravings, but must be printed by themselves on separate sheets, although they do not need to be "mounted" like other photographic prints.

Photoglyptie, or the Woodburytype Permanent Process, is also based on the use of a gelatine film, but in this case the gelatine image is skeletonised. As soon as the picture has been printed on the gelatine skin it is repeatedly washed until all the soluble parts of the gelatine are removed, leaving only so much as has been hardened by the action of light. The gelatine skeleton resulting from this operation contains the whole of the photographic image, and is placed between two plates, one of lead and the other of polished steel, and submitted to great pressure in an hydraulic press. By this means the gelatine is embedded in the softer plate, and when removed leaves a leaden mould in which casts can be made of the picture in an ink made of gelatine and Indian ink, and applied warm. Besides the "Woodburytype Company," there are other establishments working this process successfully.

The *Stannotype Process* (a recent adaptation of Photoglyptie) dispenses with the necessity for the hydraulic press, and in its place the gelatine skeleton is coated over with tinfoil, which gives the name to the process. Both processes require a peculiar press for the printing, resembling in appearance an ordinary copying-press. Like silver prints, impressions produced by the Woodburytype and Stannotype processes require to be mounted when used for book illustration.

In the field of permanent photography, the important labours of the Autotype Company deserve a prominent place. The term "autotype," as signifying "the reproduction of an artist's work in monochrome without the intervention of another hand," is applicable to several if not all of the photographic processes; but the title has been adopted by the Autotype Company, and the claim of exclusive use by that Company seems to be generally conceded. The system of carbon printing effected by the combined discoveries of Swan and Johnson, and now called the *Autotype Process*, has been protected by a variety of patents.

In the handbook of the Company, the process is described thus:—"1. Sensitizing pigment paper, and hanging to dry in a room heated to 70° or 80° Fahrenheit. 2. Exposure of paper under a negative. 3. Mounting exposed paper, by means of cold water only, upon a waxed plate or a sheet of paper made impervious; development and drying. The picture is then complete, if from a reversed negative. In the case of a non-inverted negative, (4) transfer of the developed print to its final resting-place, by immersing the transfer-paper in hot water, and applying it to the surface of the picture while still upon the temporary support. When dry, the picture spontaneously falls off the supporting-plate, firmly attached to the enamelled paper." Autotype pictures belong to the class of absolutely permanent photographic reproductions. One of the illustrations accompanying this paper affords a remarkable instance of the value of photography as an important factor in the Reproductive Arts. The illustration is a reproduction in relief, very considerably reduced from an autotype print of Sir Frederick Leighton's cartoon for fresco of 'The Arts of Peace.'

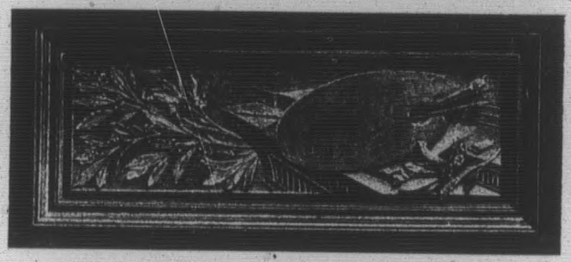
To whom may be attributed the credit of the discovery of the process which is known by the designation of *Photogravure*, it would be possibly difficult to decide with any degree of accuracy; it is at least known, that there are rival claims to that distinction. The late Mr. H. Fox Talbot obtained, in 1852 and in 1858, patents for a process with this designation. In later years Mr. Woodbury made some suggestions in further development of Fox Talbot's discoveries, and quite recently Herr Karel Klic, of Vienna, has contributed towards the same end. The following is a brief general outline of the process:—The surface of a copperplate is flooded with a mixture of gelatine sensitized by bichromate of potash. Gentle heat is applied to the under-surface of the plate, by which means the mixture applied to the upper surface is dried. The plate is then placed in a photographic printing-frame in contact with a photograph and exposed to light. After a sufficient exposure an acid solution is laid upon the plate, and the parts of the gelatine which have been protected from the action of the light will soon be dissolved and the acid will bite the parts of the copperplate thus exposed. The plate is then cleaned and the subject of the picture will be found to be engraved upon its surface. In this condition the plate is submitted to retouching by a skilful engraver, in order to accentuate the artistic effects of the picture, and upon this retouching the excellence of Photogravure very considerably depends. In consequence of the manual labour necessary for retouching, Photogravure has been found to be a costly process; and, until the automatic portion of the process can be improved, so as to dispense in a greater degree



Cabinet Work, Carving, by Lamb, of Manchester. Reproduced by Petit et Cie., Paris.

with the manual retouching, the process must remain not only expensive but slow.

There are several typographic processes which claim to be able to retain the half-tones of a photographic picture or a drawing in wash. This is generally effected by means of a series of lines, which is the characteristic of processes by



Cabinet Work, Carving, by Lamb, of Manchester.
(Reproduced by Petit et Cie., Paris.)

Fredk. Ives, of Philadelphia; Angerer and Göschl, of Vienna; Petit et Cie. (see pp. 213, 214), of Paris; and Meisenbach, of London (see examples, pp. 185, 193, 196, etc.). In other cases, such as Guillaume et Cie., and Le Mercier et Cie., of Paris, a grain or stipple is employed in place of the system of lines.

The newest process which is now being introduced to London, is that styled *Klicotype*, so named after the inventor, Herr Karel Klic, formerly of Vienna. The improvements introduced apply equally to the intaglio form of the art as to the relief. In both a new mordant is provided, which is said to be superior and more reliable in its effect than the acid heretofore used. In the relief process copper in place of zinc is the metal of which the plates are made. In the ordinary intaglio etching zinc is now sometimes made use of instead of copper. Herr Klic adopts copper for relief blocks, and his special mordant is a trade secret; but he has other improvements which have been patented under the names of Bartel and Collardon, for making a carbon paper in which the means of reproducing the half tints of a photographic negative are provided. In the processes in use by Meisenbach, Ives, Angerer and Göschl, and others, the half tones are reproduced by a series of hard mechanical lines, which are highly objectionable from an artistic point of view; and there have been but comparatively few attempts at using a grain or stipple for this purpose. The breaking up of the gelatine film, either mechanically or chemically, into a stipple has been occasionally successfully attempted, but it is a process that is not always to be depended upon.*

In Klicotype there appears to be provided a series of mediums for reproducing the half tints, either by stipple or waved lines, and in such variety of fineness as will adapt themselves to the requirements of any class of picture that may be desired. In the intaglio process the necessity for retouching is considerably reduced, owing to the greater perfection of the etching process consequent upon the employment of the new mordant. In both methods also the procedure is very rapid.

It has invariably been noticed that periods of development or decadence in any pursuit are always accompanied by corresponding fluctuations in the number of those who practise the calling, whatever it may be.

Development in Art operates to increase the number of its workers, and is the natural outcome of a progressive activity; just as decadence in Art deprives its followers of encouragement and diminishes the ranks of its devotees. The changes which have taken place during the last fifty years in the various departments of the Reproductive Arts, and which have been noticed above, abundantly testify to the correctness of this statement. The decadence of line engraving has led to, or has been caused by, a paucity of engravers; while the revival of etching has produced a corresponding increase in the number of those practising the art. The impetus given to wood engraving by the example of Bewick created quite an army of engravers on wood, from whom have sprung some of the best engravers that the history of the art can boast. The theory, indeed, that engravers are born, not made, can only be accepted with a limitation; because, notwithstanding any amount of genius which may be brought to bear upon the task, success is greatly due to the manipulation that can only result from good teaching and experience. Where the "rank and file" consist only of a limited number, the chances of being able to select exceptionally good artists must in like proportion be limited.

Etching, it has been shown, has in a degree supplanted line engraving, and it is quite possible that the modern process of photogravure may in turn displace etching. It should not, however, from this circumstance, be inferred that any superiority in quality is implied by the modern process taking the place of the older; but merely that there are other circumstances—such as economy of time or cost of production—that give it special advantage. Publications that existed heretofore upon the attraction of illustrations in intaglio engraving, have been compelled to abandon that style for some other less difficult of accomplishment. The "Annuals," with their pretty steel plates, which were the delight of a previous generation, would now be impossible of production, even if there were a demand sufficient to warrant the attempt. Wood engraving, too, has already passed through its periods of decline and revival, and may, in the not distant future, find its territory invaded by some formidable rivals. When the peculiar genius of the woodcut is recognised and respected, it is confidently asserted that no form of book illustration can equal it; yet it is not unreasonable to believe that a time may arrive when some of the automatic processes of engraving may successfully compete with wood engraving. In one respect these processes have already an advantage, in being able to submit the pictures to such a reduction in size as would be impracticable with engraving by hand. Some of the illustrations which accompany this paper are marvellous instances of this power of reduction in the reproduction, and reference may especially be made to two of the subjects reproduced by



Cabinet Work, Carving, by Lamb, of Manchester.
(Reproduced by Petit et Cie., Paris.)

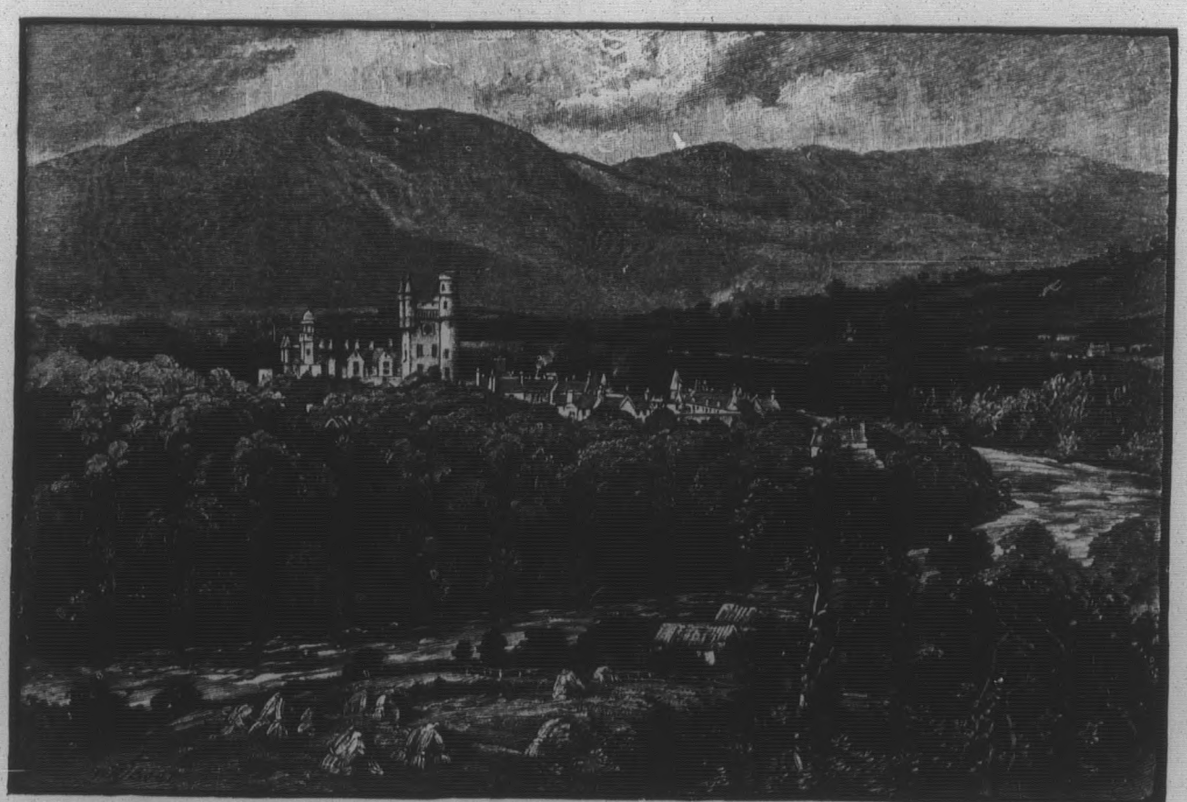
the Klicotype process, Sir Frederick Leighton's cartoon, 'The Arts of Peace,' and the 'Last Supper,' from a reduced photograph of George Tinworth's design in terra-cotta. So greatly have these reproductions been reduced in size that the marvel is that so much of the artistic effect of the originals could be presented.

J. S. HODSON.

* Some satisfactory results are shown in *The Art Journal* for 1885, p. 333, which have been produced by Mr. Alfred Dawson.

BALMORAL.

OF all the royal residences, the Queen's Highland Home is the dearest to her. How often in her published writings has she called it a paradise! Nor need we wonder at this. It was originally Prince Albert's property, the creation of his own artistic skill, and bequeathed to his widow as a special legacy on his lamented death. For all too brief a period it was the home of a happy wedded love, such as is the rare experience of crowned heads; and since then its memories have been the most precious treasures of a heart that has been often sorely stricken. Every object is associated with the Prince; on every scene his spirit seems to have left some trace of itself. Three different monuments, a cairn, a statue, and an obelisk, erected to him on as many elevations above the Castle, attract the eye, and show how much he was beloved, not only by the royal circle, but also by the tenantry and the servants, and how his presence still pervades all the place. On account of these touching associations, the thoughts of many throughout the wide empire will often turn with special interest to this beautiful retreat when celebrating the Queen's Jubilee. The preservation of Her Majesty's health amid the great personal sorrows through which she has passed and the overwhelming cares of the State, is largely due to the invigorating air and the peaceful surroundings of this northern home. Twice a year, in spring and autumn, ever since the



Balmoral, from beyond the Dee. From a photograph by Messrs. Valentine, Dundee.

Castle was erected, she has been in the habit of visiting the place for longer or shorter periods; and such communion with the loneliness and grandeur of nature has ever been felt by her as a great relief from the pomp and pageantry of public life. It is this place, perhaps, more than any other, that has revealed to us the true character of our Sovereign. Here, in the quiet shade, we see not so much the glory of the Queen as the true heart of the woman; and the deep personal attachment which mingles with our loyalty has been greatly fostered by the glimpses which she herself has graciously given to us in her published journals—so exquisitely simple and natural—of her idyllic life in the Highlands. More than the vastness of her empire and the great achievements of her reign—unparalleled as these are in the history of the world—is the high ideal of womanly goodness which she has given to us, and the sight of the throne as the central point of that pure and loving family life which has ever been so dear to the British heart.

The position of Balmoral Castle was selected in the first place for its salubrity, on account of the dry, bracing air, and the sandy, gravelly nature of the soil. It occupies a level open space on the banks of the Dee, which sweeps

around it in a semicircle. But the site could not have been better chosen. It is the natural focus of the whole landscape, and concentrates all its scenic beauties around it. The contrast between the splendid baronial pile, the smooth verdant lawns, and the noble terraces and pleasure-grounds, all laid out according to the plans and instructions of Prince Albert, and the wild cincture of bare rocky hills in the midst of which it is embosomed, is very striking; the soft refined beauties of the picture being greatly enhanced by the stern ruggedness of its frame. The views in every direction are magnificent. To the east may be seen opening up the quiet cultivated valley through which the Dee flows on its way to Ballater, bounded by low hills, whose natural desolation is clothed and softened by picturesque woods. In the opposite direction the scenery is far more alpine in its character, and the ranges of mountains ascend behind each other to higher altitudes, until at last the long broken ridge of Lochnagar forms the sky line, its rocks and corries purple with the haze of distance, and flecked here and there with perennial snow. Immediately behind the Castle rises the beautiful eminence of Craig-an-Gowan, wooded almost to the top with birch-trees. It commands an extensive view of the valley of the Dee from Craig-an-Darroch to Invercauld Bridge, and forms a noble background to the Castle, bringing out against its dark verdure with the utmost distinctness the light grey colour of the granite stones. The Dee flows past in a graceful curve, its shallow waters broken by the stones in its bed into fretted wavelets, which sparkle in the sunlight and murmur with a delicious dreamy sound. All around, the native trees impart their own wild charm to the landscape, and compare favourably in point of beauty with the foreign coniferous trees and rare shrubs that have been introduced among them. The heights are appropriately crowned with the tall serried ranks of the Scotch firs, whose rusty trunks and branches glow with a still redder hue in the level afternoon light; and on every fairy knoll the birches cluster, with their long drooping tresses hanging down over their polished snow-white stems.

To the charms of natural scenery are added the fascination of romantic story. Near at hand is a farm-house built of the ruins of the old House of Monaltrie, burnt down by the soldiers of the government after the defeat at Culloden. Farther on, by the river side, amongst a small clump of trees, a large heap of stones with a flag-staff, called Cairnaquhen, the Stone of Remembrance, suggested the old rallying cry of Deeside, when the fiery cross passed through the Braes of Mar to muster the clans for raid or warfare.

The whole region is full of Jacobite traditions, dating from the memorable day when the Earl of Mar raised his standard of revolt and marched through the district with his clans to restore the exiled Prince to the throne of his fathers. There seems, therefore, a poetical fitness in the Queen as the descendant of the Stuarts, and feeling to the full the romance of their history, residing in the midst of these associations, and reconciling with her presence the past and the present in a beautiful harmony.



The approach to the Castle. From a photograph by Messrs. Valentine, Dundee.

Still older traditions cling to the scenery; for the ruins of the ancient castle in which Malcolm Caenmore with his queen and courtiers dwelt is not far off; and all the region round about, once clothed with the aboriginal Caledonian forest, must have been for many ages the royal hunting-ground of Scotland's kings.

Solitary in its grandeur, the Castle is not altogether separated from the humble homes of the people. Here and there above the birch-woods slowly curls up the faint blue smoke from the peat-fires of some hidden hamlet. On the opposite side of the river, here crossed by an elegant suspension bridge, is the small village of Crathie and the parish church where the Queen worships with the humblest of her subjects. It is a very plain building, and the service in it is of the simplest. Nearly opposite is the manse, finely situated by the side of the river, with the rural churchyard beside it, which the Queen often visits to lay wreaths upon the graves of her faithful servants. Many secluded cottages lie about the margin of this great expanse of royal domain. There is Invergelder, the home-farm, with two very charming keepers' houses at the foot of the hill. On the other side of the Castle we catch glimpses of some tidy cottages among the trees,

called the Balmoral Cottages. In the inmates of all the humble homes on her estate the Queen feels the deepest interest. She often visits them and shares in their domestic joys and sorrows. At the baptism of their children, which is performed by the parish minister in their homes, she has been much impressed by the simple ceremony; while many a dying pillow she has smoothed with her own kind hands. More than once, through the stormiest weather, she has followed on foot the lowly funeral procession of some one of her humble friends. It would be easy to recall many affecting instances of the Queen's solicitude about her tenants; and it is most touching to hear them speaking of her great kindness. In their cottages they show with pride the tokens which they have received of Her Majesty's regard in the shape of photographs, pictures, and other valuable gifts. She never forgets any one to whom she has once been attracted; and any promise she makes, even of a toy to a child, though the most important State business may intervene, is faithfully kept. To the natives of the place she appears not as the august sovereign, but as the tender and considerate Lady Bountiful; and she has won by the faithful discharge of all her duties, and her gracious and womanly bearing, an amount of sincere, disinterested affection and respect such as persons in her exalted position rarely inspire. They love her for her own sake; and in all the members of the Royal Family they take a personal interest of the most intimate and appropriating nature.

Balmoral Castle occupies the site of a small turreted white-



The Queen's Sitting Room.

washed house, built by Sir Robert Gordon, brother of the Earl of Aberdeen, from whom the Prince Consort bought the property. With his characteristic good taste the Prince erected the present magnificent structure on the same spot. It was designed by William Smith, architect, Aberdeen, and cost upwards of £100,000. Several interesting incidents, displaying the Prince's generosity and considerateness, are related in connection with the building of the Castle. The undertaking threatening to involve the contractor in heavy loss, the Prince assumed the responsibility himself; and on the occasion of the breaking out of a somewhat serious fire, he assisted with the Queen in extinguishing it, and indemnified the workmen for the loss they had sustained in the destruction of their tools and other belongings. The Castle and the landscape admirably harmonize with each other. Owing to its extensive size it is not dwarfed by the large scale of the surrounding scenery; and its architectural features are in fine accordance with the craggy hills. The style of the structure is what may be called Scottish Baronial, but it has several innovations which combine the picturesqueness of the ancient stronghold with the comforts and conveniences of the modern mansion. Nothing can be more imposing than the massive square tower, finishing off in smaller side turrets—the whole a hundred feet high—which surmounts the structure, and is visible at a great distance. The part of the Castle occupied by the Queen and Royal Family embraces three sides of a quadrangle, facing north, south, and west. The rest of the buildings are set apart as offices and rooms for the servants and officials. On the south side is the principal entrance, in the plainest style of architecture, over which are the royal coat-of-arms and two

bas-reliefs representing groups of men engaged in Highland games, and a hunting lodge dedicated to St. Hubert, the patron of the chase, supported by St. Andrew of Scotland and St. George of England. Owing to the extreme hardness of the stone, which does not lend itself readily to the sculptor's art, there are comparatively few external carvings and mouldings, and these are chiefly confined to the entrances on the west and north, which exhibit the characteristic corbellings, rope and ribband of the baronial style. But the stones are all of the finest dressed granite in ashlar work, and were obtained from a quarry on the property. This brings the building still further into sympathy with the scenery, looking at a distance as if it had been hewn out of one of the granite crags, which abound on every side. No storm can stain or corrode the unsullied purity of these stones, whose brightness appears strikingly when the sunlight sparkles on the particles of mica which they contain, and still more remarkably in the clear moonlight when they stand out in white relief against the dark mass of the surrounding woods and the deep shadows of the hills.

The interior of the Castle corresponds with the impression which the outside gives of massive simplicity and quiet comfort. It is full of relics of the chase, and memorials of expeditions made in the district. In the entrance hall there is a fine bronze statue of Malcolm Caenmore; and also a richly carved mantelpiece which was brought from the old castle, embellished with quaint figures of musicians, cherubim, dragons, and floral scrolls. In the corridor the eye is arrested by a beautiful marble statue of the Prince Consort in High-



The Drawing Room, Balmoral Castle.

land dress, executed by Theed. The dining and drawing-rooms, the billiard-room and the library—all large and commodious—occupy the ground floor. The ball-room is situated in the centre of the building, and projects considerably on the north side. It is one story in height, and is exceedingly chaste in its style, and admirably adapted for its purpose. On the walls are numberless Highland devices. Above the public rooms are the royal apartments. Those which the late Prince Consort used to occupy are sacredly preserved in the same condition. They face the south-west and command a glorious view of the deer-forest of Ballochbuie, where the Prince brought down many a gallant stag, stretching far away up the hills, with the highest peak of Lochnagar in the distance, towering above its ridges, and appearing from this position sharp and conical. The walls are fairly covered with engravings from pictures by Raphael and other old masters. The Queen's rooms are beside these, and look up the valley of the Dee, in the direction of Braemar. The sitting-room is especially interesting, as its contents indicate the kind of indoor life which Her Majesty leads when at Balmoral. The writing-table is laden with books and papers and photographs of all her relatives; and on a smaller table on her right are a number of despatch-boxes. A large painting of the Prince Consort stands conspicuously on an easel before her as she writes; and a fine photograph of the Duchess of Kent is near at hand. These two portraits invariably accompany her wherever she goes. On either side of the fire-place is a marble bust of the Prince Consort and of Princess Alice. The rooms of the Prince of Wales are on the north side. All these rooms, as indeed the whole interior of the Castle, are

furnished with the greatest simplicity. In this respect they present a remarkable contrast to the splendours of Windsor. One instinctively feels that a gorgeous style would have been out of place here. It would be unsuitable to the character of a Highland home, and to the quiet unobtrusive life which the Queen desires to lead here. Without and within there is the most admirable adaptation between the Castle and its surroundings. Paintings are conspicuous by their absence; the Princess Beatrice's sitting-room being almost the only room which contains pictures in colour. Nearly all the apartments are adorned with steel engravings of Landseer's works, and of royal weddings and various scenes in Her Majesty's career, taken from well-known paintings; while in one or two are etchings by the Prince Consort, and several drawings by the Queen. There are also numerous photographic portraits of members of the Royal Family, including, of course, the Queen herself. In some of the rooms, as well as in the corridor, are marble busts, likenesses of members of the Royal Family, as also marble and bronze groups. The furniture is made of a species of ash with a beautiful grain, and the carpets and hangings are of clan tartan, chiefly of the royal Stuart, whose brilliant variegated hues contrast with the sober tone of the wood-work and the refined quietness of the decorations. The purple plume and classic foliage of the Scotch thistle are largely made use of as an effective ornament in the rooms. This prominence given to Scotch symbols in the furnishings of the Castle is an interesting proof of Her Majesty's high appreciation of everything national. Often has she expressed her admiration of the scenery of Scotland, and of the chivalry and true-heartedness of the people. She has felt that—

"Nowhere beats the heart so warmly,
As beneath the tartan plaid."

And nobly has her attachment been repaid! The passionate,



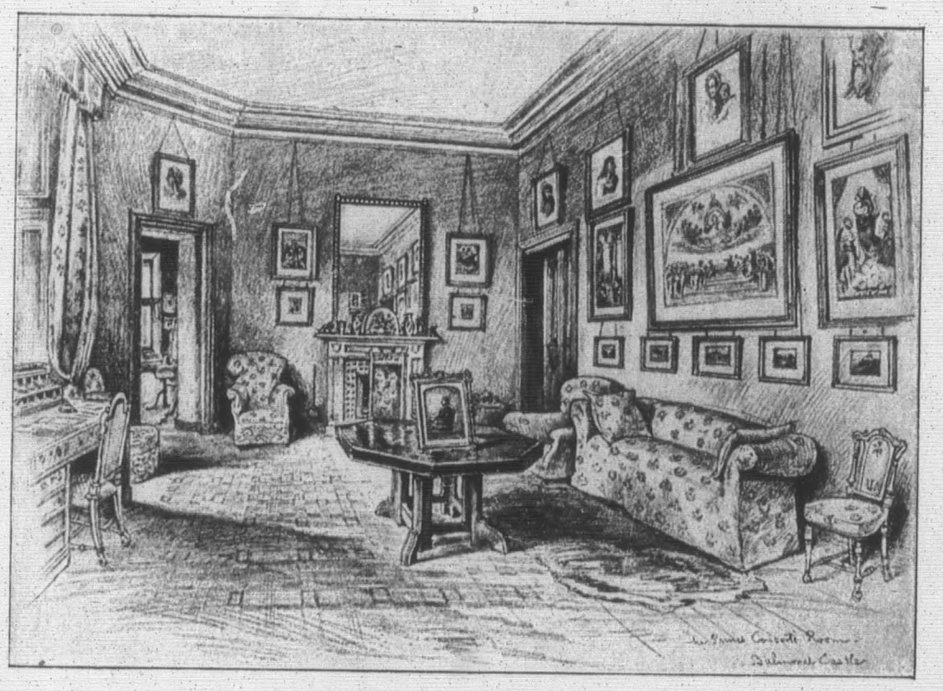
The Ball Room.

romantic devotion shown to the Stuarts was nothing in comparison with the feeling which she has inspired in every Highland heart.

The life which the Queen leads at Balmoral is very quiet and simple. The suite in attendance is as small as possible, consisting of a lady-in-waiting, two maids-of-honour, a cabinet minister, an equerry, one of the Queen's secretaries, and the doctor. The early part of the day is devoted to the work of the nation, which is always laborious and responsible, and to the fulfilment of whatever public claims may be made upon her. Her Majesty, as is well known, is a most admirable business woman, and gets through an immense amount of work in the most methodical and efficient manner. Those who imagine that her position is a mere ornamental one would be surprised at the record of a single morning's work; and this work has to be done in all circumstances in the country as well as in town, and there is no exemption or respite. None of her subjects work harder than the Queen; and the continuous strain would be too much for the nervous system of most people. Hence the necessity of getting away as often as possible from the more harassing publicities of the State to the quiet retreats of Osborne and Balmoral, where for a season she may breathe a freer air and recuperate her energy.

In the afternoon at Balmoral she either walks in the beautiful grounds, accompanied by a single attendant and one or more of her favourite collie dogs, or else takes long drives to places of beauty and interest in the neighbourhood, such as the Linn of Dee, the Quoich, Loch Callater, or to Abergeldie or Birk-hall, where some friend or member of the Royal Family is sure to be staying at the time. She frequently honours the nobility and gentry of the district and the occupants of the Manse with a visit, and fulfils in the most gracious man-

ner all the social duties of a landed proprietor. She spends as much time as possible in the open air, frequently reading and writing under the shade of a tree on the banks of the river or in one of the summer-houses. She has been to the top of many of the high hills around, such as Lochnagar and Ben Muichdhui. She has several times slept in a small hut on the shores of Loch Muick, a solitary tarn surrounded by huge and sombre precipices. She has crossed the bleak mountains in one direction to the uplands of Glen Esk, and the still bleaker mountains in the other to the Spittal of Glenshee and Blair Athole, the wildest and most unfrequented solitudes of the higher Grampians. In short she has explored all the picturesque scenes in the near or far neighbourhood of her Highland residence, and is familiar with their wild flowers, birds, and animals, as well as all the varied aspects of nature; and often brings home long wreaths of Lycopodium or Stag's-horn Moss and bouquets of the delicate white *Trientalis Europœa* found only in Highland pine-woods, to adorn the dining-table.



The Prince Consort's Room.

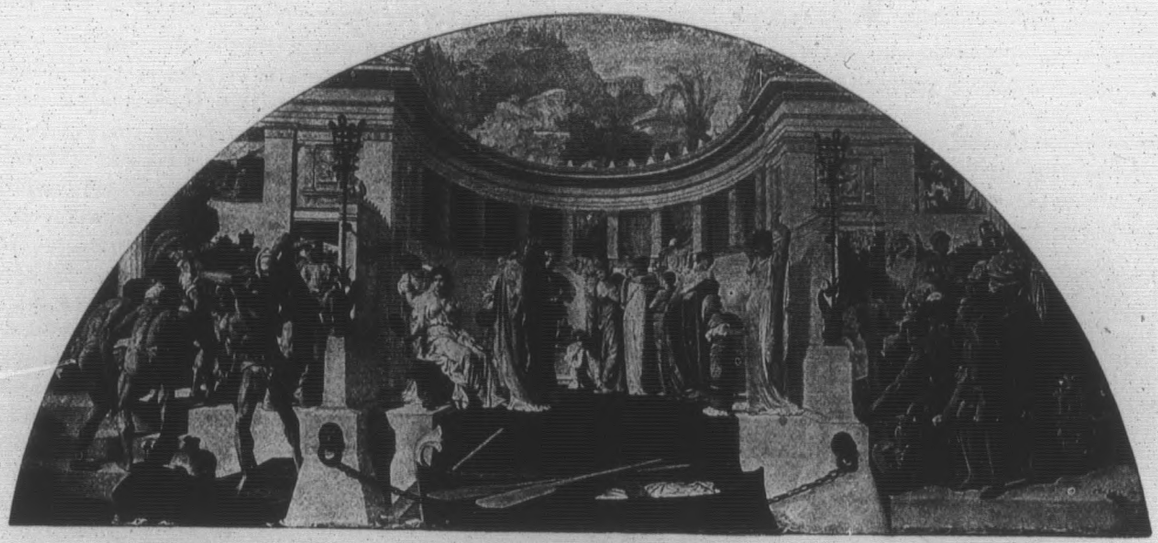
Her Majesty has always taken a deep interest in the primitive customs of the district. In former days she used to be present at the Braemar gathering of the clans to witness the manly sports of the Highlands. She still continues to give the old entertainments in the Castle to the servants and their friends; and these occasions are highly prized, for Her Majesty always graces them with her presence, and encourages the utmost freedom and good-humour.

I have given these details of the life at Balmoral to satisfy a legitimate loyal curiosity. Foreigners call our Royalty an empty pageant, but to us it is a real power. The Royal Family is the representative head of the nation, to whom we all look up, in whom we have each, however obscure, a share, and in whose doings we are as much interested as if they were those of our own household. We cannot, therefore, be too grateful to the Queen that she has told us frankly so much of her private life in this northern seclusion, and thus prevented many-tongued gossip from stepping in and filling up the gap with stories purely fictitious. It is considerations like these that enshrine her in the hearts of all her subjects, and that invest her Jubilee with a deep personal significance. To herself, doubtless, the occasion will be fraught with mingled feelings; the sense of personal loss, of sorrow for the many friends who officiated at her coronation, who supported her by their counsels or cheered her by their affection, and who have all passed into the land of shadows, predominating over the proud feeling caused by the great achievements made by the nation during her glorious reign. And when, lonely amid adoring crowds, she goes back to Balmoral at the close of this memorable year, and the golden leaves of the birches falling around her and the bracken withering beneath her feet — the fading landscape and the shortening day — remind her of the end of all earthly glories, and she will think upon the triumph that is gone as the shadow of a dream, God grant that this painful sense of loss may be tempered by higher than earthly hopes! All Scotland with one heart and voice echoes the hope that she may often be able in the years to come to visit her Highland Home, and to find there renewal for body and mind from its lovely landscapes and its blessed memories.



Statue of Malcolm Caenmore.

HUGH MACMILLAN.



The Arts of Peace. From the Fresco by Sir F. Leighton, P.R.A., at the South Kensington Museum.

ART EDUCATION DURING THE PAST FIFTY YEARS.



Lion from British Museum Railings. Designed by A. Stevens.

THE whole fabric of Art education in this country may, with certain very trifling exceptions, be said to have sprung up within the reign of Queen Victoria, for the movement which has resulted in the formation of the finest Art Museum in Europe, and in a system of Science and Art teaching such as no other country can boast of, had its foundation in the early months of 1837. There is, therefore, a peculiar fitness in the selection of this year of Jubilee for a glance at the rise and progress of the Science and Art Department, and for a brief consideration of the steps by which its present development has been attained.

Owing to the recommendations of a Select Committee of the House of Commons, which had been appointed in the year 1835, "to inquire into the best means of extending a knowledge of the Arts and Principles of Design among the people (especially the manufacturing population) of the country," a proposal was made to the Treasury, in July, 1836, by the Committee of Privy Council for Trade, that a sum of £1,500 should be taken in the Estimates for the establishment of a Normal School of Design, with a Museum and lectures. The Treasury having given their consent to this expenditure, a committee of gentlemen favourable to the scheme were, early in 1837, constituted the "Council of the Government School of Design;" rooms in Somerset House, formerly occupied by the Royal Academy, were granted to them, and the school was opened on the 1st of June, 1837. Four years later the Government undertook to contribute to the establishment and maintenance of provincial schools of design, and in 1842 the Council was reconstituted, the school being placed under the management of a director. In 1851—52 the Parliamentary vote for the School of Design and its seventeen branches, founded in such centres of industry as Manchester, Leeds, Birmingham, Glasgow, and Paisley, had reached £15,055. In consequence of an adverse report respecting the working of the schools, issued by a Select Committee in 1849, new principles of management were introduced in 1852; the Council was abolished, and a "Department of Practical Art" was established, having the late Sir Henry Cole, K.C.B., as General Superintendent, and Mr. Richard Redgrave, R.A., as Art adviser. A further change was effected in 1853, when a Science division was added, and the "Department of Science and Art" was created. The Board of Trade had the charge of this department until February, 1856, when it was placed, along with the Education Department, under the control of the Lord President and the Vice-President of the Committee of Council on Education.

The schools and collections, originally located at Somerset House, were removed thence to Marlborough House in 1853, and were transferred to South Kensington in 1856. The foundation of the Museum, as distinct from the teaching work of the Department, may be said to date from the Exhibition of 1851, though certain casts, models, and examples had been previously acquired for the use of the schools. In 1851 the Board of Trade empowered a committee to expend a sum of £5,000 in the purchase of objects, notable "for the excellence of their Art or workmanship," from the Great Exhibition of that year; and in September, 1852, these objects, together with loans from Her Majesty the Queen, and other contributions, were opened to the public at Marlborough House as a "Museum of Ornamental Art."

Few efforts for the improvement of public taste and for the promotion of popular Art teaching in this country have encountered such wide-spread hostility, and such determined opposition in the public press, as that to which South Kensington has been exposed; and although now it may be said to have outlived the principal objections of those who were opposed to it, and to have proved its utility and value to

those very manufacturers who were foremost in denying that its teaching could have any influence upon their work, it has needed long years of patient effort to convince the public that its aims were properly directed, and that it was capable of accomplishing all that its founders had predicted. Our neighbours and competitors, the French, saw much more readily the importance of this movement, and as early as June, 1852, a petition was addressed to the President of the Republic, praying for the establishment in France of a Museum of Fine Arts as applied to industry, and stating that "quite recently a Museum of Ornamental Art had been solemnly inaugurated in London by Her Majesty Queen Victoria."

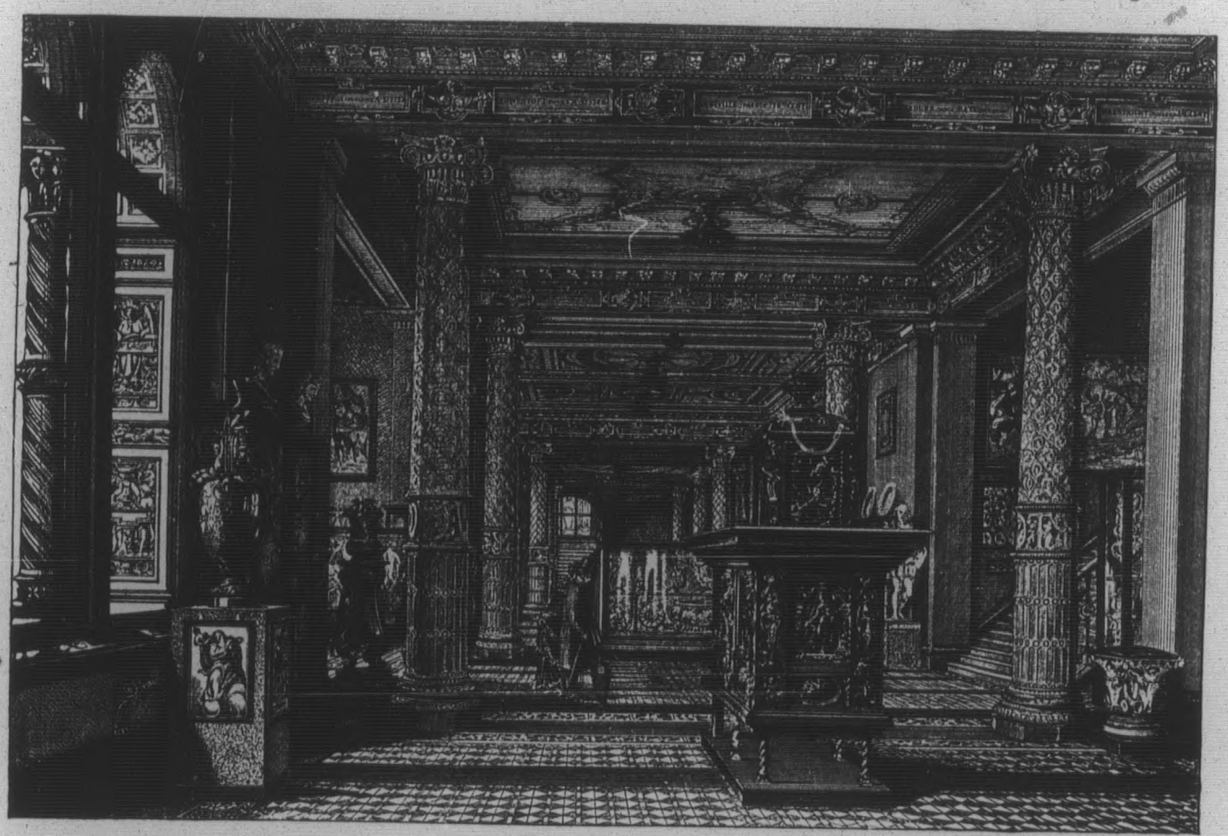


Della Robbia Staircase.

Though the beginning of the national Art collections may, as we have seen, be traced back to the Exhibition of 1851, it was not until the vote of £10,000, in 1856, for the transfer of the Department of Science and Art from Marlborough House to South Kensington, that these treasures began to attract their due share of public notice. We may mention incidentally that in 1852 the Bandinel collection of pottery and porcelain had been secured, while two years later, in 1854, a large part of the collection of Mr. Bernal was purchased for £8,583; and the acquisition of the Gherardini collection in the same year gave a new direction to the principles upon which the selection of objects had previously been governed, as it illustrated a branch of Art not directly connected with manufactures. Thus, as the Museum no longer consisted of industrial applications of Art, its contents have been officially styled since then the "Art Collections." The Department had scarcely become settled in the iron buildings at South Kensington, long known as the "Brompton Boilers," in consequence of the fancied resemblance of the triple-arched roofs to three huge boilers, when Mr. Sheepshanks munificently offered his valuable collection of pictures and drawings in order to found a gallery of British Art; and on the acceptance of the collection by the Government, a permanent gallery was constructed for them adjoining the iron building. Thus the foundation of the collection of British pictures in oil and water colours may be said to date from 1857. In the galleries at South Kensington, side by side with the pictures of Mr. Sheepshanks, was originally placed the noble collection of Mr. Vernon, now removed to Trafalgar Square; and the paintings and drawings of Turner found a temporary home at South Kensington until the transfer of the Royal Academy to Burlington House made room for them in the National Gallery. In 1864 the Raphael Cartoons were removed to the Museum for exhibition from Hampton Court, by the direction of Her Majesty the Queen.

One of the most remarkable facts connected with the growth

of the Museum has been the amazing amount of liberality which has been shown, not only in the loan of Art treasures for lengthened periods for public exhibition in the courts at South Kensington, but also in the bequest of valuable collections to the nation. Among the more important of the loan exhibitions we may mention those of works of ornamental Art in 1862, of miniatures in 1865, of fans in 1870, of ancient musical instruments in 1872, of needlework in 1873, of enamels in 1874, and of Spanish Art in 1881. Exhibitions of national portraits of great interest and value were also held in the years 1866, 1867, and 1868. Following on the gift by Mr. Sheepshanks, in 1857, was that of Mrs. Ellison, in 1860. This lady gave 100 water-colour drawings for the purpose of forming a national collection of this essentially English art. In 1864 the Rev. R. Brooke gave a collection of textiles, watches, rings, etc., together with 718 volumes of books. In 1868 the Museum received collections of enamels from Mrs. Plumley, of paintings and Art objects from the Rev. Mr. C. H. Townshend, and of works on music from Professor Ella. In the following year the valuable Dyce collection passed into its possession, and in 1870 the Parsons collection of oil and water-colour paintings was received. Mr. W. Smith gave 86 early English water-colour drawings in 1871, and greatly enlarged his gift in 1876. The library of Mr. John Forster was bequeathed in this latter year, and in 1882, on the death of Mr. John Jones, his magnificent collection of French furniture, porcelain, and enamels was transferred to South Kensington. This princely bequest has been valued by competent judges at over a quarter of a million. We described some of the principal objects it contains three years ago, and



The Ceramic Gallery.

illustrated many of the choicest specimens. It is estimated that the actual value of these various gifts and bequests, at the time they were received, was upwards of a million sterling, and the amount they would realise if sold at the present day would vastly exceed this sum; while the entire expenditure of public money on objects of Art has been about £410,000, including £61,000 for the National Art Library, which is undoubtedly the most important collection of books on the Fine Arts extant. The library includes about 64,000 books, and 170,000 original drawings, prints, and engravings.

An important matter which should not be lost sight of in connection with the working of the Museum, has been the impetus given by the circulation of loans of Art objects in the provinces to the foundation of local museums of Art. Collections of works of Art are from time to time contributed to exhibitions throughout the country, and have, in many instances, been instrumental in leading to the formation of Art museums resembling that at South Kensington. Such museums exist at Nottingham, Derby, Manchester, Birmingham, Bursiem, and many other provincial towns. It is estimated that since their foundation these various museums have been visited by upwards of fifty millions of persons.

It is difficult within the compass of a brief notice to give any idea of the work of Art teaching which is being carried out under the auspices of South Kensington. In 1885 the whole number of persons who received instruction through its agency was 889,149; thus in 200 schools of Art there were 36,960 students; in 488 Art classes 23,410 students; while 810,079 children in public elementary schools were taught drawing. To complete the total, 3,578 students in 50 training colleges who were examined in drawing. The Parliamentary vote for the past year for the Science and Art Department was £400,043.

The Art instruction at South Kensington takes place in the National Art Training School, which, as we have already

mentioned, is a development of the School of Design. After the schools were transferred, in 1853, to Marlborough House, on the transfer of the schools to South Kensington, the number of students rose from 292 to 407. Subsequently, the attendance has largely increased, and in 1884 there were 122 free students, 34 students in training, 22 national scholars, 54 ex-students in training—certificate-holders and others—44 students paying half fees, and 656 students paying full fees; the total fees paid being £2,535. There are twenty-three stages of Art instruction towards which aid is granted by the Department, and payments are made on the results of examinations held annually in the different centres, as also on the works executed during the year, which are sent up to South Kensington to be valued. Prizes are awarded, and sums paid to the teachers. In addition to the examinations of the first grade for the children attending public elementary schools, there are examinations of the second and third grade for students in the Art schools and classes, which are held during the month of May. Nearly 60,000 papers were worked in the higher grades during the year 1885, and there were 639,000 papers in the lower grades.



The South Court.

It has always been the aim of the authorities to give a practical direction to their teaching, and the students have been employed in the structural decorations of the Museum. Thus the east façade of the new Science Schools has been decorated in sgraffito work; and many of the mosaic decorations used have been partly executed by them. We have been permitted to reproduce the admirable pen-and-ink sketches of Mr. Watkins, which will give a good idea of the richness and beauty of some of these interiors. Our illustration on page 223 shows the Ceramic Gallery; the columns here are faced with slabs of glazed terra-cotta, and the ceilings were decorated by the students in Mr. Moody's class. On page 222 is a view of the della Robbia staircase. The panel decorations are painted on hexagonal slabs of porcelain on a plan invented by the late Mr. C. Minton Campbell, of Stoke.

The School may lay claim, also, to much originality in the treatment of the iron work used in construction, and in the South Court (illustration on this page), the arched ribs and spandrels have been made to become the chief features in the scheme of decoration, even the rivet-heads, which have been gilt, contribute their share to the general effect. It is much to be regretted that of late years the completion of the Museum has remained in abeyance. We can only hope that an institution which has, as we have seen, grown up and become established within the fifty years of Her Majesty's reign, may be worthily housed within the lifetime of Queen Victoria.

GILBERT R. REDGRAVE



PAINTED BY G. KOLLER.

ENGRAVED BY T. BROWN.

THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN AND ALBERT DÜRER.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE SCHWABE COLLECTION AT HAMBURG.

LONDON: J. S. VIRTUE & Cº LIMITED.

A FOREIGN ARTIST AND AUTHOR IN ENGLAND.*

IV.

WE happened to arrive at Carnarvon on the last day of the Eisteddfod. This may be described as a musical and literary competition at which prizes are given to the best performers, instrumental or vocal, and the best essays or poetry written in the Welsh language. The object of these competitions is to keep up the national Art and literature, which, however, are fast disappearing. These meetings certainly bring to the place in which they are held a great number of people from the neighbouring districts, for we found Carnarvon bristling with animation and thronged with a crowd of sightseers. In the narrow and tortuous streets there was a great display of flags and bunting, of flowers and evergreens, giving to the old city a gay and festive appearance, heightened by the fine sunny weather. Triumphal arches had been erected at various places, and curious things they were in the way of street decoration. They were for the most part composed of light wooden bridges running from one side of the street to the other, on which three compartments, divided by a small partition and closed with wire fencing, formed so many cages, in each of which was a goat with gilded horns—the proverbial Welsh nanny-goat. It was a pitiable sight, that of these poor animals cooped up in a narrow space, with a scanty supply of food and water; and at night, with the gas jets considerately placed under the light structure, it seemed as if the unfortunate goats were in imminent risk of being roasted alive (see next page).



A Grinding Mill.

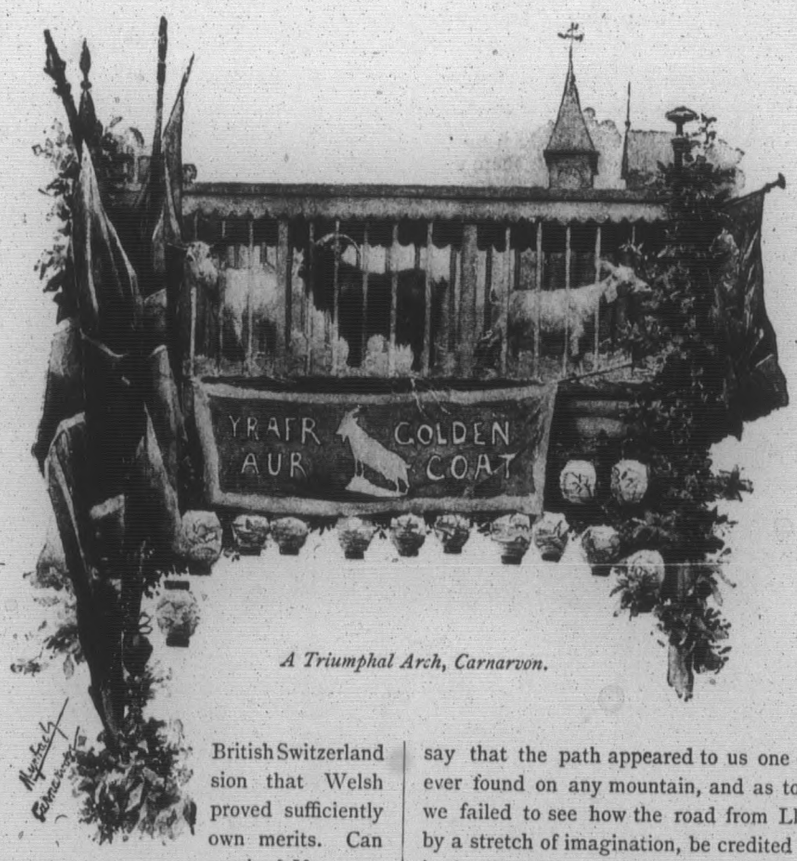
It goes without saying that the Castle is the "lion" of Carnarvon. The old fortress, begun in 1283 by Edward I., and completed nearly forty years later by Edward II., stands on the right bank of the river Seiont, at the west end of the town. Viewed from the outside, Carnarvon Castle, whose external walls are in a perfect state of preservation, is one of the most splendid specimens of ancient military architecture to be seen in the kingdom. It is flanked by thirteen polygonal towers of different dimensions, surmounted by lighter turrets rising above the highest battlements. The principal entrance, called King's Gate, is approached by a bridge at the end of Castle Street. The moat is now only a sort of deep trench, where a thick kind of grass grows abundantly, and where a quantity of rubbish has been shot. Over the entrance rises a large square tower, in which is a niche occupied by a statue of Edward II.

The interior is far from realising the expectations raised by the outward appearance of the castle, for nothing is left but the bare walls, enclosing an open space in which a few sheep are kept. The towers, so admirable when seen from the outside, disclose enormous gashes and gaps, half hidden, in some instances, by creepers and ivy, but in most cases the ravages of time are only too visible. The western towers are less injured than the others; one of them has been repaired and fitted up for the local museum, having been provided with an iron and glass roof, of most incongruous effect. Near the museum is the Eagle Tower, the finest and loftiest of all. It derives its name from the sculptured eagles with which it is ornamented. The view from the summit is very beautiful. Immediately at the foot of the tower runs the Seiont, crowded with shipping. To the west and north are the Menai Straits, on the other side of which the island of Anglesey, low on the water like a dismantled ship, extends its line of sandbanks. The coast of the island is dotted with villages, whose white houses stand out conspicuously on the treeless ground. To the east the houses of Carnarvon cluster round the castle, and here and there portions of the old walls can be distinguished among the newer buildings, the town having greatly outgrown its original limits. Beyond, on the south-east, the background is formed by the chain of the Carnarvonshire mountains, dominated by the peak of Snowdon. On whatever side one chooses to look an admirable panorama is disclosed to view,

* Continued from page 140.

and on this account alone the ascension of the Eagle Tower should by no means be missed.

Llanberis has been called the Chamounix of Wales, just as Snowdonia has had bestowed upon it the name of Switzerland of Wales. With regard to Llanberis, if in calling it the Welsh Chamounix the object is to imply that, like the little village at the foot of Mont Blanc, it is the head-quarters of tourists, and the starting point of climbers intending to go up Snowdon, at the base of which it lies, there is no objection to the assimilation. But as regards Snowdonia, there is certainly no reason why it should be compared to Switzerland, with which it has but little likeness. It is very hard to understand why people always will compare one thing with another wholly irrespective of the merits of either. For it is only misleading people into the belief that this part of the Principality is similar to the land of William Tell, than which a greater mistake could not be made. The beauties and attractions of Wales are sufficient to induce visitors to come to the Principality or they are not. If they are, it is because they have distinctive and characteristic features of their own; if they are not, it is absurd to deceive people by appealing to their recollection of the Alps, as that can only lead to disappointment and comparisons which cannot be to the advantage of Wales. Then again to dub Wales the British Switzerland is almost an admission that Welsh scenery has not proved sufficiently attractive on its own merits. Can anything be more unwise? If we were asked what makes the great charm of Welsh scenery, we would, for our part, declare most emphatically that it is precisely its peculiar appearance, unlike anything we have seen in the Alps or Pyrenees, and that it is worth seeing if only for that very reason. If Wales were a kind of Switzerland, of Auvergne or of Provence region, the best thing to do would be to give it as wide a berth as possible, and not to go near it on any account, as an imitation, however good, is never equal to the original.



A Triumphal Arch, Carnarvon.

A large lake, Llyn Padarn, is seen long before reaching Llanberis, or rather the congeries of hotels and boarding-houses which it is the custom to call by that name. It is about two miles in length, and very narrow.

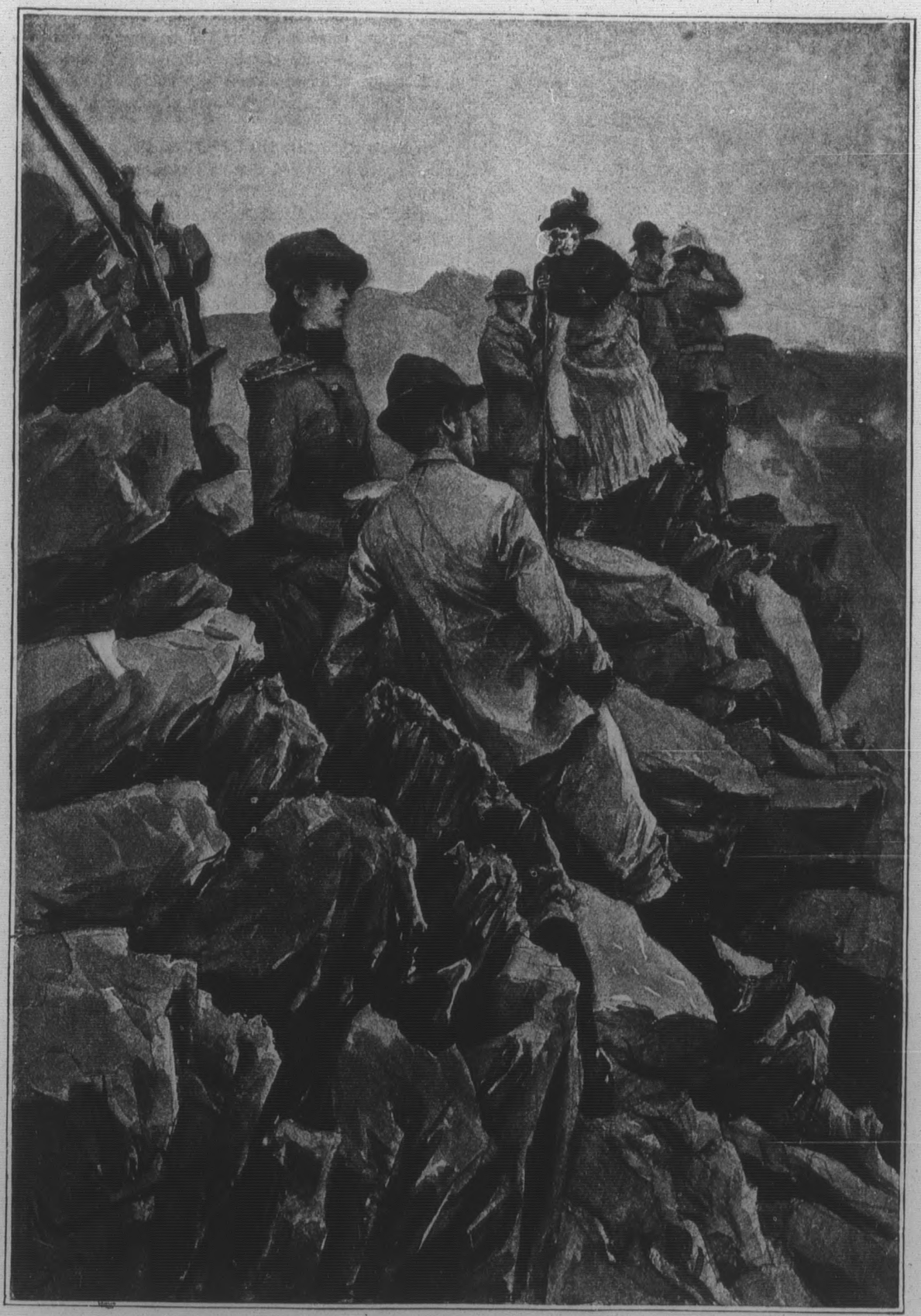
Another lake, Llyn Peris, smaller but much more beautiful than the other, is surrounded by tall mountains, which seem to rise out of the water, on whose smooth and calm surface their rugged sides and fantastic forms are reflected as in a mirror. The circle of hills being very irregular in shape, the lake presents a number of creeks or small bays of an intensely picturesque aspect. The view from the zigzag road on the flanks of its slate mountain is striking and almost sublime, especially at sunset, when the effects of light and shade on the mountains and the water are truly wonderful.

At the lower end of this lake, in the grounds of the Victoria Hotel, on a small eminence, stands an old round tower, the only remaining portion of an ancient fortress called Dolbadarn Castle, said to have been built in the sixth century, and to have been an important stronghold on account of its commanding position at the head of the pass.

The morning after our arrival happened to be glorious, and gave every prospect of a fine view when we reached the summit of Snowdon. We nevertheless provided ourselves with wraps and coats, and mounted the ponies we had bespoken the night before. *We*, however, only applies to the scribe and a lady and gentleman whom we joined, for the artist, with characteristic obstinacy and confidence in his indefatigability, peremptorily refused the assistance of any four-footed animal whatever, to ascend the highest mountain in the United Kingdom.

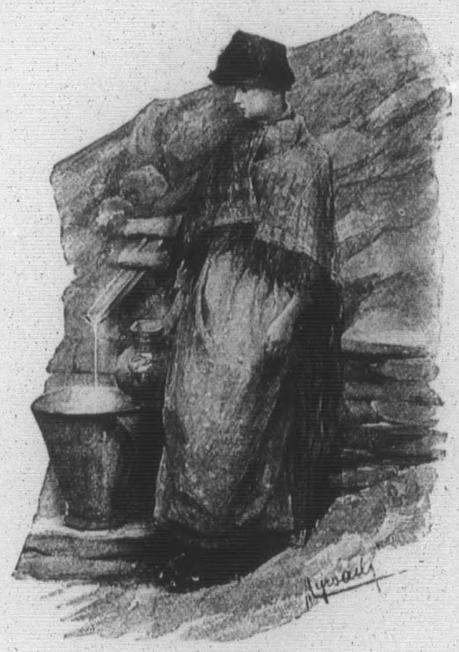
Having had some little experience in hill climbing, we are compelled to say that the path appeared to us one of the easiest we have ever found on any mountain, and as to danger of any kind, we failed to see how the road from Llanberis could, except by a stretch of imagination, be credited with being dangerous in the slightest degree. It may be that in very foggy weather one might lose his way and wander helplessly about, but the same thing often happens in the streets of London, where must be added the far greater risk of being run over by one of the innumerable vehicles of all kinds frequenting the thoroughfares.

Far from complaining of this absence of difficulty and danger in the ascension of Snowdon, we are of opinion that it greatly adds to the pleasure of the excursion. A sprinkling of danger is to many people an inducement to attempt certain feats of which, we think, too much has been said, for, after all, the only objects are to acquire cheap popularity and to be talked about for twenty-four hours in the newspapers. "The fastest on record," "the longest on record," "the maddest on record," whether they apply to a bicycle tour, a pedestrian feat, the shooting of the Niagara rapids in a beer-barrel, or a fasting experiment, are nothing but money-making or adver-



On the Top of Snowdon.

tising devices, and should be treated on the same footing as the announcement that "Madame X. and Signor Z. have used Somebody's Insect Powder, and prefer it to any other,"



At a Snowdon Spring.

because they answer no useful purpose and can lead to no public good or advantage.

As we ascended, leaving behind us the valley and lake of Llanberis, we could see a number of smaller lakes, far and near, nestling in the hollows between the innumerable ridges radiating in all directions from the main knot of which Snowdon is the centre.

Within two miles of the top, the scenery, hitherto pretty, assumed a remarkable aspect of wild grandeur; the path lay along a narrow ridge, on either side of which deep precipices formed yawning chasms between the buttresses and spurs of Snowdon; at the bottom of these precipices were lakes and lakelets of various singular shapes, shining under the rays of the sun like sheets of burnished gold, or sheltered from the light and reflecting the tall and rugged heights around. One of these, in a deep hollow at the foot of an abrupt rock rising like a huge wall, presented a smooth surface of a peculiar malachite-green colour. The unusual tint of the water is in all probability due to the copper beds through which it is filtered; but it is to be noted that the intensity of the colour varies according to the amount of light thrown on the lake.

A little farther we meet the zigzag path leading from Capel Curig to Snowdon. At this spot the mountains were nothing but gigantic masses of rock, rugged and barren, save in places where small patches of grass afforded but meagre pasture to the few sheep that were wandering on the hills; here and there heather grew on the sides of the height, as also wild flowers in abundance. Up to within a very few yards of the summit, and until passing the spring which is said to be the highest and coldest in Wales, the path is comparatively easy; but even in the steepest part it is not necessary to dismount, so that practically the ascent of Snowdon from Llanberis to the very top of the mountain can be accomplished on horseback.

The summit, or Y Wyddfa, is a small plateau about thirty feet in diameter, on which a conical cairn, surmounted by a sort of cage, has been erected by the officers of the Ordnance Survey as a landmark. A kind of dry stone wall forms a parapet and enclosure, where two or three wooden huts, rejoicing in the name of "Summit Hotel" in the various guide-books and on maps, have been built to serve as shelter for the enthusiastic tourists desirous of witnessing the rising of the sun from Snowdon.

From this place there is a magnificent view over the mountain, and the ridges and shoulders radiating from it; these are so rugged and abrupt that the hollows appear deeper than they really are. A number of tarns and lakes—we were told that twenty-four can be seen, but we did not count them—glitter in all directions like bright gems set in dark metal; and the various paths from Llanberis, Beddgelert, and Capel Curig, winding up the sides of the mountains covered with heather and wild flowers, seem a narrow yellow thread on a rich mantle of purple velvet. Between the spurs and buttresses of the mountains a large expanse of country with pretty valleys, intersected by streamlets running among dark green meadows, stretched before our eyes, and above, the sun sheds its bright rays over hill and dale; here and there light white clouds intercepted the sunrays, sometimes suddenly showing a gleaming lake where none was seen before, and sometimes darkening a hitherto sunny spot which seemed threatened with an impending storm.

The accommodation provided for tourists in the three huts erected on the summit of Snowdon is of the most wretched and insufficient kind, and the food offered to the hungry climber of the most inferior description, although the charges are simply exorbitant. Here again the comparison between Switzerland and Wales is as inappropriate as possible, for whereas in the



An Innkeeper on the Snowdon Road.

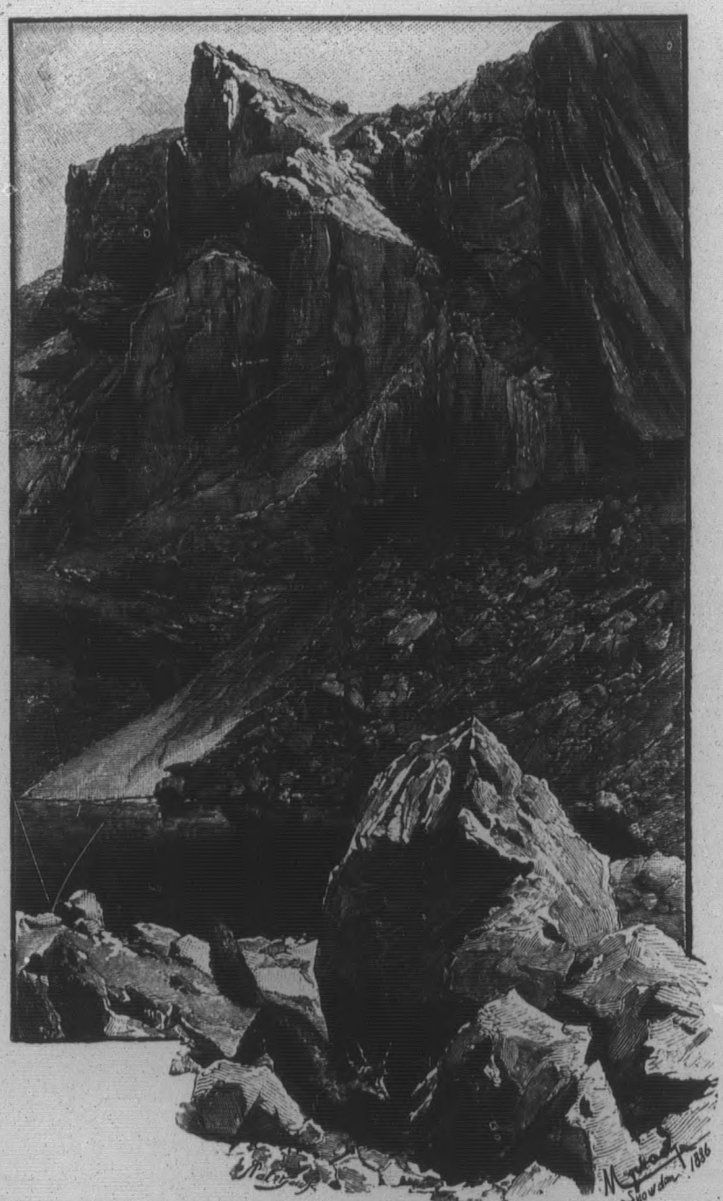
former country little hotels, situated in well-nigh inaccessible places, where everything has to be carried on men's backs, manage to give tourists decent food, here on Snowdon, which

can be reached by ponies, there is practically nothing to be had. After an ineffectual attempt to swallow a few morsels of nondescript food, for which we paid at an enormous rate, we mounted our ponies again. The return journey was as pleasant as the ascent had been, but the view was not quite so beautiful, as the wind was pressing round and contracting the horizon.

On our way down we passed near a small village or hamlet of miners working in the slate quarries. They live in very good and well-built cottages, with a small garden in front, and seem to be very happy, well-contented people. We were greatly struck with the neat, comfortable appearance of their homes, which are furnished in a substantial fashion. The rooms are well papered and carpeted, the furniture is of a very fair description, strong and good, and everything inside is as tidy, polished, and clean as the deck of a man-o'-war. The stairs leading to the only story above the ground floor are covered with a carpet protected by strips of holland or oil-cloth and secured by brass rods as bright as gold.

The men, their wives, and children look exceedingly healthy, and wear very good clothes; they appear to us a very superior lot of people to the agricultural labourers we had met in this region. We were told that the wages of the miners range between £5 10s. and £6 10s. a month, and the rent they pay for the cottages is on an average £7 10s. a year. The slate quarries are on the other or north-east side of the lakes, and are a source of prosperity to the neighbourhood, as they give employment to some three thousand men, and are considered the largest in Wales with the exception of the Penrhyn quarries. The latter are part of the same mountain and are situated at the opposite end; the result will be that some day the whole hill will have been retailed in roofs, billiard tables, door plates, and slabs, and that the miners will find their occupation gone, whilst the Pennant and the Smith families will be left to mourn the disappearance of this wealth-producing hill. This is a remote contingency, no doubt, and *we* at all events will not see it; but it is none the less certain.

The slate quarries are worked in the following manner. The mountain is divided in ledges about fifteen feet high, having the appearance of steps, that is, of steps made for giants, and in them the men are busy with the pick, cutting and splitting the huge blocks detached from the solid rock.



The Green Pool, Snowdon.

These are obtained by blasting, which goes on every hour from morning till night. Before the blasts a horn is sounded to give warning to the workmen, who take shelter in holes made for the purpose in the rock. The explosions soon follow after the sounding of the horn, and huge masses of rocks weighing as much as fifty tons, or even one hundred tons, roll down the sides of the hill, whilst the loud report of the explosion is echoed and re-echoed through the valley in thunder-like rumblings.

We had heard a great deal of the Pass of Llanberis, we had read all that has been written about it, and the praises lavished upon it by enthusiastic writers had almost prejudiced us against it. Such at least is the inevitable effect produced upon us nine times out of ten by the lyrical effusions and fits of hysterical ecstasy into which local historians and descriptive writers occasionally indulge. The result is generally that, if one has taken them at their word, bitter disappointment as a rule follows. Well, we most emphatically agree with everything that has been said, written, or sung in praise of the Pass of Llanberis, for it is fully deserved.

P. VILLARS.

(To be continued.)

THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN AND ALBERT DÜRER.

ANECDOTES of the honour paid to genius and of the rebukes administered to pride of birth are essentially German. To none but German ears do they bear a very profound significance. But in Germany—the homely nation which takes rank seriously—there is evidently a real importance in the round sentences in which an Emperor is recorded to have expressed after his own manner the burden of Burns's song. The German is very deliberately and very solemnly convinced that a man's a man for a' that, and moreover that the rank is but the guinea stamp. He will put the platitude into accurate form, and illustrate it with quite a wealth of anecdote. Equally simple is the popular German respect for genius, as manifested in the arts. The Teuton is fully convinced that an Emperor who can confer nobility, cannot endow his subjects with artistic power. One of the passages of anecdotal history by which these ethics are illustrated is the motive of the picture by Koller in the Schwabe collection at Hamburg. As any words of ours might seem to treat the incident with levity, we cannot do better than quote the account given by a writer of the life of Dürer, who appreciates the situation:—"The highest potentates," we read, "Frederick, King of Bohemia, and Maximilian, Emperor of Germany, took pleasure in conversing with him familiarly. The latter, having formed the highest opinion of his talents, retained him at his court, where he employed his graver and his brush alternately. It is related that one day, when engaged in painting some large object, his ladder proving too short, Maximilian requested one of the nobles who surrounded him to hold the ladder, that the artist might mount with safety to the top. But the noble lord considered it beneath his dignity, and refused to obey. 'You are noble by birth,' exclaimed the irritated Emperor, 'my painter is ennobled by genius,' and to show how much easier it was to make a noble than a great painter, Maximilian forthwith commanded that a patent of nobility should be made out for Dürer." And Albert himself describes other honours with an equal candour when he writes of a supper given at Antwerp on his visit to the Netherlands:—"No expense was spared: the banquet was served on silver, and all the painters with their wives were present. When I entered with mine, they separated on either side, as if I had been one of the nobles of the land. There were present many persons of high station, who greeted me respectfully, manifesting every desire to be agreeable and obliging in all things." But from other incidents in the artist's career, we might draw a moral as convincing as that pointed by Maximilian *à propos* of the ladder, and no more recondite—the moral which declares the instability of the favour of the great. For Margaret of Austria, Regent of the Netherlands, though she once despatched an officer of the court to assure Dürer of her favour, withdrew and veiled her countenance from him in a short time, looked so disdainfully at his portrait of the Emperor that he was compelled to remove the picture in silence, and transferred her protection to Bernard van Orley; all this, too, although Dürer had done her homage with impressions of his finest plates.

THE LAST DAYS OF EDWARD VI.

IF princes are indulged in their lifetime, their hour of death has often been cruel. The event that brings compassion to the least tenderly cared for, has come to kings with the complications of politics, with calculations and hardness, and anything rather than humanity. Royal death has been lied about and betted upon as a part of the "situation" rather than the ending of a life. The angel has been smuggled in by the back way and hidden behind the arras, and bustled away again in disguise when he is sent to summon a king's soul. And no death has been more solitary and more pathetic, because of its importance, than the passing away of King Henry VIII.'s consumptive little son. The ambassador, as quoted by Mr. Froude, writes to Charles V. on the 4th of July, 1553:—"As to the King's health, Sire, it is still the same as I wrote to you on the 27th ult. Since then he has been shown at a window in Greenwich, where many saw him, but in such a plight, so weak and wasted, that the people said it was death. This was done because the commons began to murmur, and to say that he was dead." The dynastic customs of the older world, so fruitful of wars, have among their incidental cruelties few more poignant than this, so coldly, albeit so gently inflicted, upon a boy whose bed would have been inviolate had he been a poor man's dying son. The situation is a satire upon the novel Tudor idea—the idea of the new monarchy, as Mr. Green has it—which involved a divinity in kingship undreamed of in the days when the old English monarchs were acclaimed by the voice of the powerful people; or later, when the elective king, Henry IV., rode to Westminster to accept the crown to which he had been preferred by a parliament. The divine right, in a sense before unknown, was the idol of the Tudors, and the royal life and death had become so important that here was their motherless son, surrounded by his court, but in an isolation indescribable, disturbed from his last earthly repose to be shown to the people in proof that there was still breath in the wasted body, and that the watchful partisans of the heiresses must hold their hands awhile.

Mr. Gow has in this incident a subject well suited to his power. To the merits of an excellently composed group he adds those of dignity in all the figures, of singular beauty in the young face of the King, and of moderation in the presentment of a pathetic moment. That moderation is one of the rarest of qualities in English work, where the painter generally holds that the more insistently he can put dots upon

his *r*'s (as the French say), and accents everywhere, the more expressive he makes his utterance. Mr. Gow has

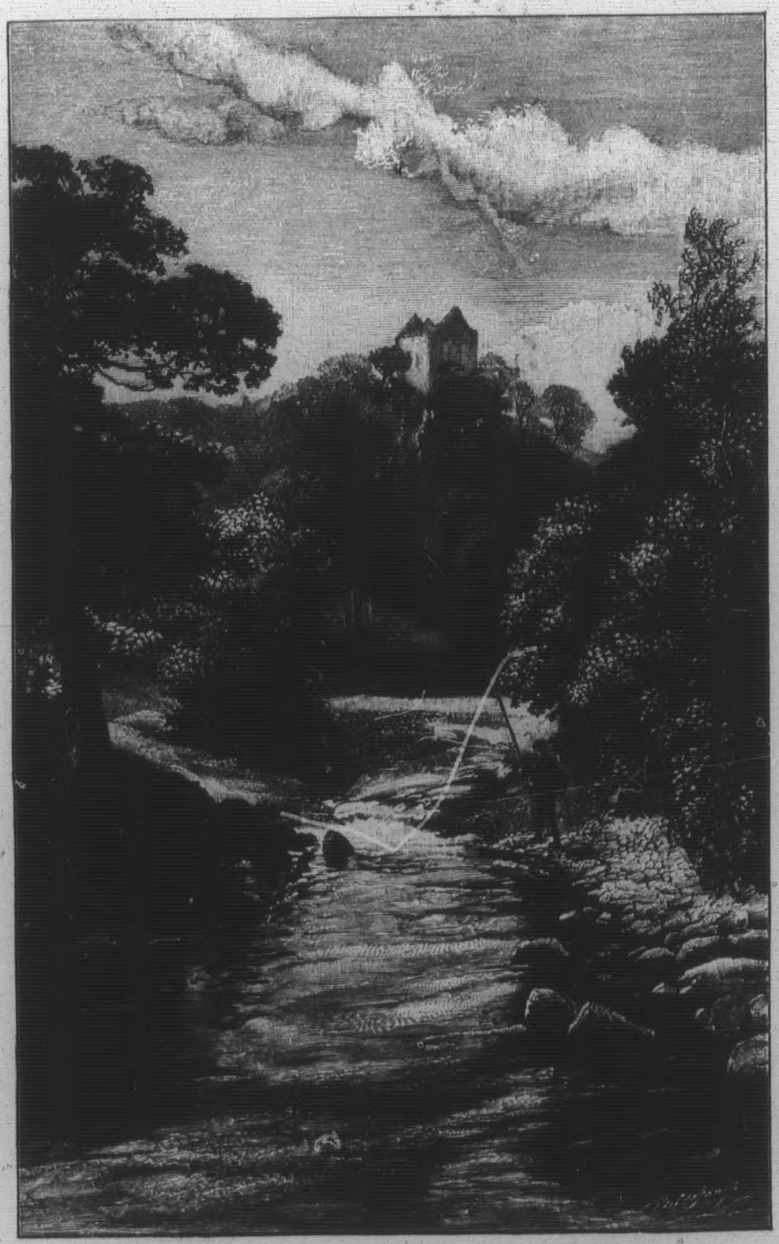


The Last Days of Edward VI. From the picture by Andrew Gow, A.R.A.

avoided every semblance of effort or grimace, by which he gains everything as regards meaning. Among the more technical qualities of his picture is a security and thoroughness of draughtsmanship by no means common.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S COUNTRY.*

THE Borderland proper is much crossed and little visited. Tourists go across it from south to north, and from north to south, but very few stop on it. By the Borderland is meant the belt of country lying immediately below the Tweed, which includes the Yarrow and Ettrick rivers, with the forest land, the Cheviots, Liddesdale, and the mouth of the Solway. One or two points on the Tweed itself, Abbotsford, for instance, and Melrose, are of course much haunted by visitors, but, with these exceptions, the hills, dales, rivers, and lakes of the Border are seen only by the fisherman or the shooting man. There is one easy way of testing the comparative popularity of any given place, and it is the visitors' book. Everybody does not put his name in one of these volumes, but by far the greater part of the inns' customers do, and not the least sure to do it are those who speak disrespectfully of it. Now on the pages of the visitors' book at Melrose are to be found the names of tourists from all parts of the world, and particularly from America. The foreign (including under foreign, and for the purposes of this description, the English) names greatly outnumber the Scotch. Not so at Tibbie Shiels. Tibbie Shiels, it may not be superfluous to inform most readers, is a small cottage inn on the neck of land between St. Mary's Loch and the Loch of the Lowes. In its way it is a famous place. It lies between two lochs, is much frequented by fishermen, and has a history of its own. Christopher North and the Ettrick Shepherd haunted it much. One at least of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ" was written there, and Tibbie's own family are very proud of this event. Tibbie Shiels, it is, or may be, unnecessary to state, was the excellent landlady of this diminutive inn — a mere whitewashed cottage, with a room or two on either side of the door. According to the Border custom, she kept her maiden name, and was Tibbie Shiels to the end of a life prolonged to over eighty years, and two generations of time after she was a lawful wife. Within a stone's throw of the inn is the statue of Hogg. Whether in beauty, or historical or literary interest, the spot and the country for miles round, towards Moffat or Innerleithen, or the head of the Ettrick or Selkirk down the valley of the Yarrow, is one of the best worth visiting in Scotland. Well remembering this, open the visitors' book at Tibbie Shiels, and you will hardly meet a name and address which is not both Scotch and local twice in three pages. Now and then some Edinburgh man or English university man has put his name down, but the great majority of visitors have come from Selkirk, from Peebles, from Moffat, or one of the other Border country towns.



Newark Castle. From a picture by J. MacWhirter, A.R.A.

* Concluded from page 112.

And yet St. Mary's Loch is probably the best known spot of the whole.

The Border is, in truth, not very easy to visit. Railway lines cross it, but do not run along it. Then, too, there is a doubt about inns—doubts as to whether there are any, and then as to whether they are habitable. If you do not want a big hotel, and are content with plain food and good whiskey, you may dismiss these fears. "There is aye a public at Riecarton," said Dandie Dinmont to young Vanbeest Brown, and his assurance holds good for most of the Border towns. Now and then in such an out-of-the-way little place as Hounam, for instance, you may excite the derision of a landlady by asking for chops—things which she never sees unless they are specially ordered from a neighbouring place provided with a "flesher," which is, being interpreted, a butcher. But that is the exception. A man must be hard to please if he is not content with the Collingwood Arms at Cornhill, and much more finicking than he ought to be at the end of a good day's walk if he cannot put up with his accommodation at Yetholm, or Morebattle or Rodono. Still, when the question of one night's lodging is settled, there is the further question how to lay out one's tour. With the knapsack it is comparatively simple, but it is not everybody who takes kindly to that delightfully independent form of travel. Those who do not are at a disadvantage on the Border. They have to be continually harking back to the Tweed valley and travelling down branch lines, which is an irritating way of seeing a country. A good cut across can be got from Selkirk by taking coach up the Yarrow to St. Mary's Loch and so on to Moffat. It has the peculiar advantage that it invites to a forty-eight hours' stop in comfortable quarters (and that is not to be despised) at Rodono, with St. Mary's Loch in front of you, but it is only a cut across part after all. Perhaps the best way of all is to take a succession of centres and work round them. By judiciously arranged walks round Yetholm, Jedburgh (*from* Yetholm to Jedburgh over the top of Cheviot is a stretch to be recommended), Selkirk, Rodono, Moffat, and Hawick, a man may get to know his Border fairly well.



St. Mary's Loch. From a drawing by J. W. MacWhirter, A.R.A.

Yetholm is a better known place than the southern reader may think. It is an old gipsy capital to begin with, and only lost its last queen (Hester Blythe) a few years ago. Her majesty's palace is still to be seen, but her people are a scattered remnant. A manifest gipsy face is to be caught sight of in the bare stony streets of old Yetholm still, and traces of the blood are visible enough among the shepherds, but the hostility of the farmers and the law which stopped the pasturing of cattle on the roadside have broken up the clan. A Spanish gipsy would be painfully impressed by Yetholm. He is accustomed to wander in an arid and dreary country enough, but at least he has a penetrating sun to console him. Under Cheviot he would find a wind-swept stone village, with a coal-black church as hard and as grim as the most forbidding of Castilian *pueblos*, and a pall of grey cloud over it of the most damping kind. This barren and forbidding look is proper to all small Scotch towns, and is apparently quite independent of the character of the country. Round Yetholm the land is rich, covered with fine grass and large trees. The pretty little mere is as nice a copy of a lake as a man could wish. The sides of Yetholm Law and of the other hills around are covered with grass and heather, and yet Yetholm looks as poor and as stony as if it had the Guadarrama on one side, and the endless brown plain of Castile on the other. In spite of this it is becoming quite a "fashionable summer resort" for the best society as far as Wooler on one side and Selkirk on the other. As a starting-point for a visit to the Cheviot Hills it has merits all its own. They can be seen from Jedburgh, but not easily reached. Morebattle or Carter again are not so easily come at. "Cheviot's mountain lone," with its flat head of black peat, large enough to hold a racecourse, as Defoe described it, is within an easy walk of Yetholm over the shoulder of other hills and through the dry stone dyke which marks the Border line. The Cheviot, the chief of all the range, is the model of the other hills. They are not precipitous or satisfying to such as must have towering crags to admire, but they have a kind of grandeur when the clouds are flying over them and the mist clings to their side. Besides, one could even break one's neck in the Hen's-hole on Cheviot without much trying This great rift with its stream and waterfall has a decided wild beauty.

The northern slope of the Cheviots was a very fit home for its old inhabitants, "the savage and licentious tribe of Ruther-

ford," the Turnbulls, Armstrongs, Scotts, and Johnstons. Why Sir Walter should have selected these two adjectives to adorn the name of his mother's kindred is a nice question for the biographer. Assuredly the Rutherfords were not a whit more savage and licentious than their neighbours, and at the bottom of his heart the author of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" was tolerant enough of their sins. Indeed, it must have required more than could be expected of human virtue to keep the inhabitants of this country honest in days when "the patent drop had not yet been invented." One of the old Scots kings, James V. I think, declared that the man who built some Border tower, Tushielaws or another, must have been a thief in his heart, the place was so admirably fitted for a riever's stronghold, and so palpably unfit for any other purpose.

In the days when England and Scotland were separate and hostile states, the whole Border was as significant of the character of its inhabitants as the Tower of Tushielaws. It was poor, and yet within striking distance of good plunder. It is everywhere passable by mounted men who knew the paths, and yet full of hiding places for booty and cattle. Even now it has a dreary, and rather brigand-like look. The very cattle look as if they had been or might be "lifted" by an enterprising man. Then, too, nature had provided this rievers' haunt with an excellent sally-port in Liddesdale. A party of raiders could always break into England though the fords on the Liddel were ever so closely watched by any captain of Bewcastle, or "five hundred Fenwicks in a flock." Neither again could the King of Scots' warden keep such good watch from his castle of the Hermitage that the English could not repay



Dryburgh. From a painting by J. W. MacWhirter, A.R.A.

these visits, and with interest too at times. This road was so manifestly convenient to an invader of England, that the last who ever led an army on to her soil—or ever shall lead one, if England to herself do stand but true—chose it. The Young Pretender crossed the Border near Castletown, after marching along the foot of the Cheviots from Kelso.

The Hermitage itself is the finest Scotch specimen of the Border fortress, and its name is great in Border legend. Every guide book names Lord Soulis, and sends you to the Nine Stane Rig, where the wicked baron met his well-merited death. The tale need therefore hardly be repeated. With Leyden's verse it is otherwise. They cannot be repeated too often.

"On a circle of stones they placed the pot,
On a circle of stones but barely nine,
They heated it red and fiery hot
Till the burnished brass did glimmer and shine.

"They rolled him up in a sheet of lead,
A sheet of lead for a funeral pall,
They plunged him in the cauldron red
And melted him lead and bones and all.

"At the Skelf-hill, the cauldron still
The men of Liddesdale can show,
And on the spot where they boil'd the pot
The spreat and the deer hair ne'er shall grow."

There are pleasanter memories about the Hermitage than those of the "wizard accurst." Queen Mary, on one famous occasion, rode over from Jedburgh itself to visit her warden, Bothwell, who was lying ill of a wound given him by a moss-trooper—and then went back. It would be a good day's riding now for a well-girt horseman, and then it was a very considerable feat indeed. To be sure it cost Queen Mary a fever, and might have cost her her life.

Round Jedburgh itself there is little enough of the wild Border look. Where the country slopes down to the Jed water the soil is rich, well wooded, highly cultivated. The town itself is, considering the general grimness of its fellow towns, genial and smiling. Its noble old Norman abbey is a thing worth going all the way to Roxburgh for. If I may be permitted to express a personal opinion on the subject, which is out of my competence, I should without hesitation state my preference for Jedburgh Abbey among all the buildings in the south of Scotland. It is completer than Kelso and Dryburgh. It is simpler and more harmonious than Melrose. No other building in the country has quite the same quiet and lofty air of dignity, and it stands on a high bank with the bubbling Jed water at the foot, just in the right place. As in the Lothians, so in Roxburghshire the tenderest and most beautiful bits of landscape are to be found where the rivers have eaten well down into the soil. After the bleak high moorlands such a strip of rich river scenery as the Sunny Brae Scaur on the Jed has all the charm of contrast. The warm red stone of this gigantic scaur, well relieved by the green of the trees, is right pleasant to look upon as a change from the dun and wind-swept moor.

The contrast of river bank, hill, and moorland, is to be found in perfection in the valley of the Yarrow. In the eighteen miles which lie between Selkirk and St. Mary's Loch, there are changes as complete as any between one country and another. At the juncture of the Yarrow and the Ettrick itself, the work of planting has been carried on zealously. The very battle-field of Philiphaugh, a bare moor when David Leslie surprised and routed Montrose there in 1645, is now grassy and well wooded park land. Ivy grows thick over the cairn which marks the spot. The park of Bowhill stretches from Yarrow to Ettrick, between Broadmeadows and Newark the Yarrow runs noisily over its rocky bed, or lies in deep pools between almost precipitous banks. Both places are intimately associated with the name of Scott. At one time he was on the verge of buying Broadmeadows, and if accident had not prevented the bargain, Abbotsford would never have been. Sir Walter's big house—for somewhere or other he would assuredly have built a big house—would have stood on the high bank of the Yarrow, not far from the house at Foulshiels, where his friends, Mungo Park, the traveller, and Archibald Park, who once helped Sir Walter to seize a notorious gipsy criminal who was unlucky enough to come in their way, were born. He would have had the square keep of Newark right opposite him, and at a short walk behind it the great house of the Buccleuchs.



Abbotsford. From a drawing by J. W. MacWhirter, A.R.A.

The cover, the wood, and the warmth of this part of the Yarrow valley are soon left behind, and the fine level road which runs by St. Mary's Loch to Moffat slopes into an open country of pasture land. The loch itself, with its sister, the Loch o' the Lowes, is the centre of the saddest part of all the Border scenery. A range of steep-sided, flat-headed hills, interlapping and folding one behind the other, divided by deep narrow valleys, and covered at the top with peat bog, stretches for miles. A few wide valleys run up into it here and there. The course of the Yarrow is open, and allows the hills round the loch to be seen for miles. The Douglas Burn comes down a black-looking dale which seems to reach far back to hills of towering appearance, though as a matter of measurement they are none of them more than two thousand feet high. Still, as a rule, it is a jumble of hills shutting in the view everywhere. From time immemorial this country has been the refuge of such as had to take to hiding and to stand at bay. William Wallace had his head-quarters there, and was raised on the shield by his merry men all within sight of St. Mary's Loch. You must not say so in Scotland, but Sir William came from a most suspicious neighbourhood. He is a little open to the charge brought by King James against the founder of Tushielaws. To be sure, there were other gentlemen living by the saddle in Scotland as well as Wallace of Ellerslie, but none of them won the battle of Stirling. For the rest, those who lived by the saddle swarmed much in this country, and many a head of cattle lifted with great impartiality from north and south has been driven into these narrow valleys. Then came King James V. and swooped down on them, and strung up Piers Cockburn in Douglasdale, and dashed over the high hills in the night to the head of Ettrick, and swung the Laird of Tushielaws from his own justice-tree. In due course came the Covenanters, who hid in the bogs, reading their Bibles, praying wildly, starving much, and hearing the voice of the devil tempting them in every wind. If those men had but found such a chief as any of the leaders of the Camisards, they would have given the Council at Edinburgh a bad coil to untwist. The country is full of the memory of "old unhappy far-off things and battles long ago." Now fortunately you can look down from good quarters in an inn on the cool sheet of the lake, and think of the Border rievers with the pleasing security that there is not a man of them nearer than the sixteenth century. St. Mary's Loch is an appropriate enough place to end a visit to Scott's country, for it is nearly the last place he visited before he left for Italy. He came here with Wordsworth,

and looked over the loch from St. Mary's Chapel, never to see it again.

Sir Walter has himself described this heart of the Border country in one happy phrase of his diary. In 1826 he made an excursion through it to Drumlanrig, and briefly notes how he and his party "climbed the Yarrow and skirted St. Mary's Loch, and ascended the Brilshill path under the moist and misty influence of the *genius loci*." The Yarrow is a climb, though not a steep one, from Selkirk to the lochs; and beyond, when it has become the Little Yarrow, a mere mountain stream, it is a climb without qualification. St. Mary's lies high, some nine hundred feet above the sea-level, and the hills around look, as one approaches them along the river, like a vast natural cup holding the lake high in the air. Moist and misty are adjectives applicable to the climate of many parts of Scotland, as most men know, but to none can they be more truthfully applied than to this region. It is hard to think of it as looking dry or burnt up. Now, though mist and moisture have a real beauty of their own, they do not make a country look cheerful, and St. Mary's, even with a clear sky, is sad enough. The sheet of water may be brilliant, but the setting of hills is gloomy. In reality they are kindly hills, and the worst that can well happen to the traveller, unless he be caught in a snow storm, is to walk up to the knees in a peat bog, which is an unpleasant, and withal dirty adventure, but not necessarily a fatal one. Yet harmless as they are, they look forbidding, and as they close round the head of the Loch of the Lowes they seem to bar the passage. Loch Skene, which lies higher than either St. Mary's or the Lowes, and is the head of the Annan, is a mere sheet of dark water in a setting of black peat, the proper haunt of Covenanters, fishermen, moss-troopers, and other persons who love solitary places.



Wolf's Crag. From a picture by J. W. MacWhirter, A.R.A.

The few ruins of the hard-fighting Border times which are to be found in the country are curious, but not beautiful. St. Mary's Chapel has long ago disappeared, and nothing remains to show where it stood but the now disused churchyard. As a matter of literary property this spot belongs less to Sir Walter than to Hogg, who is by far the most famous name there now. His works, or some memento of him, are to be found in every other house in Yarrow and Ettrick. Dryhope, and what little survives of the Douglas Tower, are exceedingly well in keeping with the black country side. The first of these is one of the most complete specimens of the Border peels still in existence, and to look at it is to be converted to the opinion that these places were never meant to live in. It is a stone block some twenty-five feet long by twenty broad, and may have been thirty feet high or so when the outer roof was on. It contained one cell on the ground destitute of windows, and above that a hall with an arched stone roof, which is still standing. A trap-door in a corner leads to the battlement, and probably there was a roof above with a store-room under it. The walls are a good four feet thick. When their thickness is deducted from the length and breadth, about seventeen feet by twelve is left for the size of the rooms. It is incredible that human beings who could find materials to build a log hut should have used such a building as this except as a store-house and place of refuge when their enemies were raiding on their land. The Douglas Tower was much the same sort of thing, but there are only the outlines of it left now. Such were the castles of the barons and knights who figure in the Border ballads and Sir Walter's verse and tales. Even Newark itself, a royal keep, and the headquarters of the chief of the powerful house of Scott, is barely twice the size of Dryhope. But if their holds were little, their hearts were great, and they have found a great writer to make them immortal. This is always the end of one's thoughts about Sir Walter Scott's country and people. Whatever the land has of its own in beauty, or whatever the people have done that was brilliant, it is a large part of their merit that they were Sir Walter's.

DAVID HANNAY.

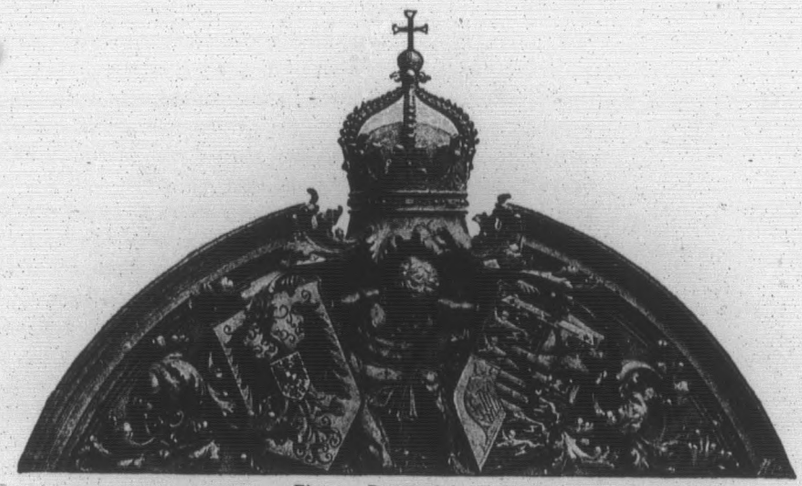


Fig. 1.—Detail of the Casket.

MEANING IN ORNAMENT.

THE prosaic character of modern ornament is not, of course, to be attributed wholly to the conditions of manufacture. There is not only a demand of a prosaic public but an equally prosaic class of craftsmen, only too eager to supply what is demanded. Art itself is a profession into which men enter with no vocation, and no ambition beyond commercial success. Nevertheless, that wholesale production which is now the one condition of successful manufacture, is of itself enough to preclude any marked element of meaning in Applied Design. The application of a production must be so general that any special meaning or appropriateness would be so much on the contra side of the manufacturer's account.



Fig. 2.—Card-press.

Ornament has primarily nothing to do with thought, poetry, or other purpose than that which it sets itself —the purpose, that is to say, of ornamenting some given space or thing. And yet ornament which does no more than this deserves no very high place in our esteem. Art, as art, is magnified mainly by the artist; to the craftsman only is craftsmanship of all importance. To the world in general it is the man behind the art that is most interesting; and the Philistine is not such a fool, after all, in insisting that the artist who claims his attention shall have something to say for himself. There is a vast deal of very skilful art in which the artist has nothing more to say (if one may parody a classic) than, "See what an artist am I." But he is in no wise content, Jack Horner-like, to "sit in the corner."

It is natural and pardonable enough that the artist should attribute to the fact of his being an artist, a quite disproportionate significance; but it is at least equally natural that others should find in his reiterated statement of that fact a monotony of brag which ceases after a time to amuse, and perhaps ends in irritating them. The craftsman insists very rightly upon adequate craftsmanship: the rest of the world finds craftsmanship, and asks for something more. And the rest of the world is not so far wrong. The artist is not of much account unless he is something more than an artist. From the artistic point of view expression is everything, but the most exquisite expression begins to be wearisome so soon

as we find that it conveys really nothing to us. It is only for the moment that one is satisfied with effects purely artistic. Even in nature we find a meaning of our own in all that is beautiful to us. It is the typical idiot to whom "the primrose by the river's brim" is only a yellow primrose.



Fig. 3.—Candlestick.

It may be partly because of the meaninglessness of modern ornament that men care for it so little. Anything so absolutely uninspired as nineteenth-century manufacture can scarcely be expected to inspire one with very enthusiastic admiration. In Mediæval and Renaissance Art there was always a likelihood of our finding some hint of the thought of the artist underlying it. He was quite free to express himself if he had anything to say; and he had not yet, by dint of suppressing his ideas, lost the habit of individual expression. We find accordingly in his work an element of symbolism now scarcely possible in the Art of commerce. Furthermore, the emperor, the prelate, the merchant prince, was a more enlightened and more liberal patron than is nowadays the "universal provider." They seemed to realise that by letting the artist have his head they would get his best work out of him; and when they wanted an idea of their own expressed, even though it might not be peculiarly worthy of artistic utterance, they had the wit to leave its expression to him, and so there was the best chance of his doing something with it.

The significance, for example, of arms and quarterings, which nowadays signify so little, was turned to such admirable artistic use that one is fain yet to retain such an element of ornament as heraldry affords—that is, as it afforded in the hands of men to whom heraldry was of some importance. What would not Henry VII.'s Chapel lose by the lopping off of the royal arms and their supporters—the crowns, the roses, the portcullises, which emphasise the *raison d'être* of the building! Fancy the châteaux of the Loire without the salamanders of Francis, and the crests and ciphers of the various kings and queens adorning them; or the lovely church of Brou without the mottoes and marguerites of its founders.

In Gothic church-work, as in all art ancillary to religion, symbolism is supreme. Christian symbolism speaks for itself. It adds to the interest of the greatest as of the least of our churches. And in times Mediæval there was life in symbolic design; the devices were not all stereotyped, because the symbol was alive, it was plastic in the hands of the artist. What with the symbols of Christian faith, of the church, of the particular saints to which the building and its chapels were dedicated; what with donors and their emblems, and the donor's patron-saints and theirs, there seems no end to the suggestiveness possible to, and indeed demanded of, the Mediæval church sculptor, decorator, or glass-painter.

The introduction of meaning into his work became, as I said, a habit with the artist, and a necessity to the more or less enlightened patron of art. Look at Jacques Cœur's house at Bourges, that ideal "house that Jack built," where every detail speaks of the man who, but for that monument of his life and doings, would be for most of us only one of the rich commoners whom a poor king condescended to plunder.

But symbolic art is not concerned only with important architectural works. To what purpose simple ciphers can be employed, is seen in such work as the bookbinding of the early sixteenth century. The interlacing H. and D., and the crescent of Diana of Poitiers, are quite a characteristic feature of the Henri II. style of ornament.

One cannot, naturally, build houses on speculation which shall have any special significance of detail, nor manufacture for the million things appropriate to the individual. The more of individual character there may be in any work, the less is it suited to multiplication for the many. And so surely is this the case that we have practically lost the art of thinking in design. Our flights in fanciful ornament are ludicrously lame. The horsey man affects a horseshoe pin, the cricketer a belt with bat and wickets for its clasp, the rowing man an anchor on his cap, and so on. When once in a while there happens to be occasion for something in the nature of appropriateness, we no longer know how to take advantage of it. Witness our attempts to commemorate in manufacture this year of Jubilee. Think what Hans Burgkmair would have done with such an occasion, and then look round on our achievements. Compare the "Triumph of Maximilian" with the commemoration of the Victorian triumph.



Fig. 4.—Card-press.

Teutonic art, which is invariably more thoughtful than ours,

fails, even to-day, somewhat less conspicuously on an occasion of this kind. It occurred to an association of artists and manufacturers of Berlin to celebrate the silver wedding of the Crown Prince of Germany, by the presentation of a casket (*spiel-schrein*), to contain all manner of paraphernalia in connection with games—playing-cards, card-presses, candlesticks, and so on—the idea being that casket and its contents alike should be the best that Berlin could produce. That was a good notion, and it was carried out very thoroughly, and in a way which shows the German artificer at his best, so much so that it has been thought worth while to illustrate in *The Art Journal* some of the best examples of his art. Still even the thoughtful German shows himself lacking in thought applied. The casket itself is surmounted (Figs. 1 and 9), by the imperial crown above the royal shields of Prussia and England, upborne by a kneeling figure, who may represent one of the wild men of the woods who are the supporters of the Prussian arms, or the typical German artificer. Statuettes of "Thought" and "Luck," and vases of myrtle-bloom, figure in the design of the elevation of the cabinet. In the design of the objects enclosed in it are sundry little boys holding cards in their hands (Fig. 2), sphinx (Fig. 3), and grotesques (Fig. 4), which may, but probably do not, stand for the demons of play. In one case of a comic card-game, the artist has had a game himself with the design, in which a monkey is figured in everything in connection with it; but the joke is not very obvious to the insular intelligence.

In another case a king and queen of the pack form the *motif* of the candlesticks (Fig. 6); but in as far as the symbolism does not here lend itself to beauty of design, it is not admirable. It must be confessed that the candlestick in which a little Cupid knight figures without any very clear meaning (Fig. 8), is infinitely more acceptable as art. The horn of plenty in the next example (Fig. 7), may bear some reference to Fortune; and the idea of a soap-bubble, (in opal glass) on which the figure rests, is pretty; but the introduction of the pips of the cards is rather a cheap form of symbolism. Spades, hearts, diamonds, and clubs, might so easily have been used in shape of draperies, and in scroll form. The obviousness of the aces adorning the card-press shown on page 237 (Fig. 2) is objectionable again. There is thought, however, displayed in the little incident of the demi-figures pulling tight the screw. In the group of playing-cards given below (Fig. 5), the court cards are better drawn than they would have been with us; and the ace of hearts (though it might not be altogether acceptable to card-players) is very charmingly conceived. So too the back of the pack, with its shields, is excellent. But then the arms lend themselves to design, and the Germans have not lost, as we have, all tradition of heraldic treatment.

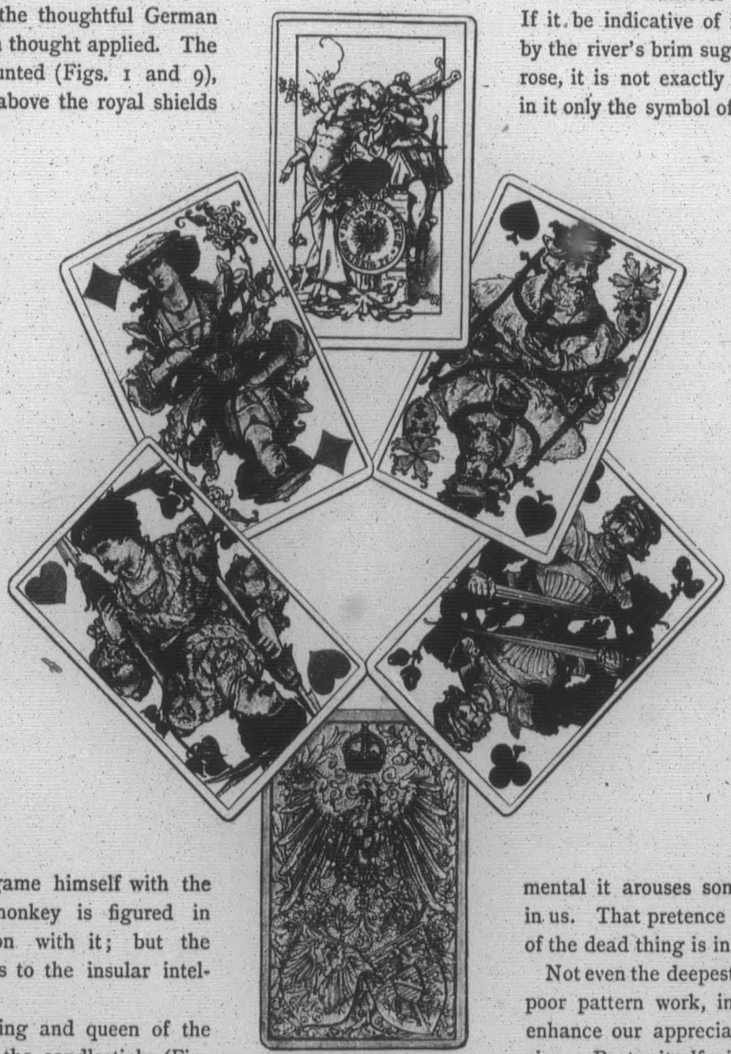


Fig. 5.—Playing Cards.

Apropos of the pips of the cards as symbols, let me say that the casual introduction of some accepted sign or figure is a very poor attempt in the direction of symbolism. There is no charm whatever in the signs so affixed. If it be indicative of idiocy that the primrose by the river's brim suggest nothing but a primrose, it is not exactly typical of genius to see in it only the symbol of a political party. The cut-and-dried symbolism that would associate each particular object in nature with some particular meaning, is not stimulative of invention. As well adopt at once the "language of flowers," which the Titanias of the schoolroom take for poetry.

Modern ecclesiastical art is not peculiarly suggestive. The poetry that was in the accepted symbols is apt to have dried out of them in the course of ages and left them hard and dry. Even when the familiar device is beautiful it ceases seriously to interest us. When it is otherwise than ornamental it arouses something like resentment in us. That pretence of life in the stony eyes of the dead thing is intolerable.

Not even the deepest significance will justify poor pattern work, immeasurably as it must enhance our appreciation of ornamental design. Poetry itself will not make amends for bad ornament.

For all that, men naturally ask, as I began by saying, for something more than ornament. There should be something more than Art in what a man does, as the man himself should be something over and above the artist. Admitting that even to mechanical art there go all manner and faculties, some of them of a very high order, art is only expression, and who takes up his parable should have something to say. Some ask him for poetry, and many more ask for fact; and in either case it must be, for the most part, something very *obvious*.

Artists are given to protest that they did this or that trivial thing in obedience to hard necessity, implying that if they had only been free to follow the bent of their own genius they

would have done some much worthier thing. One may admit the necessity, and draw a different inference, namely, that the artist had little aptitude for a higher kind of work than what he did. If there is little demand for poetry, it is equally certain that there are few poets. It is safe to say that the men who have poetry in their souls, or who have so much as poetic instincts, try for poetry, poorly as it may pay in pounds, shillings, and pence. Genius does follow its bent.



Figs. 6, 7, 8.—*Candlesticks.*

There is no use in urging artists to do other than they are drawn to do. All we have any right to urge is that they should be as free as possible to follow their fancy. The quality of poetry is irrepressible; and to pump at a dry source is futile. Happily for the prosaic, there is a world of prosaic people about them who will never miss in their work what they cannot give.

LEWIS F. DAY.



Fig. 9.—*Detail of the Casket.*



Panel from the Crown Prince of Germany's Casket (see page 239).

THE QUEEN'S DOGS.

"Lead on, we will follow thee
To the last gasp with love and loyalty."
SHAKESPEARE.

DOGS so much partake of the spirit of the people with whom they live, that when they appear in pictures of bygone times, the species portrayed gives us an inkling of the manners and customs of the period. The dogs of yore, when the centuries were barely in their teens, were stalwart hounds, ever ready, like their masters, for the fight or the chase, and lithe enough to follow the deer in William's New Forest, or hold their own against a British wolf. This sturdy, rugged dog had no rival as long as rushes strewed the banquet-hall, and armour or leather jerkin was the dress of the day; but, when silk and velvet found their way into the wardrobes of the castle, he resigned in favour of the gentler spaniel.

Delaroche, in his picture of 'The Princes in the Tower,' introduces the dog which succeeded the hound as the canine royal favourite. Like the luckless Princes whom it attends, it has a fragile, thoroughbred look, and shares with them in their air of pathetic helplessness. Mary de Médicis had a spaniel of this breed, and it was very likely a dog of this sort which bore Mary Queen of Scots company at Fotheringay—

"The last of all the crowd
That sunned itself beneath her smiles,
And round her footsteps bowed."

No wonder Sir Spaniel wiled himself into palaces and castles, for he is a well-bred, fascinating gentleman, full of grace and courtly flattery. Although he was in attendance on his mistress when she received the fatal news from Naseby, he only comes well to the fore at the Restoration. He is unmistakably a leal Cavalier. He has so much the very manner and appearance of one, with his reckless arrogance, his ringletted love-locks fringing his disdainful face, that it is no marvel that he becomes his king's prime favourite.

This dog of the Stuart dynasty vacated the throne along with his royal sponsor. With hoops and periwigs the pug, with portly presence and an air of perfect complaisance, took the place of the silken-coated Cavalier.

To come to the court dogs of the Victorian Jubilee year. Future generations will be able to learn from them a little of the history of our time and the tastes of their royal owner. Ladies no longer, as in Vandyck's or Reynolds's day, walk about in white silk with bare arms. The dogs of to-day have to suit the clothes of to-day, and the latter are made to suit the amusements in vogue. So in these days of manly hats, ulsters, and tailor-made dresses, fox terriers are brought from the kennels to canter behind the natty dogcarts their mistresses drive, or to accompany them in their walks, regardless of the surliest weather. As King Charles would find his silken coat could hardly stand the wear and tear required in this nineteenth century tweed-clothes age, in his place "Spot," "Wattie," and "Flo," with short hair, legs long enough to keep them out of the mud, and constitutions sturdy enough to stand the daily tubbing which a house-dog who joins his mistress in her out-door exercises must undergo, are the court dogs of to-day. The collie is, however, the dog which the Queen has raised into the most popular favourite. His presence at court is a token of her Majesty's love for what she calls the "dear, dear Highlands." As a dog of the dark and true and tender north, the Queen has not adopted the limber deerhound who figures on canvas alongside his Highland chief, but in her unostentatious visits among her humbler subjects, she was struck no doubt by the faithful cleverness of the four-footed shepherds who welcomed her to



"*Flo.*"

the cottage hearth with the same "simplicity, breeding, and intelligence" which struck her so much in their owners. "Sharp," "Nellie," "Bess," "Sailor," and good-looking "Fern," have been royal collie favourites before the "Nobles," whose portraits alone are here.

"Noble," senior, came to her Majesty some sixteen years ago from the Duke of Roxburgh. In this picture he is in the heyday of his strength, ready to let off his superfluous energy in lengthy scampers whenever it pleases his mistress to walk with him. He has an honest, shrewd face, with a benign expression and kindly eyes. Alas! his tan muzzle is now white with years, the strength has gone from his fleet limbs, the light has faded from those once keen eyes. He is led out for exercise by an attendant, because of his blindness: he can no longer be trusted to walk alone. An old dog, however decrepit he is, must have endeared himself to his owners. They only know how to appreciate him, and still love to have his welcoming greeting, feeble though it be, and to see his well-known form groping its way towards them. They know, blind and deaf though the old fellow is, what a world of affection is still stowed within his true heart for them. He sets them thinking, as they stroke his timeworn face, of many a pleasant, many a sad hour, he has passed with them and with those who have gone "to where beyond these voices there is peace."



"Rooney" and her puppies.

Her Majesty is evidently a dog-lover, for in her journal she often alludes to them in a way which proves she is truly fond of them. Noble gets many a good-conduct notice in the "Leaves," where he is called "good, dear Noble." He travels with the Queen when she visits Inverlochy in 1873, and is in attendance on his sovereign at meal-time, his duty being to lie quiet on a couch and not eat what was given him till commanded to do so. "He is the most biddable dog I ever saw," says his mistress of him, "so affectionate and kind; if he thinks you are not pleased with him he puts out his paws and begs in such an affectionate way."

His son "Sailor" was also a special favourite, and his portrait is hung alongside that of his father in the Queen's sitting-room. Despite his courtly upbringing, Sailor was true to his shepherd blood, and at Balmoral loved once more to be a working collie. Noble has in another son a namesake as well as a successor. Although lacking in the host of associations and the familiar friendship of years which make the very name of his father dear to the Queen, Sailor's brother, "Noble" junior, deserves nevertheless, if one may judge from his portrait, to be a royal favourite, for he has as wise and pleasing a collie countenance as can be imagined. He has a look of satisfied contentment, as if his eyes were resting on one on whom he loved to gaze with that dumb adoration which is so flattering to us bipeds. "Flo" has the same expression in her face. She is the kind of dog who would give all her allegiance to one. Noble and she each have a share of that anxiously wistful look which springs only from a dog's leal and true heart. Flo, with the tact of her sex, will



"Spot."

watch her mistress intently. Quick to divine when things go wrong, ready to sympathise, she will never err in being merry when she should be sad, sober when she should rejoice.

"Spot," a brown and white fox-terrier, is of sterner stuff, powerfully built, rather bluff-looking, but with an honest sporting air about him. "Wattie" and "Bosko" are evidently friendly, and own the Princess Beatrice as their mistress. "Wat" has a humorous twinkle about his eye. He doubtless likes to tease the pug, rolling it boisterously down the green slopes of Windsor, or upsetting its dignity in some rude manner. Wat's portrait, done by Gourlay Steel, was given to the Princess, at the time of her marriage, as a present from the Queen, so he is evidently in high favour. The pug is a revival of an old-fashioned pet. He is so eminently suited to be a boudoir dog, that ever since he came with her Majesty's ancestors from Holland he has never quite gone out of fashion. His element is the drawing-room. I will be bound to say he has always the softest seat of any of the four-footed courtiers of our day, for a pug assumes a right to the best of everything, and as his complaisance knows no bounds, it is impossible to snub him. He would take possession of the throne if he thought it looked comfortable, and be surprised if asked to move. Bosko is greedy for affection, no less than for luxury, and must lately have suffered much from jealousy of the young Prince of Battenberg, who put the pug's superciliously curled nose somewhat out of joint. However, the affable pug is fond of children, eager for any notice, so he will assuredly give allegiance to his young master. "Mistress Rooney" belongs to the little Princess Margaret of Connaught, who no doubt finds her triple-curled tail an amusing plaything, and loves to pull and crumple the soft pliable skin of the good-humoured pug. "Ayah" is well named, for the pup, like all its breed, has an almost human look about the eyes and forehead of its dark, pathetically ugly face. There is one yet unchristened in the basket to the right of Rooney, which also doubtless is a delightful toy for the Queen's grandchildren.



"Noble, Junior."

The court dogs of to-day lead a healthy, quietly happy life. The Queen's dogs, like the rest of her household, are well ruled and cared for. They are not over-pampered, but fed at night only, on a suitable diet, and they are groomed daily to fit them to attend her Majesty in the palace. They walk with the Queen in the grounds and a chosen few only accompany her beyond the gates. However, be it Osborne, Windsor, or even Buckingham Palace, the bustling terriers all vitality, the swift-footed Nobles, the forward pugs, have always ample scope for exercise within the grounds. They are the Queen's personal friends, admitted to her rooms and society, and to be with her they love is all the boon these winning courtiers



"Bosko" and "Wat."

crave. The daily walk which appears with monotonous regularity in the Court News is fraught with never-ending pleasure to the royal dogs. The terriers will hurry on in advance brisk and stirring. Bosko and Rooney, with tails so well curled as barely to allow their hind feet to touch the ground, will step saucily along as their ancestors did a century before in the stiff Dutch gardens. They may occasionally unbend for a romp with the active fox terriers, but if Spot and Wattie become too energetic or rough they will return with dignified hauteur to stroll behind their respective mistresses.

One on whose realm the sun never sets cannot fail at times to be oppressed by anxious thought, and Noble ofttimes when attending the Queen in her daily walk, with "her mind ta'en up wi' affairs o' the state," must have paced after her slowly and dejectedly, infected by her serious mood. A royal dog, especially if he has a quick understanding and sympathetic heart, such as I am sure Noble and Flo possess, has, you see, certain burdens of greatness to bear; and even the active terriers will stay their energy to ponder when their mistress ponders.



"Noble, Senior."

How the court dogs will rejoice when the royal standard is lowered from Windsor, and all the Queen's household set off to the North! Noble will instinctively guess whither they are speeding. He will put his pensive face up to the window, and sniff with that wise nose of his the northern air from afar. Like a homesick Scot I know (who is returning from residence in England), he will feel that he breathes freer when he wakes up in the morning and fills his lungs with the pure norland wind, fresh and salt from St. Abb's, which meets the train as it hurries over the glittering Tweed. They can endorse their mistress's sentiments in regard to Balmoral, for they too, as she says, "enjoy the quiet and retirement, and the liberty and the solitude, which has such a charm for us."

The rules are laxer in the Highlands, and the dogs get their fill of exercise, or maybe accompany the Queen when she visits in kindly simplicity her humble Deeside neighbours. The fox-terriers may then be too apt to test the mettle of these neighbours' cats; Bosko and Rooney will look more bored and grotesquely supercilious than usual. But the Nobles, with their true-hearted simplicity, will comport themselves with as much decorum during a visit to a cottage as if they were entertaining a kingly guest at the castle. They are too mannerly and well bred to indulge, like their big dog predecessor "Sharp," in that civil warfare called "collie shangies" to which the Queen alludes.

It must be gratifying for our sovereign, as it has been for royalty in many lands and in all ages, to have about her court those four-footed friends whom no bribe can buy, and who will lavish all that wonderful wealth of affection to be found even in the most diminutive canine heart, on her alone. For those who are honoured and obeyed because they hold an exalted position, it must be pleasant flattery to be idolized for their own sakes with that uncritical love which every dog bestows on its owner, be he emperor or tinker.

We trust these court dogs of the Jubilee year may be able to follow their Queen for many a day, as their predecessors have done, "All for love and nothing for reward."

EVE BLANTYRE SIMPSON.

NOTE.—*The engravings of the Queen's dogs are from photographs by Mr. G. P. Cartland, Windsor, which obtained the silver medal at the Exhibition of the Photographic Society*, 1886.



Panel from the Crown Prince of Germany's Casket.

OLD LONDON PICTURE EXHIBITIONS.*

IT has been stated that Hogarth, to whom the artistic world owes that independence which came to it with the public exhibition of works of Art, incurred, and partly on that account, the wrath of many of his profession. He fell under the ban of those brethren of his because he had resolutely, if not obstinately and somewhat roughly, set himself in opposition to "patronage" of all sorts, whether that blessing came from the King, or from the nobles, or from the Dilettanti Society. Hogarth sternly denied the right of amateurs and men of letters—such as he considered the society to be—to meddle in matters artistic. To him, and those who thought, or still think with him, this accomplished body was a congeries of persons, skilled, it may be, in Latin and Greek, who, while they adored antiquity, were so ignorant of painting that they could not, as he alleged, tell the difference between a Correggio and a Farini. With all his might Hogarth opposed, with regard to his profession, the bolstering system of days which were, even then, near their last: days when there being no public to buy pictures, the makers of those luxuries depended upon the moneyed class of cultured Englishmen—a class which was then almost exclusively aristocratic. Broadly speaking, the aristocracy of that period was the only educated and numerous part of the nation which concerned itself about Art—the sole class which, as such, was capable of rising much above the narrowness of the clerical order and the insularity of the mercantile body. According to its lights, the aristocracy of that day had, ere Hogarth's time, done nobly in the promotion of Art; but, with the advent of a man like Hogarth, its time as the sole patron of design was come to an end.



A Set of Blocks for Hogarth's Wigs.

Hogarth, who was a painting moralist as well as a genre painter of the noblest degree, had been forced to appeal to the public at large because, as in those sturdy and intensely pathetic "Anecdotes" of his, to which allusion has been made in a former paper of this series, he could not get a living by painting a few portraits and conversation pieces at low prices for patrons who would look at nothing else. He told us, "I then married, and commenced painter of small conversation pieces [they were such as Gonzales Coques, Metsu, and Terburg had produced in the Low Countries during the previous century], from twelve to fifteen inches high. This, being a novelty, succeeded for a few years. But, though it gave somewhat more scope to the fancy [than ordinary portraiture], it was still but a less kind of drudgery; and, as I could not bring myself to act like some of my brethren, and make it a sort of manufactory, to be carried on by the help of background and drapery painters [this is a touch at Reynolds, Romsey, Hudson, and others], it was not sufficiently profitable to pay the expenses my family required. I therefore turned my thoughts to a still more novel mode, viz. painting and engraving modern moral subjects, a field not [till then] broken up in any country or age." He made his profit only by means of the engravings which are familiar to all of us, which he sold for a few shillings a-piece. The six plates of 'Marriage à la Mode' were published at a guinea, half to be paid at the time of subscribing; the 'Distressed Poet' sold for three shillings; the 'Pleased Audience,' now called the 'Laughing Audience,' the 'Chorus of Singers,' and two other etchings, were priced at sixpence each; the five plates known as 'The Four Times of the Day' and 'Strolling Actresses' were subscribed for at a guinea, and 'Boys peeping at Nature' was given in as the subscription ticket. In 1781, when the copperplates were in the possession of Hogarth's widow, the price of the 'Marriage' series was not more than a guinea and a half, while the 'Distressed Poet' sold for three shillings as at first, and 'Southwark Fair' was worth not more than five shillings. Thousands of copies of the portrait of Wilkes sold for a shilling each, while 'Beer Street' and 'Gin Lane' went for eighteen pence a-piece.

Hogarth made his appeal to the world at large. His pictures were painted to engrave from, and for a long time he selected subjects which had not already been painted, and such as lent themselves to become moral and didactic essays. As to the pictures themselves, he used strange devices for getting rid of them, and in consequence of these devices many of his best works, which are now in the National Gallery and Sloane Museum, were, to the exasperation of the artist, sold for "old songs." No wonder Hogarth, as was natural with such a man, resented the insensibility and ingratitude of all "patrons," and bore hard upon those lovers of "dark old masters," both shams and real, which were preferred to works of his, which, bright and pure as they are

* Continued from page 88.

now, were, a hundred and fifty years ago, still brighter and purer.

We have seen how at St. Bartholomew's Hogarth executed large pictures for absolutely nothing, and the facts have been dwelt upon that he gave to the Foundling Hospital, besides other paintings of later date, that thoroughly admirable and very English likeness of Captain Coram of which these pages contain a memorandum. For Lord Wyndham's bequest of £200 he painted 'Paul before Felix,' which is in Lincoln's Inn Hall, and he thought himself well paid. It is fourteen feet wide, by ten feet six inches high. It is hardly to be wondered at that Hogarth could not be brought to believe in the virtues of "patronage" as a sustaining power for Art. But it might have been expected that—whatever the dogmatism and uncompromising self-assertion of the painter might insure for him from persons whose susceptibilities he had wounded—the apparently harmless, if not magnanimous, action of giving large mural paintings to the public would escape censure and imputations of base motives.

It was not so, however. In 1753, that is, immediately after the artists assembled at the Turk's Head had rejected the scheme for founding an Academy promoted by F. M. Newton, J. Wilton the sculptor, Chambers, Moser, Paul Sandby, and others, a numerous category of satires of the pen and etching needle were launched at the unlucky painter of 'The March to Finchley' and 'Captain Coram,' which were then, as now, included in the Foundling Hospital gallery or exhibition. Hogarth, by writing the "Analysis of Beauty"—it was published in the above-named year—had been rash enough to give to his foes that opportunity which Job so heartily demanded from the heavens, "Oh, that one would hear me! behold, my desire is, that the Almighty would answer me, and that mine adversary had written a book."

With pen and needle, furiously his adversaries fell upon Hogarth. His book, his pictures, his etchings, his morals, his manners, his costume, his dog, nay—I am ashamed to say—his very wife came in for insult and abuse, while buckets full of filthy aspersions were thrown over him. "I have," he said, "been assailed by every profligate scribbler in town, and told that, though words are man's province, they are not my province; and that, though I have put my name to the 'Analysis of Beauty,' yet (as I acknowledge having received some assistance from two or three friends) I am only the supposed author. By my own profession I am treated with still more severity. Pestered with caricature drawings, and hung up in effigy in prints; accused of vanity, ignorance, and envy; called a mean and contemptible dauber; represented in the strangest employments, and pictured in the strangest shapes; sometimes under the hieroglyphical semblance of a satyr, and at others under the still more ingenious one of an ass. Not satisfied with this, finding they could not overturn my system, they endeavoured to wound the peace of my family. This is a cruelty hardly to be forgiven; to say that such malicious attacks and caricatures did not discompose me would be untrue, for to be held up to public ridicule would discompose any man; but I must at the same time add, that they did not much distress me." (*See* "Anecdotes of W. Hogarth, written by Himself," 1833, pp. 48, 49.)

Such was the record of Hogarth's efforts to establish his art on a public, if not a popular, foundation; such were the woes of the originator of all the picture exhibitions in London. The fact was that some of Hogarth's satirical sheep were coming home to him. He who, with impunity, dared to caricature the author of "The Dunciad," had conferred a hideous immortality upon unmitigated knaves like John Wilkes, had thrashed the foul-mouthed sot, Charles Churchill, and taken off by the head most of the rascals of his time, received in his own body the scurrile shafts of Sandby, and endured shrewd strokes from some of the R.A.'s to be. These gentlemen found occasions for attacking Hogarth where no one who had not a graceless heart of his own would have thought him vulnerable. The immediate occasion of these attacks was Hogarth's opposition to *dilettanti* patronage for his profession, and the foundation of an Academy with the benefits of aristocratic prestige. Naturally enough the artists named above and their coadjutors, all of whom had benefited by the sunshine of patronage, while some of them, especially Chambers, P. Sandby (and his brother likewise), and Wilton, had received public commissions for buildings, statues, and what not, or were in official employment. Closely associated with the aristocracy Hogarth contemned, was P. Sandby, who, as the most prosperous man of his profession, and, above all, as a fashionable drawing-master in the fullest employment, was certain to rely on his noble patrons and look to them to insure sunshine for Art. It could hardly be otherwise, and the scheme for founding an Academy—with which public exhibitions of pictures for money were not as yet connected, although, as it turned out, nothing could be done without them—got what may be called a thorough heckling in the manifold wranglings and vindictive onslaughts which attended the attacks on Hogarth following the fiasco of 1753.

On the 1st of December, 1753, *i.e.* very soon after the fiasco in question, there was published the first of Paul Sandby's etched attacks on Hogarth. It will be remembered that in March of the same year "The Analysis of Beauty" came forth, to the surprise of the world, and with its advent no end of openings for the author's enemies. The etching in view is called 'Burlesque sur le Burlesque,' etc., and it is an elaborate example of considerable pretensions and unusually large size. The scene is the interior of a painter's, or rather engraver's, workroom, where a screen of semi-transparent paper, made up of pages from books, as if they had been torn out and fastened together at the edges, and inscribed "La Vie de tous les Grands Peintres," is suspended before the window to mitigate the light which would otherwise enter by this opening. Hogarth, the lower part of his figure being in the form of the hind parts of a pug-dog (*vide* the denomination 'Pug the Painter,' which refers not only to the artist's *nez retroussé*, but to his alleged pertness and fussiness), is seated on a stool in the middle of the room painting the 'Sacrifice of Isaac' in the so-called Dutch style; in the picture on which he is engaged Abraham, as a butcher, is firing a pistol at Isaac, who is bound and kneels on a stool, an act which might be fatal if an angel, flying above, did not, by nauseous means, damp the priming of the weapon. This, of course, is a satire on Hogarth's homely and pathetic design. At the top of the satirical print some Dutch engravings are represented; these are alleged to be the sources of Hogarth's inspiration. A winged genius, who is whispering in the painter's ear, is described below as "un Insecte inspirant la vanité au Peintre." Hogarth is called "doguin," and two persons, one of whom daubs the room while the other is grinding colours in the background, are named "Elèves du doguin." A parrot is perched on the easel. Above is a picture wherein Hogarth, seated on the ground,

with a Savoyard hurdy-gurdy grinder and a dustman standing by him, emits light from his wide-open mouth, like a magic lantern, and thus displays on the wall opposite to him a parody of his own 'Paul before Felix.'* Leaning against the wall is Hogarth's 'Gate of Calais.' Sandby was not content with belabouring the artist of 'Moses' and 'Paul.' Beneath the designs are represented various insulting ways of disposing of his famous essay. A man is driving a wheelbarrow full of the sheets, inscribed "Analysis of Beauty," to a cook-shop. A chimney-sweep is reading it. A trunk-maker is buying it by weight, at "five pence per cwt." An old woman is selling it at a French bookstall with other things at "choisis pour 4 sous." A cartload is shot on the ground before her. A hawker has bundles of the volumes on a long pole for sale. The inscription below this etching, which is British Museum Satirical Print No. 3240, says it was intended to show "The Progress of the pug-dog in ye Art of Painting, with his intention [scheme or plan] by a variety of lights to produce ye effects of all ye great Painters. Showing how in his Opinion he has excelled them in Design, Colouring, and Taste." And one part of the design is said to show how Lives of all the best Painters [are] torn to pieces for his [Pug's] window-blind. A dog called "Jewel" is bringing to Hogarth a half-gnawed bone, which has been ingeniously shaped to resemble that Line of Beauty which Hogarth elucidated in his "Analysis," the very name of which was sufficient to excite his foes to fury.

In another design, called 'A New Dunciad' (Satirical Print No. 3241), Sandby, or some one of his way of thinking, etched Hogarth seated at a table, playing with a child's *pantin*, or



Old Somerset House.

scaramouch, and having on one of his thumbs a palette marked with the Line of Beauty, while round his neck hangs a playing card, the Knave of Hearts. Near him stands Harlequin, intended, no doubt, for Rich, the theatre manager, a great friend of Hogarth,* pointing to a picture in which the painter has introduced the *pantin* as a human figure, part of a design. Harlequin affects to admire this performance; near him is another man, intended for a fool, who is full of admiration of the *pantin*. An extremely offensive and stupid inscription below the etching dedicates it, on the draughtsman's behalf, and as one of eight similar works, "To his Friend, Beauty's Analyzer."

In 'Pug's Graces, etched from his original Daubing,' another of the eight satires of the category in question, we have again Hogarth formed as half a pug-dog half a man. This time he is seated before his easel in the act of painting

* This was the picture Hogarth painted in Lincoln's Inn, as before stated, in 1725, the year before Sandby fell foul of our artist. 'Moses brought before Pharaoh's Daughter' was, as my readers know, produced at the Foundling Hospital in the same year. The sting of Sandby's travesty of the former example lies in the fact that Hogarth had issued as a ticket to subscribers to his engravings of both those works the etching known as the burlesque 'Paul before Felix,' which was, as its publication line avers, "designed and scratched in the true Dutch taste by W. Hogarth." In a variation of this print the devil is introduced sawing off the leg of the stool on which the stumpy apostle is perched, while the portly angel who has charge of the stool and to keep Paul from harm is fast asleep, though grasping two of the stool's legs with his hands. The publication line of a second version of this plate indicated Hogarth's meaning in "the true Dutch taste," by the additional note, "Designed and etched in the ridiculous manner of Rembrandt." Having dared to attack Rembrandt, Hogarth could hardly hope to escape the wrath of Sandby.

* Readers will remember that our artist produced a beautiful life-size head in oil of Rich's pretty daughter, of which, not many years ago, Mr. Cousins executed a capital mezzotint.

'Pharaoh's Daughter,' the above-named Foundling Hospital picture. Behind him stands a person who, putting one hand to his head in a bewildered way, appears very much posed while he tries to understand "The Analysis of Beauty." Three ungraceful Graces are represented, one of whom, holding a palette as a fig-leaf, rests her foot on a box inscribed "£—— for the M—— [March to Finchley]. Presented to the Foundling Hospital with a Gilded Frame for ye admiration of the Publick." It is thus made evident that without insult Hogarth's enemies would not allow him to give away the pictures he could not sell, while it was a fresh offence to them that he put his gift in a gilded frame. Against a stool leans an open book, inscribed, "No Salary, Reasons against a Publick Academy, 1753;" and near these words, is "Reasons to prove erecting a Publick Academy without —— a wicked Design to introduce Popery and Slavery into this Kingdom." Readers will remember that one of the chief aspersions upon the promoters of the Academy, which is referred to in the second article of this series, *i.e.* that scheme which came to nothing in 1753, was that a certain number of these persons desired to provide themselves with comfortable berths as professors, "with proper authority," etc., in the institution. See the description of the etching named 'A Club of Artists.' In 'Pug's Graces' a heap of unsold copies of "The Analysis of Beauty" encumbers the floor, and that Hogarth was a plagiarist is re-affirmed by the introduction of a book, as if projecting from his pocket, and marked "Lomazzo." In this etching the "Line of Beauty" is exaggerated and mocked in several ways, and even 'The Marriage à la Mode' is gibed at. In one version of this satire an allusion to a jack-boot reminds us that Hogarth was accused of having taken a bribe from the unpopular minister, John, Earl of Bute, when he accepted the place of Serjeant-Painter to the King, vacated by the death of Sir James Thornhill, his father-in-law. The Earl of Bute's emblem in satirical prints of that day was a huge jack-boot, and it was no light accusation which averred that any one had taken the much-abused minister's money.

It is not worth while to follow Sandby in that furious abuse of Hogarth pervading every touch of 'Pug's Graces,' and all due to the famous humorist's opposition to an Academy. 'Pug's Graces' is Satirical Print No. 3242. The next example of the same series is Satirical Print No. 3243, with an unquotable name. In a most offensive manner it represents Hogarth struck with horror at the appearance of the ghost of Lomazzo, whose book he was alleged to have plagiarised, come to claim the honour filched from him; Hogarth's very dog is shown sympathising with the distress of his master, and his friend, Dr. Morell, shares his terror at the aspect of the expostulating spirit, who cries out, "Thou ignorant contemptible wretch, how hast thou mangled and perverted the sense of my Book, in thy nonsensical Analysis!"

'Mountebank Painter' (Satirical Print, No. 3249) is again an etched assault on Hogarth. Here is represented a stage before a booth in a fair, where Hogarth and three of his friends are as mountebanks. One of the friends proclaims, "The only Original Dauber to be seen without loss of Time," and the "Analysis" is again belaboured.

On Hogarth's part only one reply was attempted to the flood of abuse which he incurred because he would not accept *dilettanti* patronage, and on account of his all-important gifts to the Foundling Hospital. This reply was not of our painter's making, but the work of some friend of his armed with a very spirited etching needle, who with that instrument delineated 'A Collection of Connoisseurs' seated round a small table examining the print named above, or 'Burlesque sur le Burlesque,' while a gentleman, who drivels, and is called "a drivelling designer," is bringing forth a portfolio of similar prints and dull authors. One of the connoisseurs tramples on "Milton," "Shakespeare," and "The Analysis of Beauty," the congenial exercise of a dullard or connoisseur. Upon the table lies a group of dull books by Agilby, whose dishonour survives in the "Dunciad," as well as "Romain's Philosophy," "Kent's Designs," "Neat Views" (in Scotland), and a volume of Hutchinson's "Philosophical and Theological Works," ponderous examples which were gathered in thirteen volumes, octavo. Against the wall hangs "A List of Professors (of the) Public Academy," "Prof. Buckhorse" being named as one of them. Buckhorse was a famous pugilist. Of Kent, the architect, Hogarth had long before this said, "Neither England nor Italy ever produced a more contemptible dauber."

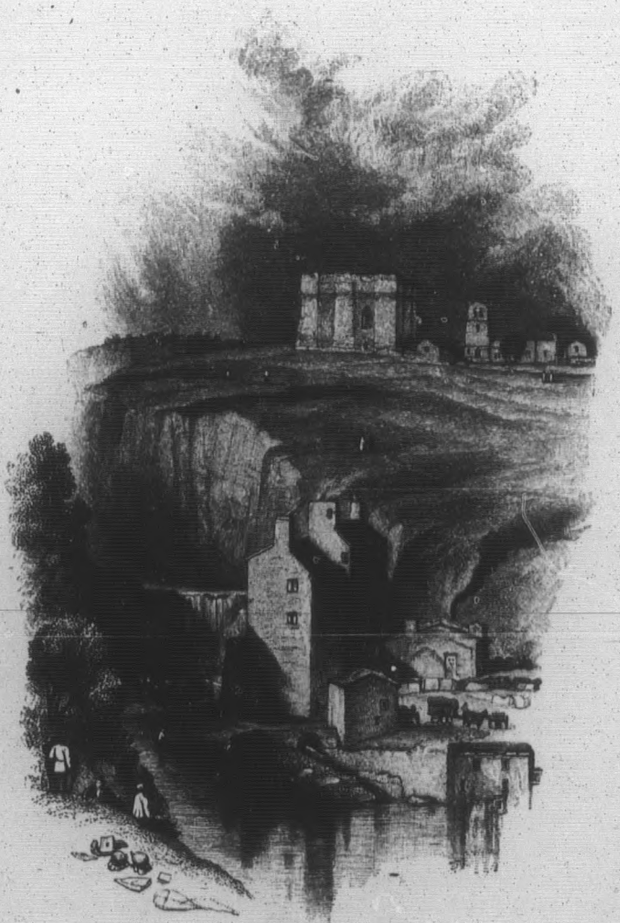
I need not say that Hogarth, who had dared to caricature Pope, and had done so with impunity, vouchsafed not the slightest notice of Paul Sandby and his furious insults. It was to these and other missiles of the kind he alluded in the pathetic and indignant paragraph, alluding to his attempts to guide and teach amateurs—"For this I have been assailed by every profligate scribbler in town"—ending, as I have already quoted, with a reference to the endeavours of his enemies to "wound the peace" of his family. The last sentence referred to certain peculiarly cowardly allusions to Mrs. Hogarth. Thus spoke the angry but proud and noble soul of the great humorist. Thus ended the first considerable attempt to found a Royal Academy in London; from this time and until 1760, when, as I have already mentioned, the example of the Foundling Hospital Exhibition took effect and a veritable picture gallery was opened to the public. Meanwhile, the drawing school in St. Martin's Lane continued its useful career, and the Duke of Richmond very generously endeavoured to found an academy proper in his own house at Whitehall. From 1760 till the foundation of the Royal Academy, which has continued to flourish to the present time, the interval was, so far as my present subject is concerned, filled by a series of gatherings of pictures formed by two quarrelsome societies and the amazing Sign Painters' Exhibition. In the last, Hogarth had an occult share. In this interval Hogarth died; as that event occurred four years previous to the foundation of the present Royal Academy, which, not only on that account, but in several other respects, differs materially from the Academy he set himself to oppose, we can hardly style him a witness against the existing body. On the other hand, he would surely have rejected the nursing hand of George III., and he would, it is certain, rejoice to know that a body of artists has at length contrived to establish itself firmly on an independent basis.

The histories of the 1760 exhibition and of the Society of Sign Painters will be related in another paper by—

F. G. STEPHENS.

BOWES.

"WHEN Julius Cæsar was a king," so runs the local saying, "Bowes Castle was a famous thing." Now all that is left of it is a dull, heavy-looking, strongly built tower, which with some tufts of trees rises rather picturesquely over a long, irregular, up-hill street of low grey houses. The Earls of Richmond are said to have built it to keep in check the men of Cumberland and Westmoreland who so often sided with the Scots; not unnaturally, we should say, considering how often those counties formed part of the King of Scots' dominions. Bowes had been a great Roman station, and still from time to time some new bath or portion of an aqueduct or altar is found, which serves to puzzle and delight antiquaries, and to bring past times nearer to us. But at Bowes how little do we care about Alan Rufus, or Alan Niger, or the great family of De Arcubus, or whether the small stream of the Laver hard by, still preserves the name of Lavatræ, or, on the contrary, Lavatræ was christened after the Laver; our interest in all these things is nothing by comparison with that which we feel in the doings of Mr Wackford Squeers, the awkward forlorn Smike, and the hungry victims of Dotheboys Hall, where boys were brought up "in an enlightened, liberal, and moral manner," and none of "those ill-judged comings home twice a year which unsettle children's minds so" were permitted. Dotheboys Hall was, in point of fact, an establishment which provided a means of getting rid of step-children and other incumbrances, and it is believed to be an exact portrait of one of the many schools of the same kind which before the publication of "Nicholas Nickleby" flourished in Bowes and its neighbourhood. Dickens had been, as he himself said, a not-particularly-care-taken-of boy—his own youth had been a hard one, and the iron had entered into his soul. This made him all the more inclined to fly to the rescue of other boys, and to open men's minds to what was going on in certain remote parts of this country. He had heard much of these Yorkshire schools, even when a boy living in Rochester, and just before he planned the book there had been a peculiarly painful trial in which an attempt had been made to recover damages for injuries inflicted on an unfortunate boy in some such establishment; or he may have been struck by seeing an advertisement in some north country paper, for advertisements like that in "Nicholas Nickleby" were then common enough.



Bowes Castle.

"EDUCATION.—At Mr. Wackford Squeers' Academy, Dotheboys Hall, at the delightful village of Dotheboys, near Greta Bridge, in Yorkshire, Youth are boarded, clothed, booked, furnished with pocket-money, provided with all necessaries, instructed in all languages, living and dead, mathematics, orthography, geometry, astronomy, trigonometry, the use of the globes, algebra, single-stick (if required), writing, arithmetic, fortification, and every other branch of classical literature. Terms, twenty guineas per annum. No extras, no vacations, and diet unparalleled."

This, though a travesty, is probably, so far as essentials are concerned, a by no means unfair reproduction of actual advertisements.

It was, as Mr. Forster tells us, on the 19th November, 1837, that Dickens engaged to deliver to his publishers on the 15th of March following, the first number of a new serial to be complete in twenty monthly parts, for each of which the author was to receive £150, and to surrender for five years all use of the copyright; and the end of January, 1838, had all but come when Dickens and Hablot K. Browne set off to Yorkshire together to gather materials for the forthcoming book. Curiously enough, though very few of the letters written by Dickens during his early life have been preserved, I am able to fix the exact limits of this visit, for the amusing letter which he wrote to his wife on arriving at Greta Bridge is printed in the collection of letters given to the world by his daughter and Miss Hogarth, and I myself have a letter written at Darlington on his way home. We read in Murray's guide to Durham and Yorkshire, that Dickens stayed some weeks at the King's Head Inn, Barnard Castle, when he was collecting

materials for "Nicholas Nickleby," and when we go to Barnard Castle we are shown the inkstand which he used when writing that book, the up-stairs room where he sat when at work, and various incidents connected with the view from his window are narrated to us, all of which are part and parcel of the Dickens myth which prevails in that town. He can, however, only have stayed two nights there, if so much, and during the time between the 1st and 3rd he was going from school to school collecting precious material, so that any writing he can have done must have been as rapidly executed as his companion Hablot K. Browne's sketching. The one was seen hastily sketching a typical profile on his thumb-nail, and the other no doubt rather than forego the chance of picking up more and more valuable information, contented himself with jotting down notes as best he might. The myth of the six weeks' visit can be disproved by rigorous dates. The letter to Mrs. Dickens is dated February 1st, and was written at Greta Bridge the morning after his arrival, and that in my possession was written on February 3rd, when he was already at Darlington on his way back to London. The latter shall be given at the end of this paper. This is a portion of that to his wife which ought to be quoted if only for the local colour imparted by the description of good fires and bountiful fare.

"Greta Bridge, February 1st, 1838. As we came farther north the mire became deeper. About eight o'clock it began to fall heavily (*sic*), and as we crossed the wild heaths hereabout there was no vestige of a track. The mail kept on well, however, and at eleven we reached a bare place with a house standing alone in the midst of a dreary moor, which the guard informed us was Greta Bridge. I was in a perfect agony of apprehension, for it was fearfully cold and there were no outward signs of any one being up in the house; but to our great joy we discovered a comfortable room with drawn curtains and most blazing fire. In half an hour they gave us a smoking supper and a bottle of mulled port in which we drank your health and then retired to a couple of capital bedrooms, in each of which there was a rousing fire half-way up the chimney. We had for breakfast, toast, cakes, a Yorkshire pie, a piece of beef about the size and much the shape of my portmanteau, tea, coffee, ham, eggs, and are now going to look about us. Having finished our discoveries we start for Barnard Castle, which is only four miles off. All the schools are round about that place, and a dozen old abbeys besides, which we shall visit by some means or other to-morrow. We shall reach York on Saturday, I hope (February 3rd), and God willing, I trust I shall be at home on Wednesday morning."

It is to be feared that before many hours were over, the distinguished writer learnt by means of his bill that, according to posting computation at all events, Barnard Castle is much more than four miles from Greta Bridge, and that there was no abbey in the neighbourhood but Egglestone, which he would see on his way. Dickens was not only at home again on Wednesday (February 7th and his birthday), but on the 6th, when he had begun "Nicholas Nickleby" and had written four slips, as may be seen in the "Life." He must have begun the book the very day he returned from Yorkshire. The first number appeared on Saturday, March 31st. Dickens had been extremely anxious lest it should not be so popular as its predecessors, but at one o'clock in the morning he and Mr. Forster were galloping along the highway to Richmond, where Dickens and his wife had retreated to be out of the way, with the good news that, to quote Miss Squeers' expression, the public "was in a state of mind beyond everything" about the new book, and that nearly fifty thousand copies had been sold that first day.

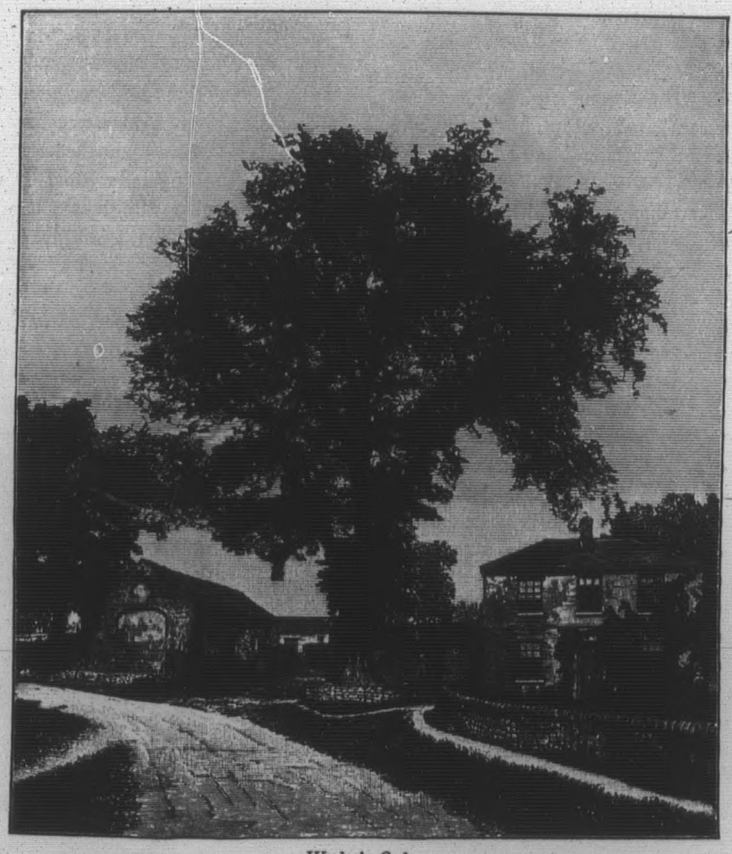
Dotheboys Hall was not introduced until the third number, but the effect was most striking; one by one all the schools of the kind described, and they were many in number, were closed. And yet, though their exposure was a public benefit, I have heard, and fear it is true, that more than one kind-hearted and entirely innocent schoolmaster shared in the ruin which befell Mr. Squeers. His school lay at the end of the village, for though Dickens expressly says that "Mr. Squeers was not the representation of an individual but of a class," the Bowes people will have it that it was a faithful portrait, and insist on pointing out a particular house as the actual Dotheboys Hall, and so far from repudiating the evil reputation gained by their village, they eagerly lend a hand to filling in the picture. "Oh! the lads was treated shameful! What they had to suffer was just awful!" said a woman to whom I put various questions, and her eyes danced with something between interest and delight.



Dotheboys Hall.

Only a very small fragment of what passes for the actual Dotheboys Hall remains. It is the little bit which was devoted to educational purposes, and small as it is, was probably quite large enough, for the boys were taught almost nothing. "How do you spell winder, boy?" asked Mr. Squeers. "W-i-n-d-e-r, Sir." "That's right, go and clean it." Mr. Squeers explained to Nicholas Nickleby that his mode of teaching was practical—technical would be the word now, and so it was. The boys both in the book and in the Bowes schools were set to work of all kinds. Sometimes their masters had a fancy for reclaiming bits of moorland, and they were ordered to do what they could to bring it into cultivation. One man to whom I spoke told me that he had seen

them turned out in gangs to get the hay in, with an overseer at hand bearing a good long whip as a means of promoting dispatch. This no doubt was Mr. Squeers' "bottiney" class. "B-o-t-t-i-n-e-y, bottiney, noun substantive, a knowledge of plants. When a boy has learned that bottiney means a knowledge of plants he goes and knows 'em." This was his explanation to Mr. Nickleby, and Mr. Nickleby saw that the boys got to "know 'em" by weeding and tilling the ground. The same man told me that all boys who came to the school in good clothes promptly found their way into Squeersian apparel so well worn that it gave knees and elbows plenty of open air and daylight. The Spartan character of these schools was always well known in the neighbourhood. I can distinctly remember when our nursery breakfasts failed to please us, and we expressed our dissatisfaction at the absence of jam, being reproved with great severity by a very angular nurse, who always asked us how we should like to breakfast at —— school, where a boy was perched on a big bar of wood across a caldron to stir the porridge and the treacle and brimstone, which on alternate mornings were the allotted portions of the scholars. She asked us how we should like that, and was kind enough to say that in her opinion, "a week or two of that would make us a good deal pleasanter to do with." "Smike" is still alive, or was so a year or two ago. My informant described him as a "great, long, awkward-looking chap, not altogether right in the heed" (head). He said that he had "set him on to weed a carrot-bed one day, and blest if he did not rive up baith carrots and weeds together."



Wesley's Oak.

No doubt Smike as well as others of the boys educated here was injured by insufficient food, but we must not read Mr. Squeers' advertisement with any strong feeling that all the parents who sent their boys to schools of this description were rightly served for supposing it possible that board, lodging, and such exceptional educational advantages could be had for so small a sum. Early in this century, when these schools were at the height of their prosperity, all the necessaries of life were as we should consider ridiculously cheap. Beef was 2½d. a pound, butter 3d., milk, cheese, and eggs cost as little in proportion. Twenty pounds a year, honestly spent, might, to use a Bowes phrase, have "fetched up these lads quite comfortable" in the rough way in which they were intended to be reared, and still have left a small margin of profit for the teacher. In the life of Mr. Hodgson, historian of Northumberland, we read his lament over the increase of prices in Cumberland, where instead of being able to board and lodge in a farmer's house for six pounds a year, as he had been accustomed to do, he was forced to pay the large sum of thirteen. In the whole of this north Yorkshire district, schooling, good or bad, was to be had by the lower classes on very easy terms. As a rule, some soldier who had lost a leg or arm, set up as a schoolmaster, and was fed and housed by the parents of each scholar in turn, week by week, all through the year. In their own language they gave him a "good bed to lie on and his whittlegate," which being interpreted must surely mean the run of his victuals. Thus the chief part of his salary was paid in kind, and the expense of educating their families pressed much less heavily on the poor working folks. I am of course speaking of the humblest class, and of education as it came to them. The dressmaker and tailor were passed about in the same manner, and spent a few days at a time, once or twice a year, in every house able to afford such a luxury, in making and furbishing up garments enough to last until their next circuit. Mrs. Gaskell describes the annual visit of the travelling tailor to Sylvia Robson's home on the hill at Whitby, but the custom was universal in the north. I myself can remember when a child, seeing two tailors, master and man, sitting cross-legged on the front kitchen table in a house in Teesdale; very busy they were, chalking with a bold free pencil on the smooth black cloth the outlines of the perpetual curate, who was for the time their host. Many a complaint of the fit did I hear afterwards, for a coat was a coat in those days, and journeymen tailors had little enough feeling for the difference between what Mr. Ruskin calls mortal and immortal curves.

As Dickens grew older, his schoolmasters were of a milder type. How Dr. Blimber, the pedant of "Dombey and Son," would have expatiated on the baths and aqueducts, altars, and inscriptions, left by "that great and terrible people the Romans" after their three hundred years' occupation of Bowes! It is a picturesque fact that a stone bearing an

inscription to the Emperor Hadrian formed part of the altar in the village church until the year 1700. Mallet's Edwin and Emma lie buried in the churchyard under the less romantic names of Roger and Martha, but if their names have been improved by the poet, it is striking to know that so far as their story is concerned, the fact itself is more beautiful than the poetical rendering. This is an exact copy of the burial register:—

"Roger Wrightson, junr. and Martha Railton, both of Bowes, Buried in one grave, and upon tolling his passing Bell she cry'd out My heart is broke, and in a Few hours Expired, purely *as supposed* thro' Love, *aged about* 20 *years each*.

"March 15, 17$\frac{14}{15}$."

The words *as supposed* and *aged about* 20 *years each* are interpolations. The following is the version of their story given by Sir Cuthbert Sharpe in the "Bishoprick Garland:"—

"Roger Wrightson, at the sign of the King's Head in Bowes, near Barnard Castle, courted widow Railton's daughter, at the sign of the George in the same town, and has done more than a year. On Shrove Tuesday, 1715, he fell sick and languished till Sunday next but one following, and then dyed. Martha Railton though privately, took heavily on all that time, and declared that if he died she could not live. She sent to offer to go to see Roger, but he said he hoped he should recover. She sent him an orange, but his mother sent it back. About three days before his death Martha went, but was not left alone with him. She much wished to say three words, but though she waited two hours had not the opportunity, so in sorrowful manner she left him. The bell toll'd for him on Sunday at five o'clock in the afternoon, and upon the first toll, Martha lay by her book with 'Oh, dear mother, he is dead, I cannot live!' About three minutes after a friend went in and desired her to be more easy. Her answer was, 'Nay, now my heart is burst!' and so in mournful cries and prayers was fainter and fainter for about three hours and seemed to breathe her last, but her mother and another girl living in the town shrieked aloud, and so called her back again (as they term it) and in amazed manner, distorted with convulsion fits, stayed her spirit ten or twelve hours longer, and then she died.

"At last things were brought to this issue to be buried both in one grave, and the corpses met at the church gate, but Hannah (his sister, who had before been the one to refuse to leave them alone together) now objected to their being buried together, as she also did to her being laid first in the grave, but she was laid in it first."

Meek Martha Railton with her poor little gift returned to her, and anxiously waiting to say her three last words to her dying lover, stirs our pity much more deeply than the Emma of the ballad, and Martha's "Nay, now my heart is burst," is more effective in its simplicity than—

> "'I feel, I feel this breaking heart,
> Beat high against my side;'
> From her white arm down sank her head,
> She shivered, sighed, and died."

Roger Wrightson died of fever, but such illnesses must be rare at Bowes. In one respect, and in one only, Mr. Squeers advertisement did not do justice to the merits of his establishment. He did not put in the forefront of it, as he might have done, the healthiness of the situation and the purity of the air. Defoe says that "the country around is meanly cultivated, and its habitations in general melancholy." Much of the country is not cultivated at all. Bowes stands at the edge which forms the borderland between Yorkshire and Westmoreland, and offers, accordingly, visions of flying gleams across the moorland, with curlews and plovers in plenty, and glimpses of a distance which is hardly mountain, but a preparation for the real mountains beyond. It is cold. Even in ordinary weather these north-country places are, as a south-country friend of ours is wont to say, "A whole garment colder than the south of England," but the air is clear, pure, and exhilarating, and you can walk twice as far as in the south. Many a pretty walk can be taken from Bowes. "Rock-begirdled Gilmondscar" is near, and God's Bridge, which you can visit, and then follow the Greta up to the slender thread of its source, or go to Barnard Castle by Deepdale, passing the venerable tree beneath whose shadow John Wesley is said to have preached.

As the interesting letter from Dickens in my possession has no connection with Bowes beyond supplying the date of his return to London, I will give it here at the end:—

"DARLINGTON,

"*Saturday morning, Feb.* 3, 1838.

"SIR,

"Waiting in this place for a York coach this morning, I chanced in the course of the few minutes here, to take up your paper of January 26th, in which I saw a brief *autobiography of myself by Dr. Mackenzie*. Dr. Mackenzie, whoever he may be, knows as much of me as of the meaning of the word autobiography, in proof of which may I beg you to state on my authority that when I commenced the "Pickwick Papers" I was *not* living on five guineas a week as a reporter on the *Morning Chronicle;* that Messrs. Chapman and Hall were never persuaded with some difficulty to become the "Pickwick" publishers, but on the contrary first became known to me by waiting on me to propose the work; that no such pecuniary arrangement as the paragraph describes ever existed between us; that by the "Pickwick Papers" alone I have *not* netted between £2,000 and £3,000; that the sketch called "Watkins Tottle" never appeared in the *Morning Chronicle;* that I am *not* now in the receipt of £3,000 a year, and that Mr. Bentley does *not* give me £1,000 a year for editing the *Miscellany* and twenty guineas a sheet for what I write in it.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your most obedient servant,

"CHARLES DICKENS.

"*To the Editor of The Durham Advertiser.*"

Any one who cares to consult Dr. Mackenzie's "Life of Dickens" will be amused to see the use that has been made of a portion of this letter.

MARGARET HUNT.

SPRING EXHIBITIONS.

THE LADY ARTISTS' SOCIETY.—If we say that the Exhibition of the Works of Lady Artists at the Egyptian Hall manifests too little originality, it will be remarked perhaps that travesties of the ideas of popular artists are only too common in shows in which male artists have the predominance. Perfectly true; but then the difference of sex, of training, of sentiment, of habits of life, should produce the general effect of difference of nation, if the Art spirit were truly and widely diffused among women. That is to say, we should expect to see a different ideal reigning amongst the stronger members and tinging the works of the weaker and more imitative sisters. We see nothing of the sort, however. We see the conceptions of all sorts of men worked out with a somewhat less subtle sense of connection between the idea and the technical means. A certain man, let us say, paints broadly, his lady follower paints brutally; another with delicate subtlety, and his imitator falls into empty feebleness. It is as if they comprehended something of the nature these men see, something of how, and with what sentiment, they see it; but of the meaning and quality of their style absolutely nothing. Clearly Miss Hilda Montalba in 'The Armenian Convent, Venice,' Miss Kate Macaulay in 'A Bit of the Thames, Battersea,' and Miss Fanny Purvis in her 'Chrysanthemums' (to take one or two instances), know perfectly well what they are about, and have deliberately chosen, with full comprehension of its decorative bearing, the vigorous forms of technique in which they have expressed their views. Miss Bertha Newcome's 'Late Spring,' one of the most noticeable landscapes, is French in the character of its aims; so, to some extent, is Miss Curtois's 'Something Interesting.' An excellent sincerity of observation gives value to Miss Minna Tayler's large landscape, 'A Grey Day, Surrey,' and to Miss Blanche Jenkins's 'Portrait of a Lady.' With a strong sense of colour, and some sentiment, Miss Corkran and Mrs. Praed would be the better for greater knowledge of technique. Miss Rose Barton, Mrs. Perugini, Miss Margaret Rayner, Mrs. Naftel, Miss Maud Naftel, Miss Helen O'Hara, Miss Florence White, Miss Annie Robinson, and some others contribute very fair work.

THE BRITISH ARTISTS.—We have to record yet more improvement in the quality of the show in Suffolk Street. In the first place, the hanging of the pictures has been conducted on still more sensible principles than last year. The hangings and general "get up" of the rooms may be matter of taste; but there can be no two opinions as to the system which leaves a decent space between the pictures and places them almost all on the line. Then, although the general level of the exhibition may be no higher than usual, it cannot be denied but that some of the good men have put their best foot forward. We have not seen for some time a better display on Mr. Whistler's part. His principal portrait will bear comparison with the majority of his large works, and it by no means hides itself in friendly gloom, but courts notice in full light against a pink background. It is, however, in his smaller pictures that we see him at his best. 'Valparaiso Bay,' at night, with the twinkling lights of ships, is a gem of colour wrapped in the mystery of real air, and the 'Nocturne in Black and Gold, the Gardens,' with its mellow breadth of tone and exquisite finesse of touch, is really a cruel trial to every picture in its neighbourhood. Mr. William Stott, too, has never exhibited anything so successfully complete as his large life-size nude figure in the open air, 'A Nymph.' Mr. Aubrey Hunt is lively and fresh as ever in his excellent sketches. Mr. Leslie Thomson in 'On the Essex Coast,' Mr. Edwin Ellis in 'Under Flamborough Head,' and Mr. Anderson Hague in 'Return of Tywyn Musselers,' give us coast marine studies full of vigour and observation. Excellent also, in their several ways, are Mr. Picknell's robust 'When Shadows lengthening Fall,' Mr. Jacob Hood's portrait, 'Game and Sett,' Mr. Sidney Starr's striking pastel, 'Reverie,' Mr. Gordon's 'End of the Chapter,' and Messrs. Gotch and Ayerst Ingram's large marine, 'Helpless.'

THE FRENCH GALLERY.—Mr. Wallis has done well to restore the tone of his gallery by putting in a few examples of the school of 1830. Lately these great masters have been absent, to the manifest disadvantage of a French gallery. The Corots this spring are three in number, all of them of the grey and extremely vaporous sort; they appear to be reminiscences of the effect of early morning when the green of nature is quite subordinate to the general grey of the atmosphere. Daubigny's 'Mirrored in the Silent Lake' belongs to the long list of that master's works in a key of dark forcible green. Two Jacques illustrate the facile handling and bold composition of the great painter of sheep. ''Mid Murmuring Pines,' by Munkacsy, is interesting as a landscape, conspicuously free and artistic, from the brush of a man who has covered many a huge canvas with colossal arrangements of the human figure. 'The Smoker' belongs to the category of ordinary Meissoniers; Emile Lévy's 'Moses Defending the Daughters of Midian' bears evidence of the skill in picture making of the man who painted the 'Death of Orpheus.' The usual Heffners, Mullers, Joanowitzes, and so forth are there, and in a couple of large canvases by W. Firle and Carl Marr are signs of some imagination and much conscience in execution.

MR. MACLEAN.—This exhibition differs but little from those of former years either in the choice of schools or the proportion with which they are represented. Mr. MacLean goes in chiefly for Italian work, or at least for painters of Venetian subjects. We confess to having had nearly enough of Venice, at least as treated after the manner of Mr. Van Haanen's earlier pictures. Messrs. Skutezky, Silvio, G. Rotta, and V. Bressanin execute this sort of subject more carefully than Mr. Favretto, but still without sufficient charm. By far the finest of open-air work are two marines, one a deep-sea 'Storm Clearing Off,' by Mr. Henry Moore, in which he treats the turmoil of the sea beneath a large, wind-tossed sky with his usual poetry, and the other a broad and vigorously treated coast marine, 'Fishing Boats on the Yorkshire Coast,' by Mr.

Edwin Ellis. Mr. Boughton's 'Autumn' is a good piece of decoration among the figure pictures, and Mr. Andreotti's 'Duett' has at least the merit of astonishing dexterity.

FRENCH BRONZES.—Among a certain number of bronzes of a more or less commercial character now on view at Messrs. Bellman and Ivey's, in Piccadilly, we notice some genuine works of Art. A few of the best only can be mentioned here. Fremiet's elegant, nervous, and well-observed rendering of horses and dogs has made his work long famous in France. Those who do not know it will do well to look at such statuettes as 'Retour au Pesage,' 'Levrettes,' and 'Le Premier Prix.' Boucher's *tire perdue* 'Au But' is a finely studied piece of anatomy; Gaudez's 'Le Ferronier,' a modern realistic subject treated with good taste; and Mr. MacLean's 'Meditation,' a graceful little figure. Good work too has been contributed by Messrs. E. Marioton, Laporte, H. Montfort, Henri Plé, and others. Some small groups in bronze of subjects taken from life in Russia by Russians are curious and interesting, though we can hardly call them sculpture.

A GLIMPSE OF THE EAST.—Three shows of work, each by one man, illustrative of different districts or countries, are now on view simultaneously. As the most accomplished craftsman and most thoroughly educated student of the three we shall deal with Mr. Bridgeman first. His sketches and pictures, now on view at The Fine Art Society's, deal with Egypt and Algeria under the title of "A Glimpse of the East." Mr. Bridgeman is an American, educated in France, and, like many Americans, he has been very apt to learn the sound technique of French painters, and perhaps also somewhat too ready to accept ready-made his masters' notions of the aspect of the world and the nature and aim of Art. By his merits, his faults, and the character of his work he may be described as a sort of compound of Gérôme and Benjamin Constant, and, to go to the root of the matter, of Decamps. The carefulness and accuracy of Gérôme haunt Mr. Bridgeman, sometimes to his detriment, in his larger pictures, producing hardness and a somewhat cold precision. In some of his smaller sketches, however, when he has as it were let himself go, his knowledge of technique stands him in good stead, and gives a truth and completeness to his rapid suggestion of effects.

IN PICARDY.—It is from such excellent little sketches as 'A Blossom Study,' 'The Gentle Art,' 'Pensive Autumn,' 'After the Combat,' and the somewhat larger 'By the Somme Side' that we judge of Mr. Murray's promise and can ratify the popular vote of praise which he has already received from every quarter. Indeed, this exhibition of his of "Sketches in Picardy," at The Fine Art Society's, seems to us infinitely better in technique than much of the large work he sends to the principal shows, and more indicative of his real talent and capabilities.

THE NEW FOREST.—Mr. E. M. Wimperis, without being a great artist or a consummate workman, manages to produce colour which is never offensive and which very often recalls the tones of nature. He succeeds best when he keeps within the limits of a sketch and does not attempt to force a pleasant convention to express a too thorough realisation of the subject. So in the show of water colours at Messrs. Dowdeswells', purporting to illustrate the New Forest, we prefer such broad atmospheric notes as 'Ford at Brockenhurst Bridge,' 'Cottages and Sheds, Brockenhurst,' and 'Distant View of Aldborough,' to more elaborated and less natural pictures, such as 'The Waning Woods.'

FRENCH WATER COLOURS.—An interesting exhibition is that of the Société d'Aquarellistes Français at the Goupil Galleries. Nothing more unlike one by our own water-colour societies could well be conceived. One may see at most of them, it is true, many examples of technique in a branch of Art so long associated with the name of England; but certainly in none of them would one find so much novelty of idea and so many bold departures in style, all characterized by more or less verve and fancy. Very often the first germs of some of these bold, thorough-going schools have been timidly put forth long before by solitary, unsupported, and partially educated men in this country. Some of M. Boutet de Monvel's lightly-washed delicate work, with its piquant, yet quiet and almost naïve drawing, has a familiar enough aspect to those who look beyond what is new in style and sentiment to what is the essential impulse of the work. Something of the artful simplicity of Caldecott meets us in the clever yet well-felt conventionality of 'Le Retour de l'École,' and the 'Portrait d'Enfants.' Another *fantaisiste*, but of a very different stamp, is M. Besnard. Though a man of undisputed talent and capable of expressing even the least manageable ideas, this painter has preferred in many instances to leave his views totally unexpressed and to indicate merely, in what might be called colloquial slang, the way in which he would treat such subjects were he so minded. Edouard Detaille's work is well known and much admired in England, so we need say little about it save that it is well and largely represented. Several fine, broad, and characteristic studies of hounds are the work of M. O. de Penne. Gilbert's 'L'Averse,' Madeleine Lemaire's 'Chrysanthemums,' Lucien Gros's 'Le Guet-Apens,' are some among the more noticeable of works in the figure and still life. Serious landscape studies by well-known men will also attract. In the best of this kind of work, the claims of Art and style have been by no means put aside for an exclusive attention to realism. Français's supremely lovely colour in such sketches as 'Villa Felipe, au-dessus de Ville-Franche,' and 'Vue prise à Clisson'—in fact, the polished style of all his work, cannot fail to charm the visitor. Harpignies's perfect drawing and exquisite feeling for nature make 'Les Chênes de Breteaux,' 'Clair de Lune,' and 'Printemps: Vue prise à la Trémellerie,' at once masterpieces of technical beauty and of natural sentiment. Zuber shows both lofty style and broad observation in his classic 'Les Puits de St. Chamas,' in his 'Les Chamys,' and in several other noble water colours.

THE NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB.—This year the club have opened their show in the Dudley Gallery. They have got together a distinguished-looking set of pictures, most of them workmanlike in execution; but their walls do not pretend to be such a model of good hanging as the British Artists'. One thing they, however, have achieved, and that something of importance: they have managed to escape from the groove into which they appeared to be sliding at their first exhibition. We do not see quite so much of the Newlyn School and its pronouncedly mechanical touch, nor is the sentiment and character of the work exclusively French. Mr. A. Harrison's large canvas from the Salon, 'In Arcady,' is one of the most

striking and important pictures owing to its size, powerful execution, and large nude figures. Mr. J. S. Sargent's 'Portrait of a Lady' should be seen from a distance; the painting is of a most dashing sort, and the wonderful rendering of the dress and background cannot fail to evoke admiration. Almost grotesque as portraiture, his sketch of Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Stevenson is a piece of sparkling and well-manipulated colour. Where, as here, there are no bad works to avoid, we must necessarily leave much unnoticed. We cannot do wrong, however, in directing special attention to Mr. E. A. Walton's broad and notable 'Landscape,' surmounted by a great rolling sky that would do credit to any Dutchman, and his glowing little 'Portrait;' Mr. Charles's 'Sunshine and Winter;' Mr. T. F. Goodall's delicate study of subtle values, 'Winter on the Broad;' and Mr. Fred. Brown's admirably free and mellow sketch 'Autumn.' Good figure work, moreover, comes from Messrs. Tuke, Shannon, Blanche, Roussel, Clausen, A. Mann, and Willie Dow; good landscape from Messrs. Parsons, J. E. Christie Peppercorn, and H. R. Bloomer; and excellent sculpture from Messrs. T. Stirling Lee and J. Havard Thomas.

ART IN BIRMINGHAM.—The Twenty-second Spring Exhibition of the Royal Birmingham Society of Artists is an interesting one, and is especially strong in water colours, a branch of Art which these Spring Exhibitions were established to encourage. Sixteen works by Sir J. D. Linton, P.R.I., occupy a prominent position in the principal gallery, whilst near hangs the portrait of Sir James at his easel, by Mr. T. Walter Wilson, R.I. Another series of eight drawings represent well-known scenes from the works of Charles Dickens; these are by Mr. Chas. Green, R.I. One of the gems of the collection is 'Gilbert A'Becket's Troth,' by the late G. J. Pinwell. Among other fine works in the present collection there may be enumerated the following:—'A Gondola,' by the late Fred. Walker; 'Arundel Park,' by T. Collier, R.I.; 'Oyster Dredgers going to Sea,' by E. Duncan; 'Grand Canal, Venice,' by James Holland; 'Scheveningen' and two others, by Henry Moore, A.R.A.; 'Hauling a Trammel Net,' by C. Napier Hemy; 'Departure of the Fleet for the North,' by Walter Langley, R.I.; 'Long Scores make Short Lives,' by W. J. Wainwright, A.R.W.S. In the galleries devoted to works in oil 'The Musician,' by John Pettie, R.A., occupies the chief place. A prominent position too is given to an important work by Professor W. Geets, illustrating an incident in the life of Charles V., and entitled 'La Leçon du Fou.' In the room devoted to etchings and black-and-white studies, the most interesting feature is a series of ten drawings by E. Burne-Jones, A.R.A., illustrating the myth of Orpheus and Eurydice. This artist, who has been President for the past two years, has now been elected an Honorary Member, and Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., has succeeded him.

ART NOTES AND REVIEWS.

PERSONAL.—Mr. George Aitchison, A.R.A., has been elected Professor of Architecture to the Royal Academy of Arts, *vice* Mr. George Street, deceased. M. Charles Ronot, director of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts at Dijon, has been elected a corresponding member of the Académie des Beaux-Arts. This year's hanging committee at the Royal Academy is composed of Messrs. Alma Tadema, Stacey Marks, Orchardson, Norman Shaw, and Yeames; the council is completed by Messrs. Hook, Calder Marshall, Sant, Waterhouse, and Wells. Mr. Robert Allen and Miss Maud Naftel have been elected Associates of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours. Mr. Woolner's 'Bishop Fraser' has gone to the founder's; his 'Bishop Jackson' is nearly ready for St. Paul's. M. Crauk has been commissioned to execute a bust of Jules Sandeau for the Comédie Française, to which M. Guillaume has just presented a bust of Molière's "young first," the excellent La Grange. Among the jurors of the Salon of 1887 are MM. Bonnat, Bouguereau, Jules Breton, Cabanel, Cormon, Français, Delaunay, Carolus Duran, Yon, Duez, Benjamin Constant, Harpignies, and Puvis de Chavannes. The three first at the elections were MM. Jules Lefebvre, 1,436 votes, J.-P. Laurens, 1,386, and Bonnat, 1,379; the three last, MM. Gabriel Ferrier, 347 votes, Sauzaz, 341, and Pelouse, 340. At the Stewart Sale, New York, Meissonier came first with his '1807,' 66,000 dollars; Mlle. Rosa Bonheur second, with the famous 'Horse Fair,' 53,000 dollars; while Herr Kauss was third with a 'Children's Party,' 21,300 dollars. Mr. Herkomer is at work upon a drop-scene which he is presenting to the Oxford Theatre. He has also painted a portrait of Mr. Burnand, who in return has written a three-act operetta, to be set to Mr. Herkomer's music, and performed at the Theatre Royal, Bushey, a building not long since a Methodist chapel.

EXHIBITIONS AND MUSEUMS.—Mr. Henry Vaughan has presented to the department of Prints and Drawings six drawings by Michelangelo, formerly in the collection of Sir Thomas Lawrence. Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt has presented the 'Horse Fair,' from the Stewart sale, to the Metropolitan Museum, New York. It is expected that the Manchester Autumn Exhibition of Pictures will eclipse all its predecessors. That city will, during September and October, be thronged with visitors, owing to the conjunction of the Jubilee Exhibition and the meetings of the British Association and the Iron and Steel Institute. This should stimulate artists to send their best works there, for there is much promise for them from both an artistic and financial point of view. It is proposed to hold a general exhibition of the works of J.-F. Millet at Paris, in the Palais des Beaux-Arts, in aid of the subscription statue at Cherbourg. At Bristol, at the annual exhibition of the Academy, Mr. Horsley, the President, objected to the reception of Mr. Goodall's 'Susannah,' on the ground that it is a nude figure. But the committee refused to return the picture, and the President, who is himself an exhibitor, resigned.

OFFICIAL TASTE.—A "Commemorative Diploma," whatever that may mean, has just been issued to the exhibitors at the Colonial and Indian Exhibition of 1886. Inartistic in design, hideous in colour, feebly reproduced, it is heart-rending to think of its being scattered over the length and breadth of the world as a supreme effort of English Art after

fifty years of South Kensington. For of course it emanates from there, these exhibitions being bound hand and foot to go nowhere else for anything. It should be framed and glazed in the centre of the Italian Court of the Kensington Museum, with a large inscription attached: "This is what these treasures have taught us, at a cost of only £400,000 a year." We sincerely trust that the recipients of the diplomas will put them in the fire, the only fitting receptacle.

OBITUARY.—The death is announced of William Collingwood Smith, since 1850 a full member of the Old Society of Painters in Water Colours; of Gustave Guillaumet, a pupil of Barrias and Picot, painter, among other things, of the 'Prière du Soir dans la Sahara' and a 'Laghouat,' both purchased by the State; of the Munich engraver, F. W. Zimmermann; of the Tyrolese fresco painter, Franz Plattner; and of the German-American architect, Gustaf Haus.

ART IN CANADA.—At Montreal there has been a capital exhibition of pictures by native and foreign artists, the latter having by far the greater portion of the space at the disposal of the committee. Gabriel Max was represented by his 'Jairus' Daughter,' which appears to have been considered with extraordinary respect; Jules Breton by his 'Communicants' (from the Morgan Collection); Benjamin Constant by his 'After the Victory;' Sir Noel Paton by a series of designs, 'The Dowie Dens of Yarrow;' Henner by 'La Source;' and Bouguereau by 'The Crown of Flowers;' there were some examples of Pettie, Boughton, Leys, Jacomin, Van Marcke, Watts, Kowalski, Gabriel Ferrier, W. L. Wyllie, and Berne-Bellecour; and a gathering, choice though small, of work by Millet, Corot, Diaz, Dupré, and Monticelli. The effect of such an exhibition should be excellent; and, indeed, one cannot help wishing that its kind were possible in London.

Mr. Ruskin is in better health than he has been for some years: he writes that he "rather misses his saunters in Bond Street, but that he must not leave his 'hole in the rock.'" Mr. Allen, Mr. Ruskin's publisher, has been interviewed for the *Pall Mall Gazette*, to which journal he supplied some curious and interesting particulars. Mr. Ruskin began to print for himself some fifteen years ago, and Mr. Allen has now in hand stock to the value of £27,000. This is made up of sixty-three books and editions, and the publisher has hard work to keep himself *au courant* of his possessions. All are beautifully produced, and need the most careful packing; and as Mr. Allen dispatches on occasions as many as five hundred parcels a day, his resources are often strained to the utmost. The business always was and always will be a ready-money one. In the beginning no discount was given, and the trade at once proceeded to boycot Mr. Ruskin's books; but since 1882 the booksellers have been allowed a discount of ten to fifteen per cent. Most satisfactory of all is the fact that Mr. Ruskin's profits are very large. On the new edition of "The Stones of Venice" he has made as much as £1,583, and there are besides 1,272 copies in stock; on 2,000 copies of the "Seven Lamps," which sells at a guinea and yields a royalty of ten shillings, as much as £991; on a year's sale of all the books as much as £4,000. Mr. Allen is right: "In the long run a good article is sure to fetch a good price."

In their reproductions of Méryon's etchings of 'Old Paris,' the Autotype Company have been singularly successful: we might almost say unexpectedly so, for other previous failures to translate them with any degree of accuracy have been so many that it appeared as if a faithful rendering of them was well-nigh impossible. Méryon's work has been hitherto but little known in England, owing in a great measure to its rarity. Whether, now that a dozen admirable fac-similes of the best of it can be obtained for three guineas, it will attain to greater popularity is questionable, for it is doubtful whether a proper understanding of it is not beyond the comprehension of the multitude. That the artist's work is capable of appreciation by many is evident from the fact that the memoir by Mr. Stopford Brooke, which accompanies the portfolio before us, is the third which has been written for the use of the English public, its predecessors coming from the pens of Messrs. Huish and Wedmore. An illustrated article on the subject also appeared in this Journal in 1881. It is a pity that the Autotype Company have felt compelled to engrave so prominently upon the plates their name, address, date of publication, and process; this detracts very much from the artistic appearance of the etching, and jars not only with the subject, but with the French titles.

DECORATION.—The fifty designs in Dr. Dresser's "Modern Ornamentation" (London: Batsford), are inspired from all manner of sources—Persian, Rhodian, Greek, Arabian, Cingalese, Egyptian, Moorish, Gothic, Japanese, and so forth—and may be applied to all manner of uses in all manner of manufactures; many of them are ingenious in development and quite elegant in effect. Another useful book is Mr. J. Moir Smith's "Ornamental Interiors" (London: Crosby Lockwood), which contains, with much good information, a number of counsels to the practical decorator always intelligent, and sometimes useful and suggestive.

In "The Cruise of the Land-Yacht *Wanderer*" (London: Hodder and Stoughton), by Dr. Gordon Staples, we have the record of a tour in a private caravan; it was originally produced in the *Leisure Hour*, and with that much publicity the author had done well to be content. The new number in "The Story of the Nations Series" is "Alexander's Empire," by Professor Mahaffy; it is well written and well illustrated—a thoroughly competent piece of work. There is plenty of good material in "Variations of Fortune" (London: Sampson Low); the examples of the mutability of destiny are Grottaferrata, Perugia, Corneto-Tarquinia, Cortona, among places, Molinos among men; the illustrations are at least well meant. The new edition of "La Dame aux Camélias" (Paris: Quantin) is very well worth having. The paper and the type are unexceptionable; the author contributes a preface hitherto unpublished; the illustrations, by M. A. Lynch, though not excessively illustrative, are skilful and pleasing work, and are beautifully produced.



ETCHED BY HENRI LEPINE.

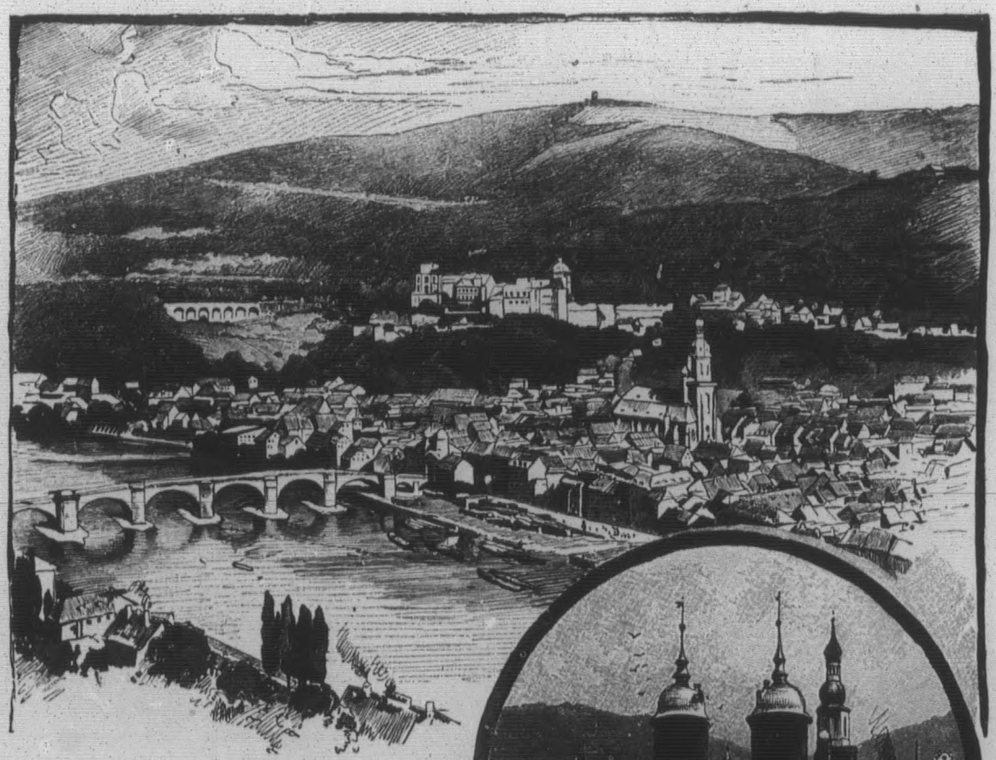
PAINTED BY E. DEBAT-PONSAN.

THE GRAPE HARVEST.

LONDON: J. S. VIRTUE & Cº LIMITED.

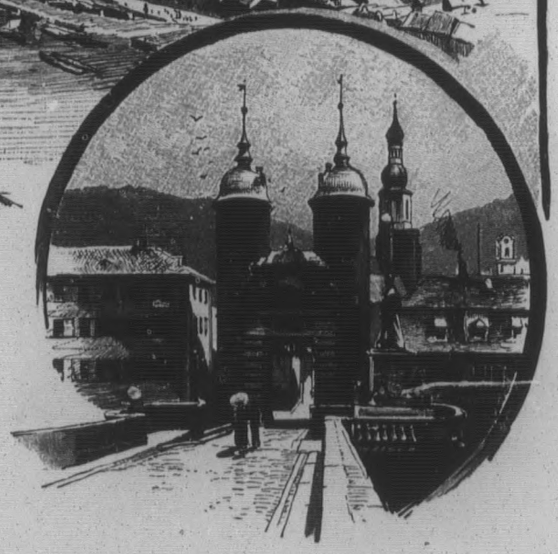
HEIDELBERG.

THE more Teutonic a city of the German Fatherland is, the more it is to the taste of the traveller. Nevertheless, the towns which have a certain kind of reputation for art and history are inevitably modified by the cosmopolitan touch of the Renaissance. And powerful is that touch in the work of effacing nationality. Heidelberg is German as a town, but it is German-Renaissance in its principal monument. Munich has had the ill-fortune to pass under a far more destructive and heartless cosmopolitanism—that of the pedantic later or sham Renaissance, by which a pottering king of artistic tastes tried to turn the homely Bavarian character of the place into the classic Tuscan. With Heidelberg the partial loss of the national *cachet* was in itself a part of history, and thus takes a certain legitimate place among the records of the race. It is only to modern repetitions — to the whole class of efforts which may be headed "restorations"—that we are inclined to refuse any such place in the history of a nation's development; to refuse it illogically, may be; but still, to refuse it so positively that we would willingly wipe out the restoring years and all their works and all their traces, which make for confusion as the genuine Renaissance—in spite of all its retrospects and revivals of style—never did.

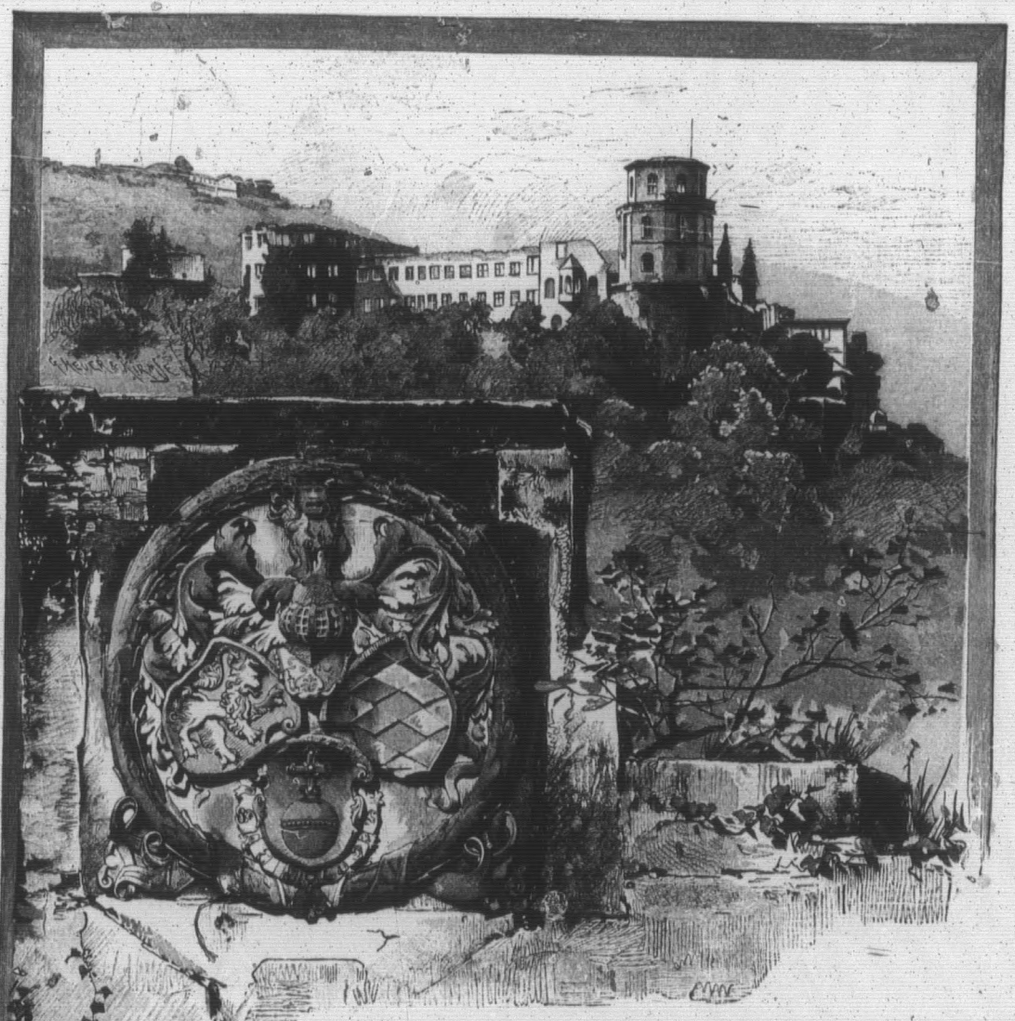


Heidelberg from the Philosopher's Walk.

German, nevertheless, intimately German, in spite of the ruined ambitions and pretensions of its Schloss, is the University city on the Neckar. It sits upon homely hills, on which grow the German vines in the German manner, with a look as of the serried, short, thick pile of some fabric laid over all the inches of the soil. It is a German landscape, wearing the peculiar prosperous smile of the "homeland," and the German lines in its forms, lines neither so blunt and gradual in their curves as those of English landscape, nor so distinct and delicate as those of the Italian. And the river is, as all rivers are, full of national and local character, signed with the habits of the people, their ways of local traffic, their recreation, and all the many uses and opportunities of running water. A river is at once the playing place of a city sitting by its brink, its idling place, and its place for sunny afternoons, as well as the messenger which brings, *ohne hast ohne rast*, news from the cities and the forests above, and carries tidings to the cities and the sea below. And with the German populations recreation is always undertaken with a certain



The Bridge Tower.



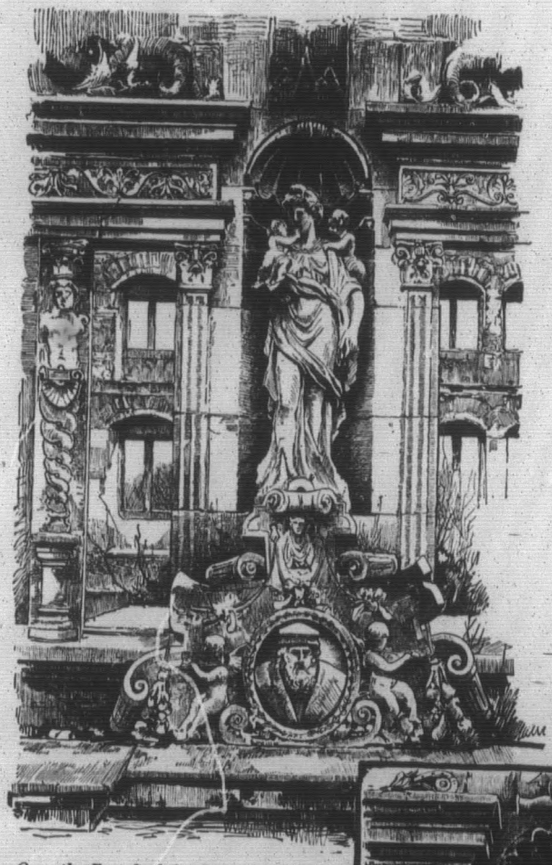
The Castle from the Terrace.

deliberateness and set purpose which are very characteristic, and the signs of their playtime are plain. So straightforward and so gentle is the German *bourgeois* in all his little arrangements for out-of-door pleasure that the most fastidious would hardly wish to efface the traces of them from the landscape. The universal omelette, the coffee and the pipe, and the little "restauration" with its wooden terraces, where these delights are tasted with a regular kind of gaiety—who does not connect them involuntarily with the orchards by Dresden, and the hills behind Bonn, and the pleasant vineyard suburbs and riverside of Heidelberg? And who would refuse to have patience with them? There is an innocent publicity about it all, and a love of nature in combination with tobacco and substantial food and open courtship, which should have tolerance at least.

The first view of German Heidelberg and its Schloss gives that impression of colour which it is pleasant to get from village or town: an impression produced by warm yellows and pinks in old Genoa, by the rich sunny brown of Florence, and by the pervasive rose of Venice. Heidelberg, too, is roseate, not so much by reason of the tiles of its high roofs, as because of the beautiful red sandstone of which the Castle and other prominent buildings are constructed. And this rosiness is beautiful in all weathers. It gives tenderness to a clear sunny day, and it is enhanced by a sunset so harmoniously that it is difficult to tell how much of the subtle tint is "local colour" and how much is due to the pencil of the light. Every one who was familiar with the Eastern Riviera before the Genoese, under the influence of progress, had taken to painting their houses in intense browns and ghastly chocolates, has probably enjoyed this pleasant illusion of colour. And with regard to the subject of the characteristic tint of cities and towns, some pleasant comparisons might be made by a tourist whose experience included a vision of white Damascus, the "pearl amid emeralds," from the mountains, and of black Diarbekir from the Tigris, this being the only black town that we know of in the world, if we may consider London, in its present happy reformation, as a ruddy city of brick rather than a soot-coloured city of plaster.

Heidelberg is a perfect type of the town which has grown and has been formed by the many individualities of its citizens—the organic town, unsymmetrical like most things that have a life and a character. Of the constructed town, built on a plan and according to one idea, and symmetrical and mechanical, examples may be found in France and in America. The symmetrical city is the counterpart of the constructed State, such as the Revolution has formed in France, perhaps an admirable piece of mechanism, but lacking in organic vitality; whereas the city which has grown rather than has been made, with all the unexpected curves and corners, the *culs de sac*, the deviations which imply respect for old individual rights, is matched in the State by an old Constitution, no known man's work, with no plan in it, but as full of life, parts, and significance as an oak-tree. And certainly the unexpected reigns in Heidelberg, and the place is so much the

more Teutonic for this; a love of starting afresh without traditions, and of explicit planning, being a note of the Latin character. And appropriately enough it is to the French that are due such modernities as the town possesses. The great bridge across the Neckar, for instance, took the place of the ancient one destroyed by the French, and as it is a most conspicuous feature of the view, with its seven hundred feet of length, some regrets suggest themselves for the doubtless more local structure of the past. But the booths in the market-place date back to 1487; the oldest inn, *Zum Ritter*, is the ideal of the mediæval hostelry: it inevitably brings to the mind the tiresome opening scene which introduces the travellers in the by-gone historical novel; and the famous Church of the Holy Ghost, dating from the end of the fourteenth century, is only less mediæval than the building in the place of which it was built by Ruprecht III.

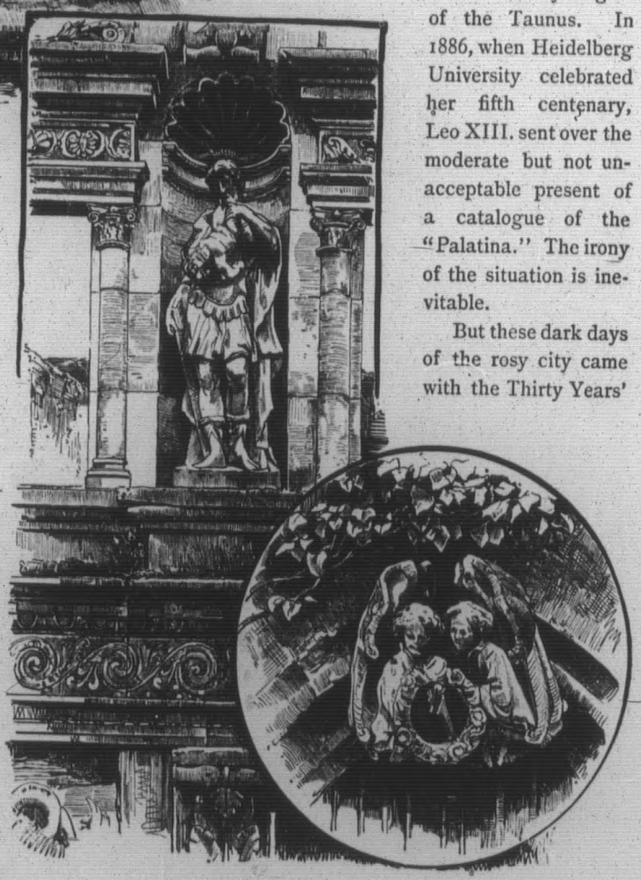


Over the Portal of the Ottheinrichsbau.

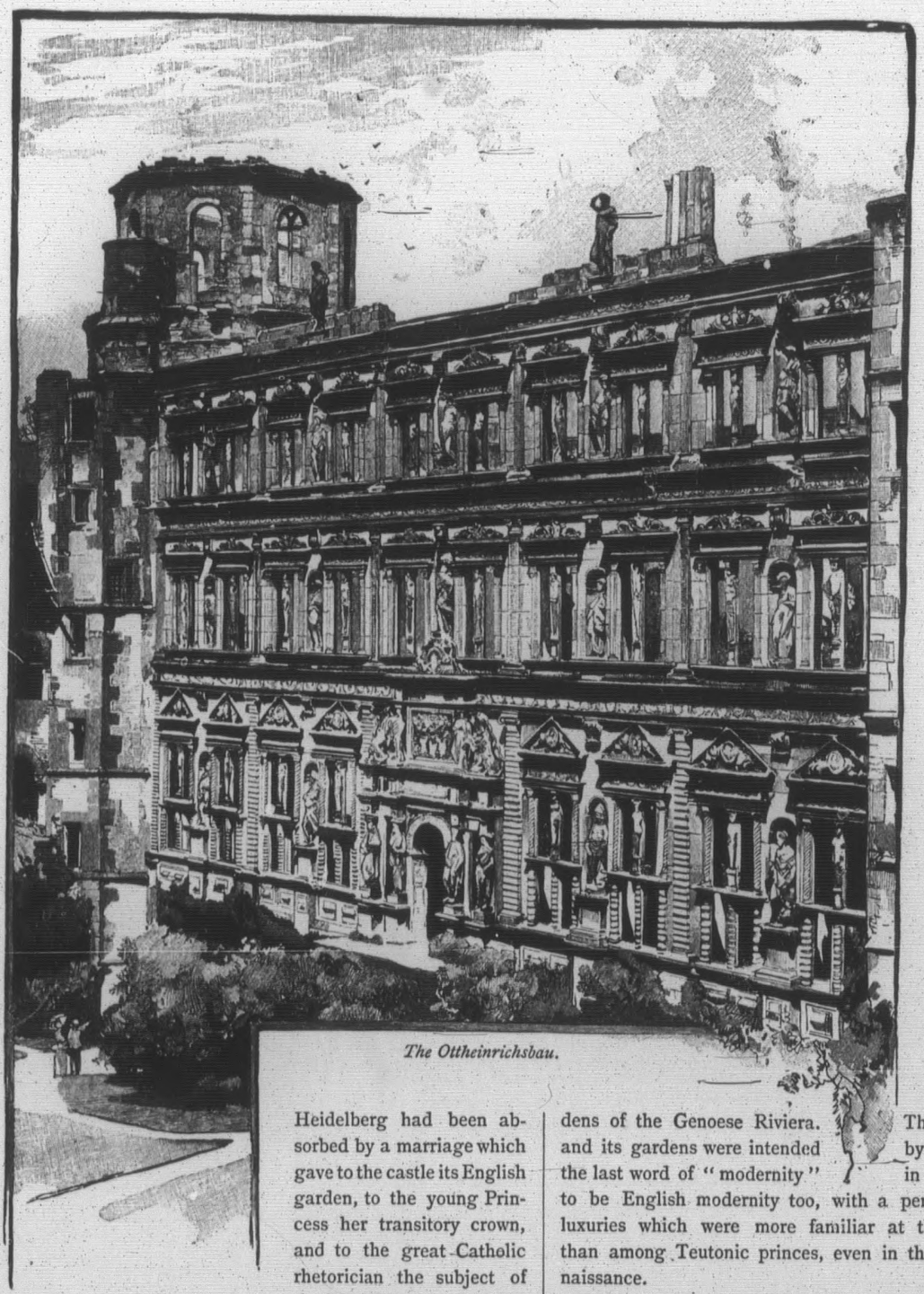
As to the castle, its origin like its character was alien, if the tradition is true which assigns its first foundation to the Romans. And although a considerable part of the construction is due to Gothic influence, it is the Renaissance portion which is architecturally important, which forms, indeed, a feature of the history of building in Germany; for three centuries full of change left their history in the brilliant construction of which this is the ruin. The oldest part, besides the fortifications, consists of the three buildings on the west side of the castle yard which have the old well in their midst; but much of the Gothic ornament has disappeared. And the most perfect portion of the Renaissance construction is Otto-Heinrich's building, the Ottheinrichsbau (to use the *patois* word which combines the names of the Elector and his castle in a compact manner peculiar to some of the *patois* of the Fatherland), of which the gracefully inventive façade is shown in the illustration above. To Ruprecht III., raised to the dignity of King of Germany and Roman Emperor, is due the Ruprechtsbau, the best of the Gothic buildings in the Schloss, much marred in its ruined state by the addition of later constructions. The two angels of our illustration remain over the keystone of his doorway, holding their wreath of roses and their symbolic compasses. It is this energetic Ruprecht who perhaps did most to the making of Heidelberg.

The Rudolfsbau, which retains some late Gothic details, and which was the only part of the castle vaulted in the upper floors, was probably the depository, as its old name of "Library Building" would indicate, of that famous Electoral library now in the possession of the Popes, to the lasting grievance of Heidelberg. Long the only rival to the collection at the Vatican, this "Bibliotheca Palatina" was presented by Duke Max of Bavaria, in the day of his triumph over Heidelberg and her ruler, to the Holy See. Pope Gregory XV. accepted the gift with all the eagerness of a thorough bibliophile, and sent his scriptor over to see that the collection was made over entire, *senza trascurare la minima carta*. A Pope of education and judgment could hardly do less. He saved a magnificent library not only from the uses of heresy, which he avowed as his paramount object, but from too probable damage and destruction; for the University was in a state of collapse (for twenty years after the year 1632 no rector was chosen and no student matriculated), and in the city, depopulated and despoiled, prowled wolves from the woods on the solitary heights of the Taunus. In 1886, when Heidelberg University celebrated her fifth centenary, Leo XIII. sent over the moderate but not unacceptable present of a catalogue of the "Palatina." The irony of the situation is inevitable.

But these dark days of the rosy city came with the Thirty Years' War, and before that long disaster to Central Europe



Over the Portal of the Ruprechtsbau.



The Ottheinrichsbau.

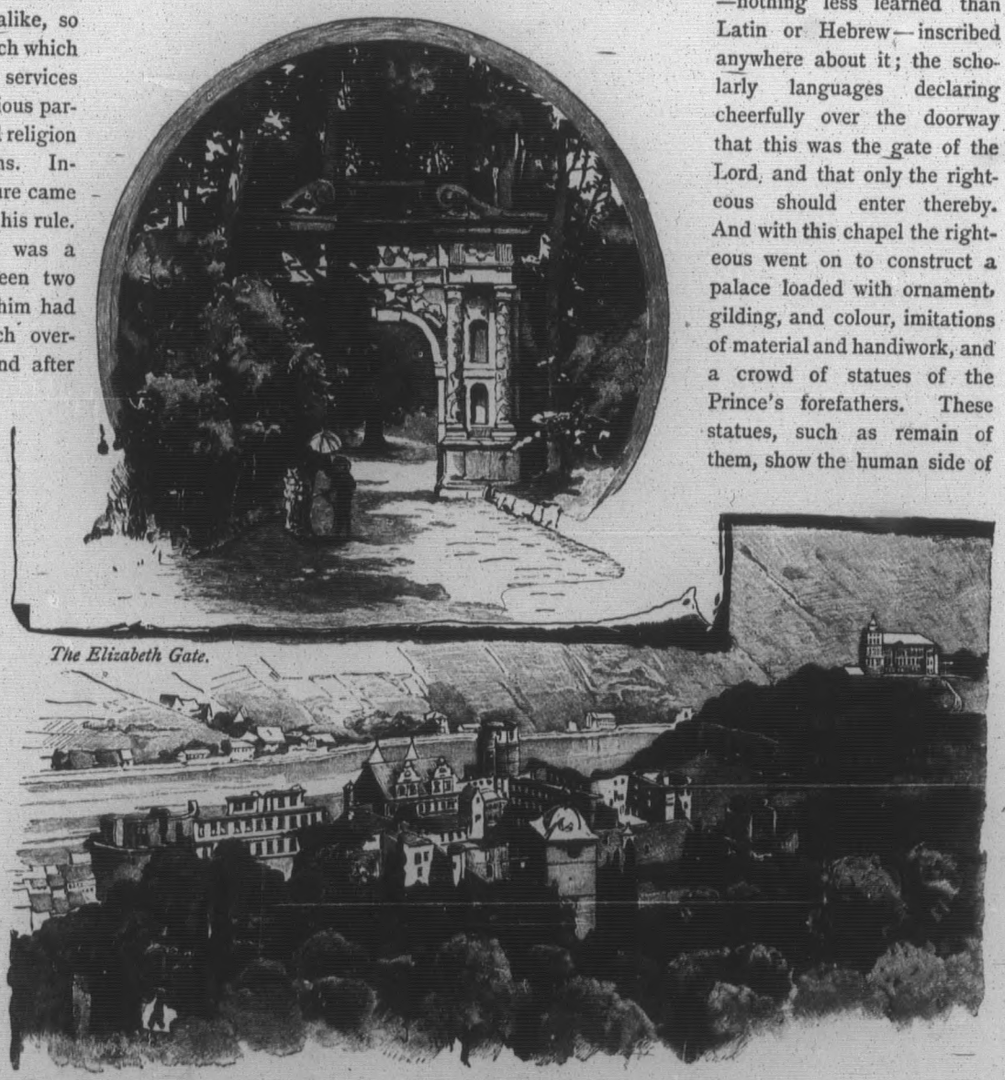
Heidelberg had been absorbed by a marriage which gave to the castle its English garden, to the young Princess her transitory crown, and to the great Catholic rhetorician the subject of the funeral sermon of earthly greatness, which has become a part as much of French literature as of French oratory. The bridegroom in these famous nuptials was the gay and affectionate nineteen-year-old prince, Friedrich V., who loved his wife and enjoyed the festivities of his own wedding with a single-heartedness that had no forebodings. The bride was the beautiful granddaughter of Mary Queen of Scots, James I.'s child; and for her, Friedrich added to the castle the "English building," now but a fragment, and the English garden, the pride of the hill-side. Over the garden portal, formed like a triumphal arch, through which the princess was to pass by moat and drawbridge from her apartments to the groves and flowers, still stands the bridegroom's tender inscription: "Fredericus V. Elizabethæ Conjugi Cariss. A.C., MDCXV." The garden was created by Norman Salomon de Caus, famous in his day, and was the object of Louis XIV.'s jealousy as a rival to the glories of Versailles. De Caus has left a record of his work in "Hortus Palatinus," where we may read of the four hundred orange-trees, of the coral-lined grottoes, of little lakes cunningly nestling where they reflect the precious rockeries of the caves, of statues, of curious figures of birds and beasts about the fountains, and of the secret conduits which sprang jets upon the visitor unawares, in the manner which still, by the way, recommends itself to the sense of humour of the Italians in some of the show gardens of the Genoese Riviera. The dwelling-house and its gardens were intended by Friedrich to be the last word of "modernity" in its day. It was to be English modernity too, with a perfection of all the luxuries which were more familiar at the English court than among Teutonic princes, even in the ages of the Renaissance.

But four short years after the wedding Friedrich, obeying, probably among other impulses, the inspiration of his wife's ambition, went away from the palace-fortress of Heidelberg to be crowned King of Bohemia. "Nun geht die Pfalz in Böhmen," said his mother as he went, for she foresaw that the Palatinate was doomed, was to "disappear into Bohemia;" and three suns in the sky that day showed how much celestial interest there was in the fortunes of the German thrones. And indeed whatever might be the case with the dynasties, if the fate of populations be of importance to the sun or suns, some demonstration on high might have been expected over Heidelberg on the outbreak of the Thirty Years' War. The University went to ruin, the country round was given up to desolation. There were more wolves

than peasants, says the horrified historian. In Nuremberg, later on, the Protestant authorities gave the order that men should take two wives, so that the unpeopled country might have sons without losing time over Christian laws, decencies, and affections. Heidelberg herself fell under the hands of Tilly, who came to wreak Catholic vengeance upon the town for her Protestantism. Behind him flamed the villages of the Palatinate, and before his face the once illustrious city fell into poverty, silence, and desolation. Such destruction was wrought in the brilliant and luxurious castle, that when a Prince Elector again entered his city he could hardly find room to lodge among its ruins.

This was in 1649, and the prince was Carl Ludwig, the son of the bridegroom and bride who had made a far different entry thirty-four years before. He made vigorous efforts to rebuild the ruinous streets, sparing the poor and spurring the rich to give and spend. He revived the University, filled its chairs, stimulated its studies, began a new library, getting permission to copy some valuable MSS. of the old Palatina in Rome. The religious question, which had given almost all its bitterness to the Thirty Years' War, he sought to allay, if not to settle, by giving tolerance and liberty to all alike, so that in the new church which he built, Catholic services and those of the various parties of the Reformed religion were held by turns. Industry and agriculture came to life again under his rule. Indeed, his reign was a halcyon time between two storms, for before him had been the war which overthrew his father, and after him came the almost equally deadly war of which his beloved daughter was the victim and the helpless cause. Given in marriage to the Duke of Orleans, Louis XIV.'s brother, this unfortunate princess was made the pretext of a French claim on the country. "Brûlez le Palatinat," was the grand monarque's command, and Heidelberg went up in flames, her historic church of the Holy Ghost being burnt with the unhappy people within it. The medal which Louis struck to commemorate the event bore the words which have been repeated by all the historians of the city: "Heidelberga deleta." The eighteenth century brought troubles of its own, mainly religious; for in 1720 a Catholic Elector, angry with the Protestantism of the majority of the citizens, removed the seat of government to Mannheim, so that Heidelberg might become, as he threatened, a "mere village." Not until after the final extinction of the Palatinate, and the passing of rule into other hands, did prosperity return to the University and the city.

Gothic, Renaissance, Rococo—the castle is written over with the history of European building: Gothic the most national, Renaissance the most liberal, Rococo the most defiant. The gay front of Otto Heinrich is not more perfect in its manner than the Friedrichsbau in its own way. The builder of the latter (Friedrich IV., 1592—1610) acted after his kind as a prince in an age full of life, movement, and conceit—an age with no love for memories. He tore down whatever specially displeased him in the work of his predecessors, including the chapel built by Ruprecht, and built a new one dedicated without question or dispute and from the beginning to the Reformed religion. It was a luxurious shrine, with no German —nothing less learned than Latin or Hebrew—inscribed anywhere about it; the scholarly languages declaring cheerfully over the doorway that this was the gate of the Lord, and that only the righteous should enter thereby. And with this chapel the righteous went on to construct a palace loaded with ornament, gilding, and colour, imitations of material and handiwork, and a crowd of statues of the Prince's forefathers. These statues, such as remain of them, show the human side of the Rococo in a way that is full of interest. They are human, individual, vigorous. By a curious paradox and contradiction



The Elizabeth Gate.

The Castle from the Molkenkur.

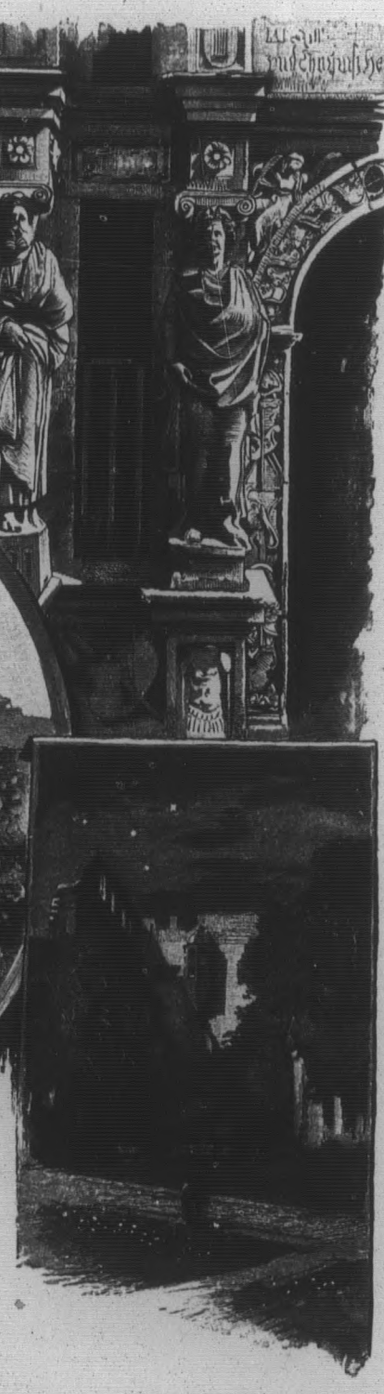
the Art of the Renaissance, when it had run to its extreme in Rococo, took a touch of the old despised national character again, which had been left behind and scorned as Mediæval and Gothic and illiberal. These statues are homely and German, in spite of all the elegant ambitions of Friedrich, because they are realistic—statues of Germans by a German. Their vigour is entirely without the Latin dignity. So although the liberal young Prince would not have his letters of gold done in German, German is written in the brawny sculpture of his palace. The sculptor, Sebastian Götz of Chur, was an energetic man of his age, who had almost as much contempt for the statelier ways of the early Renaissance as the early Renaissance had for Mediævalism. The intendant of the Prince's household disputed with him over the price of his work, and contrasted with his demands the moderate sums asked by the artists who had wrought for Otto Henry. But Götz held his own with spirit, averring that he was quite ready to do old-fashioned work



The Castle Yard.

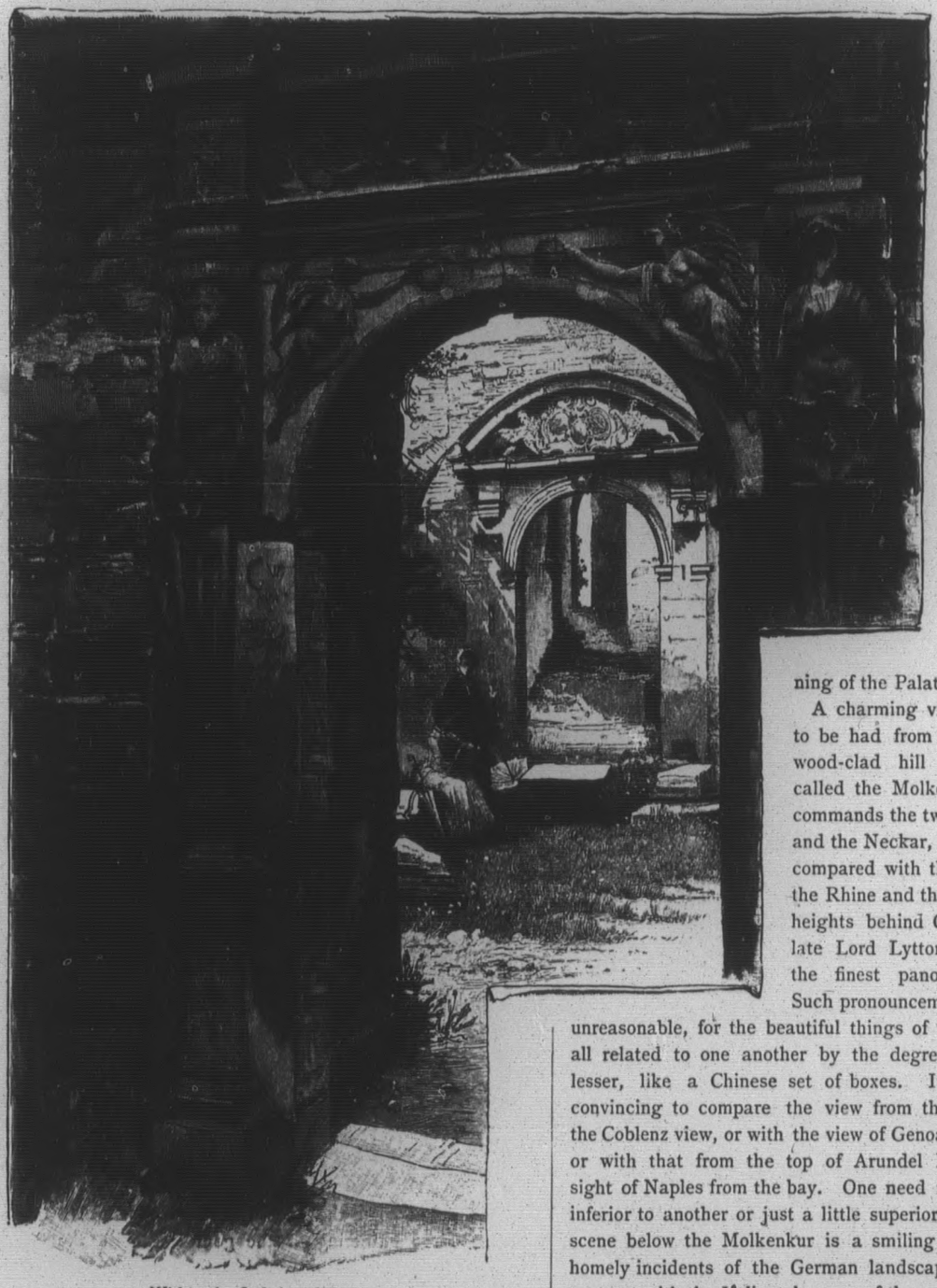
—symbolical carvings of angels and the heavenly bodies, and figures in classic or ideal drapery or in the nude, for instance—for small prices, but that his sculpture was "in the movement," and deserved to be paid accordingly. His idea was to clothe the Elector's ancestors in their habits as they lived, and that was the way of treatment which was admired in Munich. It is said that the intendant took him at the letter, and made him do some of the "old-fashioned work" at the old-fashioned prices. To-day it is all fragment and wreck together. And the whole ruin—harmonized by destruction—has lately been placed under the protection of a "Schloss-Verein" among the citizens of Heidelberg. The reader will not have forgotten what good service a similar association—the "Dombau-Verein"—did at Cologne, in pushing on the building of the Cathedral some years ago. Whether in saving a monument from destruction or restoration, or in completing a great work in its life and glory, the townspeople of Germany have set a memorable example.

May we wander away from the castle without saying anything about the tun? The tun is a big triviality which has caused feelings of unaccountable interest in the breasts of tourists. People toiled up the hill for many and many a year to gaze at the tun and to hear how many hundreds of thousands of bottles of wine it contained when it contained any, which has not been the case for a century and a half. When it was in use it was filled, we believe, with tributary wine poured in by vassals for the use of the Prince Electors. It is now a "sight," and a rather silly one.



The Rudolfsbau.

The history of the University is bound up in that of the castle and the town. The one it has survived, the other jogs on with it in a kind of town and gown companionship of friendliness and quarrels. It was of course to the University, as the headquarters of religion, that Heidelberg owed her manifold miseries. Little did the pious founder, Ruprecht I., dream what he was doing for his city. In his great enterprise he came to the rescue, to the succour, to the aid of his age and his country. Himself a rough old warrior, he was inspired to the work by his friend, the young Prince Carl of Prague, who saw how little the University of Paris was really ministering to the necessities of the world, and who had set on foot a college of learning in his own palace. "I under-



Within the Ottheinrichsbau.

stand only my mother tongue," wrote Ruprecht; "I am unlearned and ignorant of all science." But his laws for the young University were wise and potent laws, and in the whole early history of the University there is a simplicity and humility contrasting curiously with the turbulent and indocile intellectuality of the later times. The students were protected at their coming and going by stringent regulations. He gave the University the right to deal with its own members by its own laws, without any responsibility to the civil administration. This independence survives in a measure in our own day. The University was richly endowed, and empowered by four faculties to give degrees of bachelor, master, and licentiate. On the eighteenth of October, 1386, the University of Heidelberg was opened with the celebration of mass in the presence of professors and students. The very rate of the payment of the professors has remained on record for our admiration. It was moderate indeed, even with all allowance made for the higher value of money in the days of Ruprecht. To him, too, belongs the glory of making the first beginning of the Palatina library.

A charming view of the town is to be had from the dome-shaped, wood-clad hill above the castle, called the Molkenkur. This point commands the two rivers, the Rhine and the Neckar, and inevitably gets compared with that famous view of the Rhine and the Moselle from the heights behind Coblenz, which the late Lord Lytton declared to be the finest panorama in Europe. Such pronouncements are eminently unreasonable, for the beautiful things of this world are not all related to one another by the degrees of greater and lesser, like a Chinese set of boxes. It is not clever or convincing to compare the view from the Molkenkur with the Coblenz view, or with the view of Genoa from Porto Fino, or with that from the top of Arundel Park, or with the sight of Naples from the bay. One need not be just a little inferior to another or just a little superior to a third. This scene below the Molkenkur is a smiling one, with all the homely incidents of the German landscape set in a certain contrast with the Italian elegance of the castle.

A little higher stands the Königstuhl, whence the eye ranges over a number of Rhine villages and towns. To the north rise the Taunus Mountains, backed by the range of the Vosges, to the east the Bergstrasse and the Odenwald, to the south the Swabian hills and the Black Forest. With a telescope on a clear day it is possible to see the spire of Strasburg Cathedral. Another notable place near the town is the Philosophenweg, or Philosophers' Walk, on the south side of the hill called the Heiligenberg, or Holy Mount, from the traditions of the place in the earlier days of Heidelberg history. On the summit of the ascent are certain Roman remains. In A.D. 822 Louis III. gave the hill to the abbey of Lorsch, and there a Benedictine monastery and church were built, to which were added in the twelfth century a



The "Hirsch" Inn.

convent for nuns and a second church. These buildings fell in the Thirty Years' War with so much besides. Another height near, the Jettenbühl, is dedicated to another kind of tradition, that which preserves the name and fame of a certain witch Jetta, powerful with the other world in the days of the Roman occupation. But far and near are happy points of observation, and from some of these a particularly fortunate view is caught of the headlands which stand at guard by Heidelberg, and through which one sees the distance of the plain-like valley of the Rhine, fertile, prosperous, and wearing the felicitously gay look belonging to all wine-producing landscapes. Perhaps one reason why the Englishman has always been a tourist is that his own country is not light-hearted. Even in its extreme beauty it is pathetic. An English midsummer evening, with its scents and the songs of blackbirds reluctant to close the music of one more day, with the long fields and gentle hills, is poignantly sad and patient. Not so monotonous fields of France, nor solemn Italian heights of cypress and olive, nor sandy Spanish hillocks with their fringe of palms. Other scenes may have dreariness, the English pastures have a pathos which is less tolerable. And there is nothing more pleasantly gay than the "home-country" of the Neckar and the Rhine.



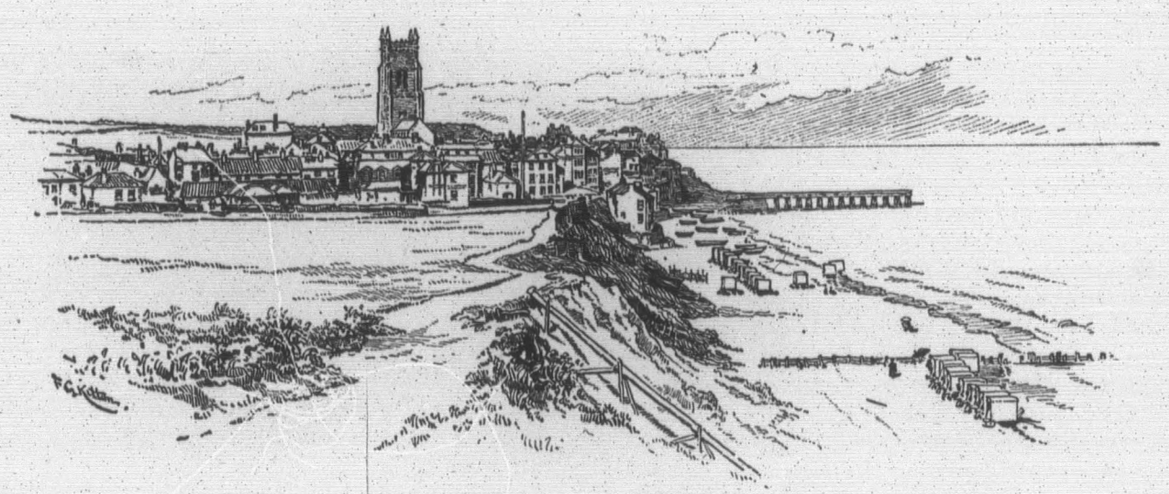
The "Ritter" Inn.

Nor must the students be left out of the view. The students are, of course, very much *en évidence*, and their manners, which are elaborate with the peculiar elaboration of German politeness, give to Heidelberg an air of gentle swagger, a flourish, altogether distinctive. They are prodigal of leisure, although, or perhaps because, they are most systematic at their work, and in their play (the famous duels not excepted) there is a gravity that is extremely young, and by no means without a certain charm.

ALICE MEYNELL.

THE GRAPE HARVEST.

ALL the harvests of the annual cycle are full of charm, and the charm of each is distinctive. First of all comes the hay, when the year is still quickened with hope: the earth is in flower, and the fruit is to come. In the garlanded garden of Italy the cutting of the little patches of grass, set side by side with beds of maize and strips of wheat rippling green under the olives, makes small difference in the happy landscape. But in England the whole face of the country is altered. Towards the flowering-time of the tall grass the large fields and hill-sides have grown gradually from green to a soft rosy dun-colour, most singularly beautiful, and caused by the seed and flowers of the innumerable grass, in which minute browns and reds form a large part. And when all that tiny blossoming is swept away into the fragrant grey hay-ricks, the shaven country is crudely green again, and continues so until the corn-fields in their turn become conspicuous for their ripening colour. After the grass harvest come the wheat and all the grains, and then, in Italy, the gathering of the gourds and all the gourd family; then the vintage; and last the shaking of the olive-trees. But the wheat and the vine are the king and queen of the year, and after the bread is secured the pressing of the wine is the pleasantest work of the husbandman. From Burgundy to Tuscany there is less demonstration now than might still be seen some twenty years ago; but there are still a fiddle and the rhythm of dancing feet to be heard in the soft autumn nights in France, and the thrumming of a guitar under the vaults of the Italian *fattoria* when the last *bigoncia* is emptied into the vats of grapes. The French farmer, by the way, has a fair share of the vintage to look forward to for his own cup, but the poor Tuscan will have nothing but the "half wine" made by pouring water upon the grape-skins and pips and stalks already crushed dry under the press. So his grape-harvest joy is hardly bacchanalian.



Cromer from the Cliffs.

OLD CROMER.

THE Cromer of to-day lies in a hollow, sheltered by an amphitheatre of hills, whose wooded crests and valleys are varied by long stretches of fern and gorse, interspersed with cornfields and meadow land. A profusion of wild flowers, which Walter White, in his "Eastern England," compares in variety of colour to an alpine pasture, meets the eye on every side throughout the neighbourhood; on the picturesque cliffs between Cromer and Mundsley; in the plantations of Sherringham Park, with their undergrowth of rhododendrons, and banks covered with fern and wild hyacinth; on Beeston Hills, with their pine woods and heather; and in the beautiful grounds of Cromer Hall, which in spring and summer are literally carpeted with them. Beyond the headland of Foulness, the coast-line trends so sharply westward that to the inhabitants of Cromer the sun seems not only to rise but also to set in the broad, blue expanse of the German Ocean. One of the best of our female poets* has described one of these sunsets in lines which are worth quoting:—

"Below me lay the wide sea, the scarlet sun was stooping,
And he dyed the waste water, as with a scarlet dye;
And he dyed the lighthouse towers; every bird with white wing swooping
Took his colours, and the cliffs did, and the yawning sky.
Over the grass came that strange flush, and over ling and heather,
Over flocks of sheep and lambs, and over Cromer town;
And each filmy cloudlet crossing drifted like a scarlet feather
Torn from the folded wings of clouds, while he settled down."

Beautiful, however, as "the waste water" looks on a lovely summer evening, those who are familiar with it at all seasons, and especially those who have to pass the best part of their lives on it, know only too well that it is capable of assuming a very different and far less pleasing appearance. The bay below the headland is locally known as "The Devil's Throat," and the dangerous nature of the coast is proved by the fact that, in addition to the lighthouse on Foulness, there are four others in the thirty-six miles between Cromer and Yarmouth. Seaboards such as this usually produce bold seamen, and the Cromer fishermen, an honest, hardy race, can point with pride to their townsman, Roger Bacon, who, as Bloomfield tells us, "Found out Iceland" in Henry IV.'s reign, and "is said to have taken the Prince of Scotland, James Stuart, sailing to France for education." Roger Bacon is described by Bloomfield as "a mariner of this town of Cromer," but the greater part of the old Cromer, better known as Shipden, in which he lived, is buried beneath the German Ocean, and "the Etretat of England," were he to visit it to-day, would probably seem as unfamiliar to him as the pleasant French watering-place from which Cromer derives the *sobriquet*.

The remarkable way in which the sea has in part receded from, and in part encroached upon, the east coast of England, is well illustrated by that portion of it lying between Yarmouth and Cromer.

On the one hand the sea has, for many hundred years, been excluded from a large portion of that curious district known as "The Broads" by a barrier of sand dunes extending from a few miles south of Happisburgh to Yarmouth. Yarmouth, as is well known, is built on sand that first became habitable ground about 1008, while the gradual increase of the dunes in height and breadth has, in the course of five centuries, choked the ancient estuary of the River Yare and diverted it some four miles to the south. These dunes are known as "The Marram Hills," from a species of reed, locally termed "marram," with which they are everywhere covered, and not only afford a protection against the sea but are also continually moving inland, and thousands of acres in the interior have thus become cultivated land. At Winterton an inland cliff, about a mile long, shows clearly that the sea must formerly have penetrated farther at that point; and the fact that in the times of the Saxons a great estuary extended as far as Norwich, which, so late as the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, is represented as "situated on the banks of an arm of the sea," is an additional proof of the remarkable mode in which the land has here been reclaimed from the German Ocean by purely natural causes.

On the other hand there is ample record of an equally noteworthy process of destruction by the sea in the district between Happisburgh and Cromer. At a short distance from Happisburgh a low cliff begins, which is there forty feet high, and rises gradually, till at Foulness headland it attains an elevation of two hundred feet. At its base lies the buried forest

* Jean Ingelow, in "Requiescat in Pace."

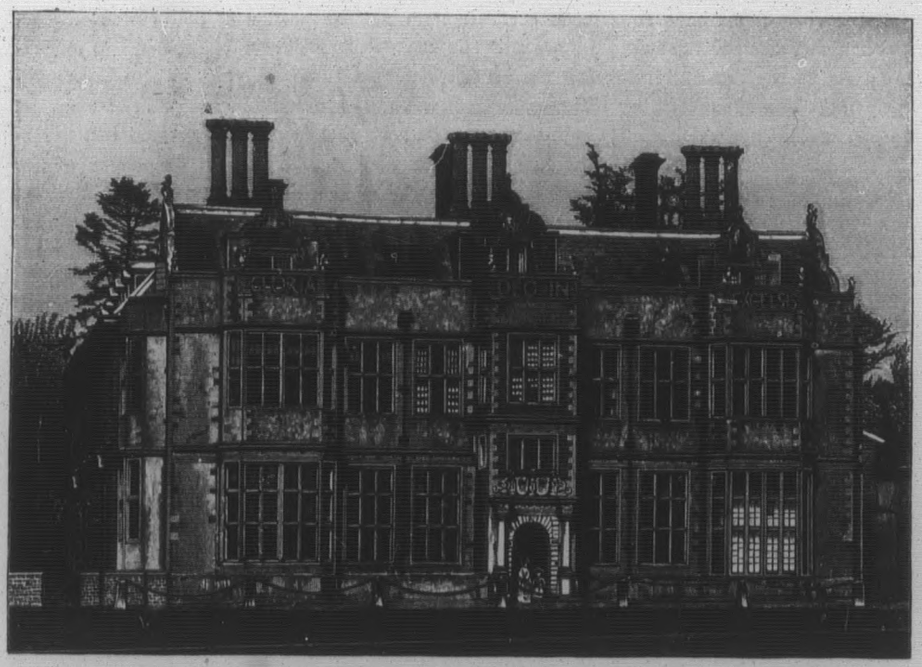
of Happisburgh and Cromer, which geologists date back to that remote period when the whole of these islands were united to the continent, and which, at certain seasons and states of the tide, can be traced to the distance of twenty miles out to sea. Here are found the trunks—some of them of two or three feet in diameter—the branches, leaves, and seeds of the spruce, oak, birch, and other trees, of the water-lily, and the *Osmunda regalis*, with insects and fresh-water shells, all of living species, mingled with the remains of the elephant, rhinoceros, beaver, walrus, and narwhal. Again, in 1605 we find the inhabitants of Eccles petitioning James I. for a reduction of taxes, on the ground that three hundred acres of land and all their houses, save fourteen, had been destroyed by the sea; and a similar fate appears to have befallen the village of Wimpwell, several manors, and large portions of neighbouring parishes. Among these was Cromer or Shipden, the church of which seems to have been thus swept away in Henry IV.'s reign. The fragments of its walls are still to be seen at low water, half a mile from the cliffs, and are locally known as "Church Rock."



Cromer Church.

Cromer, in which the Conqueror held a manor, is, according to Bloomfield, not mentioned in Doomsday Book, "being included and accounted for in the town of Shipden, the lordship of which extended into Cromer." In Henry III.'s reign, Sir Hugh de Odingsels appears to have been lord of Shipden, and patron of its ill-fated church of St. Peter. The present parish church of Cromer is said to have been begun in the sixteenth year of Richard II.'s reign. It is a handsome building, dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul, and originally consisted—to quote Bloomfield's quaint description—"of a body and two isles (*sic*) covered with lead, and a beautiful, lofty, and square tower, imbatelled at the west end of the nave, built of flint and freestone; to which body was joined a large chapel, now in ruins." There is a tradition that it was partially destroyed by Cromwell, who turned it into a barrack. Its restoration was begun in 1863.

Among the numerous grave-stones in the central aisle is that of Sir George Wyndham, who appears to have acquired "Ufford's Manor" in Cromer by marriage. The name of Wyndham is, however, more usually associated with the estate of Felbrigge, which lies about three miles from Cromer, in the centre of the woodland district which a modern writer has aptly named "fern-land," and which was brought to the hammer through the extravagant follies of the notorious "Mad Wyndham," who drove the coach between Norwich and Cromer, and eventually died in poverty and obscurity. Felbrigge must have once belonged to Guerth, the brother of King Harold, who was slain with him at Hastings, for Bloomfield tells us that it was on the expulsion of two freemen of Guerth's that the lordship was granted to Roger Bigot, ancestor of the Earls of Norfolk. In the reign of Henry IV. it was held by Sir Simon de Felbrigge, the representative of an ancient family who took their name from the neighbouring town of Felbrigge, of the greater part of which they were enfeoffed by the Bigots at the Conquest. Sir Simon was standard-bearer to Richard II., and his first wife, the daughter and heiress of the Duke of Silesia, was a



Felbrigge Hall.

cousin of Ann, Richard's Queen. A marble grave-stone in Felbrigge Church—which stands in the corner of the park—records their deaths, but the place for the date of Sir Simon's, which took place in 1442, is left blank, and he appears to have been buried in the choir of the Preaching Friars at Norwich, beside his second wife. On her death the manor was sold to John Wymondham, or Windham, a name apparently derived from a market town in Norfolk. The statesman, William Wyndham, who met his death through a fall incurred during his efforts to save the library of his friend North from the flames, is buried in the church, which contains several memorials of the family.

The De Norfolk family, the first Norman owners of Felbrigge, were also lords of the manor of Beeston Regis, which lies in a broad valley on the coast a mile beyond Cromer, and is worth visiting on account of the ruins of the priory and its church, which overlook the German Ocean. The priory, dedicated to St. Mary, was founded in the reign of King John, for canons of the order of St. Augustine, by Isabel, daughter and coheiress of Hubert, Baron De Rhua.

A headless dog, known as "Old Shuck"—the Anglo-Saxon term for the Evil One*—is popularly believed to travel nightly by a lane called "Shuck's Lane" from Beeston to Overstrand, a village some three miles on the other side of Cromer. A duel or "combat of trial," on behalf of Agnes de Reymes, is said to have been fought in 1250 on account of this lordship, which, like the hamlets of Sidestrand, and North and South Repps, and the headland of Foulness, probably received its name from Danish settlers. Whether "Old Shuck" was originated by the Danes, or whether he had any connection with the "duel of trial," or with Beeston Priory, must, however, be left for the reader to decide. Between North Repps and South Repps is Trimmingham, where the cliffs, which rise to three hundred feet, are said to be the highest in Norfolk.



Blickling Hall.

A road passing all these villages leads to Blickling, the property of Lord Lothian, which is some thirteen miles distant from Cromer. Here, in 1501, was born Anne Boleyn, and here the earlier years of her life appear to have been spent. Her father, Sir Thomas, was Sir Henry Wyatt's coadjutor in the government of Norwich Castle, and it is therefore probable that she had as playfellows at Blickling the latter's daughter, Mary—who, faithful to her through all her troubles, attended her to the scaffold—and his son, the gallant and unfortunate Sir Thomas Wyatt, whose passion for her is recorded in the well-known stanzas beginning—

> "Forget not yet the tried intent
> Of such a truth as I have meant,
> My great travail so gladly spent,
> Forget not yet."

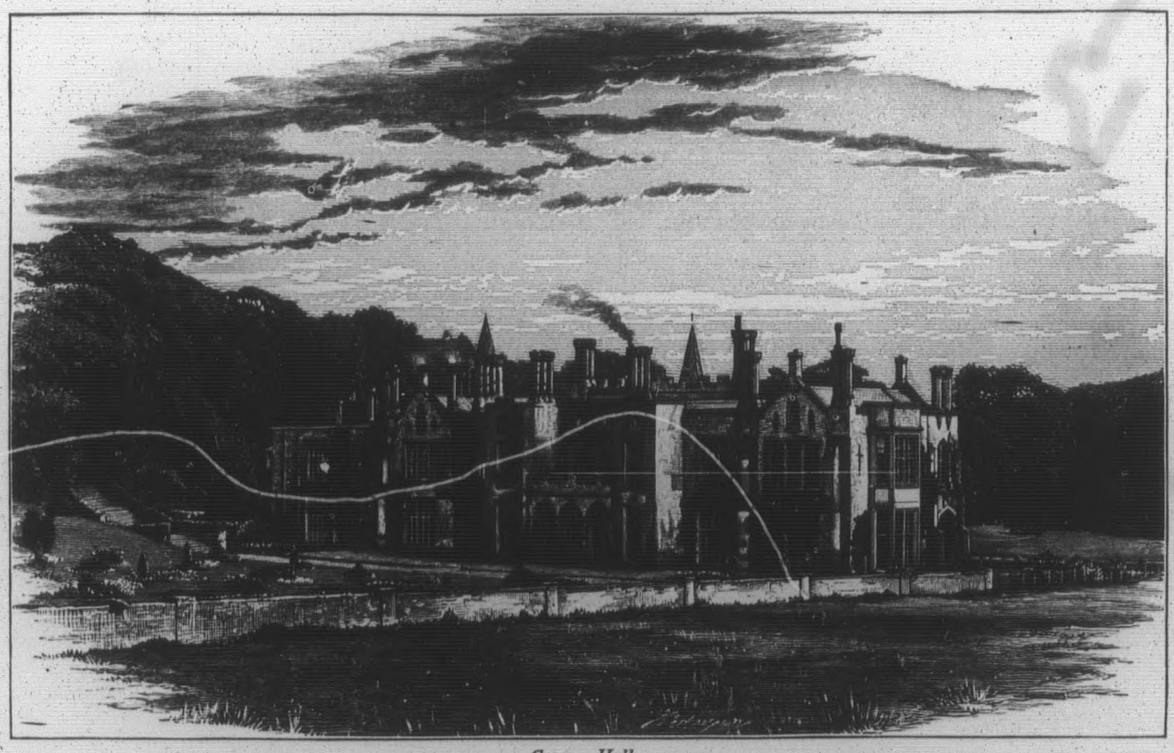
At her coronation we find the unlucky suitor acting for his father as chief ewerer, and claiming the high office of pouring scented water on the Queen's hands! His unswerving devotion to her made him one of the most strenuous champions of her innocence, and found expression in a touching memorial on her death. It concludes: "God provided for her corpse sacred burial, even in a place as it were consecrate to innocence;"—a sentence which Miss Strickland, in her "Lives of the Queens of England," refers to as affording a singular confirmation of a local tradition prevalent for more than three centuries in Norfolk, that the remains of Anne were secretly removed from the Tower Chapel and buried at midnight in the church of Salle, four miles from Blickling, the ancient burial-place of the Boleyns. A black marble slab is still shown in the church as the Queen's monument, and Miss Strickland suggests that Wyatt, if not one of the parties to the transaction, was probably in the secret.† It may be added that

* Derived from *Scucca* or *Sceocca*.

† Miss Strickland goes on to state that a similar black marble monumental slab, supposed to be that covering the remains of the Queen, is also shown in the church of Thorndon-on-the-Hill, in Essex, about a mile from Thorndon Hall, which was once the seat of Sir Thomas Boleyn. "The existence of a similar tradition

there is a popular superstition, perhaps founded on this tradition, that once a year Sir Thomas Boleyn, Anne's father, carrying his own head under his arm, drives out in a coach drawn by four headless horses, and makes a circuit of twelve bridges near Blickling! At Blickling, too, according to Bloomfield, Anne was privately married to Henry VIII. in 1533, though it must be added that Stowe and Godwin—who are confirmed by the testimony of Sir Thomas Wyatt—state that the marriage took place in a room in Whitehall.

The connection of Blickling with English sovereigns, however, began more than four centuries before Anne Boleyn was born. While, as already mentioned, his brother Guerth owned the neighbouring manor of Felbrigge, that of Blickling belonged to King Harold, who, previous to his accession to the throne, was Earl of East Anglia. The Conqueror gave the manor to the Bishop of Thetford, and Henry III. eventually confirmed it to the see of Norwich; and Bloomfield tells us that the bishops "had a palace or county seat with a fine park adjoining it, and many of them appear to have resided there." A portion of this manor, known as "the manor of Dagworth in Blickling," passed in 1368 to Sir Nicholas Dagworth, who appears to have been a noted soldier and diplomatist. He served as commander in Aquitaine in 1364. In 1373 he was employed by Edward III. to conduct a secret negotiation in France, "with Sir John Fastolff and others," and four years later was sent by the King and Council to Ireland "with full commission to reform the state of that kingdom." In Richard II.'s reign we find him one of the commissioners appointed to take the oath of the King of Scotland to the treaty newly concluded with that country; and, subsequently, ordered to demand satisfaction for its infringement and the payment of the ransom due for King David. Soon after this he appears to have retired to Blickling, where he built the manor-house in which he resided till his death in 1400. Like his neighbour, and most probably contemporary, Sir Simon de Felbrigge, he was survived by a



Cromer Hall.

widow, after whose death the manor eventually passed to Sir Geoffrey Boleyn, great-grandfather of Henry VIII.'s Queen, by whom the chapel at the east end of the north aisle of the church was built, and who was Sheriff of London during the Wars of the Roses, and afterwards Lord Mayor in 1451. From the Boleyns Blickling passed to the Cleres of Ormsby, who, at the Dissolution of the Monasteries, also obtained a grant of the original manor belonging to the see of Norwich; and in the latter part of the sixteenth century the two estates thus reunited were bought by Henry Hobart, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and Chancellor to the two sons of James I., whose descendant, Sir John Hobart, was created Baron Hobart of Blickling in 1728, and Earl of Buckinghamshire in 1746.

The house inhabited by the Boleyn family must have been that built by Sir Nicholas Dagworth, but the present building seems to have been begun by Chief Justice Hobart in James I.'s reign. The magnificent staircase belongs to this period, but was much enlarged by the then Earl of Buckinghamshire about 1776. Among the portraits in the anteroom adjoining the hall is one of Sir Henry Hobart, Gentleman of the Horse to William III., who attended him at the Battle of the Boyne, and was afterwards killed in a duel with Mr. Le Neve on Causton Heath. The park, one thousand acres in extent, with fine avenues, beautiful water, and wooded hills, is stated by Miss Strickland to have probably formed the model for that of Greenwich.

URQUHART A. FORBES.

of the kind in two different counties," she says, "but in both instances in the neighbourhood of Sir Thomas Boleyn's estates, can only be accounted for on the supposition that rumours of the murdered queen's removal from the Tower Chapel were at one time in circulation among the tenants and dependants of her paternal house, and were by them orally transmitted to their descendants as matter of fact."



A Sketching Class.

A FOREIGN ARTIST AND AUTHOR IN ENGLAND.*

CAPEL CURIG, which should be pronounced Kappel Kerrig (the mysteries of Welsh pronunciation are truly unfathomable), is in a very convenient situation for anglers, and for tourists intending to make the ascent of Snowdon. As we had stopped at Llanberis and been up the monarch of Welsh mountains, we had no reason to break our journey there except for a few minutes, which enabled us to see that Capel Curig is a great resort for artists. This is not to be wondered at, for the scenery there is very beautiful and varied, and affords to landscape painters an excellent field for the display of their talent and abilities. There is a particular spot, opposite a roadside inn, on the wooded banks of a stream, which seems to be very much in favour among artists of both sexes, for we saw under the shade of a clump of trees more than a dozen of them, sheltered under white umbrellas, an easel before them, busy with pencil or brush, and apparently from their position engaged in sketching the same bit of scenery, the two lakes and a small waterfall.

Shortly before reaching Bettws-y-Coed we alighted at the gates of the Swallow Falls, or Rhayadr-y-Wennol, as they are called in Welsh. Although we tried hard to ascertain the origin of the name bestowed upon them, we could get no information on the subject; we had heard the Swallow Falls spoken of as a wonderful sight, and our curiosity had been awakened by the praises lavished on them. Like many other sights in Wales the falls are carefully kept under lock and key. A small wicket gate at the roadside, where a boy is stationed to receive the usual fee (the amount of which, if we remember right, is left to the generosity of the visitors), leads to a rough path which is a combination of very steep inclines and wide rocky steps. At first nothing is seen of the falls, as the path lies through a curtain of trees and shrubs, but suddenly a sharp turn brings you in front of the higher fall and almost immediately above the middle one, for the Llugwy, as the stream is called, rushes down the chasm in three leaps. From this coign of vantage the waters are seen gurgling and bubbling over the jagged barrier of rocks and leaping in a wide foaming sheet into the pool below, and then, as it were, resting awhile to rush over the second obstacle before reaching the final step, after which it resumes its impetuous course over a bed of stones in the direction of Bettws-y-Coed.

The sides of the ravine in which the falls are situated are covered with luxuriant vegetation and fine trees, and here and there large projecting rocks make the slopes look wild and rugged, the whole giving to this lovely spot a character of undeniable grandeur. After a heavy rain, when the waters of the Llugwy are high, the falls assume a remarkable aspect; unfortunately when we saw them, after a spell of dry weather, the body of water forming the cascade was "thin," which detracted somewhat from the beauty of the scene.

Bettws-y-Coed (the Chapel in the Wood) is, as its name implies, in the midst of a wooded district, and is in striking contrast with the desolate and wild country extending between it and Llanberis. After crossing the Pass of Llanberis the charming situation of Bettws-y-Coed produces on the traveller

* Continued from page 229.

an extraordinary impression of relief as the lovely landscape spreads before him in endless variety. Here are gracefully undulating hills clothed with luxuriant verdure, there fresh shady walks, pleasant secluded glens, pretty murmuring streams gaily winding their way between verdant banks and hastening towards some rocky narrow defile, where they coquettishly fray themselves into the whitest of foam as they dash over nature's obstacles, which she has dispersed with the most consummate art, so as to throw into greater relief the beauties of the scenery. Human art is after all but a poor thing by the side of nature's art—a very trite saying this, no doubt, but like all hackneyed remarks it is but the expression of the unanimous feeling of men.

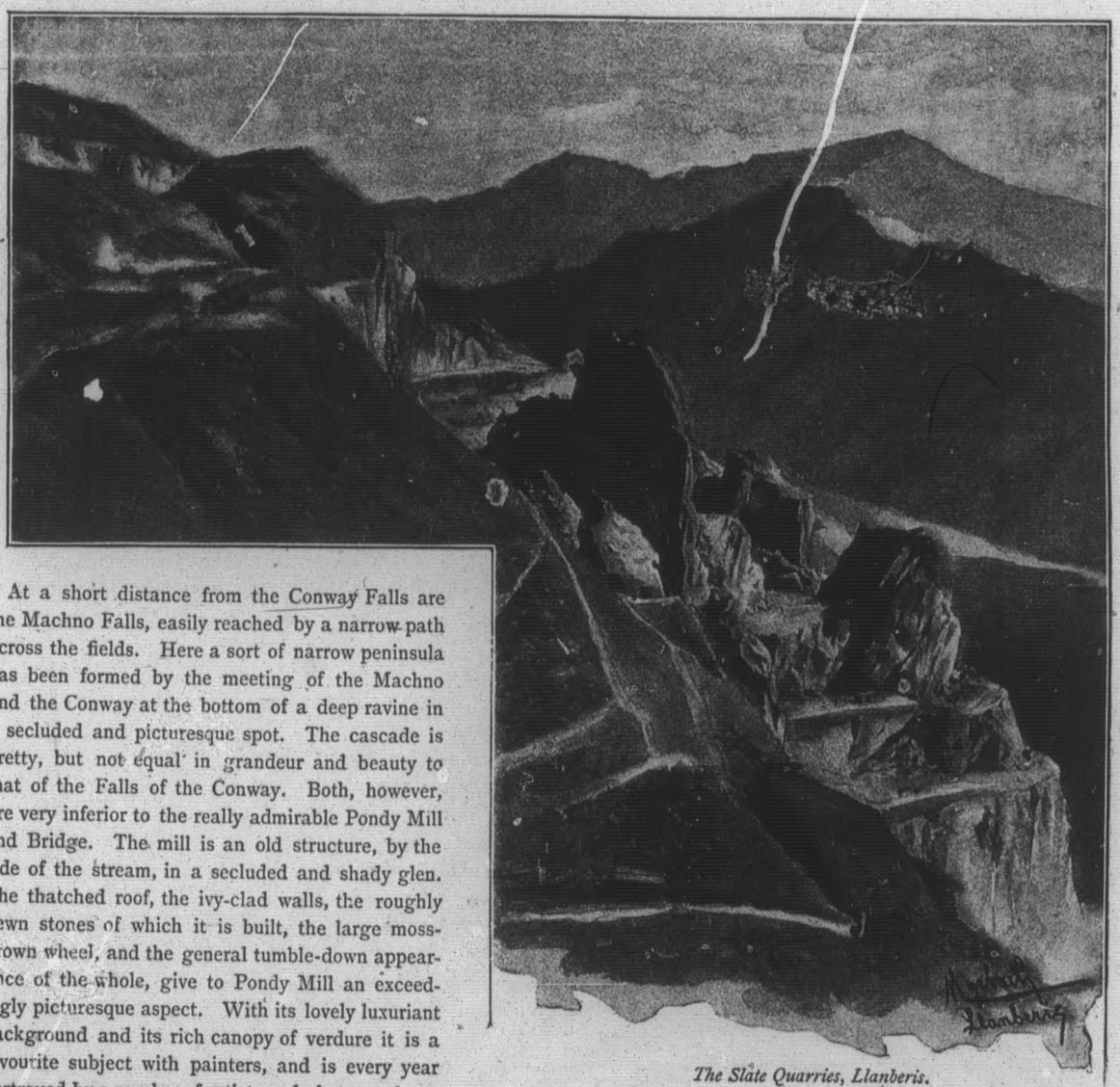
Bettws-y-Coed is a small village or hamlet composed of a number of detached houses of modern build (the fancy Gothic style, with bow windows and gables, predominating), stretching along the road for over a mile. In front of the houses runs the old Holyhead road, parallel to the Llugwy, and beyond the stream the valley of Llanwust extends, bounded by a circle of low hills. It goes without saying that owing to its particularly favourable situation, and the varied scenery abounding in the immediate vicinity, Bettws-y-Coed is the head-quarters of quite an army of artists. As a natural consequence artists' colourmen, frame-makers, and photographic dealers are numerous, and picture-dealers abound. At the end of many of the gardens which, after the style of suburban localities, separate the houses from the road, there are glazed show cases in which paintings for sale are exhibited, with prices affixed thereto. A few of these works of art denoted considerable skill and technical dexterity on the part of the painter.



A Miners' Village.

Bettws-y-Coed is an excellent starting place for excursionists to all parts of Snowdonia, and during the season there is a stream of coaches, carriages, and vehicles of all kinds rattling along the road in front of the village; occasionally a shrill whistle is heard, and light clouds of steam hovering above the trees in the distance are evident signs that we are again in touch of the railway and in communication with the rest of the world.

An American tourist once entered the Louvre Galleries in Paris, went straight to one of the attendants, and pulling his watch out, looking at the time, said, "Look here, I have to catch my train at 4.30; show me all you can in five minutes." We were not exactly in such a hurry, but time was to us a consideration, and, besides, the weather had been very fine for the last fortnight or so, and we were afraid that a change might suddenly come over us, so we first drove to the Falls of the Conway, which are about three miles from Bettws-y-Coed; and a very pleasant drive it is, for the route lies through the wide road shaded by glorious trees on the side of which the village is built, then across the fine iron bridge spanning the Llugwy in one single arch of very elegant design, with the following inscription worked in the iron lattice: "This bridge was built the same year that the battle of Waterloo was fought." The road then skirts the base of a wooded hill clothed with luxuriant foliage. There are in the neighbourhood a number of very fine and delightfully situated houses, and it was surprising to see so many of them advertised for sale or hire, as one would have thought that such pleasant summer residences would never be allowed to go begging. Probably this is but due to the hard times we are now living in, and from the effects of which Wales, like other parts of the world, suffers. About half-way to the Conway Falls the road forks, one branch of it, called the upper road, going to the falls, the other, or lower road, descending towards the Fairy Glen. We followed the higher section, and a sharp turn soon brought us to our destination. Down a narrow road we went, and soon found ourselves in a deep gorge, and a few more steps brought us to the side of the ravine into which the Conway and Machno, having united their waters, leap over a barrier of rocks.



The Slate Quarries, Llanberis.

At a short distance from the Conway Falls are the Machno Falls, easily reached by a narrow path across the fields. Here a sort of narrow peninsula has been formed by the meeting of the Machno and the Conway at the bottom of a deep ravine in a secluded and picturesque spot. The cascade is pretty, but not equal in grandeur and beauty to that of the Falls of the Conway. Both, however, are very inferior to the really admirable Pondy Mill and Bridge. The mill is an old structure, by the side of the stream, in a secluded and shady glen. The thatched roof, the ivy-clad walls, the roughly hewn stones of which it is built, the large moss-grown wheel, and the general tumble-down appearance of the whole, give to Pondy Mill an exceedingly picturesque aspect. With its lovely luxuriant background and its rich canopy of verdure it is a favourite subject with painters, and is every year portrayed by a number of artists and photographers, amateur and professional.

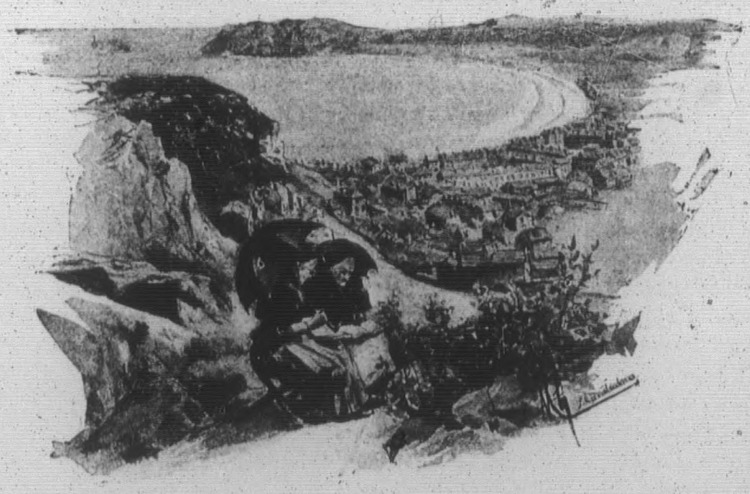
Close by is the venerable old Roman bridge, whose arch has preserved its graceful curve, and is now in almost as perfect a condition as when the victorious legions of Cæsar overran Britain. It has stood the test of ages, and may possibly outlive its rival, a few yards farther, just as the old bridge of Ayr, according to Burns, the Scotch poet, will be a "brig" when the new bridge is reduced to a shapeless cairn. The Roman bridge, to which a path showing traces of the old Roman military road leads, is now overgrown with grass; creeping plants are climbing up its arch, and falling on either side in graceful pendants which reach the surface of the rippling waters. A circuitous path leads to the water's edge; huge stones rising above the water enable one to get dry-footed almost to the middle of the stream, and to see through the bridge, as in a frame, the winding bed of the river, under an arch of foliage of the richest colour. Taking advantage of the low condition of the river, there were on the big stepping-stones half-a-dozen photographers, busy with lens and camera, taking views of the bridge and its lovely surroundings.

Waterfalls are very pretty things, but they are very much like one another. Having seen Ceunant Mawr, the Swallow, Conway, and Machno Falls all within a few days, even within a few hours, we began to get tired of foaming sheets of water leaping over ledges of rock into dark pools of stone, the sight of which was becoming monotonous. There remained, however, to be seen another of the "lions" of Bettws-y-Coed, and that was the Fairy Glen, so we were informed by our driver, in whom we trusted implicitly. Was the Fairy Glen very far? No, it was on the road to Bettws-y-Coed. The name was pretty, euphonious, and we were in hopes that the thing would prove as pleasant to the eye as its name to the ear.

At the Machno Falls and Pondy Bridge there was no gate. It is true an old gentleman, who it appears always happens to be passing that way when strangers are in view, did not fail to volunteer valuable information, in exchange for which we volunteered a small gratuity, but there was no compulsory payment. At the Fairy Glen, despite this poetical appellation, things are managed differently and in quite a business, matter-of-fact, if-you-don't-like-it-go-elsewhere sort of way. There is a wicket gate to the entrance of the property on which the glen is situated, a steep path leading to a small booth, in which a toll collector, in the person of a young lady in a double-peaked cap, peremptorily demands the entrance fee from the visitors. Opposite the booth is a small wooden

gate, above which, nailed to a tree, is a board with the following inscription painted on it: "The Glen is closed on Sundays." This startling announcement certainly made a deep impression on us, and the idea of closing a glen on Sundays struck us as particularly ingenious and liberal. The artist suggested that possibly the fairies objected to being disturbed on that day; but he was immediately silenced, as none of us believed in fairies, every one of our party having long since ceased to travel, if only in imagination, in the land of imps, hobgoblins, good or evil spirits, and other fairy folk. Someone else hinted that more likely the proprietor of the glen and the hotel-keepers of Bettws-y-Coed had devised this clever plan in order to induce the Saturday visitors to stay twenty-four hours more in the place. That would be quite in keeping with the business-like arrangements prevailing at the glen, but after all it is of very little consequence; what is interesting is to know that the owner of the glen, who has evidently an eye to the main chance, is also of a bigoted turn of mind, and prevents his fellow-beings from visiting it except on week-days.

The Fairy Glen is a gigantic cleft in the rocks, through which the Conway has found its way among huge boulders. The bed of the torrent is at the bottom of a deep precipice, on the rugged and almost perpendicular sides of which trees, shrubs, and wild plants grow luxuriantly. A small winding path leads to the water's edge at a spot where the glen makes a sharp angle, and the water, dashing against the rocky wall, takes a sudden turn and rushes along the narrow passage, in which verdure, foliage, rocks in picturesque confusion, present a very striking scene of sylvan beauty, with a curious effect of perspective. The glen is, it is needless to add, much frequented by artists, several of whom were perched on jutting rocks and boulders, making the best of the last few days of fine weather, as the end of the season was fast drawing near. One of the artists we watched for a long time. He had established himself on a large flat stone in mid-stream, and was engaged in painting the perspective view of the glen, whilst his better half by the side of him was getting tea ready by means of a small kettle steaming away on a spirit lamp.



Llandudno.

So far, good. But what amused us was to see the painter, with his back to the glen he was painting, laying patches on patches of colour on the large canvas before him. He would turn completely round to look at the glen, then revolve on his heel as on a pivot, give a few touches with the brush, and then turn round again, and so on, like a mechanical doll. The rapidity with which he executed the various movements was perfectly astounding; he certainly repeated this manœuvre twenty times a minute, and seemed to give himself a good deal more trouble than was necessary.

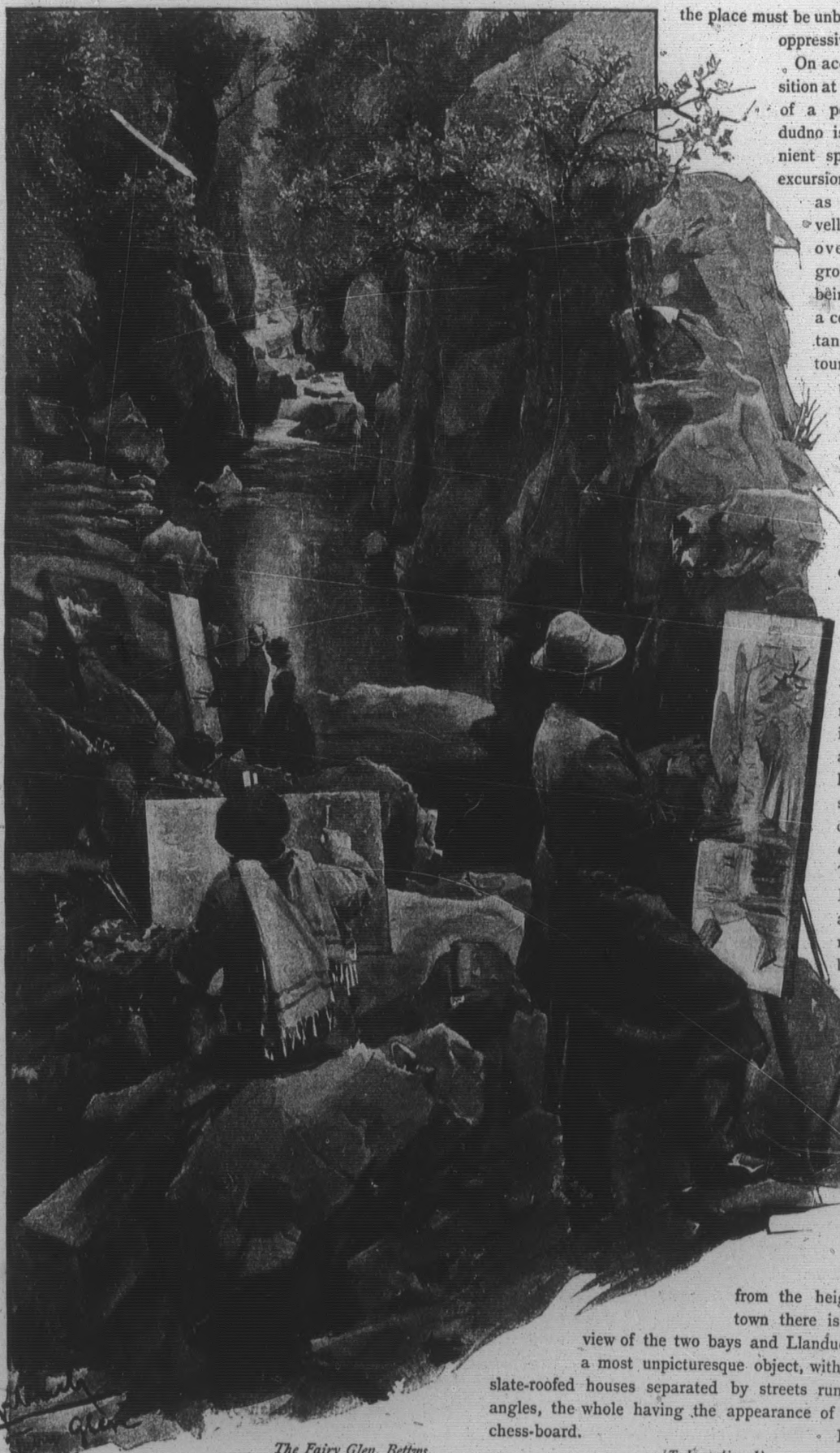
Bettws-y-Coed is a delightful place no doubt, but we had to leave it, though regretfully; our regret, however, was tempered by the weather, which had become misty, damp, and boisterous. A dark pall of black clouds hung over the country; the hills could hardly be seen through it, and the atmosphere, described by an American in the morning when the clouds were gathering and the mist rising, as "smoky," had become in the late afternoon quite overpowering. The wind was blowing with terrific force, it was cold and piercing, and when we ensconced ourselves in a comfortable corner in a well-closed railway carriage we felt grateful that we were in touch of the iron road again, and were not compelled to travel in an open conveyance, a mode of locomotion that a few days, nay, almost a few hours before, seemed to us so pleasant and enjoyable.

Like Mr. Sam Weller's knowledge of London, Llandudno is "peculiar," but unlike that gentleman's acquaintance with the metropolis it is not "extensive." Its peculiarity consists in its position, for it lies between two bays. The guide-books are fond of describing this as an unusual advantage, but to the untutored mind it is more likely to appear as an unmitigated nuisance.

Everybody knows, or ought to know, that Llandudno stands between the two massive promontories, each formed of a gigantic rock, called Great Orme's Head and Little Orme's Head, at the narrowest point of the peninsula which separates the Bay of Beaumaris from Orme's Head. Like many other watering places in England and on the Continent which have sprung up, mushroom fashion, in a very short time, it is of modern growth, and did not exist some thirty years ago, except as a little fishing village to be found only on the most accurate atlases. It is said that it was discovered by Mr. John Bright, and that Llandudno owes its prosperity to the great political orator, just as Cannes was brought under the notice of the world and made a famous winter resort by Lord Brougham. English statesmen have a knack of pitching their tents, figuratively speaking, in the most picturesque and pleasantest spots in order to recoup themselves after the arduous duties and fatigue of the English parliamentary season.

Llandudno is built on a circular bay extending from the Great Orme's Head to Little Orme's Head, the town itself being adjacent to and sheltered by the former rock, which affords excellent protection against the north winds. The good substantial houses, the fine wide streets, denote the recent origin of the place, and its highly plutocratic and essentially respectable and proper character. There are no old nooks and corners in Llandudno, no old hotels or taverns; there is not, we think, in the whole place a single public-house, or, if there be one, it has carefully been concealed from public gaze!

There is no vegetation at Llandudno or in the immediate neighbourhood; not a tree, not a shrub, hardly a blade of grass is to be seen, and in summer, during the bathing season,



The Fairy Glen, Bettws.

the place must be unbearably hot and oppressive.

On account of its position at the extreme end of a peninsula, Llandudno is not a convenient spot from which excursions can be made, as it involves travelling repeatedly over the same ground, the road being the same for a considerable distance, whatever the tourist's destination may happen to be. Conway Castle is one of the sights in the neighbourhood, and the only one within easy distance.

The favourite drive is round Great Orme's Head, along a very fine carriage road cut in the rock, on a sort of ledge having on one side the tall cliffs, on the other the sea. The view of the Irish Sea from all parts of the road is very beautiful; and from the height above the town there is a bird's-eye view of the two bays and Llandudno, the latter a most unpicturesque object, with its blocks of slate-roofed houses separated by streets running at right angles, the whole having the appearance of an overgrown chess-board.

P. VILLARS.

(To be continued.)

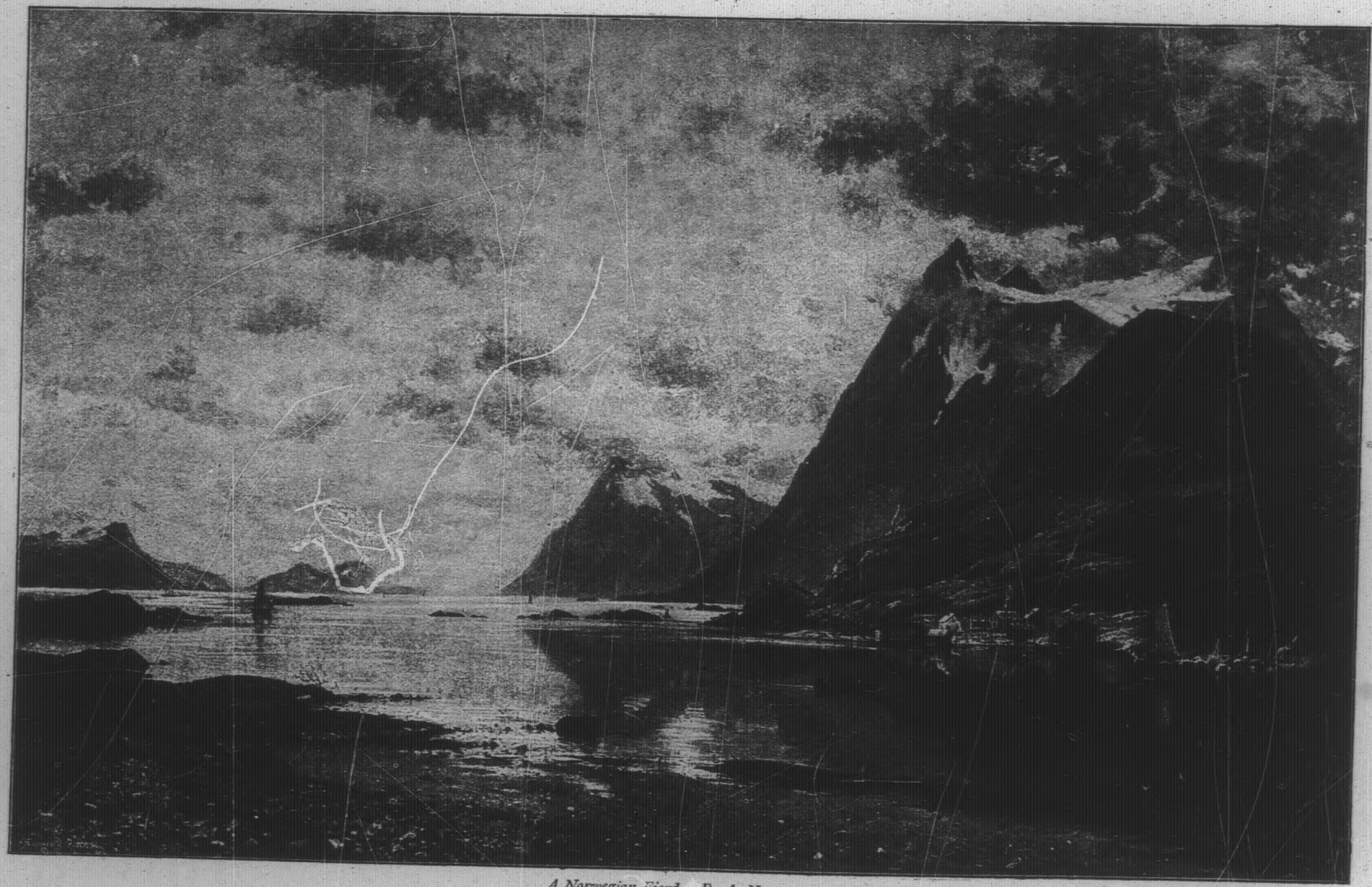
A NORWEGIAN FJORD.

INLAND water scenery is peculiarly characteristic of places and nations. Even when the sea-coast is not distinctive, and when the vegetation, or the manner of culture, or the habits and kinds of foliage, are not strongly national, the spirit of the place haunts the running brooks and the still waters, lurks among their sources, plays in and out of their reaches, floats with them from the fountain to the coast, or clings eternally to their lake beds. There is nothing more Dutch in Holland than the brim-full and shining river which takes the in-gliding vessel straight from the waves to the flowering meadows, where she rides high under the great sky of a flat country. There is nothing more Alpine than the lakes, which have in their beds the depths of the mountains, as well as the heights in their mirror-surfaces, the silence of the glacier at times, and at others the suddenness of the winds that whip the hard bare sides of the Matterhorn and the snowy plateaux of Monte Rosa. And there is nothing more subalpine than the "torrents" or broad thin streams, with their light falls and multitudinous voices, which bring the waters of invisible snows down all the plains of Piedmont and the Liguria to the sea, through chestnut woods and olive woods—many little rills of crystal-clear water in a wide bed of smooth-worn stones. These are the self-same "shallow rivers" of which Christopher Marlowe composed or quoted the magically simple words that describe them. As to English streams, they have all the fatness of the land; they bring news of deep grassy banks, and the watering-places of cattle, and their gait is soft and slow. But of all characteristic waters the fjord is the most distinctive. It is at once the lake, the river, and the sea of that shattered and fragmentary coast of Norway; a lane of water, calm as a great pool, but still the ocean; not gathering springs from the heart of the hills, but bringing the greatness and solitude of the sea inland.

Fjord scenery is peculiarly natural. True, the villages which gather in the recesses of the mountain bases are pleasant touches in the picture, but they are purely accidental; and hillside and little harbour, which in Italy would be unmistakably marked by the hand of man, are here unmodified in colour or form. On the Rhine, and in Tuscany, and in agricultural Switzerland, man makes the whole face of the country, giving it its shape by the platforms of his little farms, and its colour and surface by his harvests and his vintages. But on the Norwegian coast the abrupt hills rise straight from out of human grasp, soar beyond human influences, up from the salt water to the cloud, so that the thriftiest "little culture" in the world could not get root-hold for crops upon their sides. And the sense of primæval purity is increased by the crystal clearness of an atmosphere beyond the region of habitual mists. The climatic effects of Scotland and those of Norway and Iceland are totally different, Scotland having the broken and blended tints of humid air, while the mountains on some of the more northern fjords are presented by the sun and atmosphere in colours of singular intensity and simplicity. Of course their detached and precipitous forms add much to this optical effect by the partial eclipses of the sun which they produce. In a bright and pellucid sky the sun is so hidden by one abrupt peak, that to the eye all his light seems concentrated upon another, and a mountain of simple purple stands side by side with a mountain of simple gold, with an effect of breadth and splendour hardly to be seen elsewhere, while the diamond-bright azure of the sky has its own indescribable expression of purity.

With regard to characteristics of form, the frequent porphyry (more familiar to tourists in the sharp and beautiful sky-line of the Esterelles) and the amygdaloid produce effects of construction that have been well described as resembling nothing so much as crystallizations. Cube-like or pentagonal, but more frequently in the shape of a slender and soaring pyramid, the rocky hills through which the pearly flat waters stretch their long arms are almost all geometrical. Here and there the summit of the pyramidal cone is shaved off, and the mountain stands flat-topped, like a Babylonian or Mexican high altar; "and," says Lord Dufferin, "as the sun's level rays—shooting across above our heads in golden rafters from ridge to ridge—smote brighter on some loftier peak behind, you might almost fancy you beheld the blaze of sacrificial fires." In such scenery it is certainly no present human interest that is suggested; the pure and brilliant landscape has no part in the passing life of races, such history as it hints at being the legend of lost mythologies. And in spite of the pilgrimages of Laureates and Premiers, Norway will probably remain a less strongly attractive wandering place for Englishmen than that happy but laborious soil of Southern Europe which is neither a solitude nor a garden, but a field, beautiful with use and captive to all the necessities of men.

King of all fjords is that Norwegian Sognefjord, which is represented to us in the picture of Herr A. Normann. It lays its long clear arms, in plan like the branches of a tree, through more than a hundred and twenty miles of inland mountains. In the narrower lanes of water the effect is that of comparative darkness, so brief are the glimpses of the sun; but even these straiter and secreter waterways bend into sudden reaches, which have the value of still, salt lakes, the perspective of mountains closing up the sight of the outlet. And from these branch-fjords, again, innumerable valleys run up between the hills; and these are vocal with long falls down the mountain sides and cataracts along the depth of the dells. But all this is the shining summer aspect of a world which is savage indeed in winter. Then the gentle sounds of water are ice-locked, the voices of storms are lifted up, and the rocks and pine-forests have a black aspect indescribably forbidding. Then, nevertheless, is the time, if not for Norway, certainly for the Norwegians. Most travellers are travellers for the sake of temperature, and not for the sake of people; else they would penetrate to the north in winter, and hear the songs that are sung by the little fore-and-aft-rocking cradles by the firesides on the fjords, as they would watch the Tuscan at his fruit harvest, and the Sicilian fisherman by a sea kindled with the August sun.



A Norwegian Fjord. *By A. Normann.*

THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

NO incident of human life has been a greater favourite with painters than that of fortune-telling. It seems to combine a ready-made kind of romance of a small kind, with perfect liberty as to choice of place, time, and costume. Fortunes have been told in all ages and in all countries, and doubtless in all places and ages that prettier sex which is the chief subject of the genre painter's attention has played the parts of teller and hearer. Whatever the form of incantation, too, it seems to admit of paintable accessories—cats, crucibles, dark interiors, or only the *mise-en-scène* of a gipsy-cart. With this is the easy contrast of youth and age; and all the conditions of the minor picturesque are at hand. It is a sign of the general decay of all picturesqueness, great and small, fine and trivial, that perhaps the only fortune-telling untouched by even the commonest kind of prettiness is the palmistry which became some time ago the central silliness of London drawing-rooms. A lady of a certain age—for the fortune-teller of society inevitably refuses the scant grey hair and the wrinkles which give all the character to the true type of her kind—flattering the "*besoin de parler de soi-même*" of a younger man who almost thinks "there is something in it," as he listens to the



The Fortune-Teller. By Herr Anton Fritz.

analysis of his talents, is not such material as even the mildest picture is made of. Nor perhaps was there anything considered at the time very specially pictorial in the revival of the black art which frightened England after the Reformation. Probably if there had been at that time a school of little genre painters in this country, they would not have painted popular little cabinet pictures of fortune-telling—the subject was much too serious. How serious to the vulgar we may judge from the tone of the educated, refined, and statesmanlike Evelyn, a man, for his time, advanced in science. "Unheard-of stories," he gravely enters in his delightful journal, "of the universal increase of witches, in New England; men, women, and children devoting themselves to the devil, so as to threaten the subversion of the government."

Herr Anton Fritz, painter of the latest of so many 'Fortune-Tellers,' has avoided the most trite sentimentalities of his subject, for the woman who has come to consult the oracle in his picture is no maiden on a love-quest, but a pretty country matron who wants counsel as to matters of the farm, or a young widow unable without supernatural help to decide on the rejection of her suitors; the interest of the little group in fact depends on the simplicity and homeliness of the conditions in which a very elaborate incantation is being performed.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

THE first impression produced by the present show was a favourable one, and further acquaintance with it has certainly proved that this verdict was correct. One great feature it has—variety; due perhaps as much to judicious hanging as to the material itself. A general sense of dull monotony ruins the effect of any exhibition, however good each item taken separately may be; and in the present day, when, putting aside a few of the very elect, the general standard of excellence in execution is so good, but the choice of subject and method of treatment so terribly commonplace, it is no easy task to arrange your material to the best advantage. This year the hangers have done their work well. Space being limited, we do not propose to give any detailed account of the exhibition, but merely to enumerate some of the principal works, criticising them in the spirit of the bee looking for sweet-scented flowers, rather than of the wasp seeking garbage.

GALLERY I.

There is plenty of good work here by names known and unknown, with a great deal that is indifferent by the former. For instance, Mr. LONG is certainly not at his best in No. 3, 'A Love Feast;' indeed, with the exception of his portrait of Sir Edmund Henderson (629), none of his contributions are worthy of the painter of the 'Babylonian Marriage Market.' No. 8, 'Past the Old Town,' by C. W. WYLLIE, and No. 12, 'Sir Horace Jones,' by W. W. OULESS, R.A., are both specimens of the respective masters: in his portrait of the City architect, as in that of Mr. Scharf last year, Mr. Ouless has shown himself very skilful in dealing with the Falstaffian proportions of his sitters. In No. 18, 'An Easterly Breeze,' as likewise in his picture, 'The Fowler's Crag' (196), Mr. PETER GRAHAM is quite at his best; he has done well to leave Highland cattle, for awhile at least, in favour of the "deep bosom of the ocean" and its "dark unfathomed caves." In No. 24, 'The Lords of the Mere,' Mr. VAL. DAVIS repeats with variations, but with equal success, his subject of last year; it is a beautiful landscape, but the swans seem rather out of proportion.

No. 25, 'The Nest,' Sir J. E. MILLAIS, R.A., is certainly the best of the five works he exhibits; the action of the mother holding up the child is very good, and the head of the thrush is a beautiful bit of painting. Passing by (26) 'Fleurs Variées,' one of M. FANTIN'S inimitable flower pieces, and (28) 'Their Share of the Toil,' COLIN HUNTER, A., a very fair example of that artist's sea pieces, we come to No. 36, 'Sir George O. Trevelyan, Bart.,' FRANK HOLL, R.A., the first of the eight admirable portraits sent by this consummate master; the only objection to be made to it as a likeness is that the texture of the face is somewhat too juicy, a fault to which Mr. Holl is prone. In No. 39, 'New Year's Eve,' Mr. FRANK WALTON keeps up the reputation which he never seems to increase; and the same may be said of No. 46, Mr. VAL PRINSEP'S 'Habitans in montibus Echo.' On the other hand, No. 47, 'Under the Vine,' H. WOODS, A., is a distinct advance on anything this clever artist has hitherto done; at the same time we should like to see him try his hand at some fresh theme. Venetian life, as he paints it, is very pleasing and pretty, but a change of subject now and then would be welcome. No. 52, 'Sunset after a Shower,' B. W. LEADER, A., is not the best of his contributions; but then Mr. Leader, as we shall see farther on, has surpassed himself this year. And of No. 64, 'Dancing down the Hay, Orkneys: Sea Fog blowing away,' G. H. BOUGHTON, A., it may safely be said that few better pictures have come from his accomplished hand.

No. 67, 'Mrs. Joseph,' W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A. There are more good female portraits in the present exhibition than have been seen for a long time, and this is the best of them; it compels admiration by its dignified simplicity, admirable



'John Hampden, mortally wounded at Chalgrove Field.' By W. Frank Calderon.

mastery of details, and beautiful scheme of colour. No. 76, 'An Old World Wanderer,' by BRITON RIVIERE, R.A., has, strange to say, failed to invest the story with any interest; as a study of sea birds, however, it is inimitable. Mr. PETTIE'S brush must have revelled in the dress of Mrs. R. H. Pringle, No. 81, but the less said about the lady herself the better.

GALLERY II.

Here the first picture to claim attention is No. 96, 'The Smelt Net,' by C. NAPIER HEMY, a really capital picture in every respect; nothing could be better than the drawing of the net and the action of the fisherman. Mr. DENDY SADLER, No. 117, 'The Old Squire and the Young Squire,' is to be congratulated on having put his models into another garb, without any loss in the fun of the situation he seeks to depict. No. 118, 'On the Dangerous Edge,' is one of Mr. ALFRED HUNT'S refined and poetic but, it must be confessed, somewhat uninteresting landscapes. In No. 133, 'The Thoughts of Youth are Long, Long Thoughts,' we welcome the reappearance, for reasons which are probably not far to seek, after ten years' absence, of Mr. W. B. RICHMOND on the walls of the Academy, and a very successful reappearance it is; both in this portrait of a young girl, and in the charmingly refined likeness of an old lady, No. 269, Mr. Richmond shows to very great advantage.



Professor Herkomer. By H. G. Herkomer.

No. 134, 'Mariamne,' J. W. WATERHOUSE, A., of which the story is told at length in the catalogue, is emphatically one of the pictures of the year, showing all this true artist's painstaking accuracy of detail, combined with poetic imagination; yet somehow it does not quite satisfy; perhaps the canvas is too large, or else it wants placing on a low skirting-board, so that Mariamne's face could be better seen, or more probably the accessories are too pronounced, and the principal group of actors take too subordinate a position. Mr. BURGESS is another of those artists whose pictures are always good—nothing could be better than No. 140, 'Making Cigarettes at Seville,'—and yet never rouse any enthusiasm, or gain the artist the credit he deserves; how else is his being passed over at the recent Academy election in favour of certainly one of the new R.A.'s elect to be accounted for? The worthy son of a worthy sire, Mr. FRANK CALDERON continues, in No. 147, 'John Hampden (mortally wounded at Chalgrove Field, June 18, 1643),' to merit the success he has already achieved, though perhaps his best work is to be seen farther on. In No. 152, 'Two Strings to her Bow,' Mr. PETTIE has given us a very well-pleased-with-herself young lady, who looks as if she by no means wished either of her beaux away; she is evidently happy with both. In defiance of the fashion of the day, which seems to require that a landscape shall only look what it is intended to be when seen at a distance, we admire without stint No. 153, 'Summer,' H. W. B. DAVIS, R.A.; it is full of sunlight, the cattle are painted as only Mr. Davis can paint them, and every detail of the picture is finished in a masterly way. No. 160, 'The Jealousy of Simætha the Sorceress,' by Sir F. LEIGHTON, Bart., P.R.A., a subject taken from one of those little-known classical sources to which the President is rather addicted, is a successful half-length portrait of Miss Dorothy Dene in a fury. The remaining pictures of note in this gallery are No. 161, 'Galway Gossips,' ERNEST A. WATERLOW, of which all we can say is that it has been bought out of the Chantrey Fund; No. 172, 'Horse Market, Cairo,' F. A. BRIDGMAN; and No. 173, 'A Poor Beggar Bodie,' THOMAS FAED, R.A.

GALLERY III.

The *salle d'honneur* of the exhibition contains a large number of very good pictures, but we cannot help thinking that the general effect of the room is spoiled by the way in which the works are piled up to the ceiling; one of the speakers at the dinner truly spoke of being "not only surrounded, but arched over with pictures." With the exception of this room, the hanging committee have been far less given to "topping" than usual, but they have made up here with a vengeance for their abstinence elsewhere.

The first picture to catch the eye is a carefully painted subject by a foreign artist, No. 178, 'Fire in a Village,' C. L. BOKELMANN; and the next is No. 179, 'The Christ Bearer,' W. F. YEAMES, R.A.; it represents the well-known legend of St. Christopher.

No. 185, 'Mrs. Luke Fildes,' LUKE FILDES, R.A., Elect, is an admirable likeness, and a work of art of the very first order; it fully justifies, were any justification needed, Mr. Fildes' election to the full honours of the Academy. It is not so well hung as Mr. Orchardson's portrait to which we have already referred; were it, it would certainly bear away the palm even from this masterpiece. A very beautiful and poetical subject, No. 186, 'Hailstorm at the Devil's Bridge, Pass of St. Gothard,' comes from the brush of Mr. OAKES, A.R.A.

No. 190, 'The Queen and her Judges' (at the opening of the Royal Courts of Justice, Dec. 4, 1882), H. T. WELLS, R.A. It is difficult to know what to say of this picture; ceremonial subjects are not easy to treat; they present great opportunities combined with great difficulties. In this instance Mr. Wells seems to have overcome the difficulties without altogether taking advantage of the opportunities.

Many of the likenesses are good, the colouring is rich and warm, and the composition, with the unfortunate exception of the bowing judge, excellent; but the general effect leaves something to be desired. We have already mentioned Mr. Peter Graham's beautiful 'The Fowler's Crag,' No. 196. Next to it hangs what some enthusiasts declare to be the best female portrait of the year, No. 197, 'Mrs. William Playfair,' while others almost as strenuously deny that it has any merit at all. What with this picture, and his other in No. IV. Gallery, Mr. SARGENT is certainly the most discussed artist of the year. No. 202, 'When nature painted all things gay,' ALFRED PARSONS, a green meadow with apple-trees in blossom, a good example of the artist; it is also a Chantrey purchase. All hunting men should stop to look at Mr. BLINKS'S admirable picture of hounds in full cry, No. 204, 'For'ard on! for'ard on!' and lovers of dogs will note the wonderfully truthful rendering of the dog's head in No. 212, 'Portrait of a Lady,' B. RIVIERE, R.A. Passing No. 213, Mr. PETTIE'S 'Scene from Peveril of the Peak,' and No. 214, Sir J. E. MILLAIS' sweet-faced child in 'Lilacs,' we come to No. 222, Mr. FRANK HOLL'S speaking and powerful likeness of 'Junius S. Morgan, Esq.,' and No. 223, in which Mr. MACWHIRTER shows us a spacious panoramic view of 'Edinburgh from the Salisbury Crags.' It is a new and inspired rendering of this beautifully situated city.

Nos. 229 and 230. 'The Last Watch of Hero,' by Sir F. LEIGHTON, Bart., P.R.A., represent as the principal subject a half-length of Hero scanning "with aching heart the sea face dim," and in a predella below the dead body of Leander lying on the stones "at the turret's foot;" it is a capital example of the President at his best, and we congratulate Manchester on having bought it for their Permanent Art Gallery; at the same time all who visit the wonderful collection of English pictures now to be seen in the Jubilee Exhibition of that town will hope, as they look at the painter's magnificent 'Daphnephoria,' that it may not be long before he produces another grand work similar to that.



'Great Britain in Egypt, 1886.' By Walter C. Horsley.

We have already admired Mr. DAVIS'S sunny picture (153), and now we come to a half-twilight, half-moonlight scene, with sheep, which is even better than the other, No. 231, 'Now came still evening on;' the painting could not be better, and there is a tender poetry in the whole aspect of the landscape which is charming. No. 238, 'Sir Edward Watkin, Bart., M.P.,' H. HERKOMER, A., is a good strong portrait; and No. 239, 'No Rose without its Thorn,' is one of the best pictures Mr. FAED has painted for a long time; the lifted foot of the old man, with its suggested uncertainty of tread, is very funny. Mr. MARCUS STONE gives us one of his pretty figures in No. 246, 'Morning;' and the veteran Sir JOHN GILBERT proves in one of his accustomed scenes from the age of chivalry, No. 247, 'Sir Lancelot du Lake,' that his hand has not lost its cunning. No. 254, 'The First Boats

away: Morning after a Gale,' is a fine example of Mr. HENRY MOORE'S skill in drawing and painting—the two do not always go together—the sea. We have already spoken of Mr. W. B. Richmond's charming portrait of 'Mrs. Baird Smith,' No. 269; and Nos. 271, 'A Sevillana,' J. B. BURGESS, A., 272, 'Femme Turque à Brousse,' ALBERT AUBLET, and 275, 'Lady Cunliffe-Brooks,' J. SANT, R.A., are all worth attention.

No. 276, 'Dominicans in Feathers,' by H. STACY MARKS, R.A., is quite in this artist's best vein; the attitudes of the penguins are irresistibly droll, and there is none of the hot brick-dust colouring and hard outline that has marred so much of his work lately. Mr. VAL PRINSEP must be accounted fortunate in the purchase for the Chantrey collection of his 'Ayesha,' No. 277. Mr. OULESS'S portrait of Lord John Manners, No. 283, is of course good; and Nos. 284, 'Autumn Manœuvres,' by G. D. LESLIE, R.A., and 285, 'An Inexperienced Nurse,' MARY DREW, are capital child pictures.

No. 291, 'The First Cloud,' W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A. We saw the other day at Manchester this artist's 'Mariage de Convenance' and 'After,' and have no hesitation in saying that this picture is far finer than either of them; it is indeed the best he has painted since the Chantrey picture of 'Napoleon on Board the *Bellerophon*.' Whatever may be thought of the telling of the story, though that could hardly be improved upon—the back of the retreating lady is most ominously suggestive of angry determination—the whole aspect of the picture glowing with harmonious colour compels unstinted admiration. Would that the same could be said of No. 298, 'Mercy! St. Bartholomew's Day, 1572,' Sir J. E. MILLAIS, Bart., R.A. Of course there are beautiful passages of colour in it, but the scene is pure melodrama, not history. On either side of it hang two masterpieces by Mr. HOOK, No. 292, 'Fresh from the Waves,' and No. 299, 'Young Dreams,' fresh breezy pictures of sea and sky, full of light and sunshine.

No. 305, 'The Women of Amphissa,' L. ALMA TADEMA, R.A. This picture divides with Mr. Orchardson's the honours of the show. Perfect mastery of detail, exquisite finish, and harmonious colouring, could hardly be carried farther than they are in this exquisite work. Whether it tells the story as narrated in the catalogue is quite another thing, but as nobody will care about the story that does not signify; it is the lovely women, the beautiful marble floor, the delicate finish of the numerous objects of still life, rendered with a touch as minute as it is broad and masterly, and the jewel-like bit of sky, that rivet attention and excite unbounded wonder. Of the remaining pictures in this room we can do no more than mention No. 306, 'The Luck of the Creel,' COLIN HUNTER, A.; No. 312, 'A Thorn among the Roses,' J. SANT, R.A.; and No. 313, 'Sir Roger de Coverley and the Beautiful Widow,' W. P. FRITH, R.A. Two portraits, however, hung as pendants to one another, should not escape attention; they are No. 293, 'C. J. Lambert, Esq.,' KNIGHTON WARREN; and No. 300, 'W. S. Gilbert, Esq.,' FRANK HOLL, R.A.

GALLERY IV.

Of Mr. PETTIE'S portraits of Sir Edward and Lady Ripley, Nos. 320 and 400, we much prefer the former. It is to be feared that neither of Mr. DAVID MURRAY'S pictures this year will add to that reputation which he has been so rapidly establishing; No. 321, 'The Cross on the Dunes, Picardy,' is too slight and empty; Mr. Murray, we are sure, can and will do better. No. 332, 'Shipwreck: Sinbad the Sailor storing his Raft,' ALBERT GOODWIN; No. 338, 'Misery and Mercy,' F. GOODALL, R.A.; and No. 339, 'The Kings of the Forest,' are respectable examples of each artist's usual work. No. 350, 'Eyes and no Eyes,' FRANK BRAMLEY, is a good specimen of the "dab and spot" school, which has its arch-apostle in Mr. J. S. SARGENT, and its apotheosis in that artist's wonderful production, No. 359, 'Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose.' As artists almost come to blows over this picture, a difference of opinion about it is at any rate allowable, and we can only hope that the British public, when it sees it in the Chantrey collection, may be of the same opinion as those who bought it. Passing by No. 362, 'Cattle in Berkshire Meadows,' MARK FISHER; No. 368, 'The Minstrel,' H. S. MARKS, R.A.; and No. 376, 'Ladies and Gentlemen,' W. DENDY SADLER, we come to No. 377, 'A Portrait of a Lady,' by H. HERKOMER, A., a worthy pendant to his 'Miss Grant,' which hung in the same place two years ago. If not the best, it is at any rate the pleasantest and most agreeable female portrait of the year. The remaining pictures most worthy of notice in this room are No. 386, 'Mrs. W. L. Agnew,' L. FILDES, R.A. Elect, and No. 324, 'Midsummer,' A. MOORE.

GALLERY V.

The most dramatic picture in the exhibition is No. 408, 'Bad News from the Front,' JOHN CHARLTON, representing some troop horses, whose empty saddles tell a sad tale, stumbling wounded and weary over a rocky path and across a shallow stream, in which they stop to quench their thirst: it is full of spirit and pathos, and admirably painted. Mr. HERMAN HERKOMER, who made a very successful appearance on these walls last year, again scores with a portrait of his cousin, the Slade Professor, No. 413. Nos. 416, 'Kyle-Akin,' and 421, 'Ardentrive Bay,' are not favourable specimens of Mr. BRETT'S painting; while the 'Hesperia' of Mr. FRANK DICKSEE, No. 420, that hangs between them, beautiful as is the painting of the lady's dress, will again disappoint those who hope so much from the painter of 'Harmony' and 'Evangeline.' In No. 426, 'Mdlle. Anna Belinska,' EMMELINE DEANE, both artist and sitter must be congratulated on their courage in offering to the public gaze a so truly dismal and unattractive subject. Mr. JOHN O'CONNOR has never done a better easel picture than his 'Ludgate: Evening,' No. 427; it is a capital rendering of the scene.

Among other pictures to be noticed in this room are No. 437, 'Thos. Southam, Esq.,' W. W. OULESS, R.A.; No. 443, 'Crossing a Torrent,' C. E. PERUGINI; No. 444, 'Primrose Day,' ARTHUR S. COPE; No. 457, 'Edward Waters, Esq., M.D.,' FRANK HOLL, R.A.; No. 458, 'Napoleon leaving Moscow,' ERNEST CROFTS, A.; No. 465, 'The Marquis of Hartington,' SIR J. E. MILLAIS, Bart., R.A., which ought to have been the portrait of the year; and No. 466, 'A Desert Grave: Nile Expedition, 1885,' Lady BUTLER, which is, as might have been expected, a very truthful and accurate picture in all its details. Nor should we forget No. 480, 'On the Nile,' J. C. HORSLEY, R.A., a capital likeness of Mr. J. M. Cook, placed by the hangers somewhat maliciously next to No. 475, 'A Continental Express,' C. H. POINGDESTRE.

(*To be continued.*)

THE MANCHESTER EXHIBITION.

MANCHESTER has amassed a very remarkable exhibition for the celebration of the Jubilee. Of the wonderful machinery annexe, we can only say that it will bring home to most minds the fact that while Manchester is pre-eminently the city of cotton, it is also the city of Whitworth and many great captains of industry in other fields. It would have been absurd for Manchester to fail in giving all due prominence to the foundations on which its life is built, and the genii of the steam-engine and the power-loom have every right to their position. The ingenuity, the resource, the trained skill of eye and hand which have gone to the making of these foundations are prodigious in their way, but "le beau est aussi utile que l'utile, plus peut-être," and Manchester is rightly ambitious of being something more than the producer of cotton prints by the mile and locomotives by the hundred. That the qualities of this Lancashire population, so ingenious, inventive, and laborious, should for ever be condemned to purely mechanical production, and should find no outlet in the arts, is a hard saying, and not likely to be a true one. It is largely a question of training and opportunity. The portion of the building devoted to industrial design shows that the immense improvement in the minor arts which has marked the last thirty years in this country has by no means left out Lancashire, and the wonderful collection of pictures in the Fine Art section once more illustrates the extent to which the best English pictures are owned in the great industrial county, and encourages the hope that so much seed may not be sown in vain. If the Prince Consort's idea had been carried out, Manchester would have used the building and the proceeds of its great Art Treasures Exhibition of 1857 in order to found a Museum of Industrial Art, and might thus have anticipated South Kensington with an independent South Kensington of its own. Such a museum is still a prime need in Manchester, and it is to be hoped that the success of this present Jubilee Exhibition may at last enable it to be supplied.

Without the pictures, the Manchester Exhibition would still be one of much interest and attractiveness, but the pictures lift it at once into an altogether exceptional position. It is the most interesting single collection of pictures which has been got together in England since the Art Treasures Exhibition of 1857. That exhibition might roughly be described as half-a-dozen of the "Old Master" Burlington House collections rolled into one, with a liberal selection from the best things at South Kensington thrown in.

To repeat the Art Treasures Exhibition was impossible, and the attempt could only have ended in an inferior copy. Limitation of aim was the condition of success, and the problem was to find a sphere of Art which had not been adequately illustrated by exhibition, and which was yet important and interesting enough to give collectors a motive to contribute and to attract the public. For a Jubilee exhibition the idea of a Jubilee collection of English pictures was the natural and obvious one, and the more the idea was studied the more promising it showed itself to be. The thing had never been done, and was obviously worth doing. In all other departments of national activity the effort was visible to rise above the masses of detail accumulating day by day, and to embrace in one comprehensive view the point reached, the point departed from, and the interval between. What were the links between Wilkie and Orchardson, Etty and Watts, Constable and Alfred Hunt? Only a comprehensive collection of English pictures could answer such a question, and the need for it was so obvious that it was almost bound to be got together somewhere and somehow. As the headquarters of many of the chief collectors, Manchester had special qualifications for such an exhibition, and in Mr. William Agnew it had a citizen who was well fitted to make the enterprise a success.

The recent creation of Art Galleries in all the great provincial cities, and the devotion of considerable sums yearly to the purchase of pictures, have also facilitated the task of the Committee. The City Art Gallery of Manchester itself has been freely drawn upon, and the Corporation of Birmingham and Liverpool have responded to the appeal for loans with a readiness and liberality which only the most generous of private owners have surpassed.

As a collection of contemporary English Art, and of the Art of yesterday—the Art, for instance, of Mason and Walker—the exhibition is beyond all compare. It is the quintessence of dozens of Royal Academy and Grosvenor Gallery exhibitions. It is not so uniformly rich in the Art of the earlier periods, though even there the best men are fully represented. The inclusion of the lesser lights would have added to the historical, but diminished the purely artistic interest of the collection, and it would have prevented that full and adequate representation of our chief living painters which is the most striking feature of the show. An exhibition which contains such a superabundance of examples as thirty-four works by Mr. Watts, nineteen by Sir J. Millais, eleven by the President, thirteen by Mr. Alma Tadema, twelve by Mr. Burne Jones, can at all events claim the distinction of having supplied for the first time a really adequate illustration of contemporary English Art. The Paris Exhibition of 1878 and the Berlin Jubilee Exhibition of last year, showed the Continent that English Art was a force to be reckoned with, and was worthy the serious study which critics were not slow to give it. But the means of study then provided were comparatively insignificant, and the foreign critics will have to come to Manchester if, as seems clear, they have at last become convinced that English Art is worth a serious effort to appraise and understand.

The Manchester Committee, which has worked hard and effectively, has had the best possible assistance in its labours. The colouration of the galleries has been carried out under the direction of Mr. Burne Jones, and the hangers have been Mr. J. C. Horsley, Mr. T. O. Barlow, Mr. A. Fripp, and Sir J. D. Linton. "At the close," write these competent judges, "of our labours as awarders of the pictorial portion of the Royal Jubilee Exhibition, we are desirous of tendering to the Committee our hearty congratulations on their success in the formation of a collection of modern English pictures such as has never been seen before in this country, and which is cal-

culated not only to create extraordinary public interest, but also to render high service to the cause of British Art." Unfortunately, there are some serious omissions in the great series which has been so admirably arranged. Among living artists, for instance, it is difficult to understand the omission of Whistler, or even of a youngster such as Stanhope Forbes. They would have helped to emphasize that "progrès vers la lumière" which is perhaps the most significant tendency now observable not merely in French but also in English Art. We note with regret also the very inadequate representation of Mr. W. B. Richmond, whose work had so much to do with the immense popularity of the English gallery at Berlin last year. This is the more to be regretted as *female* portraiture is the one branch of Art which is most feebly represented in the show. For such omissions as these someone is certainly to be blamed, and want of space cannot be alleged as an excuse, for, as we have shown, extraordinary space has been given to Mr. Watts, whose phase of Art could have been perfectly illustrated in twelve instead of thirty-four pictures. Wonderful as the exhibition is, it needs a "second edition," if that were possible, to render it the perfectly ideal collection of modern English Art which it might easily be made.

The hangers have gone on the plan of putting the works of all the more important painters as far as possible together. Thus Mr. Watts has a wall to himself; so has Mr. Burne Jones, Mr. Holl, and Mr. Alma Tadema; while five splendid Orchardsons form an unbroken line along the side of one room, and Mr. Hook fills the centre of another with wet English greenery and sunshiny expanse of sea. Most of Sir John Millais' also hang together, though some of his chief portraits have been detached from the main body, in order to help in forming a remarkable collection of political portraits in the Central Gallery. This kind of juxtaposition is of course only less testing than the devotion of a whole exhibition to a single painter's works, and has proved in some cases a cruel kindness. The large collection of Dante Rossetti's works, for instance, does not gain by their being hung together. Even the splendid 'Fiammetta' looks mannered and unnatural. It is necessary to see that picture by itself, or in the midst of the work of other men, to realise the jewel-like quality of its colour and the subtle beauty of its design. Mr. G. D. Leslie is another of those who lose. The charm of his work is real, but it is obscured by the impression of monotony and over-sweetness when seven of his pretty pictures hang together. On the other hand, Mr. Orchardson gains enormously; so does Mr. Holl; and so, except that one resents the triviality of *motif* into which the painter has sometimes allowed himself to fall, does Mr. Briton Riviere. Among other men whose reputation will gain by the exhibition may be mentioned James Holland, William Dyce, David Cox—as an oil painter—while the reputation of William Müller and of Phillip, always of course great with the *cognoscenti*, will spread to a wider circle. Müller, however, though well represented by his famous 'Baggage Waggon' and the magnificent Constable-like sketch in oil of 'Eel Bucks, Goring,' is yet not so adequately represented as to dispel certain misgivings concerning him. Müller's extraordinary technical mastery is evident to everybody: what is not so clear is whether he contributed ideas of his own to Art, and whether those are right who see in him only an echo, though a surpassingly brilliant one, of really original men like Constable.

The singular excellence of the exhibition can be realised from another point of view. It contains of course the work of a number of men of high distinction, but who, either from comparative youth, or from the inequality of their work, or merely from its subtle and unfamiliar character, have not yet come to hold a front place in popular estimation. Several of these men have painted at least one work of quite the first order, and that particular work is almost always to be found in the exhibition. Thus we find Mr. Colin Hunter's 'Herring Market at Sea,' Mr. Peter Graham's magnificent 'Highland Spate,' Mr. Brett's 'Grey of the Morning' and 'Britain's Dominion,' Mr. Henry Moore's 'Mount's Bay' Mr. Leader's 'February Fill-Dyke,' Mr. Alfred Hunt's 'Whitby,' and so on. Of most of such men, in fact, the "diploma picture" has been got, and it can easily be imagined how such a success has added to the interest and beauty of the exhibition.

In now proceeding to give some account of the thirteen galleries, it is obviously impossible to furnish much more than a sketch of the more important pictures. There are over 2,000 works of Art exhibited, with an extremely small proportion of wholly insignificant things among them. Almost everything exhibited is essential, either artistically or at least historically, to the student of English Art. The exhibition is not chronologically arranged, and would have been more instructive, though, no doubt, less effective, if it had been.

The first gallery is, however, more strictly miscellaneous than many of those which follow. Its nucleus, if it has one, is a collection of battle pictures by Miss Thompson, now Lady Butler, and others. Among the battle pictures may be reckoned Mr. Croft's 'Ironsides returning from Sacking a Cavalier's House,' Mr. Seymour Lucas' 'After Culloden,' and Miss Thompson's 'Balaclava' and 'Connaught Rangers.' The latter is an interesting picture which has not been often seen. The absence of her best pictures, especially her 'Roll Call,' is much to be regretted, but unfortunately most of them have been carried off to adorn the galleries of our colonial cities. There are three fine works, in particular 'A Prairie,' by a painter who is sometimes a great one, Mr. H. W. B. Davis. Mr. Leader's 'February Fill-Dyke' is here. So is Mr. Alfred Hunt's 'Leafy June,' a picture without any definite centre of light or even of interest—which would be puzzling and probably even repugnant to a Frenchman, always desirous, as M. Daudet said the other day, of "*résumés* in everything"—but which abounds in beauty of detail; and the same painter's two fine 'Whitbys.' On the same wall hangs Mr. Henry Wood's admirable 'Preparation for the First Communion,' Mr. Colin Hunter's 'Herring Market at Sea,' Mr. Madox Brown's strange and brilliant picture of 'Work,' and four important works by Mr. Holman Hunt. Of these the 'Shadow of Death' is the largest and most ambitious, while the exquisite 'Strayed Sheep' will win friends among those most rebellious to the painter's art. The 'Scapegoat' is a replica on a smaller scale of a well-known picture, and the 'Professor Owen' is hardly a success. The other important work by this artist is the 'Claudio and Isabella,' overcrowded perhaps with suggestion, and carried beyond the line which divides literature from painting, but still a very beautiful and fascinating work. Elsewhere in the same room are Mr. Madox Brown's 'Romeo and Juliet' (illustrated in our Jubilee Number), a really beautiful composition, despite one or two unlucky faults, and one animated by an extraordinary energy of passion. Not far off hangs one of Mr. Yeames' best pictures, 'Prince Arthur and Prince Hubert,' Mr. Marcus Stone's 'Edward II. and Gaveston,' Mr. Albert Moore's 'Venus,' and the 'Quartette,' Mr.

Mitchell's 'Hypatia,' Mr. Herkomer's 'Hard Times,' Mr. Eyre Crowe's 'Defoe in the Pillory,' and Mr. Redgrave's 'A Woodland Mirror.' Here too, divided from the rest of his contributions, is Mr. Orchardson's 'First Dance,' with its admirable young "blood" taking the floor with the daughter of the house, and its delightful harmony of the palest blues and yellows. Mr. G. H. Boughton's 'Wrestlers,' and Mr. Murray's 'My Love has gone a-sailing,' hang close together; and near them are the fine study of trees which Mr. MacWhirter has called 'The Three Graces,' and Mr. Frith's famous 'Derby Day.'

Early in the second gallery hang Mr. Gregory's 'Portrait of a Lady,' Mr. Seymour Lucas's 'Suspicious Guest,' that admirably humorous picture of a highwayman in a country inn, and Mr. W. Logsdail's brilliantly clever 'Venetian *al fresco*.' In this room the first considerable collection of the works of a single painter makes its appearance. The greater part of a wall is given up to nine works by Mr. John Pettie. Of these the 'Sir Peter and Lady Teazle' and the scene from *Hamlet*, 'Dost know this Waterfly?' are notable for skilful technique and well-bred humour. Here also are two fine portraits by Mr. Herkomer of Mr. Burnand and of Mr. Archibald Forbes, while five Marks'—of which the 'Ornithologist' is the best piece of painting and the 'St. Francis preaching to the Birds' the most generally interesting—hang together. Hard by are Mr. Henry Moore's 'Mount's Bay,' (illustrated in our Jubilee Number), and Mr. Yeames' 'Prisoners of War,' painted with a humour and sympathy which have made it one of the great popular successes of the exhibition. The next set of pictures by one man is due to the brush of Mr. Ouless, and includes his admirable portraits of Cardinal Newman, Mr. George Scharf, and Mr. Justice Manisty. There is another Logsdail, 'The Piazza, Venice,' which is so clever as to be exasperating, for the man who could paint that could paint anything, and why should he not paint something with an idea in it? Another Albert Moore, 'The Sisters,' hangs here along with Mr. John Collier's 'Last Voyage of Henry Hudson,' Mr. Peter Graham's 'Spate in the Highlands,' which is well hung and looks superb, Mr. Brett's 'Britannia's Realm' and the 'Grey of the Morning,' Mr. MacWhirter's 'Track of the Hurricane,' Mr. Frank Holl's 'Gone!' another Marcus Stone, 'Il y en a toujours un autre,' a fine Dicksee (his Chantrey picture of 'Harmony'), and two works by Mr. Goodall, 'Subsiding of the Nile' and 'Rebecca at the Well.'

The third gallery may be best described as the gallery of the painter-poets, Mr. Burne Jones and Mr. Watts. Mr. Watts has one of the end walls entirely to himself, while Mr. Burne Jones nearly fills the other. Works by Mr. A. Hughes, Mr. Walter Crane, and Mr. Spencer Stanhope, are grouped round the latter master. The contrasts, however, which are so frequent and sometimes so striking in the exhibition are not wanting in this gallery. Mr. Luke Fildes' audacious 'Village Wedding,' with its brilliant sunshiny effect, is quite near; so is the same painter's 'Venetians,' the property of the Manchester Art Gallery, and on the same wall are Mr. J. C. Horsley's 'Checkmate' and 'Negotiating a Loan,' Mr. Keeley Halswelle's 'Windsor,' Mr. Aumonier's 'Last Load,' and a whole batch of beautiful Hooks, including the 'Sea Piece,' 'Baiting for Haddock,' 'Cow Tending,' 'Wise Saws,' and the 'King Baby.' Miss Clara Montalba's masterpiece, 'The Piazza of St. Mark's Inundated,' hangs on the same wall. On the long wall opposite the chief pictures are Mr. Val Prinsep's 'At the Golden Gate,' Mr. Macbeth's 'Sodden Fen,' Mr. Aumonier's 'A Suffolk Marsh,' Mr. Calderon's 'Home after Victory,' 'Home they brought her Warrior dead,' and 'Incident of the War in La Vendée,' Mr. Marcus Stone's 'Lost Bird,' Mr. Vicat Cole's 'Summer Rain,' along with Mr. Dicksee's 'Evangeline,' Mr. Oakes' 'A last Gleam,' and no less than seven pictures by Mr. G. D. Leslie. Almost every artistic creed is represented in such a list, but the two idealists, in numbers, if in nothing else, dominate. Mr. Burne Jones is represented by the Pygmalion series, the magnificent 'Chant d'Amour,' with its Bellini-like colour, 'Pan and Psyche,' the 'Feast of Peleus,' the 'Two Sibyls,' the 'Wheel of Fortune,' the 'Golden Stair,' and that most lovely of modern religious pictures, 'The Morning of the Resurrection.' Mr. Watts's thirty-four pictures include the portraits of Tennyson, Matthew Arnold, Burne Jones, Millais, Leighton, William Morris, Swinburne, Motley, and Lord Lytton; elsewhere in the Central Hall hang his portraits of Dr. Martineau, Lord Shaftesbury, Robert Browning, Carlyle, Lyndhurst, Lord Sherbrooke, and the Duke of Argyll. The majestic 'Love and Death' is here, with many others, giving him certainly more than his fair share of space

The fourth gallery may be described as the gallery of Alma Tadema, Orchardson, and Briton Rivière. Among the thirteen works of Mr. Alma Tadema are the 'Sculptor's Studio,' the 'Painter's Studio,' the 'Pomona Festival,' the 'Festival of the Vintage,' and 'The Apodyterium.' Mr. Briton Rivière's pictures include the 'Circe,' the 'Daniel in the Lions' Den,' the 'Ulysses and Argus,' the 'King and his Satellites,' and the best of all, the 'Playfellows' and 'His only Friend.' Among the nine Orchardsons are the 'Mariage de Convenance,' and its sequel 'Alone,' the 'Hard Hit,' the 'Tender Chord,' and the 'Napoleon on board the *Bellerophon*.' No artist is more adequately represented. This gallery also contains Mr. Caton Woodville's best work, 'Saving the Guns—Maiwand,' Mr. Croft's 'On the Evening of the Battle of Waterloo,' Mr. Gow's 'Cromwell at Dunbar,' a number of works by Mr. Frith, of which the 'Hogarth before the Governor of Calais' is the best, and half-a-dozen Faeds, which have become popular favourites in virtue of their touching sentiment.

The fifth gallery is the shrine of Millais. Fifteen of his pictures hang together, while the Central Hall contains some of his most famous portraits, and 'Moses praying for Victory over the Amalekites.' The collection in the fifth gallery includes the 'Vale of Rest,' the 'Escape of a Heretic,' the 'Boyhood of Raleigh,' the 'North-west Passage,' the 'Bride of Lammermoor,' the 'Asleep' and 'Awake,' the 'Gambler's Wife,' and portraits of Bishop Fraser, Sir James Paget, and Cardinal Newman. This is also the gallery of Mr. Frank Holl, who holds an end wall splendidly with his portraits of Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Wolseley, the Prince of Wales, Lord Overstone, Lord Winmarleigh, Mr. John Tenniel, Sir Henry Rawlinson, and others. Sir Frederick Leighton is also here with eight pictures, among which may especially be noted the refined 'Summer Moon,' the 'Cleoboulos instructing Cleobouline,' the 'Hercules wrestling with Death,' and the delightful little 'Pastoral.' Among other notable pictures in the room are Mr. Herkomer's splendid 'Last Muster,' and Mr. Waterhouse's 'Consulting the Oracle.'

The sixth gallery is the large Central Hall, full of large and decorative canvases, such as the President's 'Daphnephoria,' Sir J. D. Linton's 'Banquet' and 'Benediction,' Mr. Poynter's 'Atalanta's Race,' which is one of the most popular pictures

in the exhibition, and the same painter's 'Nausicaa,' 'Dragon of Wantley,' 'Perseus and Andromeda,' and 'Visit to Æsculapius.' Mr. Long's 'Diana or Christ,' curiously enough, is another popular success. On the same wall hangs his 'Babylonian Marriage Market.'

In the seventh gallery we are suddenly plunged into the art of the previous generation. Here are twelve Stanfields, including the famous and excellent 'Abandoned;' but Stanfield does not gain by the collection of his pictures, nor will the fifteen Landseers increase Sir Edwin's reputation. With the exception of the 'Sick Monkey,' and the 'Spearing the Otter,' there is hardly a first-rate work among them. Phillip, on the other hand, who is present with fourteen pictures, will gain enormously; his 'La Gloria' is a splendid masterpiece, and for sheer brilliancy of execution it would be hard to beat 'Il Cigarillo.' The gallery also contains ten well-known Turners, all belonging to his later period, as no picture painted before 1837 has been admitted. The present collection, nevertheless, includes such fine things as the 'Burial of Wilkie' (reproduced in our Jubilee Number), the 'Snow Storm at Sea,' the 'Rain, Steam, and Speed,' the 'Sol di Venezia,' 'Going to the Ball' and 'Returning from the Ball, Venice,' the 'Proserpine, and the Plains of Enna.' The representation of Turner is completed by a set of magnificent water colours, including two wonderful 'Righis' in the thirteenth gallery. The other notable pictures in this room are C. R. Leslie's admirable 'Scene from Roderick Random,' a good David Roberts or two, and a couple of fine pictures by James Holland.

The eighth gallery will be to many students of English Art the most interesting of all, for it contains no less than eight George Masons, including the 'Pastoral Symphony' and the 'Harvest Moon,' and six Fred. Walkers. There are also a number of drawings by Fred. Walker in one of the rooms devoted to water colour. The influence of these men on our younger artists is so great, and the opportunities of seeing their work so few, that these pictures alone will surely be the cause of many a journey down to Manchester. The problem of problems in modern Art is the handling of modern and 'real' subjects in an ideal spirit, and where a Frenchman would name the name of Millet, Englishmen would name those of Fred. Walker and George Mason. This gallery also contains twelve Rossettis, several fine Hollands, a good Etty, one or two Wilkies, and a splendid series of Müllers.

The ninth gallery is one of the least interesting; it contains, however, some of E. M. Ward's, 'The Night of Rizzio's Murder,' some more Stanfields and Creswicks, several good pictures by Elmore, whose reputation will to some extent be revived by this exhibition, a big picture by Maclise, of whom we fear as much cannot be said, some more Hollands and several fine Linnells.

The tenth gallery is the last of those devoted to oil paintings, and is extremely miscellaneous. Its strong feature is a collection of fourteen paintings by David Cox, which will be to many a revelation of the great sketcher's powers in the less familiar vehicle. The collection includes the admirable 'Rhyl Sands' and the 'Church at Bettws.' A number of pictures by William Dyce will revive interest in an artist less known than he deserves to be. His figures are often extremely elementary, with no real relation to their backgrounds, but his landscape, as, for instance, in the little 'Gethsemane,' is sometimes extremely poetical and beautiful. Cecil Lawson's 'Wet Moon' and 'The Pool' hang in the tenth gallery, which also contains Mr. Yeames's 'Amy Robsart,' Mr. Calderon's 'Aphrodite,' Mr. Henry Wallis's 'Elaine,' and Mr. Farquharson's 'Joyless Winter Day.' Here also is one of Mulready's most famous works, 'The Whistonian Controversy,' and one of his most attractive, the 'Burchell and Sophia in the Hayfield.'

It is impossible to summarise the water colours which fill the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth galleries. All that can be said is that the great English draughtsmen are here adequately, some of them magnificently, represented. It would, for instance, be hard to get together a better collection of the drawings of David Cox, De Wint, Copley Fielding, James Holland, Prout, Cattermole, William Hunt, George Fripp, Sam Bough, George Barrett, J. F. Lewis, and David Roberts. Among the Turners are, besides the two lovely drawings of the Righi we have already mentioned, the 'Llangollen,' the 'Chain Bridge over the Tees,' and a beautiful 'Lucerne.' There are two admirable Pinwells, and a number of very interesting drawings by Fred. Walker. Some of Mr. Albert Goodwin's best things are here. Mr. Hine, Mr. J. W. North, Sir James Linton, Sir Everett Millais, Sir John Gilbert, Mr. Gregory, Mr. Green, Mr. Alfred Hunt, Mr. G. Fripp, are all well shown; but other names might equally well be singled out, and indeed it would be hard to name one English draughtsman of the first order who is not honourably represented in the show.

A welcome opportunity for the study of recent English sculpture will also be provided by an exhibition which contains Mr. Hamo Thornycroft's 'Sower' and 'Teucer;' Mr. Calder Marshall's 'Ophelia' and 'Sabrina'; the President's 'Sluggard' and 'Python Slayer;' Mr. Gilbert's 'Icarus' and 'Mercury;' Mr. Bates's 'Homer' and 'Dido' and 'Æneas;' and Mr. Woolner's 'Tennyson.'

We hope to review the Industrial Art of the Exhibition in our next issue. WILLIAM T. ARNOLD.

THE SALON, PARIS.

UNLESS a writer has ample space at his command, his only means for dealing critically with an exhibition of the stupendous magnitude of the Salon, which contains more than five thousand three hundred examples of all kinds, is to omit large sections of its contents. He must say no more about its six hundred and seventy-six engravings than that among them are masterpieces of skill, delicacy, and spirit, a nation's heritage in these respects, and incomparably better than can be seen elsewhere. Of the architectural drawings he may safely aver that nearly two hundred examples are an education in draughtsmanship, of astonishing grace and research. Of the section illustrating *gravure en médailles et sur pierres fines*, in forty-six frames, there are, say, one hundred and fifty specimens of an art which is practically extinct,

on this side of the Channel, and very ardently cultivated in Paris by artists whose works are triumphs. The thousand and fifty sculptures supply at least a hundred instances so fine that only the best works at our Academy are fit to be ranked with them, while the standards of design, poetic inspiration, energy, beauty and technical skill apparent in the plastic examples in the garden round which the Palais des Champs-Elysées is built are far higher than obtain in Piccadilly. Then come one thousand and forty drawings, cartoons, pastels, miniatures, designs for glass, enamel, porcelain, and faïence. In them we notice instances of the wonderful skill attained of late in painting with pastels life-size nudities, portraits, and landscapes, in a manner hardly inferior to that which pigments in oil permit. This is the latest technical development of the French artists; the life-size and beautiful *Eva* of M. Feyen-Perrin, standing naked in the shadow of a tree in Paradise, has no rival anywhere. There is not, nor ever was, anything of this kind in England, Italy, Germany, or, till now, in France.

The result of "pressure from below" has greatly reduced the general level of studies in the once learned and severe French school of painting. With but a few breaks in the movement the standard of the Salon is yearly declining. This is, perhaps, partly due to the abstentions of the better men whose professional hauteur holds them aloof from a mere general assembly. The absence of any brilliant and earnest student is doubly injurious, insomuch as it deprives the younger artists of the influence of fine models and a noble ambition, and it lowers the types of public taste. One result of it is that the Salon no longer fully represents French Art. The collection of this season is better than of late, and, while every exhibition contains such a treasure of skill, studies, and genius as each year brings forth, there is no need for despair.

According to current arrangements next year's will be the last Salon held in the Champs-Elysées. After that the men of Art must shift for themselves; probably they will do so effectually by declining the last remnant of government aid in order to be free from the meddling of politicians and their ear-wigs.

Having eliminated much of the contents of the Salon it will be possible to give a few choice specimens of this prodigious illustration of genius, skill, patience, learning, poetry, and of gross offences against every one of these elements of Art. Broadly speaking, the aggregate offers contrasts of loveliness with vulgarity, chastity with Asmodean fervour, exquisite elegance with ugliness, coarseness of the mob with incitements to noble activities. Each collection is a wilderness of contrasts, and the more closely the student examines it the more certain is he that it comprises treasuries of intellect and resources. Of the subjects depicted it has been said that "This Salon retains most of the usual characteristics, though in a less exaggerated degree than before, and that makes a wonderful difference." We have, of course, "battle, murder, and sudden death" in numerous forms; hospital scenes, such as clinical lectures, death from cholera in all its agonies, inoculation for rabies by M. Pasteur; religious madness, furious idolatry and fanaticism; slow famine; the bowstring brought into a justly terrified hareem; suicide, including that of an artist before his picture; grimy labour; idiotcy; St. Jerome at his leanest, an awful figure; experiments with poison, terminating fatally; a laundry on a large scale; several iron foundries; stone-breaking and paving; and a sort of apotheosis of the *Ouvrier*, who, by the way, is not so much of a hero as he was last year. Wrecks and livid corpses cast ashore are, of course, to be expected, but there is a huge picture of the 'Deluge' which will cause the blood of even the most hardened critic to curdle a little. Bears attack the last remains of Franklin's party; there is a ghastly *vaisseau fantôme;* there are nudities of all kinds, and of all degrees of beauty, none of them, let it be said, very sensual, while many are as chaste as Ingres' 'La Source.' Contrasting with these there are, as was said on another occasion, "representations of heavenly peace and purity, heroic patience, self-devotion and sacrifice, treated in pictures good enough to gladden the soul. Here are to be studied domestic victories in offices of charity, and close by we find views of lakes as of Paradise, and delightful prospects of halcyon seas, such as men dream of while they are young. Landscapes abound which are as fresh and sweet as morning breezes searching the foliage of oak and beech can make them. Woodlands, moorlands, marshlands, and vast lonely reaches of enormous rivers—each marked by sentiment and poetic, or robust, or tender—find laureates of the brush so skilful and so sympathetic that an Englishman, knowing nature and in love with her, cannot but be grateful for them, while he recollects how few are the subjects affected by his landscape-painting countrymen, most of whom treat the pathetic spectacles of the earth as if they touched them not."

M. Gaston Mélingue's 'Molière et sa Troupe' may have the first place in the summary of this year's work. The poet sits in his own chamber and from a manuscript reads a new piece to his comrades, male and female, and their children of various ages and both sexes. The charm of the design is in the variety of the expressions of these persons, all diversely moved, but each affected by delight in the new play according to his or her character. The high science of its chiaroscuro, coloration, illumination and draughtsmanship, makes this a work of the wisest and most honourable art. M. Maignan's 'Le Frère Peintre,' represents a monkish artist seated in a chamber filled with sunlight reflected from without and distinct in its subdued yet tender glow; while, observed by a comrade, he is busily and with deft hands repainting an ancient statue of wood. He might be one of Mr. Browning's heroes in disguise, secluded since his youth, or a veritable Fra Bartolommeo piously refreshing with busy hands the convent's statues. One of these carvings, a part of a choir screen or some such work, appears on our left of the cell, and while partaking of the light diffused and shadowless, stands out solid and vigorous, yet in subtlest harmony fused into a whole which to educated eyes is hardly less than magical. So wonderful is the skill thus employed that with a few seemingly half-random touches and tints selected swiftly (but really with art so recondite that, although its charm is patent, its operation requires at least half an education to be fully appreciated) the picture rivals in its chiaoscuro a fine Velasquez.

It is easy to estimate fully the passionate energy and epical design of M. Rochegrosse's 'La Curée,' where, in life-size figures clad in white togas, a mass of men are striving to stab the Dictator prostrate at the foot of Pompey's statue, and in every face, air, and action, nay, in every man's mode of wearing his garments and handling his weapon, there is individuality, a personality of passion, hate, triumph, or fear. The scene is the sunlit *curia* of white marble, with its semicircle of step-like benches of that material, one above the

other, backed by lofty columns of enormous girth. Cæsar's empty chair and his secretary's table (the latter overthrown, its ink staining the floor, the former set awry since Julius was hustled out of it) are in the middle and halfway up. Gouts of Cæsar's blood indicate his path to the statue's foot, where we see his red toga and bald head distinct amid his murderers, among whom fierce Brutus, kneeling on his benefactor's outstretched arm and driving home his ungrateful dagger, is conspicuous.

We have in this country no master devoted to studies of interior light in the manner of M. Dantan, whose picture, 'A Sculptor at work on a Bas-relief,' is well known in England. It represents an artist carving a slab of marble, to the brilliant yet soft whiteness of which his dark grey dress is opposed in fine harmonies of colour and tone, while its background and accessories excel by similar means, and intense varieties of white and grey are employed in the scheme of coloration. 'Un Moulage sur Nature' is this year's exercise of similar principles, and shows a beautifully-formed young model standing on a high bench in a sculptor's workshop, while her left leg is moulded in plaster-of-Paris by two men. Technically and subjectively this is a charming theme for the artist, whose powers in design are shown in the grouping of the figures and the chiaroscuro at large; his feeling for nature appears in the *morbidezza* of the woman's form, and his draughtsmanship in the drawing and modelling of her limbs.

M. J. J. Benjamin-Constant has long exercised his somewhat demonstrative and effective taste for over-gorgeous colour, strongly contrasting lights and shadows, resplendent jewelry and sumptuous brocades. He has this year touched a higher note by showing at life-size 'Théodora,' daughter of the bear-keeper, actress, courtesan, and Empress, seated in her throne of the whitest marble, and with an impassible air, resting both her heavily jewelled wrists on its arms, while from under a Byzantine crown of gold studded with emeralds, sapphires, topazes and crystals, the pallid bronze of her set face looks more terrible and serpent-like than a great python's. It is so because, darker and more brilliant than precious stones, and crueller and more inscrutable than any snake's, her black eyes glitter in the lamps of the imperial seat while her lithe figure is shrouded in brocades of innumerable hues, shot with gold threads. Snake-like are her eyes set in the narrow openings whence the watchful organs of her sight are seen; the long thin lips drawn tight before the Empress's protuberant jaws are like a snake's in their expression, and their redness is deadly. This is one of the most vivid and vigorous pieces of melodrama French stage-art has produced, and it is painted with magnificent aptitude and power, of which we have not, nor ever had, the like in England.

M. Bouguereau is a Membre de l'Institut, and a learned, powerful, and laborious artist who is worthy of his honours. His 'L'Amour Vainqueur' shows lovely, child-like male and female *amorini* traversing the air by their effortless volition only. M. Jules Breton has two grand and grave landscapes with figures, called respectively, 'A travers Champs,' and 'La Fin du Travail.' In the former we see grass-mowing women ceasing from their labour while the last flush of sunset is in the sky, and the new moon timidly "bends her pale sickle" in the firmament of purplish dun and dull gold. In the latter a similar group, at a similar time, and in a landscape like the above, stride homewards over the fields, which are the darker because there is no moon. The figures, remaining perfectly rustic, are stately and grand, and their noble and graceful air reminds us of antique statues.

M. Brouillet has made himself a name by showing in a fine, loyal, and sincere style M. le Docteur Charcot delivering 'Une Leçon clinique à la Salpêtrière.' A group of students listen to the physician's comments on the state of a handsome young woman, who, *décolletée* and rigid from head to heel, stands in a tetanic ecstasy before them. The representation of daylight is first-rate; not less admirable are the earnest faces and spontaneous actions of the figures. The 'Avant l'Opération' of M. Gervex groups itself with the last-named picture, and like it refers to clinical studies. It is quite as well painted as M. Brouillet's work, and differs from it in the incidents of the subject rather than in its technical merits and illumination. In life-size figures and by a pure, bright interior light, we have the famous Dr. Péan speaking in an operating room, while a woman under the influence of chloroform is extended on a couch before him, and his pupils, with faces full of character and profoundly moved, attend his words. The picture triumphs in their expressions, the treatment of the light, and the flesh of the sufferer in apposition to the whiteness of her linen. M. Cabanel's thoroughly characteristic and fine, if somewhat academical instance, shows Cleopatra after the defeat at Actium watching the effects of diverse poisons on slaves already condemned to death. A fine, skilful, and accomplished artist, M. Cabanel has not that spontaneous art-magic which touches our hearts divinely, although he charms our memories of history, and our love for knowledge compels us to honour him.

M. Henner, in his 'Une Créole,' and 'Hérodiade,' has exercised with supreme skill his delight in flesh tints, mysteries of tone and dreamy expressions. Rembrandt and Correggio meet in his art, which shows the realism and poetry of the former, chastened by the grace, seriousness, magic power, taste, and culture of the latter.

M. Jules Lefebvre's 'Morning Glory' displays a lovely—but somewhat over-fair and sweet—girl-spirit walking amid corn and flowers. It is distinguished by the charm of the face, its dreamy, pure and tender expression, the delicate modelling of the bust and limbs, and the harmonizing of the figure with the fleecy clouds behind it, flushed, roseate, and gilded. A very modest and yet learned and pathetic picture is M. Sautai's 'Intérieur de Couvent,' a white-washed passage, bare boards, three brown doors, and a brown-frocked Franciscan monk entering his cell. The very soberness of the colours and the delicate, subtle, and veracious representation of the light and shade, and the richness of the tones of this picture distinguish it. M. J. Story has sent a terrible 'Episode des Massacres de Septembre, 1792.' It is a powerful picture too hideous for description, dreadful to see, difficult to think of without desiring vengeance for the blood that was thus shed in the name of Freedom. Admirably painted and only too terribly designed, it comprises life-size figures, showing Mademoiselle de Sombreuil drinking human blood to save her father's life. Another picturesque example of dramatic power represents the punishment of humiliation inflicted upon the people of Cassel by Philippe le Bon, of Burgundy.

F. G. Stephens.

EXHIBITIONS AND ART NOTES.

THE ROYAL HIBERNIAN ACADEMY.—The fifty-eighth Exhibition was remarkable by the reason of the comparatively little space occupied by the works of the Academicians, and by the large number of contributions sent in by lady artists. Some of the Academicians who have contributed, however, are at their best, Mr. Wm. Osborne having, as usual, some excellent transcripts of animal life, and Mr. Walter Osborne, in addition to two or three small landscapes, having sent a notable 'Tired Out,' a pathetic rendering of a sick lad weary of his playthings. If it were not for Mr. McGuinness Irish landscape art would scarcely be represented; but the artist is a host in himself, and is perhaps never so strong as when he is depicting moorland and mountain scenery, and in this exhibition he has fully justified his devotion. Mr. Yeates has some excellent portraits; and Miss Purser, who is rapidly making her way in portraiture, has sent two of the best in the collection, a 'Miss Wynne,' a charming study, and a life-like portrait of the well-known Dr. Salmon, of Trinity. Some of the younger Irish artists have contributed good work, notably Messrs. Cairnes, Inglis, Kavanagh, and Morgan, all of whom have benefited greatly from study in Paris and Antwerp, and have a brightness and freshness by no means common to their seniors. Mr. Kavanagh's landscape and cattle, 'Pastures near Howth,' and Mr. Morgan's 'Portrait of a Lady' and 'Blue Bells,' certainly go far to support the claims of the new school. Much of the work has been sent from England, the Royal Academy being well represented by the contributions of some of its most celebrated members; but unfortunately the public have not purchased as largely as usual, nor has the attendance been equal to that of former years. As before, the rooms have been thrown open at a reduced charge in the evenings and on Sunday afternoons, a boon which is valued by those who are engaged during the day.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—The Summer Exhibition, looked at as a whole, must be pronounced one of the most tiresome shows in London. Great technical ability, with some love of nature, and even some love of Art, is displayed. But the process of discovering the fine work exhausts the patience and dries up the springs of enjoyment. So much of the technical proficiency serves such trivial and inartistic ends, that it seems an almost useless acquisition. It is a relief to come upon a piece of good, broad, decorative work like Miss Clara Montalba's 'Old Mill, Zaandam,' or her 'Cannon Street Bridge.' Indeed, anything vigorous, atmospheric, or natural stands out with a kind of dignity in the welter of falseness and misplaced ingenuity. We feel grateful to Sir J. Gilbert for his large scenic composition, 'Cardinal Wolsey on his Progress to Westminster Hall;' to Mr. Eyre Walker for the comparative tranquillity, breadth, and aërial tone of his big landscapes; to Mr. Henry Moore for the dash and vigour of his 'Wild Day off the Dutch Coast;' and to Mr. John Burr for the simplicity, repose, and elegance of his 'Scarecrow.' Truth to nature, an absence of affectation, and some breadth of feeling characterize the work of Messrs. E. J. Poynter, C. Davidson, R. W. Allan, and one or two others. Mr. Herbert Marshall pleases by a certain force of sentiment, especially in 'London's Fortress.' 'San Remo: behind the Town,' is larger in effect and freer from niggling than most of Mr. C. Gregory's work. Mr. Paul J. Naftel gives proof of a delicacy of perception in such drawings as 'Cornfield: Sutton Courtenay;' and Mr. S. P. Jackson and Mr. David Murray contribute graceful pictures. A



Selections from the Royal Water Colour Exhibition.

1.—'Morning, Jersey Coast.' H. Moore, A.R.A.
2.—'Cardinal Wolsey on his Progress to Westminster Hall.' Sir John Gilbert, R.A.
3.—'The Monk's Fish Pond, Early Spring.' J. W. North.
4.—'Beyond Jordan.' Carl Haag.
5.—'Durham.' Albert Goodwin.
6.—'Trundling the Cheese.' R. Thorne Waite.
7.—'Cannon Street Bridge.' Clara Montalba.
8.—'Light and Shade.' J. H. Henshall.
9.—'St. Paul's, from Cheapside.' H. Marshall.
10.—'The Nightingale.' E. J. Brewtnall.

screen contains a collection of sketches presented to the Queen on the occasion of her Jubilee. Some of these are admirable: as, for instance, Mr. A. D. Fripp's strong and decorative sketch, 'Vesuvius seen from Capri;' Mr. Carl Haag's 'Sphinx of Geezeh;' Mr. G. A. Fripp's 'Mottlesham Creek,' classic in its elegance and simplicity; Mr. H. Moore's 'Off the Dodman's Head,' with its gorgeous depths of blue; Miss Clara Montalba's decorative 'Evening: Venice;' and 'Branksea Castle,' a piece of pleasant colour by Sir Prescott Hewett. We must also mention that the Princess of Wales contributes a sketch of Windsor, which is unexpectedly well composed and painted for one so thoroughly occupied in other ways.

PERSONAL.—The Medals of Honour of the Salon of 1887 have been awarded as follows:—painting, M. Cormon; sculpture, M. Fremiet; and engraving, M. Courtry. Mr. Frederick Richard Pickersgill, painter of 'The Burial of Harold' in the Houses of Parliament,—A.R.A. in 1847, R.A. in 1859—proposes to resign the keepership of the Royal Academy, to which office he succeeded on the retirement in 1874 of the late Charles Landseer. M. Adolphe Jullien has in hand a "Hector Berlioz," with original illustrations by M. Fantin-Latour, a companion volume to the "Richard Wagner" reviewed of late in this magazine. Herr Brugsch and M. Bouriant have prepared and will shortly publish, a list of the cartouches (some 3,500 variants) of the Kings of Egypt, from Menes to Nectanebus; a set of photographic fac-similes of the Papyrus of Mât-ka-Râs; and a lithographic fac-simile of the tent of Hesi-em-Heb. M. Jean-Paul Laurens will paint this summer a new ceiling for the Odéon. MM. Emile Michel and Grandeau will publish a selection from the lithographs executed in his later years by the late Aimé de Lemud, maintained in secret by him until his death. Signor Paolo Tadolini has finished a 'Leo XIII.,' commissioned by the sitter.

MUSEUMS AND GALLERIES.—Mr. J.S. Sargent's 'Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose,' and a landscape by Mr. Alfred Parsons, have been purchased under the terms of the Chantrey bequest. By the will of the late Mr. Newman Smith, of Bournemouth, a famous Landseer, 'A Distinguished Member of the Royal Humane Society,' has been added to the National Gallery. Mr. Orchardson's 'The First Cloud,' goes to Australia. Over 42,000 dollars have been subscribed for the proposed Art School and Museum at Princeton, U.S.A. By the gift of Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt, two cases of Grant relics—swords of honour, medals, jewels, gold-topped canes, invitations and *menus* engraved on gold plates, and a collection of Japanese coins including seven gold pieces valued at £1,000—have been added to the National Museum, Washington. The German government has bought and transported to Berlin a number of frescoes of scenes from the life of Joseph, painted on the walls of Casa Zuccari, in the Piazza Santa Trinità dei Monti, by Schadow, Veit, Catel, Overbeck, and Cornelius. Two examples of Karl Daubigny, a 'Vallée de la Scie,' and an 'Environs de la Ferme St.-Simeon,' with thirty-four plates engraved by him, have been accepted for the Louvre, which has also received, under the will of the late Charles Goblet, a seventeenth-century bronze, two antique bronzes, and three fragments of Assyrian bas-reliefs. A ministerial decree has authorised the purchase, at the price of £40,000, of a site in Paris for the Musée Guimet. Several minor examples of Boucher, Fragonard, Lancret, Gravelot, Eisen, and Ostade have been added to the Musée Wicar. The Mayor of Rheims has started a subscription with a view to endowing the city with a Museum of Fine Arts. The Pesth Museum has received a number of relics of Franz Liszt, among them the sword of honour and the golden cup, presented (1840) by national subscription, the silver music stand presented by his admirers in Pesth, and a conductor's bâton in solid gold.

OBITUARY.—The death is announced of the eminent engraver, Samuel Cousins, R.A.; of Sir Horace Jones, the City Architect, designer of Leadenhall, Farringdon, and Smithfield Markets, the Holborn Viaduct, the Council Chamber and Library, Guildhall, and the yet unbuilt Tower Bridge; of Louis Robbe, the Belgian animal painter; of Ruprich-Robert, the French architect, Inspector-General of Historical Monuments; of Ambrogio Borghi, Professor of Sculpture at the Milan Academy of Fine Arts, and author, among other works, of a 'Cromwell,' a 'Bellini,' and the monuments of Victor Emmanuel at Novara and Verona; of Léon Suys, architect of the New Exchange, Brussels; of Baron Francesco Gamba, Director of the Pinacotheca at Turin; of the French painter Edmond Dehodencq; of Hippolyte Bayard, a pioneer of photography, the first to discover and apply the capacities of collodion; of Eugène-André Oudiné, sculptor, medallist, and die-sinker, attached for many years to the Monnaie; of the archæologist Charles de Linas; of the landscape painter Eugène Devé, a pupil of Flers and Corot; of the sculptor Louis-Eugène Godin, a pupil of Toussaint; of the painter-lithographer Aimé de Lemud, artist of 'Maître Wolframb,' and 'Hélène Adelfreit'; of Charles William Campbell, an engraver of much promise; of Frederick Bacon, a pupil and assistant of the Findens; of the American collector and connoisseur, Miss Catherine Wolfe; of the die-sinker and medallist Bouvet, author of the first coins bearing the effigies of the Second Emperor; of the historical painter David Wilkie Wynfield; of the painter-lithographer, Emile Vernier; of the famous and charming sculptor Ernest Carrier Belleuse, art director at Sèvres; of the sculptor Eugène Lequesne, a pupil of Pradia, and of the Venetian painter Giacomo Favretto.

We are glad to find that at length the British workman has had a chance of showing to the Americans what he is capable of. Hitherto "Can any good thing come out of London or anywhere else but Paris?" has been the cry of our cousins over the water. But as good fortune would have it, a short while ago Mr. Marquand, a gentleman, we are told, "of cultured and refined taste," called upon Mr. Alma Tadema and stated his desire to have some classic furniture for a music-room designed by him, and made by an English firm, with the result that a pianoforte case, a music cabinet, couches, chairs, and stools have been fashioned, regardless of cost, by Messrs. Johnstone, Norman & Co., of New Bond Street. The outcome is altogether satisfactory so far as the design and workmanship are concerned, and the thanks of all who are interested in British Art manufacture are due not only to the gentleman who has given this princely commission, but to Mr. Alma Tadema, who has assisted in showing what our workshops can produce.



PAINTED BY THE HON. J. COLLIER. ENGRAVED BY W. GREATBACH.

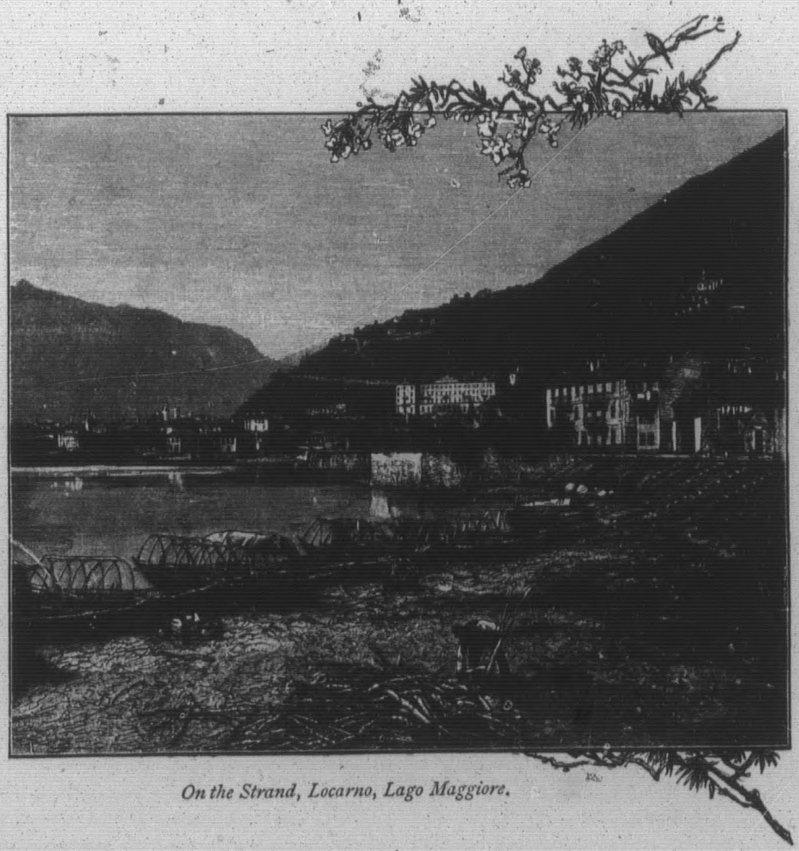
THE LAST VOYAGE OF HENRY HUDSON.

LONDON: J.S.VIRTUE & Cº LIMITED.

A SWISS ITALIAN TOWN.

LOCARNO.

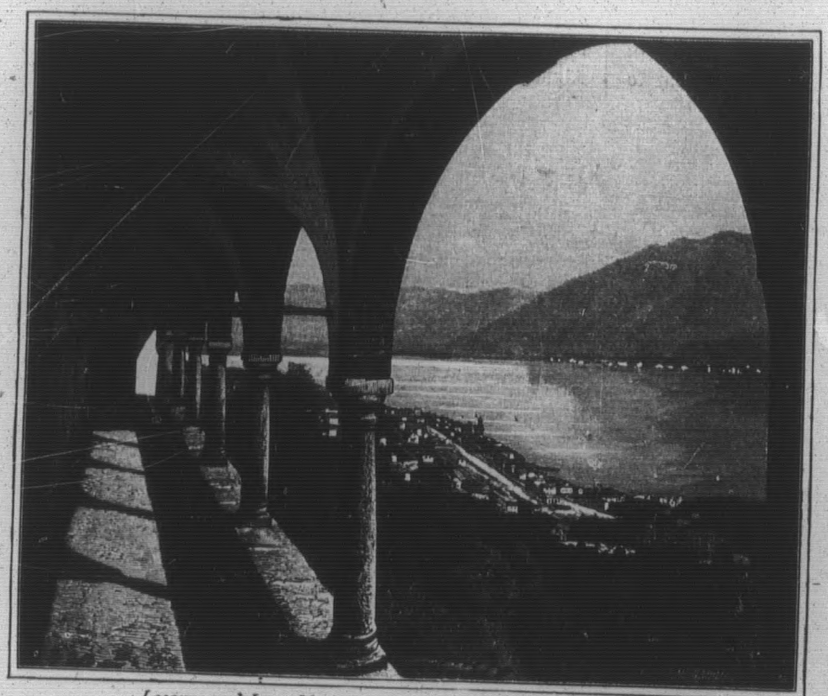
LOCARNO claims to occupy the loveliest situation on Lago Maggiore. Possibly the inhabitants of other sites around the shores of the bay of Baveno, at the Italian end of the lake, containing the Borromean Islands, might feel disposed to contest that proposition. The descent from Monte Motterone to Baveno is certainly one of surpassing beauty. The near lakes, seen beyond the belt of chesnut woods, and grassy slopes at your feet; the distant plains of Lombardy, studded with villages, picturesque campanili, and innumerable farms or *possessioni*, amidst which gleam the sinuous tributaries of the Po, form a *coup d'œil*, which is more than sufficient to make one hesitate to decide upon rival claims.



On the Strand, Locarno, Lago Maggiore.

The peaceful strand, and the orange and lemon groves of Locarno, however, is our destination—verdant bowers, far from the city's din, full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing! But the way thither? Formerly the route owned that sweet simplicity which shut out all divided counsels. Across the St. Gothard Alps it must be! Now the traveller may choose to pass through them: losing thereby more than the most imaginative can tell. This is an age of manuals, short cuts to knowledge, a hasty scramble through everything on this earth below, and we have come to take our travel in the same perfunctory manner. You may be packed in a railway train at any distant point, make a short cut through the Alps, and be delivered like a parcel at Locarno, free of travel-stain, unfatigued, and unruffled. Such is not the way we here propose to tread. The olden days of travel, "in which distance could not be vanquished without toil, but in which that toil was rewarded, partly by the power of deliberate survey of the countries through which the journey lay, and partly by the happiness of the evening hours, when from the top of the last hill he had surmounted the traveller beheld the quiet village where he was to rest," are now no more. And "the rush of the arrival in a railway station is perhaps not always, or to all men, an equivalent." We should say not! Without by any means undervaluing the comfort, convenience, and economy to the invalid, or the busy man whose time is circumscribed, of being able to reach the land of the olive and the vine in this abbreviated manner, there remains, it may be opined, "a more excellent way." The great Alpine Pass of the St. Gothard is the most stupendous of all the passes, and full of interest of every kind. It has no picturesque gorge equal to the Via Mala on the Splugen Pass, or the gorge of Gondo on the Simplon, but for vastness and grandeur of scenery it is unsurpassed by any other. You will be brought face to face with some of Nature's *chefs d'œuvre* in the way of mountain scenery, will get ever so little nearer to our universal mother's *arcana*, and, if your ear be attuned aright, perhaps hear in some dim way, above the noise of glacier stream and falling cataract, the pulsations of her beating heart. Starting then from Lucerne, with the snowy range of the distant Alps before you, glittering in the sun, as though in approval of your heroic determination, take the steamer down that most picturesque of lakes, the Lake of the Four Forest Cantons, past the pretty village of Weggis, nestling among the meadows and orchards which fringe the shore at the foot of the Righi; past Gersau—well-remembered nest for long vacation reading parties, so-called, in days of yore—with its silent, scented paths, struggling for existence along the precipitous sides of the lake the whole way to

Brunnen; past the rocks of the Rütli; past Schwytz and the Bay of Uri; past nameless picturesque peaks rising precipitously out of the clear transparent waters of the lake, until at length you arrive at Fluelen and take to the road. The *vetturino* we must assume to be trustworthy, his horses good, and the compact without flaw. After passing Altdorf and Amsteg, the traveller becomes conscious of an increased acceleration in the steepness of the ascent. The valley of the Reuss unfolds itself, the huge pyramid of the Bristenstock fills up a vista, and as you approach Wasen the retrospective views grow impressive. The Reuss, pursuing its downward course through the valley with great velocity, may be traced like a silver thread in the sparkling sunlight. The Wasen forest shortly comes into view as you climb upwards towards where, on either side, far above all sound but the winds, stand shadowy armies of Unterwalden pine. The alpine village of Wasen would have once been found crowded with dust-covered waggons loaded with silks



Locarno and Lago Maggiore from the Loggia of the Sanctuary.

and velvets, and other merchandise crossing to and from Italy. But the old time has gone, and these villages now live on the crumbs. Above this stage the upper valley assumes a much more savage and gloomy character, gradually contracting into the desolate gorge of Schöllenen, where the real ascent commences, past dreary zigzag galleries, past houses of refuge from avalanches, upward, still upward, between walls of granite rock, dark, bare, and sunless, but overpowering in their stern magnificence. The covered galleries suggest the dangerous nature of the pass in certain seasons of the year, when, with the stealthy spring of a panther the avalanche becomes a pitiless devourer of men, or when the true whirling snow-storm of the High Alps prevails. Fortunate was the traveller in his winter-sleigh—whom the indescribably mournful and suspicious stillness which prevailed had warned of the coming change—if he found himself not too far from that refuge which his alarmed and panting horse instinctively strained every limb to reach. Farther on, a sharp corner is turned, and the Devil's Bridge, magnificently placed, spans the narrow pass. As you cross this historic site you re-people with the past and trace all around spots where some of the fiercest conflicts which the pages of history record were fought. On every side, in every valley, and on every height, thousands of Russians, Austrians, and French left their bones bleaching in the noontide sun and the winter's frost. Silent and desolate as they now are, these granite walls of mountain gorge have re-echoed the shrill clarion and trumpet-call, the roll of mustering drum, and the noise of lumbering ammunition waggons. The roads, now so good, were mere ruts then, in which the lightest field-pieces—such as they were in those days—stuck at every turn, only to be extricated amidst the fierce jests and imprecations of the rude soldiery. Shortly you pass through the *Urner Loch*, and the pastoral valley of Andermatt is gained, the evening shadows will have begun to fall, and if the traveller is wise he will go no farther until the morrow.

Andermatt, quiet as it now is, has known stirring times. During the wars of the first Empire it perhaps suffered more than any other village, being repeatedly pillaged by Austrians, Russians, and French in turn, as they each held the pass. We remember, in by-gone years, aged villagers who in their youth had stood face to face with both the Russian hordes and the French legions—fierce, bearded Cossack, and shaven, close-cropped soldier of the Old Guard.

The next day you may leisurely ascend to Hospenthal, two miles above Andermatt. There the zigzag terraces again commence, and this time terminate only at the very summit of the pass.

"This is the highest point. Two ways the rivers
Leap down to different seas, and as they roll
Grow deep and still, and their majestic presence
Becomes a benefaction to the towns
They visit, wandering silently among them
Like patriarchs old among their shining tents."

Though not the highest mountain, Goethe considered the St. Gothard more entitled to the dignity of "Monarch" than any of the mountains, because the chief Alpine chains radiate towards it, and recline against it. The mountains of Schwytz, Unterwalden, and Uri, the Grisons, the Furca, the double chain of the Alps of the Valais, as well as the mountains of the Swiss-Italian cantons, all concentrate towards the St. Gothard. But it is also remarkable as the source of no less than four well-known rivers. Near the Hospice, placed in a bleak and savage recess, are two lakes, from one of which flows the Reuss down the Swiss side; and from the other, the Tessin to the Italian side, whither we are journeying. The amber Rhone rises at the foot of the Furca lower down, and flows through the Valais towards the level plains of France in a westerly direction. Above all, here on the St. Gothard—the old guardian giant separating the fair-haired maiden *Germania* from dark laurel-wreathed *Italia* and *La belle France*—between huge rocks decked with eternal snows, rises a wild mountain stream, similar to countless others which in this

elevated region have a short and nameless existence. Deep in the everlasting ice-palaces of the St. Gothard dwells the Rhine-God! From the north-east declivity of the mountain the stream issues as though from the very lap of the divinity: the German Ganges—the majestic Rhine.

The descent on the Italian side is steep; zigzag terraces quickly lower you towards the lovely lakes and sunny plains of Italy. Carved on the face of a near rock by the roadside the words "Suwarrow, Victor," commemorate the success of the Russians in gaining the Pass from the French in 1799. Twenty-eight more zigzags through the Val Tremola and Airolo is reached. Charming views up and down the valley of the Ticino here disclose themselves, and soon Dazio Grande, a tremendous rent in the Platifer, through which the Ticino struggles for a passage, is passed. There are few better examples of a foaming, headlong, mountain-torrent than the Tessin at this point, where it forces its way through the gigantic Platifer. The narrow width of the pass, and its proximity to the deafening torrent, renders the scene one of the wildest character. Soon after emerging from the defile, and traversing Faido, the scenery entirely alters, the vine, the mulberry, and chestnut-trees begin to appear, and a few hours more bring the traveller to the promised land, and to Locarno.

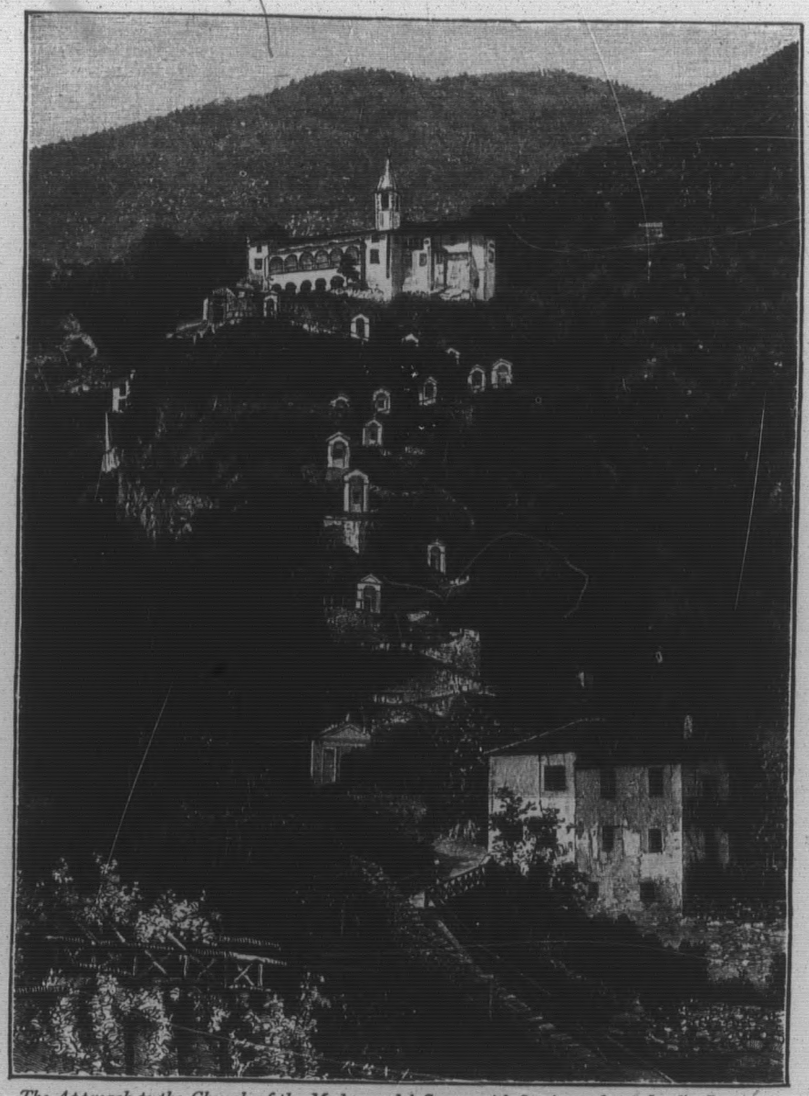
The journey over the vast Alpine pass makes the entrance into Italy sublime. It is an overture—a prelude—to the life and colour of a land where,

> "Every sound and every sight
> Means more than sight or sound elsewhere,
> Each twilight star a twofold light,
> Each rose a double redness there."

The epic has changed to an idyl, and when, after a night's rest at Locarno, the early morning sun bathes in pearly light the soft outlines of distant mountains, richly wooded slopes, and still lake, your satisfaction is perfect.

Locarno, though one of the capitals of the Helvetian canton of Tessin, is, it need scarcely be said, more Italian than Swiss. We are in the vine country now. And what a rich country it is! Yet with some limitations. It is a border-line where north and south meet: like the languages. A point where the hardy Swiss physiognomy ceases and the brown Italian faces begin. If the winds are sometimes Alpine, the atmosphere is Italian. And there are some things which are hybrids between glacier-land and Lombardic vegetation. But the magnolias are magnificent, and Locarno boasts camellias in November, and violets and spring flowers in February and March. Placed at the embouchure of the great Val Maggia, where a large water-course descends into the Lago Maggiore, it is surrounded by luxuriant vegetation, and delightful excursions can be made up the valley to the romantic Val Lavizzara and Cerio.

High above the town stands the old pilgrimage church and convent of the Madonna del Sasso, commanding a magnificent panorama. Pilgrims might well be excused if they lingered long after their toilsome journeys, or showed no unseemly haste to depart. Day succeeds day amid the Italian lakes without any importunate call for action. Morning and evening, matins and vespers, the noon-tide siesta, sun-gilded spires and cliffs, and moon-silvered lake and glistening strand alternate with noiseless regularity. Why journey farther? is the feeling engendered. Why wander more? This passionless repose under the fathomless blue of the soft Italian sky is the true lotus-feeling quite proper here.



The Approach to the Church of the Madonna del Sasso, with Stations of our Lord's Passion.

> "Time driveth onward fast,
> And in a little while our lips are dumb."

The sketcher who extends his rambles in the deep glens and shadowy woods around, to the craggy ledges high above the cloven ravines, will find endless picturesque combinations for his pencil. Behind the grim old convent perched on high, rough paths lead to points of view where it combines with the richly-wooded gorges and cliffs in the foreground, making

a picture that stirs the least enthusiastic into admiration. From the open loggia some beautiful atmospheric effects may sometimes be caught, especially after rain when a shaft of light breaking through the dispersing clouds and floating vapour, falls aslant the lake, spread out like a great cathedral pavement below.



Interior of the Church of the Madonna del Sasso.

The church dates from A.D. 1486. There is a tradition that on one dark night a monk named Fra Bartolommeo saw a light shining with unearthly brilliance, on the summit of the mountain, and then, surrounded by a glory, the Virgin and a company of angels. This was interpreted as a revelation of the Virgin's desire to have a chapel erected thereon. And thus a chapel was built upon the top of the hill, a chapel which soon expanded into a church, and grew rich and famous as a place of pilgrimage long before "Our Lady of Lourdes" was heard of. In 1570, Carlo Borromeo—known to history as San Carlo Borromeo—visited it, leaving costly presents; indeed, the display of mundane wealth soon grew so apparent that it came to be said that the place had changed its divine light into an earthly one, from the glitter of the costly adornments in gold and silver which the interior of the church presented. There are some paintings attributed to Bernardino Luini, but the chief attraction is a modern picture by Antonio Ceresi, a professor of the Florentine Academy, called "The Descent from the Cross," painted in the spirit of the Cinque-cento. Locarno, which was once a town containing five thousand inhabitants, has had troublous times, and suffered irretrievably from religious persecutions. It was one of the first places in Italy to join the Reformation. At first no persecution followed, but Rome, true to its policy, nominated a new Governor, and the arrival of a Bishop from the papal court, charged with a mission of suppression, inaugurated an era of extreme intolerance, accompanied by remorseless cruelty, the memory of which has never been effaced. More than two hundred of the best families were driven from their homes into banishment during the late winter of 1554—5; neither age, sex, nor bedridden sick were spared. Many died from exposure, but the majority of the expelled citizens, after enduring incredible sufferings, found their way through the ice and snow of the Alps in winter to the Grisons, and finally to that city which has of all others afforded a refuge to those suffering for the defence of the gospel—Zurich! Even in the pre-Reformation period, Arnold of Brescia fled thither pursued by papal vengeance. At Zurich, Farel and his fellow-labourers reached a rallying point. There also the Marian exiles, John Knox, Miles Coverdale, and others, found not only a shelter, but a welcome and a home. Some of the best families in Zurich are the lineal descendants of the exiles from Locarno, and Zurich is said to owe to them its excellence in silk-manufacture. The following year an extraordinary inundation took place at Locarno, which ruined that town for a long period, and its population has never reached its former greatness. The exiles viewed the event as a special

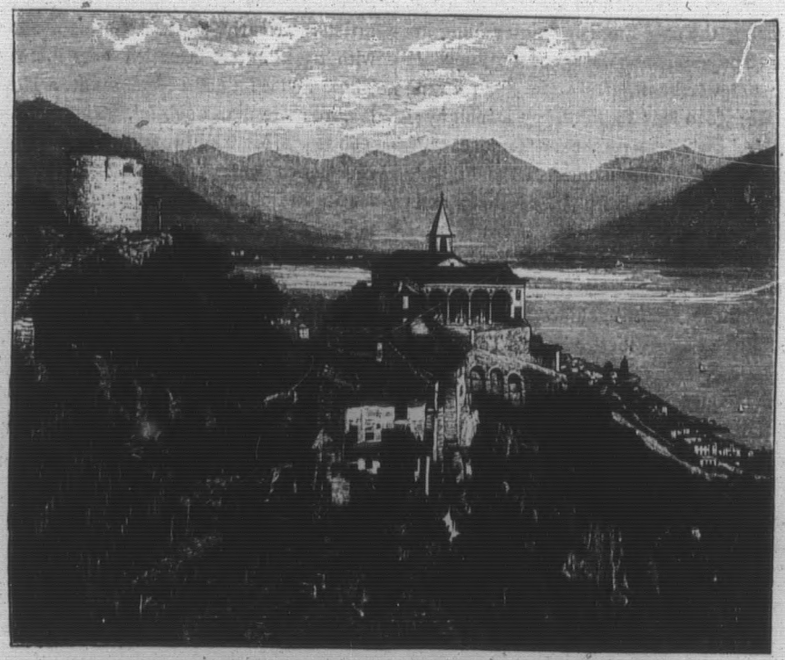


The Descent from the Cross. By Antonio Ceresi. Church of the Madonna del Sasso.

dispensation of Providence, and became reconciled to the home of their adoption.

The church of S. Villore in Muralto is built on the ruins of a temple of Bacchus. When the excavations were made, enough antiquities of Roman origin were found—bronzes, coins, vases, and weapons—to form a small museum.

The Hotel Locarno is beautifully situated, and its enlarged capacity and spacious *salle à manger* is doubtless equal to any possible influx of visitors. On market days a good deal of nationality in dress, old costumes, old dialects, and old-world ways, may be noticed. The shaggy tunic, raven hair, and sunburnt faces of the *contadini* are picturesque, and among them may be seen women with bright kerchiefs, dressed in the deep blue and crimson dyes we see in pictures of the old masters. Peasant-girls with sunny eyes pass along, of some of whom it might be said, in the dainty words of the *rispetti* of old Italian ballad-literature—



The Pilgrimage Church of the Madonna del Sasso.

"Vi ride prima gli occhi che la bocca,"—
"Your eyes are seen to smile before your mouth"—

and nearly all of them are distinguished by the supple strength and length of limb of North Italian folk. And what melodious names you hear constantly referred to on every side: Pallanza, Arona, Piscatore, Isola Madre, Magadino, and Bellinzona!

Excursions in the numerous Vals afford endless delight. The Ponte Brolla, said to be of Roman origin, will not be overlooked. On the opposite bank of the lake stands Luino, the birth-place of the greatest of Da Vinci's pupils, Luini, the painter of the 'Christ disputing with the Doctors' in the National Gallery, formerly ascribed to his master until modern criticism demolished the system of ascribing all the important works of a school to one man. Longer excursions may be commenced from Laveno, on the eastern shore of the lake: to Varese and Como, or even to Lecco, immortalized by Manzoni in his *I Promessi Sposi*.

But after all, within its own boundaries, Lago Maggiore will generally be found to supply all the needs of the temporary sojourner. There are subjects for the geologist, the mineralogist, the botanist, and the historian. The Borromean Islands are a dream of beauty, and Isola Bella, the oft-described, the oft-visited, though opinions may differ when details are discussed, must always interest from the sub-tropical vegetation which flourishes in the open air—the camphor and sassafras-trees, Australian plants, aloes, cactuses, pomegranates, and aromatic shrubs which shed their perfume around—while of the beauty of the prospects which its terraces command, the vistas of hill and valley, and distant snowy Alps, there can be no qualification. Night is a time when the scene is steeped in another kind of loveliness. Take a boat and pull slowly out of the shadow of the mountains, past dark promontory and jutting cliff, into the broad moonlit waters, and you will feel that earth has few scenes more fair. What sounds are heard are those of some bird from out the brake, a faint rustle of the luxurious foliage, the light drip of the suspended oar—sounds that fall more softly upon the ear than

"Tired eyelids on tired eyes,
Or petals from blown roses on the grass."

And then later on wander home in the darkness, broken by misty lights and mysterious distance, past purple rock and shadowy grove, with perhaps a grey wasted bit of classic ruin standing therein; for Lago Maggiore, be it remembered, is the *Lacus Verbanus* of the Romans. STEPHEN THOMPSON.

ART SALES IN AMERICA.

THE overture to the dispersal of works of Art in the New York sale-rooms during the past year, a dispersal which goes on with but slight interruption from November to May, was the Thomas Robinson sale. It consisted of two hundred and thirty-two paintings which sold for about £17,000, and as will be seen from the list of the names, it was, like most of the collections sold in America, thoroughly French in character. The owner of the pictures was an American artist, a pupil of Courbet, and he had spent some years in gathering them. The pictures had been chosen with care and with a purpose, and therefore the level of the works sold was considerably higher than usual. This purpose was to give a retrospect of modern French Art

from David to Gérôme. It even went a little farther at both ends and displayed a Chardin and a Bastien-Lepage. Perhaps no "well-known" work was included in it, but the average merit was high, and the pictures full of interest and charm. Raffet, Daumier, Prosper Marilhat, and Bertin, the teacher of Corot, are artists whose works are very rarely seen in America and they were worthily represented. There were pictures by two American painters only—Kensett and Hunt (both deceased)—and two small landscapes by an Englishman—Bonington—the brilliant young artist who shares with Constable the honour of being the only English painter hung in the Louvre. The highest price reached was £900 for 'Sunset,' by Rousseau. Other noteworthy figures were £740 for a landscape by Jules Dupré; £620 for 'Twilight,' by Daubigny; £600 for 'Cow in a Stable,' by Troyon; £580 for 'Landscape,' by Corot; £440 for 'Arab Staff Officer calling to the Fight,' by Fromentin; £430 for 'Flight into Egypt,' by Millet; and £400 for 'Mother and Child,' by Diaz.

The next collection sold was that of Mr. Halsted, containing sixty-five pictures which brought nearly £17,000. A Bouguereau, called 'After the Storm,' achieved the highest figure, £1,520, closely followed by a Vibert, 'Papa's Toilet,' at £1,460. One of Henner's Nymphs reached £600. A Perrault fetched £510; a Jacquet £500; a Daubigny sold for £410; Hagborg for the same, and three pictures by the Polish painter Kowalski for £1,630. There were two English pictures, one of a trout-fisher by Erskine Nicol, named 'Giving In,' which fetched £500, and 'Called to Account,' by W. Dendy Sadler, knocked down at £320. A landscape called 'A Woodland Brook," by Wm. Bliss Baker, a young American artist of much promise, lately deceased, was sold for £460.

The pictures belonging to the Robert Graves estate were one hundred and ninety-nine in number and £24,400 was realised by their sale. A more indiscriminate collection than this, ranging as it did from Jan Steen to Detti and back again to Guido, is seldom brought to the hammer. The paintings included every degree of goodness, mediocrity and badness. Among them were several doubtful "Old Masters" and three English pictures, two by Boughton and one of dogs by Edwin Douglas. The latter brought £160. Bouguereau, the faultlessly smooth, the beloved of most American picture-buyers, was in great force, three of his canvases bringing a total of £3,145. A railway money millionaire paid £2,020 for a Corot the genuineness of which was strongly impeached. This was the same gentleman who lavished £5,100 on Vibert's 'Missionary's Story,' at the Morgan sale last year. The Corot secured the highest price, other large sums given being £1,020 for a 'Sunset at d'Arbonne,' by Rousseau; £650 for a Troyon, £600 for a Merle, the same for one of Van Marcke's cows, £420 for a Schreyer, and £400 for another Rousseau, 'Oak Trees in Autumn.' Among the American pictures Bierstadt's 'Sierra Nevada' sold highest, bringing £490. One Rubens brought £120; another £115; a Guido £80; and a Ruysdael £55.

One hundred and sixty paintings, collected mostly by Mr. Thomas Robinson for ex-Governor Sprague of Rhode Island, were sold in March, bringing a little over £5,800. The 'Landing-place,' a fine example of the veteran Jules Dupré, attained £420; a Rousseau sold for £235; and the 'Triumph of Cæsar,' by Joseph Désiré Court, an almost forgotten French historical painter, for £200.

The famous private gallery of pictures owned by the late A. T. Stewart occupied three days and sold for £102,750, which is said to be about a quarter of a million dollars less than it cost. The proceeds of the sculpture, porcelain, bric-à-brac, silver, glass, bronzes, books, and furniture swelled the total to not much less than £120,000. This is the second largest sale ever held in America. No important statues were sold, as the bids did not reach the limit set. Powers's 'Greek Slave' (seen in the engraving which we gave of Mr. Stewart's picture gallery at page 155 of this volume), said to have cost £3,000, was reserved at £1,000, and as no one offered that for it, was not sold. The paintings numbered two hundred and seventeen in all, and about one-third were by French artists. Nearly 50 were German, and Belgium came next with 25 pictures, America contributing 24, and Spain 16. There was a Titian, a Rembrandt, a Hobbema and two Murillos, all more than doubtful. They sold for sums ranging from £60 to £220. The two highest prices (the largest ever given in America) were £13,200 for Meissonier's '1807' and £10,600 for Rosa Bonheur's 'Horse Fair.' Mr. Stewart's estate lost nothing to speak of on the '1807' and made considerable money on the 'Horse Fair,' but his heirs were seldom as fortunate with any of the rest of the paintings. Both these pictures have since been given to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, by their respective purchasers, ex-judge Hilton, who was Mr. Stewart's executor, and Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt. Millionaires and magnates were plentiful at the sale, and occasionally there were quite lively struggles between the wealthy buyers. Knaus's 'Children's Festival' (engraved by us at page 154), purchased by Mr. Jay Gould, brought £4,260; Auguste Bonheur's 'Environs of Fontainebleau,' £3,560; Meissonier's 'At the Barracks,' £3,200; Fortuny's 'Serpent Charmer,' £3,620; Troyon's 'Landscape and Cattle,' and Gérôme's famous 'Gladiators,' £2,200 each; Meissonier's 'Charity,' £100 less; and Fortuny s 'Beach at Portici,' £2,020. Bouguereau's popularity did not fail him, and his 'Return from the Harvest' went for £1,600, his 'Homer and his Guide' for £1,040, and his 'New-born Lamb' for £1,020. The 'Return from the Harvest' was, like many of Mr. Stewart's paintings, a commission given by him to the artist. In this case the order carried with it the stipulation that the painting was to be *the artist's greatest work* and not a nude subject. The catalogue gravely states that M. Bouguereau considered the work his masterpiece. We opine from this that M. Bouguereau possesses—what has no place in his paintings—a sense of humour. At the same time the picture is an excellent example of the painter's talent, but masterpieces are not made to order, and the Luxembourg need not tremble for the reputation of its Bouguereaus.

Another great favourite with Americans, Meyer von Bremen, had three pictures in the collection, 'The Kind Sister,' which brought £890; 'Industry,' selling for £730; and 'The First Sorrow' for £385. Benjamin Constant's 'Evening on the Terrace, Morocco' fetched £800; Daubigny's 'End of May,' £1,580; Detaille's 'Rest at Camp St. Maur,' £720; Dubufe's small replica of 'The Prodigal Son,' £610; Gérôme's 'Chariot Race' (which is reported to have cost £6,600) £1,420; and his 'Collaboration,' £1,620; Munkacsy's 'Visit to the Baby' (said to have cost £2,600) £1,740; Piloty's 'Thusnelda,' a smaller version of the picture in the Munich Pinakothek, £780; Troyon's 'Cattle,' £1,430; Tamacois's 'Court Jesters,' £1,600, and his 'Begging Monk,' £880. There were three English pictures, one a fine and large example of Erskine Nicol, 'The Disputed Boundary,' bringing £3,050; Faed's 'Papa's Coming,' £420; and Brodie's 'The Confession,' £95. Mr. J. S. Kennedy paid

the highest price given for an American painting, purchasing Church's 'Niagara' for £1,410, it having cost Mr. Stewart more than twice that amount. It was bought by Mr. Kennedy for presentation to the Edinburgh Museum. Other American pictures were Bierstadt's 'Emerald Pool, White Mountains,' which sold for £620; the same painter's 'Natural Park and Lake, Southern California,' and his 'Seal Rock, San Francisco,' went for £500 each; William Hart's 'The Golden Hour,' £610; Huntington's 'Lady Washington's Reception,' £660; and a portrait of Washington by Gilbert Stuart, £620. The 'Lady Washington's Reception' is reported to have cost £4,000; Vernet's 'Triumph of Julius Cæsar' brought £460; Verboeckhoven's 'Sheep and Goat,' as nicely washed as one could desire, £585; Toulmouche's millinery picture 'The Serious Book,' £430; Alfred Stevens's 'After the Ball,' £570; Merle's 'Hamlet and Ophelia,' £420; Kaemmerer's 'Croquet Party,' £480; Jiminez y Aranda's 'Spanish Fair,' £580; and Jacques' 'Landscape and Sheep,' £520. Louis Gallait's 'Abelard and Heloïse' sold for £500; Frere's charming interior called 'Dinner Time' for £525; Boldini's sparkling and modish 'Park of Versailles, eighteenth century,' for £680; Baugniet's pretty 'Blindman's Buff' for £560; and Achenbach's 'Storm at Sea' for £400. The Dusseldorf pictures were not much sought after, and Boulanger's well-known 'Appian Way' sold for only £200. De Nittis's 'Flirtation, Hyde Park,' brought but £140. A tremendous allegory, 'The Genius of America,' by Yvon, which measured 35 ft. by 22 ft., was withdrawn from the sale, as it was found that it could not be removed from the Grand Union Hotel at Saratoga. This hotel was owned by Mr. Stewart, who placed the picture as a panel in the ballroom, it having been found too large for his picture gallery, for which it was painted. It is, perhaps, worth noting that in the month during which the collection was on exhibition before the sale, many thousands of visitors paid half a dollar each to see it, and a great number of copies of the catalogue (which was bright in scarlet and gold binding) were sold at a dollar apiece. An *édition de luxe* of five hundred copies, illustrated with etchings and other prints, was issued at £5.

The Haseltine sale at the end of March produced £21,435. Brozik's 'Evening Hymn' brought £740; Constant's 'Morning in the Seraglio,' £540; Makart's 'Treasures of the Sea,' £610; Schreyer's 'The Defile,' £890; Van Marcke's 'In the Shade,' £420; and Breton's 'Fisherman's Daughter,' £700. Many of the important pictures were not sold.

A collection of pictures formed by Mr. Henry Probasco, of Cincinnati, was disposed of in April, and realised £33,748. A magnificent 'Summer Landscape,' by Rousseau, reached the exceptionally high figure of £4,200. Millet's 'Peasants bringing home a Calf born in the Field' (the picture which set the critics' teeth on edge when exhibited in the Salon of 1864) was secured for £3,700 by Mr. Quincy Shaw, of Boston, who owns the finest collection of Millets in the world. Breton's 'Colza Gatherers' brought £3,320; Troyon's 'Landscape and Cattle,' £2,000; Rousseau's 'Forest at Fontainebleau,' £1,480; Schreyer's 'Russian Landscape,' £1,380; Delacroix's 'Clorinda delivering the Martyrs,' £1,200; Fromentin's 'Scene in Algiers,' £1,140; Dupré's 'Landscape and Cattle,' £820; Isabey's 'Cupid's Messages to the Graces' and Kaulbach's 'Mother-Love,' £690 each; Couture's 'Day Dreams,' £600; the original study for the 'Environs of Fontainebleau,' by Auguste Bonheur, in the Stewart collection, £550; 'Bohemians,' by Diaz, £505. There were three English pictures—'Muleteers and Water-Carriers of the Alhambra,' by Ansdell, £205; 'Autumn's Golden Crown,' by Vicat Cole, £160; and 'Landscape, Harvest Time,' by John Linnell, £350.

Early in May one hundred and twenty-seven French paintings, brought to America by M. Durand-Ruel, comprising a number of works by the "Impressionists," was sold for £7,998. Huguet's 'Hawking' brought £400; Claude Monet's 'Landscape, Giverny,' £280; and Gilbert's 'Vegetable Market,' £480.

There were several sales during the season of paintings by American artists. One of twenty-six pictures, by J. F. Cropsey, N.A., a well-known landscape painter, brought £585. Seventy-five canvases, by Worthington Whittredge, N.A., another landscapist, sold for £2,381. A number of paintings and sketches by the late Asher B. Durand, N.A., a veteran painter and engraver, and one of the founders of the National Academy of Design (the American Royal Academy), were sold. They brought, with the books and engravings, £2,131. A collection of one hundred and thirty pictures and studies, by the late William Bliss Baker, fetched £4,482, his 'Morning after the Snow' bringing £1,000. Mr. William M. Chase, a painter of remarkable power and versatility, sold ninety-six pictures for about £2,000. The Montross collection of seventy paintings and studies by American artists realised £1,656. Mr. C. B. Ives, an American sculptor, sold eighteen marble statues for £2,295.

WALTER ROWLANDS.

THE CENTURY GUILD.

IT was a saying of Alfred Stevens that he knew only of one Art, it was architecture, sculpture, and painting; but with the Italian masters we might go still further, and say of Leonardo that he knew only of one Art, and that was sculpture, painting, poetry, and music; or of Michael Angelo that his one Art was architecture, sculpture, painting, and poetry; and I think that if we examine the work of these old artists who practised this one Art of many parts, we shall find in it a greater sureness, a larger sense of fitness, and, above all, a truer criticism of life behind it, and therefore a greater wealth of ideas, than in the work of those artists who only practised one Art of but a single part. The more we study these Italian masters, the more we feel how the one helped the other; how the practice of sculpture led to the true appreciation of that severity, order, and restraint proper to architecture; and how again the practice of architecture, reacting upon the sculptor, made him seek for simplicity, for largeness, and for decorative effect in his work; and so in the other arts.

But if we look round on the Art of to-day, of how many of our painters can we say, here is also a knowledge of architecture, or of literature, or of music; or of which of our architects could we say, as we say of Inigo Jones, here is a man not only

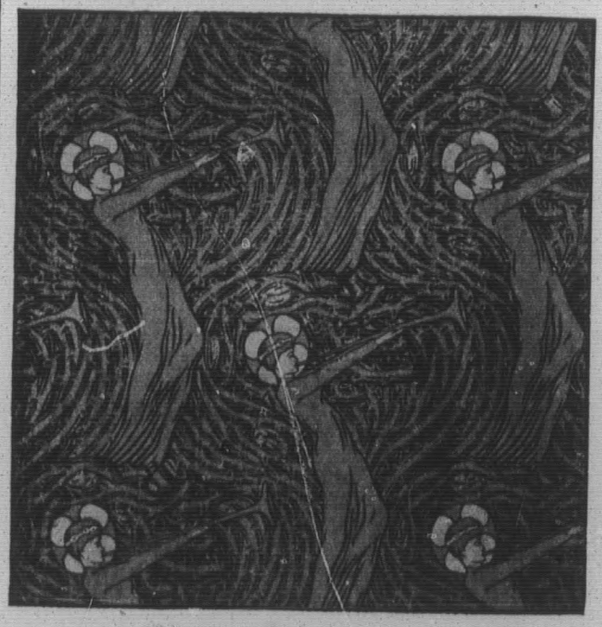
a master of architecture, but a deeply versed student of sculpture, painting, and poetry? At the most, very few, I think. A great deal of our architecture and painting is nearly as sound in construction and skilful in draughtsmanship as we could wish, but for all this mastery we cannot but feel that the one is wanting in largeness and ideas, and the other in repose, refinement and originality. Nor are our Decorative Arts, as a whole, more satisfactory. The Century Guild was formed, now some four or five years ago, by a few workers in the various branches of Art, who, feeling the want of its greater homogeneousness, thought that by working together, and so becoming conversant with the theory at least of the other arts beside that particular one which each individually was practising, they might attain to something of the largeness and fitness of the old Italian Art of many parts. Whether or no they have in any way succeeded in this, is not for me to decide; but I think it may be said that they have set out from no fanciful starting point, but from one which contains, to say the least of it, a germ of true criticism of human life. Our illustrations of the work of the Century Guild are examples only of Decorative Art. The Singing Angel with the book is the central cartoon for a series of five lights for stained glass, designed by Mr. Selwyn Image for a music-room at the Inventions Exhibition. In the two end lights of this window were two other angels, similar to this central one, and in the intermediate lights were an arrangement of foliage, bearing a scroll with Dryden's Lines:—"From Harmony to heavenly Harmony this universal frame began." Under these five lights were five similar ones filled with a diaper of birds and lilies. Mr. Image's designs are remarkable for their simplicity, decorative fitness, and marked originality. The Royal School of Art Needlework at South Kensington have many choice specimens of embroidery worked from his cartoons, where the strength of their conception and the severity of their treatment become apparent, placed there, as they are, side by side with the unrivalled productions of Mr. Morris and Mr. Burne-Jones. It may interest those who may have a care for his work to know that the church of St. Mary the Virgin, Charing Cross Road, is shortly to be enriched by a small altar-piece from his hand, representing Our Lady of Victories.



Decorative Panel.

Perhaps the most remarkable character in Mr. Image's work is that he should have undergone, as only a true artist can, the influence of two such opposite men as Mr. Burne-Jones and Jean François Millet. This catholicity of sympathy is at once his strength, and, to us who are not admitted into the inner court, his apparent weakness. The world likes her heroes always to take a strong and pronounced view, no matter how clumsy a criticism of the matter in hand it involves. She is intolerant of any delicacy of perception that can admit the good of most opposite standpoints. Such a delicacy of appreciation is to her at once weak and illogical. And yet we need not hope to have any wealth of fresh ideas wherewith to nourish our coming Art, if such good fortune is to be given us, until we are capable of criticising the life around us in this way.

But let Mr. Image speak for himself on this subject of catholicity of taste. I quote from an article of his published some time ago by the Century Guild. This little discourse is headed by the following quotation from Pope's "Letters:"—"I have lately been with my lord, who has so bad a taste as to like all that is good." Then Mr. Image begins. "Nothing is more feeble, and in the way of our advancement more obstructive, than narrowness of sympathy. Your narrow politician, your narrow religionist, your narrow artist, and man of letters, and student of science—what nightmares they are! From them and from their common vice, I would fain add this petition to our Litany, that Heaven may deliver us all." Then, after speaking of the freedom with which the Catholic Church deals with spiritual life, Mr. Image goes on:—"Now in Art as in Religion, it is a great thing to be of such a spirit as this, to have such freedom from mechanical rigidity, to have this excellent understanding of human nature. For us, for us on whom the ends of the world are come, for us, at any rate, how great a thing! For all around us is the inheritance of



Design for Printed Velvet. By Herbert P. Horne.

the ages; all around us, too, is the movement of new things to

come. Greece and Rome, the Middle Age and the Renaissance, the wonders of Eastern design and colour, are our possessions. Yet still the spirit is moving us forward to issues we know not of. The inheritance is great, but not great enough for us to be allowed to rest in it. Only if of it we are to make the most, if the new issues are to be worthy of the old results, let those who serve Art learn from the great Catholic Church in her service of Religion this—her sympathetic temper, her indulgence and adaptability, her gracious acceptance of all sorts and conditions of men.

"And what charming and intelligent people can we all remember, who because they have failed in this catholic temper have at times been so irritating and oppressive; who have lost in their own lives so much enjoyment; who in the cause of Art have been really something of obstructionists. Here is one so devoted to the grace and firm outlines of Botticelli that the mere mention of Velasquez almost brings an oath on those disciplined lips. Here is another, whose admiration of Veronese, sweeping over his coarse canvas with that full, sure brush of his, blinds him to the brilliant orderliness of the early Italians, to the pure tints of Angelico, the naïveté of Filippo Lippi. My friend Anglicanus has such keen relish for the vitality and grotesqueness of our Northern Gothic, that I tremble for our friendship when Italicus is of the company, and pours out his soul over the scholarly Renaissance. What is one to do, when each of them with eager and threatening countenance appeals to you to pronounce the other's condemnation? Indeed, one seems, I am afraid, but a weak-kneed, *dilettante* time-server, a creature without backbone and the stuff of which men properly constituted are made, when one can neither curse them nor bless them. Ah! my friends, why will you always be complaining because the dish that is before you has not the condiments and flavour of that one? Is there not some unreasonableness in you, to be so out of sympathy with a thing for not being other than it is? some deficiency of inspiration, shall we call it? that stops your recognition of its really admirable qualities; and they are the qualities for which alone it makes, you must remember."



Design for Stained Glass. By Selwyn Image.

But I have already pursued my digression too far, and have yet to speak of our other illustrations. The design of the angels blowing trumpets, and surrounded by thorns and roses, was printed on cotton-velvet by blocks, as an ordinary cretonne. The decorative panel was one of a series executed in oil-colours: while Mr. Mackmurdo's design for tapestry was woven in some eight or ten colours, and was intended to be used only in large hangings.

Of the Guild's efforts in architecture and furniture we have not been able to give any illustrations. But of the former, perhaps two of the most successful examples are two houses at Bush Hill Park, Enfield, erected from drawings by Mr. A. H. Mackmurdo; and of the last the satin-wood drawing-room executed for Mr. H. Boddington, Pownhall Hall, Manchester, and the Guild's exhibit at the Manchester Exhibition. Nor do these assiduous persons stay here, but must needs have a still more articulate outlet for their ideas in their magazine, called *The Hobby Horse*, where their own poems, criticisms, and designs have already been supplemented by contributions from Mr. Bell Scott, Miss Christiana Rossetti, Mr. Ruskin, Mr. Watts, Mr. Madox Brown, and Mr. Shields; and in the present July number Mr. Burne-Jones and Mr. Matthew Arnold. In the original prospectus to this paper, their supreme principle is at once given out:—"The aim of the Century Guild is to render all branches of Art the sphere no longer of the tradesman, but of the artist. It would restore building, decoration, glass painting, pottery, wood-carving, and metal-work to their rightful place beside painting and sculpture. By so placing them they would be once more regarded as legitimate and honourable expressions of the artistic spirit, and would stand in their true relation not only to sculpture and painting, but to the drama, to music, and to literature. In other words, the Century Guild seeks to emphasise the *Unity of Art;* and by thus dignifying Art in all its forms, it hopes to make it living, a thing of our own century, and of the people. In *The Hobby Horse* the Guild will provide a means of expression for these aims, and for other serious thoughts about Art." But *The Hobby Horse* is not entirely confined to the enunciation of its principles; history and antiquity have their place, and the student of Wm. Blake will find a series of fac-similes of rare or unique plates of that master. Shortly will be printed for the first time some of his writings, about which Mr. Swinburne has told us so much. With this Blake series is another of technical

articles, which will deal with all the practical arts from dyeing and weaving to bookbinding. But I have forgotten to speak of one of the chief principles of this quarterly, the principle which gives the paper its name, that of "free expression." Each writer is supposed to utter only his sincerest opinions, and such opinions to affect only the writer; for the editors hold with Uncle Toby that the true translation of "De gustibus non est disputandum" is "There is no disputing about Hobby Horses." And so they endeavour to make it a quiet garden of literature, kept free from arguments, "for the setting forth of high principles."



Design for Tapestry, By A. H. Mackmurdo.

Such is the briefest description of the aims and efforts of the Century Guild. As we have seen, these aims and efforts are a protest against many things in the Art and life of to-day. They are not a merely negative protest, but a practical attempt to do otherwise. They would teach us that there is a greater, and perhaps even a more necessary, utility than the utility of the moment, namely—what seems to the innumerable good persons of common sense without meaning or purpose—the use of beauty. And having taught us this, they would go still further and tell us that this beauty is always simple, severe, and requiring us to seek her, rather than she attracting us. In fact they would tell us that beauty is as far removed from prettiness, as light from darkness; and that, for example, those wall-papers that we are so fond of covering our rooms with, and in which we cannot make out any design, but rest content with what we call a pretty "all-overishness," these they would tell us are the acme of bad Art. And if perchance we let them run into their favourite sphere of architecture, they might strive to make us see that the new Law Courts, with all their knowledge of Gothic, and knowledge of construction, have not a tithe of the architectural qualities of Wren's gateway to the Temple opposite.

But, I think I hear you say under your breath, "We have all heard this, in another form, before." Yes, reader; but do you always remember it?

HERBERT P. HORNE.

THE OLD SCHAU.

AS the American War of Secession may be conceived of, quite sincerely, either as the result of a great movement of the national conscience of the north against the principles of slave holding, or as a civil fight over a difficult question of State rights in the American Constitution—a question on which law was not explicit enough to decide, and which must be referred to force—so may even the Thirty Years' War be explained with a difference. Obviously the hugest religious war in European history, it was also, and more obscurely, a reference to force of a question in the Imperial constitution of that all-influential and important centre and heart of Europe which bears the name of Germany. Teutons have ever been political evolutionists rather than believers in the doctrine of catastrophe, which belongs to the *clair génie latin*. So the constitution of the Empire of Germany has been the result of a political fight of which the deadliest mêlée took place in the thirty memorable years of devastating war.

That the great wars of Germany in the seventeenth century were so close and bitter is a fact to be traced to many causes, and, among them, to the genius in generalship which arose in Central Europe. And not German genius alone was it. Against the Emperor's generals, Wallenstein and Tilly, arose the mighty intruder Gustavus Adolphus, the Lion of the North, a pet of the muse of history, who loves to perorate with the last words of her heroes. And not his last words only, when the charge of Piccolomini's cuirassiers left him wounded to death upon the plain of Lutzen, has she on record, but many little magnanimous sayings, and one especially in which the hero begins his description of himself with the phrase: "Consider me as a man who loved and honoured his relations." This sentence would have accorded with George Eliot's theory of morals, if that narrowest of all tribal codes of ethics had been invented in 1632.

The triumph of Gustavus Adolphus at Nüremberg was, we may conclude, in part the triumph of Protestantism in the city, in part that of electoral home-rule. In part, too, it implied, to the citizens' hope at least, a promise of peace. The warfare of the imperial generals was certainly very frank warfare. They harried the lands and burnt the towns with explicitly unpacific intentions. But when the Swede interfered, and did battle in his neighbour's affairs, he was morally obliged to promise peace as a kind of excuse for gratuitous war. And Nüremberg received him, riding in on the heels of Tilly expelled, with the rejoicing shown by Herr Ritter in his picture. It is the "Wine-Market"—so the great *place* of



The Old Schau. By Paul Ritter.

the city is named—through which the conquerors ride, and the "Old Schau" itself is the high-roofed building in the middle of the picture. Not architecturally important, this house had its part in the mediæval history of Nüremberg, for within it the townsmen used to meet to show their vouchers and to draw lots for the communal rights of land and money which belonged to the Teutonic citizen in those democratic Middle Ages, which history is only now beginning to understand. But if the Old Schau is not notable as a building in a city so rich in Gothic as Nüremberg, the great church of St. Sebald, to the right, is perhaps the finest monument of the thirteenth century in the fatherland. Somewhat lacking in depth, to English eyes, it is pure local Gothic. And its treasures are as important as it is itself, chief among these being the bronze shrine of the patron saint of the church, a magnificent piece of modelling and casting, the work of Peter Vischer and his five sons. Persons who like to find out the Scotch Raphael and the American Milton, and to call Nüremberg the Florence of Germany, consider this shrine as a kind of Teutonic rival to the Ghiberti gates of the Baptistery of St. John. The German character of the design—the direct but undistinguished conception of the figure, for instance, in the Apostles and other statues that adorn it—is, of course, strong and pervasive. The church holds, besides, several pictures by perhaps the most illustrious of the sons of Nüremberg, Albrecht Dürer. And yet the town has memorable names on her roll—Adam Krafft among them, and Hans Sachs, over whose door was written—

Hans Sachs is a Shoe-
Maker and a poet too.

(Our translation is exact, even to Hans' own arrangement of the rhyme.) Headquarters of the Meistersingers also was this town, and a place in which political thought was always active and often turbulent.

Herr Ritter's picture suggests one more memory—that of Palm, the bookseller, for the house to the extreme left was his, and for publishing pamphlets written by Germans in defence of their own independence, Napoleon shot him. Byron, whose recorded jokes are but mildly humorous, however fierce they may be in sentiment, toasted the great Corsican because he had "shot a publisher." That publisher was Palm who, heir to no ignoble traditions in his old-world Teutonic town, had dared to distribute protests against the great Latin centralization. One of the least human figures in the history of mankind, Napoleon was not altogether the least humane; but this act stains his memory even in the city that remembers the conquerors of the seventeenth century. Tragic, however, as are so many of its records, Nüremberg has passed through her wars wonderfully unscathed; nor has the levelling-up tendency of any of the Art movements since the Middle Ages reached her to mar her individuality. Gothic in her dwelling-houses as in her monuments, she is the intimate home-town of the German people.

THE LAST VOYAGE OF HENRY HUDSON.

THIS was perhaps the first picture by which Mr. John Collier attracted attention to the careful talent then making its tentative early steps in the public view. A first conspicuous picture is, of course, not always the same thing as a first exhibited picture. There are some of the now well-known artists who had painted in much the same way and with precisely the same aims for many a year, and whose first conspicuous work won its fame for no intelligible reason, except that its painter's hour had come. But a commoner case is that of the gradual progression which at a certain moment passes a certain line of merit; the word is given in the studios, where accurate eyes are on the watch for progress and achievement, and generous tongues are quick to give recognition; and the many—whom Thackeray disrespectfully called "the great stupid public"—take the cue and give that general applause which cannot come from studios or from anything cleverer than themselves. Mr. Collier, however, made his mark chiefly by his choice of a subject with a strong and pathetic narrative interest. Nor indeed is there in history an incident more full of the appealing pathos, mingled with awe, which stimulates the public, than this end of the navigator whose name is given to the huge territory of the hunter and the furry wild thing, and to the ocean-bay on which freezing breakers for ever dash themselves. Beyond the great army of men and women whose death history has watched until the last sigh, there is the shadowy host of the missing who die without witness: Pia Tolommei, who was sent to die sooner or later of fever in the Maremma; the lost from a thousand armies; the searchers about the polar seas; and chief among these the old sailor who was last seen by the eyes of the mutineers, going adrift in an open boat with his feeble boy and six sick men. It was for the sake of a north-east passage to India that Henry Hudson braved the cold and privation of the winter of the world. One of the great seventeenth-century voyagers who succeeded, with loftier and more serious purpose, to the freebooters of the sixteenth, Hudson had sailed for the north-east once in 1607 and again in 1608. The next year he explored in the service of Holland, setting out from Amsterdam, doubled the North Cape in April, and after coasting along the shores of Lapland, stretched out towards America. Next year again he sailed from England for the north-west and discovered the Straits and the great Bay. Resolving to winter on its coasts, in order to push eastward with the first opening of the seas in the early year, he found his crew in mutiny, and by them he was sent on that last voyage the beginning of which was seen, but not the ending. On what bed of snow and ice, in how much or how little time the brave man and his faithful few were overtaken by their death, is the secret of the frost which locked up their bones and the timbers of the little boat in impenetrable mystery. But that was not an age when a story of suffering could check the spirit of adventurous English navigation. Spain might make the golden tropics her own, and France, under the stimulus of Richelieu, might take for hers the wide shores of the magnificent St. Lawrence; but the regions of frozen pine forests, and rivers chained and bound by the iron cold, was to be English territory, won by the strength and endurance of Englishmen—a very notable and costly victory. The original picture is in the Chantrey Bequest Collection at South Kensington.



Reykjavik.

ICELAND.

GRADUALLY, since the repeal of the Danish trade monopoly in 1854, Iceland has become the favourite resort of that class of tourists whom curiosity of unknown modes of life takes beyond the border of ordinary European civilisation—railways, wheeled vehicles, and comfortable hotels.

As yet the country offers few inducements in the way of travellers' comforts to arriving visitors. Hotels are few, and necessarily of an inferior class, as compared with the palaces which European centres of civilisation throw open to wandering holiday multitudes. However, at the capital good accommodation is now provided in the "Hotel Island," and anyone who prefers the cheaper accommodation of private lodgings, will always be able to obtain such through the aid of his guide.



Looking toward Thingvellir.

Inns are now found at most of the trading stations, and inland there is already one provided at Thingvellir, where visitors are said to be particularly well looked after. Access to the country during the season (May, or June, to October), is now tolerably easy by means of two lines of steamers, the Icelandic Steam Shipping Company of Messrs. Slimon, Leith, and the "United Steam Company of Denmark," who are subsidised to carry on the mail service between Iceland and Denmark, and, coming and going, call either at Leith or Granton. By making use of the latter line of steamers the traveller has the advantage of having a glimpse at the Faroes, and, if he likes, of seeing the whole of the coast, together with many of the trading stations in the east, north, and west of the country. But this is an insufficient and expensive mode of "doing" the country, and on account of the unpunctuality of these boats, with the exception of the *Laura*, the tourist might be brought into troubles he never calculated.

It stands to reason, that a country situated as Iceland is, must be a barren region. Out of the 40,000 square miles it covers in extent, only some 500 are grassland, and of this only some 75 to 100 square miles are cultivated for haymaking purposes, haymaking being practically the only kind of agriculture known in the country. What is done in the way of growing potatoes and other vegetables counts really for very little. No grain is raised of any kind. No woods grow,

when we except a patch or two where crippled birches struggle up to the height of some sixteen feet. But almost every valley exhibits on its sunny side plenty of creeping brushwood, which in many cases forms the principal fuel of the neighbourhood, peat-turf being otherwise the staple commodity for that purpose.

In natural scenery, Iceland is full of what might be called natural surprises. Under the very brow of a glacier, and surrounded by a howling wilderness on every side, it is not uncommon to find a well-appointed and fertile farm, nestled in a high-grassed "tún," or homefield, and literally wreathed round by buttercups and dandelion flowers, the sod roofs of the various houses even exhibiting in profusion the delicate daisy which the Icelanders popularly designate as "Baldursbrá" (the brow, the eye of Baldur, the sun-god). At the various headlands we find myriads of many kinds of sea-fowl breeding; but these are spots where the ordinary tourist does not show himself. And yet every year may be witnessed here sights of rare excitement. During the breeding season, when the nests are known to be well stocked with the eggs, a certain number of able-bodied men go to the precipice provided with a stout rope, and select one of their number, if no one volunteers, to be tied to the end of the rope, and to go over the edge of the precipice as far as the rope will allow, nest-robbing. With bags filled with feathers or hay, this "dropman," as he is called, pads his thighs and waist, and then adjusts the rope so as to be in a sitting posture while swinging in front of the rocks. Over his clothes he throws a wide gaberdine of light stuff, which he ties to his waist, and into the ample folds of this garment he slips the eggs he catches, the smock being capable of holding from 100 to 150 eggs at a time. With a pole, some sixteen feet long, provided with a deep ladle at one end for the purpose of scooping out of the nests the eggs which are beyond the reach of his hands, his comrades let the "dropman" down over the edge of the precipice, and when he gives the proper signal, haul him up again with his loot of eggs. This is a most hazardous undertaking, and many a life in Iceland has been lost over it from the rope snapping or being cut by an unforeseen sharp edge of some protruding ledge down the face of the rocks. And yet, without an attempt to make the "dropman's" venture safer, this industry is carried on year after year with but little change in its results. But what will people not hazard when starvation stares them in the face?

The ordinary tourist generally arrives when the season for sights of this description is over. Seal-netting, eiderdown-gathering, and other outdoor occupations of spring, are all completed by the time the tourists begin to put in an appearance, that is to say, in July. Hence he has little choice but to visit the sights of the country which have become most noted by previous travellers, principal among which may be said to be those of which our illustrations give the reader some idea.

Thingvellir is allowed by all travellers to be a place of singularly weird natural beauty. It can be approached by the road from the capital only through the chasm of Almannagjá, or "Allmens' rift," the western wall of which stands up perpendicular, while the eastern one slopes away at an angle of about 45°. But the descriptions of the natural phenomena of Thingvellir are so numerous that we have really no desire to repeat them here. The place being in Icelandic history quite as remarkable as in its geography, a few points relating to the former may not be out of place. As early as A.D. 930 the spot was selected as the site of the general legislative assembly, "Althing," and as such it served, *per varios casus*, till A.D. 1800, when the Althing was finally abrogated, to revive, however, forty-five years later, as a consultative body, and, in 1874, to develop again into a legislative assembly on the principle of Home Rule.



Icelandic Lady in Holiday Costume.

At Thingvellir the Diet met every summer for a fortnight in July. The hereditary chiefs, the "Godar," had here their booths, chiefly reared in the shelter of the rock débris on the southern side of Almannagjá, in which they provided accommodation to their numerous retinue. Popular tradition still points out as the Lögberg, or the "rock of laws," a narrow tongue of lava enclosed on three sides by deep chasms, where, in the days of the republican constitution, the Lögsögumabr had yearly to give out to the assembled people a certain portion of the code of law. Many of the sites of the old booths have of late years been ascertained through the researches undertaken at the instance of the Antiquarian Society of Iceland, which, though incredibly stinted of money by the indifferent Diet, has done most admirable work, and has already a very remarkable museum of antiquities to show at Reykjavik. Still at this day people point out the low sandy island in the river Oxará, which flows through the plains of Thingvellir, as the "holm," on which duels used to be fought in ancient days—a mode of settling judicial disputes which was made illegal as early as A.D. 1012—and up among the rocks towards Almannagjá, the precipice is shown over which, into the pool below, witches and child murderesses used to be flung. But the real interest of

Thingvellir will always escape travellers to the place, until a history of the town shall be written, or, rather, a pragmatic history of the republican Diet in particular.

All travelling in Iceland may be said to be up hill and down valley every day, when we except the broad lowland in the south which stretches from the mountain range of Hellisheibi in the south to the Eyjafjöll in the east, the wild sands of the east, and the scoriaceous wildernesses of the central upland plateau to the west of Vatnajökul.

In these regions of more or less unbroken plains, "sights" are not met with. It is where the valley formations predominate, where rivers tear headlong through grooves or cañons filed out by centuries of ceaseless energy, that we come upon such phenomena as Brúará and Gullfoss (see our illustrations), and many more of similar description. As yet hardly any traveller has made a trip through the striking valleys of the north-western peninsula, which, on the whole, are perhaps the most noteworthy in the country.



Brúará.

During the time that tourists visit Iceland, the whole country may be said to be almost exclusively engaged in providing fodder for the animals against the ensuing winter.

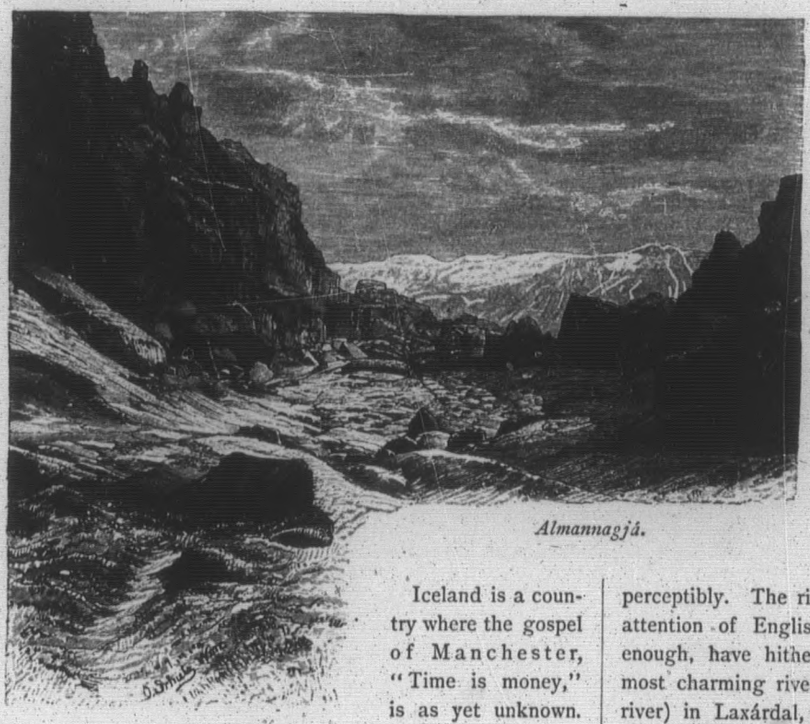
But the winter is the season when the Icelander can be best studied as to his industrial and artistic pursuits. The main portion of the day and the entirety of the evening is then devoted to these occupations. In the family sitting-room the whole company of the inmates are seated together. At the upper end of the room are seated the master and mistress, with their children, if under fourteen, at their lessons; if over, at work like the rest. Along either side, men and women sit at their pursuits. On the women's side we see a long row of spinning-wheels, at which they seem to be running a race with each other in producing thread. From her seat at the upper end of the room, the watchful mistress will take a round of inspection, to examine the quality of the work of her handmaids. The men are either engaged in carding the wool for the women, or in carving in wood, horn, or bone, the old traditional designs of domestic ornamentation, in which the dragon-sling, or the design of interwoven fastastic animals, forms a prominent feature. Others may be engaged in turning at the lathe, or at engraving in metal. On this subject of Icelandic Art, Mr. Arthur Feddersen, of Copenhagen, wrote a very interesting paper in the *Tidsskrift for Kunstindustri*, of Copenhagen, early in the current year.

To any one interested in ways of man, an Icelandic home of a winter-evening would certainly be interesting. An unbroken silence reigns through the room with the exception of the low hum of the spinning-wheel, and the voice of the indispensable saga reader. The selected reciter, taking his seat under a centrally placed lamp, goes on where, the evening before, he left off. Attentively he is listened to, and only when the situation grows critical or humorous, or in any way rises in interest out of the ordinary level of the narrative, is he interrupted by the criticisms of the listeners on the merits of the subject, in which discussion Icelandic women are proverbial for their uncompromising independence of view.

The women of Iceland have shown themselves, so far, more conservative than the men, in that they have retained with praiseworthy fidelity their ancient costume.

Our illustration shows an Icelandic lady in her church attire, or full dress, consisting of a white cap of Phrygian shape, wreathed round by a fillet of gilt filigree work, from which a long veil is thrown back over the head-gear. A gold embroidered tight-fitting bodice, and a black gown embroidered round the skirt in silk or wool, and a silver or silver-gilt belt round the waist, complete the simple but very becoming costume, which differs from the daily dress only so far, that the latter is of coarser home-spun material, with no embroidery about it, and the head-dress worn with it consists only of a

shallow black knitted cap, with a long silken tassel appended to it, mounted with a small silver ornament.



Almannagjá.

Iceland is a country where the gospel of Manchester, "Time is money," is as yet unknown. "Time is *excellence*" is the motto of Iceland.

Hence the fact that the industrial produce in woollen fabrics, which of late years have been exhibited abroad through Mrs. E. Magnússon's efforts, has been recognised as superior to anything of the same kind in the way of foreign domestic manufacture.

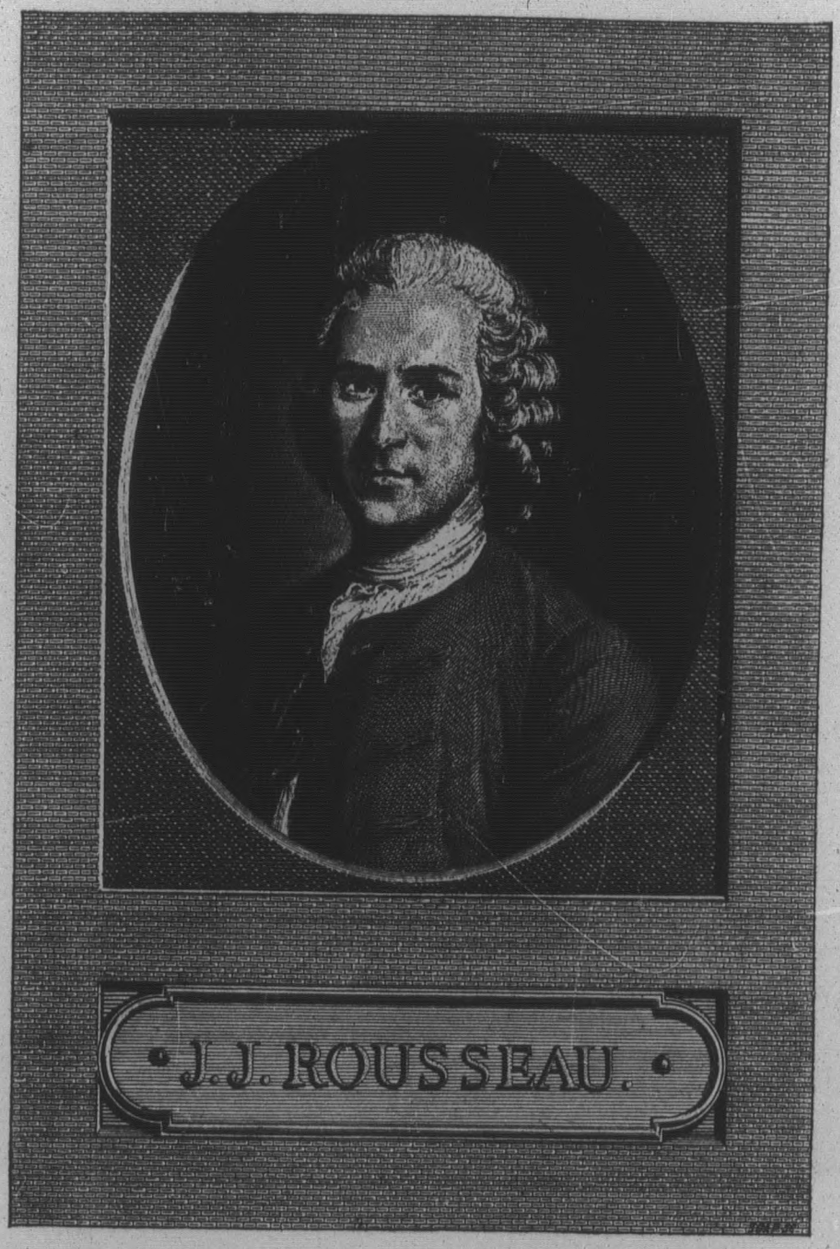
The grazing of the country suffices for the raising of live stock to an extent far beyond the requirements of the people. A brisk trade with Scotland in this commodity has sprung up of late years and promises to extend steadily. The ready-money system of Messrs. Slimon & Co. of Leith, who are now if not the sole, by a long way the largest, Scotch traders in the country, has been of immense benefit to the island during the last distressful years. The fishing industry, which at present is almost in its helpless infancy, might, if there was any capital to fall back upon, be extended almost *ad infinitum*. At this moment the Icelanders are trying to find a market for their fish in England, having lost that of Spain, in consequence of the political dead-lock in Denmark. Even in this industry marked tendency towards improvement has manifested itself of late years; decked boats having increased perceptibly. The river-fishing, too, is rapidly attracting the attention of English sportsmen, who, however, strangely enough, have hitherto completely disregarded one of the most charming rivers in Iceland, namely the Laxá (Salmon river) in Laxárdal, which the Rev. Jón Guttormsson (of Hjardarholt, in Laxárdal) has been stocking with successfully home-reared salmon for years. While from Britain the commercial life of the country is thus gradually stimulated in the direction of improvement, Norwegian trade seems almost to be running it a race for the same purpose, and in time the whole trade of Iceland bids fair to be exclusively divided between its nearest neighbours, Great Britain and Norway.



Gullfoss.

LA TOUR.*

THERE are few better series in existence than that which M. Eugène Muntz is editing for M. J. Rouam under the title of "Les Artistes Célèbres." Of special interest among the earlier numbers were the editor's 'Donatello,' the 'Bernard Palissy' of M. Philippe Burty, the 'Pheidias' of M. Max Collignon, the 'Rembrandt' of M. Emile Michel; of equal merit, among the later, are M. Dargenty's 'Le Baron Gros,' the 'Philibert Delorme' of M. Marius Vachon, and Champfleury's 'La Tour.' In the list of things to come are a 'Constable' from Mr. Hobart, a 'Botticelli' from M. Georges Lafenestre, an 'Old Crome' from Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse, a 'Jordaens' from M. Paul Leroi, a 'Delacroix' from M. Eugène Véron, a 'Diaz' from M. Paul Mantz; so that the future of the series is likely to be at least as brilliant as its past.



Jean-Jacques Rousseau. Engraved by A. de Saint-Aubin from the Pastel by La Tour.

Champfleury confesses that he has made no special study of La Tour. His taste inclines him not to travel the high road of fame, and describe the temple and statues ranged along its causeways, but to the exploration of by-paths and the discovery of hidden crypts and things forgotten. But La Tour was a *pays* of his, as were the Brothers Lenain; and having discovered certain documents which made things plain to him, he was impelled to follow up his work on the Lenains with something on their greater and more renowned successor. His book is not so much a piece of formal biography as a study of character and temperament. What he has tried to do is to paint a portrait of the painter; to give us not facts and dates and prices only, but a picture of La Tour in his habit as he lived. The result is not striking; Champfleury never is striking, and his 'La Tour' is no more dazzling than his 'Violon de Faïence' or his 'Succession Le Camus.' It is extremely intelligent, however, and it contains enough of ingenious apperception and just and delicate criticism to make it pleasant as well as useful reading. It is not for nothing that Champfleury has studied the master's "preparations" at St. Quentin; it is not for nothing that he prefers them to the big processional (so to speak) portraits in the Louvre. A little more colour and sparkle, a somewhat greater breadth of touch, a trifle less ingenuity and mere intelligence, and his 'La Tour' would rank in literature not far below the painter's "preparations" in art.

La Tour, it appears, was born at St. Quentin in 1704. He was still in his teens when, having seduced his cousin, Anne

* "Les Artistes Célèbres: La Tour." Par Champfleury. (London: Gilbert Wood. Paris: J. Rouam).

Bougier, he had to leave his native town and go into exile at Paris. There he studied under Du Pouche and Boulogne; and thence, it would seem, he came to England, where, Champfleury thinks, he fell under the influence of Lely and Van Dyck, as Géricault and Delacroix, a hundred years after, were to fall under the influence of Lawrence and Reynolds. Another example was that of Rosalba Carriera, the fair Venetian who came to Paris in 1720, bringing with her (as we lately showed in these columns) a new art, the art of pastel—"le veritable pastel, tel que nous comprenons le mot aujourd'hui." In 1737, seventeen years after her visit, La Tour appeared for the first time at the Salon, and demonstrated to admiration that he had not forgotten her lessons, but had, indeed, immensely improved upon them. His first exhibits were a 'Mme. Boucher'

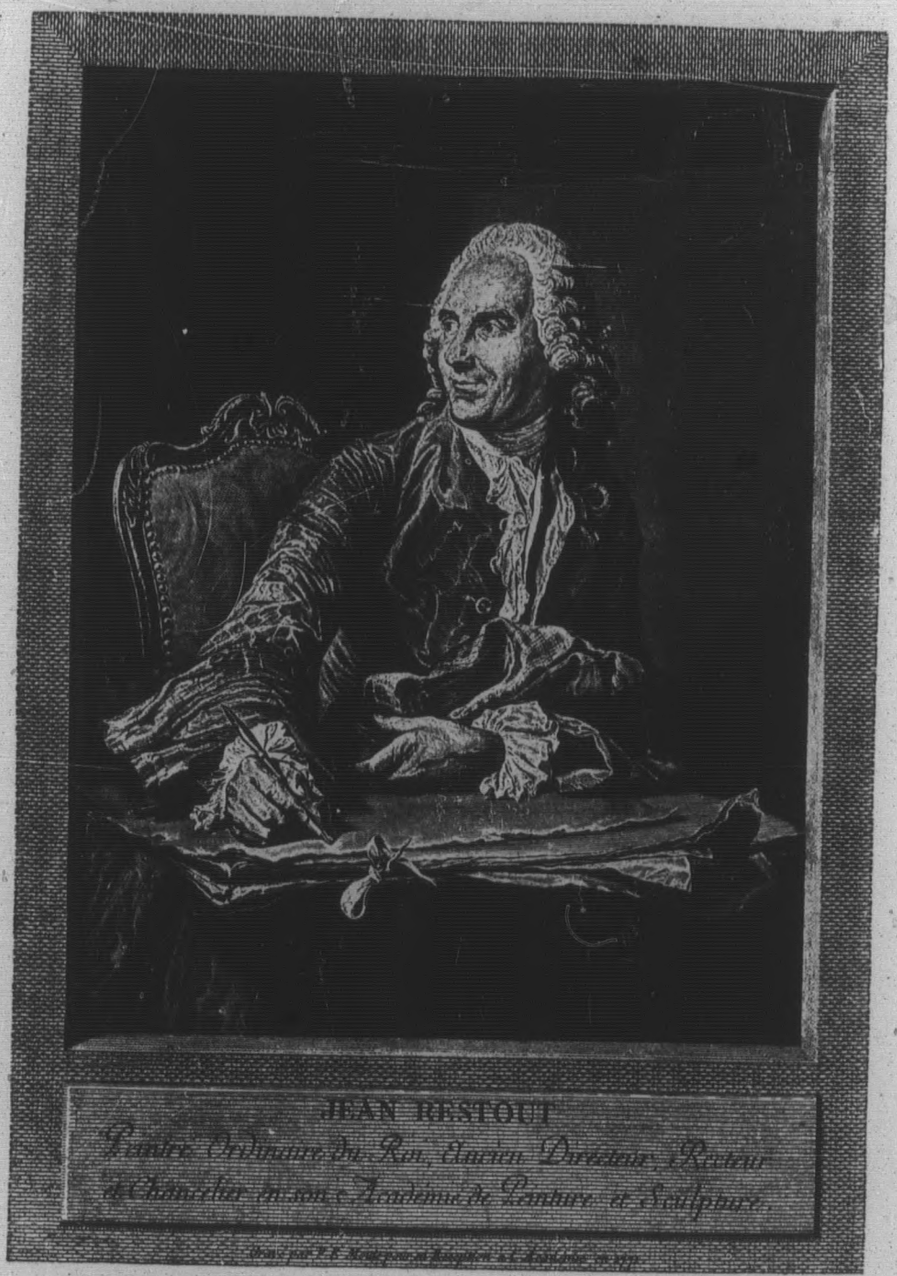


Maurice Quentin de la Tour. Engraved by Schmidt.

and 'L'Auteur qui Rit;' and during the course of the next thirty-seven years, he sent to the same exhibition something like a hundred and fifty more. The sitters were the prettiest women and the most famous men of his epoch. In 1738 it was Restout, the king's painter, and Mme. Restout, and Mansard, the king's architect; next year it was his old master, Du Pouche, and 'Le Frère Fiacre de Nazareth;' the next again it was Bachaumont, the diarist; and the next after that the President De Rieu. Then came the charming dancer, Mlle. Sallé, "habillée comme elle est chez elle;" the artist Dumont le Romain, "jouant de la guitare;" the King and Queen in person, the Dauphin, Villars, and Belle-Isle, and Maurice de Saxe, Clermont and the Duke of York, Marmontel and Moncrif and Duclos, Watelet and La Reynière, 'M. Rousseau, citoyen de Genève,' La Condamine and D'Alembert, 'Mme. de Mondonville appuyée sur un Clavecin' and 'Mlle. Ferrand

méditant sur Newton,' Crébillon the poet and the dancer Camargo and the actor Manelli, 'Mme. la Marquise de Pompadour, de 5 pieds et demi de haut sur 4 pieds de large,' the singer Marie Fel; and a world of notables besides. La Tour, in fact, was the Van Dyck of pastel—the Reynolds of the age of Louis XV. He had the public at his feet; when he gave a sitting he conferred a favour. His vogue was equal to his talent, which is saying much, for his talent was of the first order.

He was not so exquisite a poet as Watteau; he was neither so original a mind nor so superlative a craftsman as Chardin; the fire and opulence and variety of Boucher — as of a Rubens debauched and demoralized—were beyond him. But he was himself, and in his way he was superior to all three.



Jean Restout. Engraved by Moette from the Pastel by La Tour.

In private life he was capricious, tyrannical, pre-eminently vain: he was fond of money, women, good living, good company. He had a spice of the *philosophe* in him, he liked to air his ideas; he was addicted to the incoherent expression of those windy theories which were the spiritual manner of his generation. He treated his sitters as his obliged and humble servants; refused to paint the Pompadour herself except on his own terms and in his own fashion; would talk reform to the very King; set what price he pleased upon his work, and refused to let things go till they were paid as he thought they deserved. His character was, in fine, a whole pageant of humours—a procession of qualities of every sort, some antic, some unpleasant, some ridiculous and contemptible. But behind this flighty and changeful individuality there was an artist of singular talent and unrivalled accomplishment, endowed with an unalterable firmness of purpose, and with a

sincerity and a conscientiousness that nothing could impair. La Tour, indeed, was great alike in draughtsmanship and in colour, in the management of draperies and accessories as in the perception and the presentation of character. More than that, he was his own severest critic, and would suffer nothing to leave his studio until he was content with it. His portraits are triumphs of conscious and intelligent art. He had reflected on the difference between art and nature, and his work is such an "expression of life" as it is given to not many to achieve. Champfleury prefers his "preparations"—his studies and sketches—to his finished portraits; and though he is perhaps too curious in reality, and less solicitous of style than matter, it may be that he is right. What is certain is that, in the one as in the other, La Tour is always an artist—is always one whose use of his material is governed by a profound acquaintance with its capacities, who knows what he wants to do and how to do it, and whose work, however personal and peculiar to himself, is none the less a monument of style. Like Reynolds and like Van Dyck he was the painter of a special society; he was at least as original as the first, and he was, on the whole, less mannered than the other; his place is somewhere between the two, and he may be compared with either not much to his disadvantage.

The story of his last years is melancholy enough. After a lifetime of success, he went on, as I have said elsewhere, to be "a kind of visionary, disgusted with his earlier work, absorbed in metaphysical speculations, and abandoned to the pursuit of an ideal of universal happiness." Worse than that, he lapsed into imbecility, and in 1784 his brother had to remove him to St. Quentin from the charge of Marie Fel, with whom he had lived for many years. He entered his birthplace in triumph, like a victorious general, with the bells ringing and amid the roar of cannon, and with his fellow-townsmen hurrahing as he went by. But his brain was a total wreck. He would do nothing but babble of the millions of years he had lived, and swear that beside him the Emperor of China was a poor man; and he had to be placed under restraint. He died in 1790, and was instantly forgotten. The Roman David succeeded to the empire of the arts; and the eighteenth century fell into such contempt that ('tis said) his pupils used to produce their studies from the antique on the back of sketches and designs signed "Watteau." La Tour was despised and rejected with the rest: and it was not till long after the renaissance of 1830, and the return of saner theories of criticism, that justice at length was done to what a biographer of his, M. Abel Patou, has called "cette grande et chère mémoire." The first, perhaps, to write of him as he deserved were the brothers De Goncourt. They are not more safe than the majority of their kind; but they have plenty of enthusiasm, and the quality is scarcely lost on a man like La Tour.

W. E. HENLEY.



Marie Fel. Drawn by H. Patrice Dillon from the "preparation" by La Tour.



Mlle. Camargo. Drawn by H. Patrice Dillon from the "preparation" by La Tour.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.*

GALLERY VI.

IN No. 486, 'An Incident at the Battle of Tamaai, Eastern Soudan, March 13, 1884,' Mr. G. D. GILES gives us one of those scenes of savage warfare which actual experience has so well enabled him to depict. Two beautiful landscapes of Mr. LEADER'S form pendants to one another in this room, Nos. 496, 'The Smooth Severn Stream,' and 512, 'A Sheepfold;' the former especially an exquisitely tender and delicate picture, full of refinement and poetry. Of No. 503, 'Samson,' SOLOMON J. SOLOMON, it may be said that it is a big subject largely treated on a big canvas, full undoubtedly of life and movement, but somewhat coarse and exaggerated.

No. 504, 'The Garrison marching out with the Honours of War: Lille, A.D. 1708,' ANDREW C. GOW, A., is a picture of very great merit by an artist whose work is never below the mark, and who is surely and steadily increasing his reputation. The look and bearing of the gaunt and hungry-looking warriors as they march past Marlborough and his staff is admirably suggestive of the willing spirit struggling against the weak flesh. On either side of this picture are two noticeable portraits, No. 502, 'Sir Archibald Campbell, of Blythswood,' H. HERKOMER, A., and No. 509, 'The Earl of Rosebery,' Sir J. E. MILLAIS, Bart., R.A. No. 522, 'On the Bure, Norfolk;' EDWARD H. FAHEY, is a charming river scene with the effect of twilight and fog creeping on admirably rendered. No. 525, 'When the Cat's away,' E. J. GREGORY, A., though showing all the artist's undoubted cleverness, is a disappointment. Nor can any other verdict be passed on No. 530, 'Ambrosia,' R. W. MACBETH, A., good as is the painting of the oysters and the beer carried by the buxom Hebe. Mr. FRANK CALDERON scores another success in No. 539, 'Running the Gauntlet,' a boy on a horse snowballed by his companions; and Miss CLARA MONTALBA is herself in No. 540, 'Arrival of King Carnival, Venice.' In No. 543, 'Their Ever-shifting Home,' Mr. S. A. FORBES shows with very considerable power the melancholy side of a vagrant life; and Mr. L. J. COWEN, in No. 544, 'Interior of a Model Soup-Kitchen, Euston Road,' depicts one of the substantial rays of comfort that occasionally gladden that life. Mr. SETON'S 'Ruby Wine,' No. 554, will attract attention by its successful rendering of satin sheen. The portrait of his daughter, by M. CAROLUS-DURAN, No. 556, is the best of the three pictures sent by that eminent artist.



Selections from the Royal Academy Exhibition.

1.—'Widowed.' Herbert Schmalz.
2.—'The Last Watch of Hero.' Sir F. Leighton, P.R.A.
3.—'A Literary Lover.' E. Blair Leighton.
4.—'Misery and Mercy.' Frederick Goodall, R.A.
5.—'The Clearness after Rain.' Henry Moore, A.R.A.
6.—'Your Humble Servant.' J. C. Dollman.
7.—'The First Cloud.' W. Q. Orchardson, R.A.
8.—'The Jealousy of Simaetha the Sorceress.' Sir F. Leighton, P.R.A.
9.—'An Afternoon in February.' Adrian Stokes.
10.—'Scene from Scott's "Peveril of the Peak."' John Pettie, R.A.
11.—'East, west, Hame's best.' J. Watson Nicol.
12.—'Lady Milbank.' William Carter.
13.—'The Ruby Wine.' Charles C. Seton.
14.—'Autumn's gentle tinge of gold.' David Murray.
15.—'The Latest Scandal.' Seymour Lucas, A.R.A.

GALLERY VII.

There is not much here to detain us. No. 563, 'East, west, Hame's best,' is a good specimen of Mr. J. WATSON NICOL'S humour; and it is no disrespect to say of No. 576, 'Autumn's gentle tinge of gold: Picardy,' DAVID MURRAY, that it is bright and slight. No. 583, 'Tickling Trout,' is one of Mr. HOOK'S inland scenes, less popular, perhaps, than his seascapes, but showing no less love and appreciation of nature; the figures of the boy and girl do not moreover, in this case, spoil the foreground. Careful and conscientious painting of every detail of costume and accessory characterize, as is usual with Mr. E. BLAIR LEIGHTON, No. 591, 'Romola,' but there is a want of life and reality in the picture. This is not a fault

* Concluded from page 280.

which can be found with No. 630, 'The Last brief Voyage,' W. H. BARTLETT; here the sad story of the lost one ferried across the loch to its resting place on the bleak hill-side is very well told. Beyond Mr. WELLS'S different rendering of a subject previously painted by him in 1880 and here called 'At Kensington Palace in the early morning of June 20th, 1837,' No. 624, there is nothing more that need detain us in this room except four portraits, each of them good examples of the respective artists: No. 605, 'Miss Daisy Norman,' VAL C. PRINSEP, A.; No. 606, 'Sir Reginald Hanson, Lord Mayor of London,' W. W. OULESS, R.A.; No. 623, 'The Rt. Hon. D. Plunket, M.P.,' FRANK HOLL, R.A.; and No. 629, 'Sir Edmund Henderson, K.C.B.,' E. LONG, R.A.

GALLERY VIII.

There are a great many good things in this room. Mr. HUBERT HERKOMER at once meets us with a picture, No. 647, 'The First-born,' in which both landscape and figures are equally good; and farther on displays his versatility in an excellent portrait of a brother artist, No. 683, 'Briton Riviere, Esq., R.A.' Mr. WALTER HUNT follows up his success of last year with No. 652, 'The Foster-Mother;' and in No. 653, 'A Free Harbour,' Mr. ALLAN HOOK follows fitly, if *longo intervallo*, in the footsteps of his father. No. 654, 'The Challenge,' though full of good painting, is too stagey, and fails to tell its story; while in No. 658, 'The Earl of Yarborough,' Mr. FRANK HOLL can hardly be said to have been fortunate in his sitter.

No. 659, 'The Clearness after Rain,' HENRY MOORE, A. Surely no better picture was ever painted of

> "The sea! the sea! the open sea!
> The blue, the fresh, the ever free!"

There is nothing here save a couple of sails on the horizon to interfere with one's absolute enjoyment of the crisp blue waves dancing and gleaming in the light. Mr. WILLIAM CARTER won his spurs some few years ago while yet in the Academy Schools, but in No. 664, 'Lady Milbank,' he takes a very high place as a portrait painter; the likeness is excellent, the pose natural, and the whole aspect instinct with gentleness and refinement, only the technique seems somewhat "crumbly." Passing by Nos. 665, 'La sua Festa,' FRANK W. W. TOPHAM; 670, 'Summer Days,' JOSEPH FARQUHARSON, sheep feeding among the purple heather, a pendant to his Chantrey picture of 'A Joyless Winter Day;' and 680, 'Cardinal Manning,' E. LONG, R.A., we come to a work which is hardly likely to meet with the appreciation which its scholarly merits demand, No. 681, 'Institution of the Franciscan Order, St. Francis of Assisi and his early followers before Pope Innocent III., who sanctions the rules of the order,' E. ARMITAGE, R.A. Intended as a fresco for a Roman Catholic Church at Islington, to replace one of the same subject executed by the artist in 1859, it must be judged from a different point of view to an easel picture; and though it may be wanting in imagination, due credit must not for that reason be denied to the qualities of composition and drawing by which it is distinguished.

Beneath hangs one of the most beautiful pictures Mr. LEADER has ever painted, No. 682, 'An April Day,' showing all the artist's power of representing nature as she appears to nine people out of ten, without any of the photographic hardness which sometimes mars his work. No. 701, 'The Latest Scandal,' J. SEYMOUR LUCAS, A., is a carefully painted but somewhat uninteresting picture, from which we quickly turn to admire Mr. PETTIE'S 'Walter Besant, Esq.,' No. 703, a capital likeness of the genial novelist. No. 714, 'Rescue,' HERBERT GANDY; No. 715, 'Misty Gleams, Loch Hourn,' J. MACWHIRTER, A., and No. 716, 'An Incantation,' Hon. JOHN COLLIER, are all worth looking at.

GALLERY IX.

It would be a mistake to pass over the pictures in this room with scant attention, as so many people are apt to do, simply because they are small. Good small pictures are a great desideratum in England, and it is satisfactory to find that the encouragement afforded to their production by massing them together in a moderate-sized Gallery, where they can be properly seen, is already bearing fruit. No. 723, 'The Bank,' WILLIAM LOGSDAIL, is a very realistic rendering of the busy scene daily enacted in front of the Bank of England and the Royal Exchange; but Mr. Logsdail must have seen the City under exceptionally favourable atmospheric conditions, and the canvas, to our thinking, is too crowded. On the whole we prefer his No. 846, 'St. Paul's and Ludgate Hill.' No. 740, 'Feel better now?' WILLIAM TROOD, a sick puppy, the object of the inquiring solicitude of another dog and a cat, is one of several capital animal pictures in this room. Such as, for example, No. 754, 'The Writing on the Wall,' WILL. WEEKES, a Berkshire pig contemplating the advertisement of "Mild Breakfast Bacon, 8d. per pound;" No. 756, 'For the Safety of the Public,' EDMUND CALDWELL, a puppy with a huge muzzle on and a comically plaintive expression of countenance, an expression by the way which is wholly wanting in the engraving (No. 1434); No. 819, 'Excelsior,' WILL. STRUTT, some puppies trying to get up a flight of steep steps; No. 828, 'Dinner-Time—very hungry,' WILL. H. TROOD; and No. 876, 'Primrose Day at the Zoo,' ARTHUR DODD. There are several good flower pieces, too, among which may be mentioned Nos. 755 and 763, a pair of studies of Roses by Mr. HERBERT DALZIEL; and Nos. 813 and 814, also studies of Roses, the former by Mr. W. G. SANDERS and the latter by Mr. J. H. PARKYN. No. 772, 'Searching for Crabs,' J. C. HOOK, R.A., is a capital sea piece; and so is No. 830, 'Shores of Iona,' J. MACWHIRTER, A. Mrs. SEYMOUR LUCAS displays her knowledge of baby character in No. 777, 'The Tyrant;' and Miss EDITH HAYLLAR is equally good in No. 778, 'The First of September,' and No. 799, 'Jack Ashore.' The lines by Mr. Browning, written for Sir F. LEIGHTON'S 'Profile of a fair-haired Girl,' No. 833, must have exercised the poet's admirers who hunted for them unsuccessfully throughout his works. Among other pictures well worth looking at in this room may be specially mentioned, No. 839, 'Marooned,' E. J. GREGORY, A.; No. 845, 'A Woman's Face,' &c., A. S. COPE; No. 859, 'This is the way we wash our clothes,' G. D. LESLIE, R.A.; No. 884, 'Water in Sight,' A. C. GOW, A.; and No. 887, 'A Fortune-Teller, Cairo,' WALTER C. HORSLEY.

GALLERY X.

One of the first pictures to arrest attention is No. 899, a capital likeness of Mr. George Grossmith, by his brother, WEEDON GROSSMITH. So far as portraiture is concerned, however, the palm in this room is borne off by the foreigner; witness the striking and clever, though not wholly satisfactory No. 904, 'Madame la Vicomtesse de Greffulhe,' by CAROLUS DURAN, and No. 919, 'Portrait de M. L. M.' by H. FANTIN. Several of the young men who forswear English teaching and think that salvation in Art is to be found in French methods

only are well represented in this room. Take, for instance, No. 923, 'First Communion,' S. MELTON FISHER, in which subject and treatment alike are foreign, and very far from altogether satisfactory; No. 927, 'Idlesse,' T. B. KENNINGTON; No. 959, 'Miss Florrie Davis,' F. MARKHAM SKIPWORTH; and No. 966, 'Mrs. Nichols,' J. J. SHANNON. These last two possess a great deal of merit, and are very pleasant likenesses. No. 945, 'The Last Match,' W. SMALL, an old man trying to light a pipe behind the shelter of his hat, while a girl aids with her outspread shawl, and a recalcitrant pig tugs at the rope by which he is being led, is a well-painted and humorous picture, and has been thought worthy of purchase for the Chantrey collection; No. 960, 'Evicted,' BLANDFORD FLETCHER; No. 961, 'A Breezy Common,' KEELEY HALSWELLE; and No. 967, 'In the Wind's Teeth,' W. L. WYLLIE, are all good specimens of the respective artists.

GALLERY XI.

We have already spoken of Mr. WILLIAM CARTER'S success in portraiture this year, and here we have another example of it in No. 977, 'Leonard Courtney, Esq., M.P.,' an excellent likeness of the present Chairman of Committees of the House of Commons. Near it is, perhaps, the best of Mr. FRANK HOLL'S portraits of the year, No. 989, 'Lord Richard Grosvenor, now Lord Stalbridge;' while farther on, No. 994, the features of Mr. H. M. Stanley, the famous explorer, are admirably rendered by Mr. HERBERT HERKOMER; and No. 1025, those of the popular Dr. Henderson, Dean of Carlisle, by Mr. OULESS. No. 1011, 'Venetian Fruit-seller,' EUGÈNE DE BLAAS, if somewhat reminiscent of Mr. Fildes's 'Flower Girl' of last year, has yet a distinctive character of its own, both in subject and technique, which redeems it from any idea of plagiarism. What shall be said of No. 1031, 'Widowed,' HERBERT SCHMALZ, save that it is a praiseworthy attempt to compose a subject—an attempt too often shirked by English artists—the success of which must not be too hardly judged? Mr. JOSEPH FARQUHARSON is not quite so successful in No. 1040, 'Under the Palm-trees,' as in his similar subject last year; nor is Mr. W. L. WYLLIE seen at his best in No. 1046, 'King Coal,' good as the picture is; but No. 1047, 'Great Britain in Egypt, 1886,' is as good a thing as Mr. WALTER HORSLEY has done for some time. There only remain to be noticed two capital portraits by Scotch artists: No. 1041, 'Lieut.-Gen. Sir Peter Lumsden,' by GEORGE REID; and No. 1052, 'Mrs. Hamilton Buchanan,' by R. HERDMAN.



Selections from the Royal Academy Exhibition.

1.—'A thorn amidst the roses.' James Sant, R.A.
2.—'Hesperia.' Frank Dicksee, A.
3.—'Peonies.' C. E. Perugini.
4.—'Two strings to her bow.' John Pettie, R.A.
5.—'An old world wanderer.' Briton Riviere, R.A.
6.—'Callista, the image-maker.' Edwin Long, R.A.
7.—'Samson.' Solomon J. Solomon.

WATER-COLOUR ROOM.

Including miniatures, there are no less than three hundred and fifty-eight works in this room, and of that number four only are contributed by members of the Academy. Now considering that the following are members either of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours or of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, viz., Sir John Gilbert, Messrs. Alma Tadema, Burne-Jones, Dobson, Gow, Gregory, Herkomer, Frank Holl, Hunter, Seymour Lucas, Stacy Marks, Macbeth, MacWhirter, Poynter, and J. W. Waterhouse, this state of things is, to say the least, peculiar. How comes it that of the above-named sixteen R.A.'s and A.R.A.'s only one, Mr. Dobson, exhibits in the water-colour room of the Academy? When the new water-colour room was first opened in 1885, a special appeal was, we believe, made by the President to the members to contribute to its worthy inauguration, and the result was eleven drawings; four were sent in 1886, and now again four. Considering the clamour that is so often raised about the failure of the Academy to bestow its honours on water-colour artists, it seems strange that it should take no pains to show that of its fifty-six painter members two-sevenths are considered sufficiently good water-colour artists to be elected as such by one or other of the two water-colour societies.

Shorn, however, though it is of academic contributions, and almost entirely devoid of works by members either of the Society or of the Institute, the collection is full of drawings of great beauty and merit: chiefly landscapes, which, after all, are what the medium of pure water colour is best adapted for. Space will only allow of our mentioning a few. No. 1063, 'Michaelmas Moonrise,' WALTER F. STOCKS, and No. 1212, 'Dunstanborough,' and 1228, 'Warkworth,' by the same artist,

are all soundly painted works, with a good deal of poetry and imagination in them. Three figure subjects by Miss B. A. RUST, Nos. 1068, 'Waiting,' 1183, 'Sad News,' and 1246, 'Wonderland,' have very considerable merit; as have also Nos. 1225, 'A Harp Accompaniment,' EDITH MARTINEAU, 1230, 'Amy Robsart,' MARCELLA WALKER, and 1253, 'Portrait of a boy,' in pastel, by O. SCHOLDERER. Nos. 1069, 1187, 1265, three views of Berwick by JAS. G. LAING, are very good both in drawing and colour; and the same may be said of Mr. GEORGE MARKS'S three contributions, Nos. 1084, 'Where the Bee sucks,' 1305, 'A Corner of Shere Heath,' and 1321, 'A Warm Evening;' and of Mr. B. D. SIGMUND'S three, Nos. 1107, 'Gathering Fuel,' 1127, 'Evening,' and 1248, 'A Reedy Pool.' Of the five drawings by Mr. NELSON DAWSON, we like best No. 1258, 'Rejoicing in the Breeze,' a very beautiful work. Other good pictures are No. 1102, 'Sannox Bay, Arran,' HUBERT COUTTS; No. 1215, 'Froth, Foam, and Flight,' TRISTRAM ELLIS; No. 1134, 'Othello,' FRANK DICKSEE, A., a most exquisitely finished picture; No. 1180, 'The Garden Studio,' ANNA ALMA-TADEMA, a wonderful bit of painting; No. 1201, 'The Lower Pond, Keston,' ROB. W. FRASER; No. 1239, 'In the Forest near the Riffel Alp, Zermatt,' ARTHUR CROFT; No. 1254, 'The Vermin Pole,' MARTIN SNAPE; and No. 1273, 'First View of Mount Sinai from the Crest of the "Pass of the Wind,"' HENRY A. HARPER, a wonderfully true rendering of this most beautiful and majestic scene as it suddenly bursts upon the awe-struck traveller. Needless to say that flowers and fruit are in great force in this room, and that with one or two exceptions the ladies bear off the palm in this department.

The miniatures make a very fair show, the most noteworthy among them being the contributions of Mr. CHARLES TURRELL, Nos. 1325, and 1394—1399; and those of Mr. E. TAYLER, Nos. 1386—1389; Miss A. DIXON, Nos. 1375, 1390; Miss M. TEKUSCH, Nos. 1334, 1335, 1377, 1381, 1383; and the late E. MOIRA, No. 1400, an excellent likeness of H.R.H. the Duchess of Braganza.

THE NEW ROOMS AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

FOR the last two years Mr. J. Taylor, of Her Majesty's Office of Works, has been engaged upon extensive alterations and additions to the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square. For the first time the collection is approached by a worthy entrance, two flights of broad easy steps conducting the visitor directly from the central entrance to the main exhibition floor. The first partition is a threefold doorway, divided by square pillars of serpentine marble, with white and gold bosses on a blue background decorating the interior arches. A broad landing, paved with mosaic, leads to the second screen, in which are the entrances to Gallery No. I. A small glass dome of pleasant proportion gives a full flood of daylight to the main staircase, from either side of which, half way up, two short flights of steps lead into the rooms now devoted to the British and modern schools. The decoration is in a low tone and of Renaissance character. Pausing at the head of the steps, a view is obtained right through the new galleries, and the sight is bounded by the Ansidei Madonna enthroned in the centre of the north wall of the last of the new galleries.

The whole of the six new galleries have been devoted to the pictures of the foreign schools, and for the first time in recent years the additional space enables Sir F. Burton and Mr. Eastlake to arrange the pictures in some consistent order, chiefly according to schools.

On entering Room I. we are immediately struck by the loftiness of the rooms and the excellence of the lighting. We notice in passing that the walls are covered with a deep mars flock paper of "Venetian" pattern, the frieze and decoration above being quiet and simple, gold and green chiefly predominating. The floor is of oak parquet. With but few exceptions pictures are hung on the line, and they are mostly of the Tuscan school. Here, for instance, is Botticelli's 'Mars and Venus, with Satyrs;' the allegorical 'Venus, Cupid, Folly, Time,' by Angelo Bronzino; Andrea del Sarto's portrait of himself; 'The Adoration of the Magi' and 'The Virgin and Child, with Saint Jerome and Saint Dominick,' by Filippo Lippi; and Leonardo da Vinci's very beautiful 'Virgin with Holy Children.'

In Room No. II., which is a small offshoot from Gallery I., the wall space is chiefly devoted to examples of the art of the Sienese school, the more reputed pictures being 'The Assumption of the Virgin,' by Matteo di Giovanni; the triptych by Benvenuto da Siena, of 'The Madonna Enthroned, with Saint Peter and Saint Nicholas of Bari;' Girolamo del Paulio's 'Madonna and Child;' and the fragment of a large fresco by Ambrozio Lorenzetti, 'Heads of Nuns.'

Room III. is of similar size as No. II., and contains examples of the Tuscan and Florentine schools. On the south wall is Alessandro Botticelli's 'Assumption of the Virgin' and his 'Nativity of the Saviour.'

The next room to this is rather larger than either of the former, and leads into the old central octagon. It is devoted exclusively to the works of the early Tuscan masters. Here has been placed the large-scale 'Madonna and Child, Angels adoring,' by Cimabue; 'The Coronation of the Virgin, Angels and Saints adoring,' by Andrea Orcagna; and 'St. John the Evangelist lifted up into Heaven,' by Jacopo di Carentino.

In Gallery V., which divides the two large rooms, No. I. and No. VI., are placed the more important examples of the Ferrarese school. In a central position is the large 'Virgin and Infant Saviour enthroned, with St. John the Baptist and St. William,' by Ercole di Giulio Grandi. Corsino Tura's 'Madonna and Christ enthroned, with Saints;' the wonderful 'Madonna and Christ enthroned,' by Benvenuto Tissi; and 'The Vision of St. Augustine,' by the same artist, occupy important positions. To the right are examples of the Bolognese masters, including Francia's 'Virgin and two Angels weeping over the Dead Body of Christ.'

In Room VI., a long room in which the pictures are all hung on the line with ample space between, are the glories of the Umbrian school. Here also are the brilliant triptych, by Pietro Perugino, of 'The Virgin adoring, Archangel Michael, Archangel Raphael, and Tobias;' the well-known 'Marriage of St. Catherine of Siena,' by Lorenzo di San Severino; 'The Story of Griselda,' by Pinturicchio; and 'Rhetoric' and 'Music,' by Melozzo da Forli.

THE MANCHESTER JUBILEE EXHIBITION.*

WE last month were occupied with the picture department, which, it will easily be imagined, is by far the most important feature of this exhibition; but it does not exhaust its interest. The great section devoted to industrial design is likely to leave certain important permanent results behind it. Mr. Thomas Wardle is continuing here, on a still larger scale, the task he had undertaken at the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, of diffusing the knowledge of the Indian raw silks, and of driving home the conviction that there is no reason in the nature of things why England should not be as great a producer of silk as she is of cotton fabrics. It could be wished that Manchester numbered among her cotton manufacturers a few specimens of the artistic knowledge and boundless enthusiasm of Mr. Wardle. Only by the gradual appearance of such men in every manufacturing centre in this country can the dangers of exclusive reliance on mere "Massenproduktion," the production of vast quantities of goods distinguished only by their cheapness, be averted or diminished. At Manchester Mr. Wardle is almost at home, and the example of the Leek manufacturer is likely to have a great effect, both in stimulating the silk trade and in inspiring a higher standard of design for cotton prints. Despite a few admirable things in the large collections of cotton prints shown by the Rossendale Company and by Messrs. Simpson and Godlee & Co., the general standard of design is distinctly low. The highest artistic effect is very possibly inconsistent with purely mechanical printing on an enormous scale, but the average might surely be higher than it is at present. Some of Mr. Wardle's own designs for cotton prints, still more some of Mr. William Morris's, should prove the possibility of advancing far beyond the standard with which most Lancashire calico-printers are still content.



A Vase by Doulton

Corner of buffet by Wm Morris & Co.

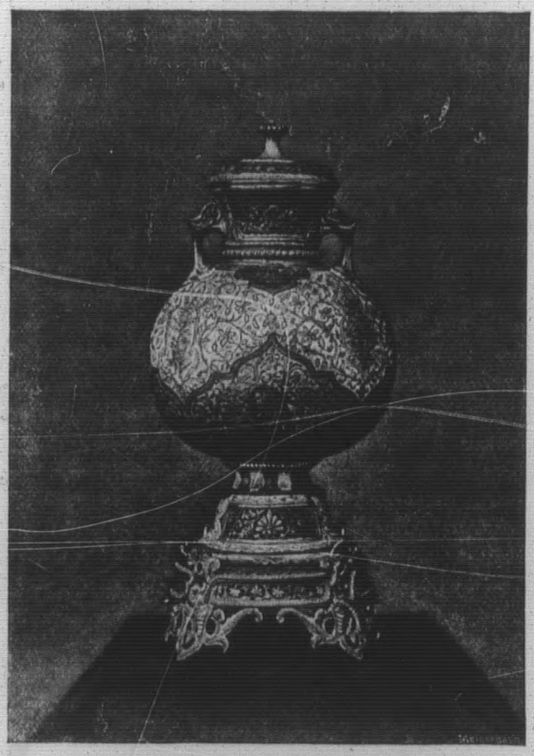
The exhibit of Messrs. Morris & Co. is suggestive in other departments besides that of cotton prints. The show of hand-made carpets and of tapestry is extremely interesting, and there is always a crowd behind the workers. It is Mr. Morris's publicly expressed belief that "the art of carpet-making, in common with the other special arts of the East, is either dead or dying fast; and it is clear to every one that, whatever future is in store for those countries where it once flourished, they will, in time to come, receive all influence from, rather than give any to, the West. It seems to us, therefore," he goes on, "that for the future we people of the West must make our own hand-made carpets, if we are to have any worth the labour and money such things cost; and that these, while they should equal the Eastern ones as near as may be in materials and durability, should by no means imitate them in design, but show themselves obviously to be the outcome of modern and Western ideas, guided by those principles that underlie all architectural art in common." These ideas have been faithfully carried out. The depth and richness of the pile are Oriental, but the designs are emphatically not so. To an eye accustomed to Oriental carpets the design will sometimes seem over-large and striking, and such as would require the rooms of a palace to bring it into proper relation and subordination; but this is not the case with all the carpets, and the effects of colour obtained are always good, sometimes delightful. Much the same may be said of the tapestries, executed some of them from Mr. Burne Jones' designs, while of the wall-paper and furniture cottons it is at this time of day unnecessary to speak. The chief new point to note about the exhibit is that Mr. Morris has definitely embarked on the design of furniture pure and simple. We give an illustration of the sideboard—mahogany, inlaid with satin-wood and ebony—showing the treatment of the wings, both of which are carried up into miniature pedestals, bearing candlesticks. Besides having a delightfully quaint and picturesque effect, this has the prime merit of giving the whole piece an admirable structural coherency. A tea-urn in brass and copper, executed by Mr. Benson, stands on the sideboard, and we have placed, for the purposes of our illustration, a Doulton vase of fine shape immediately beneath it.

The other chief exhibits of furniture and decoration are the work of Manchester firms, and it should be stated in the most explicit way that the best of these will, for workmanship and design combined, sustain comparison with the work of the most famous London cabinet-makers. In Mr. James Lamb's Red Room there is a beautiful cabinet in dark mahogany, in which straight and curving lines have been combined with admirable skill, and of which the workmanship is almost beyond praise. The lustre tiles by Messrs. Maw & Co. in the hearth and on the sides of the fireplace carry out the general ruddy tone of the room with excellent effect.

Much good work is shown by Messrs. Kendal and Milne, also of Manchester. We notice especially a mahogany chair placed in the boudoir prepared by this firm for the use

* Continued from page 284.

of the Princess of Wales during her visit to the exhibition. The carving is exceptionally firm and brilliant, as, for instance, in the two lions' heads capping the back; and the inlay of engraved brass in a Renaissance design has been admirably carried out, not by imported Parisians, as might be guessed, but by Manchester workmen long in the firm's employ. Other elaborate and beautiful pieces of furniture are shown by this firm, but, perhaps, most general interest will be felt in the model dwelling which they have furnished for an artisan or clerk with wages at 30s. or 40s. per week. Much attention has been given to this subject of cheap furniture in Manchester. The Manchester Art Museum has twice shown such a model room, once from designs by Mr. Benson, with aid from Mr. William Morris, and another time from designs by Mr. Philip Rathbone. It is of course terribly difficult to compete in price with the hideous, shoddy furniture which, as a rule, is all that enters a cottage home, but a gallant attempt has been made, and the difference in price, such as it is, is more than made up by the immense gain not only in beauty but in convenience. Another room devoted to the same purpose has been designed by Mr. G. F. Armitage of Altrincham. The wood—American ash?—of which the settle and dresser in this kitchen are made shows its grain through a dark green staining, and both pieces of furniture are extremely taking. Unfortunately, the prices are beyond the reach of the class particularly appealed to. A working man will never think of giving £5 for his kitchen dresser, and it is no manner of use designing such "artisans' dwellings" unless the actual current price which the artisan is wont to pay can be more nearly hit.

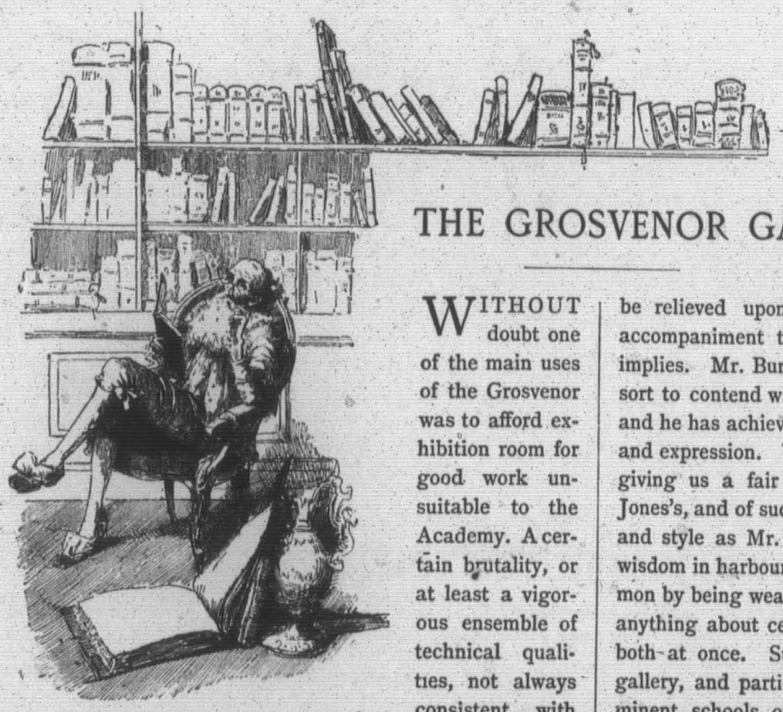


Vase given by the Women of Worcester to the Queen. Worcester Royal Porcelain Company.

Passing from the furniture, with a reference to the ceilings, showing uncommonly good modelling in plaster, in Messrs. Heighway's exhibit, and to the bedroom furniture—mahogany enamelled white, with inlay of soft-coloured woods—of Messrs Doveston, Davey, and Hull, we come to the pottery and porcelain. The exhibit of the Worcester Royal Porcelain Company is one of the most important. A very beautiful nef, in the "ivory" porcelain to which the Company has devoted so much attention, is illustrated by the figure of the triton, whose attitude seen behind is one of singular energy and beauty. We give an illustration of one of the vases which are to constitute the Jubilee gift of the women of Worcester to the Queen. Messrs. Doulton have built themselves a great pavilion at the end of the western nave, and in it all the operations of the potter's art can be watched at ease. Some of the artists employed by the firm are busily at work, and the exhibits, which include, it should be said, Mr. Tinworth's 'Christ before Pilate,' adequately represent the taste, energy, and multifarious activity of the firm. The best foreign pottery and porcelain are shown by MM. Hairland, of Limoges. The characteristics are the daintiness of colour in the designs of leaf and flower, and the peculiar purity of effect derived from the largeness of the space left white in every piece. Some good pieces of Minton ware, including a few admirable *pâte-sur-pâte* vases by M. Solon, are shown along with other china by a Manchester firm. The exhibit of Messrs. Brown, Westhead, Moore & Co., of the Staffordshire potteries, is an ambitious and, on the whole, an admirable one. The colour is sometimes spoilt by a conventional prettiness, and, speaking generally, hardly sufficient regard is paid to the nature and limitations of the material, but here and there the work rises above prettiness into a really charming grace. Of the glass, finally, which may be included here, it is needless to say much, as this section is decidedly one of the weakest in the exhibition. Neither Powell, Webb, nor Sowerby are represented, and the Salviati exhibit, which has the familiar merits and the familiar faults, is not strong enough to pull up the foreign glass above a standard of mediocrity.

A few words in conclusion will suffice for one or two miscellaneous exhibits of more or less merit, which it has been impossible to include under any of the foregoing heads. The best of these is the iron work of Messrs. Singer and Sons, of Frome. In their exhibits iron has been twisted, hammered, and bent in true accord with the nature of the material, and the designs have a freedom, inventiveness, and energy which show how great has been the stride in the best English metal-work since it came under the inspiring influence of the late Mr. Newman. Some good windows of painted glass are shown by Messrs. Shrigley and Hunt, of Lancaster. The lace shown in the Irish Section varies very much in quality, but the best pieces indicate that good has been done by the efforts of Mr. Alan Cole and others to introduce a higher standard of design, and so to redeem Irish lace from that provincial and amateurish character which was gradually but surely depriving it of its English and Continental market. The same kind of influence is needed for the Beleek porcelain, which has considerable technical merits, but which in design and colour is some twenty years behind the times. The bog-oak carving exhibited by Messrs. Knaggs, of Dublin, shows, on the other hand, a real advance, but the material, with its curious "dead" surface and absolute deficiency in the play of light and shade, is at bottom a hopeless one, and the good artistic work which has been spent upon it is largely thrown away.

WILLIAM T. ARNOLD.



THE GROSVENOR GALLERY EXHIBITION.

WITHOUT doubt one of the main uses of the Grosvenor was to afford exhibition room for good work unsuitable to the Academy. A certain brutality, or at least a vigorous ensemble of technical qualities, not always consistent with poetic idealism, is necessary to enable a picture to hold its own in the Academy, or to give it a chance of impressing the jury both favourably and quickly. Let us take the case of Mr. Burne Jones, the great prop and mainstay of the Grosvenor. The due comprehension of his pictures requires a more genuine good will than one is likely to be able to furnish in the midst of a crowded exhibition of modern realistic works. At first sight his 'Garden of Pan' of this year seems shorn of all that should make it touching, and voluntarily deprived of many natural beauties which we cannot help associating with nude legendary figures, supposed to inhabit the open air. Here are people, modelled finely it is true, but in that same conventional manner which gives no hint of special circumstances or surroundings, but is equally adapted to the depths of the sea, the open sunlight of the heavens, or the rich interior of chambers. This Pan has nothing to do with the large, savage mystery of free nature. He sits in front of a tapestry, and at no calculable distance; even were the figures away, the trees, bank, and foreground would have no logical relations of size and distance amongst themselves. The picture would suffer in significance no whit if the background were reduced to one uniform green grey. The scene could not so pass without any sense of distance, of the mystery of shadows wrapt in air, of the chequered play of light, and of the soft shimmer of reeds, foliage, and water. And, if the painter meant to show us man and the fabled god of savagery gleaming naked in the midst of the tangle and dazzle of real nature, he utterly failed in his attempt. But he did not; he set rather to work to weave fresh types from the material of tradition, to model them scientifically, and to set round them, with a decorative and symbolic aim, labels, in exquisite taste, but still labels, telling of their situation, and hinting at their surroundings. And he has succeeded well after the fashion of mural decorators and designers of tapestry; indeed, would have succeeded perfectly but for a concession to the spirit of the age, which led him to hanker after a realism in his background which he could not hope to satisfactorily complete. The word background should not be used of a scene whose sentiment depends on reality, nor should a decoration be relieved upon anything more true than the arbitrary accompaniment to something else which this word really implies. Mr. Burne Jones has had no such problem of this sort to contend with in his portrait of a young lady in blue, and he has achieved a magnificent success of colour, drawing, and expression. While we feel the utility of the Grosvenor in giving us a fair view of such serious work as Mr. Burne Jones's, and of such an able revival of old masters' sentiments and style as Mr. Strudwick's 'Love Story,' we question its wisdom in harbouring so much that only escapes being common by being weak. We suppose there is no occasion to say anything about certain amateurish work that contrives to be both at once. Such pictures are the bane of every large gallery, and particularly of the Grosvenor. One of the prominent schools of the exhibition, one not without artistic merit, suffers much from weakness on the technical side. They are men who cannot engineer an effect from nature with certainty and force, and would yet attempt to idealise a sentiment. Mr. J. W. North's large, flimsy, but graceful and elegant imitation of a water colour, 'An Upland Water-Meadow,' shows him one of this set, together with Mr. Edgar Barclay, and with Mr. Schmalz, as far as his landscape 'Before the Storm' is concerned. Mr. Costa and his followers, however, form the majority of the school. Dirtiness of colour is one of the outward and visible signs of their inner condition, which is bred from poor and ill-advised technical methods applied to delicate and refined sentiments. Mr. Corbett's 'On the Arno,' with a timidly conceived foreground and a shabby row of trees in the middle distance, is, it must be confessed, by no means a bad piece of colour, and, perhaps, the best picture of the lot. Mr. Costa's graceful composition, ''Twixt Summer and Autumn,' comes next. Of the rest we need say nothing special. Passing from the weak culture of these men we cannot help noticing, if only for the contrast, the earnestness of purpose of such work as Mr. Pollock's 'Noon.' Mr. Pollock has not bated one jot of what appeared to him necessary to convey what he saw. He has produced a study of unmistakeable veracity, without false shadows, false warmth, or false attractions of colour; a study too of unmistakeable use to himself, would he consider it merely as a study and believe that his picture is yet to be made. In that he should pay more attention to beauty, and should get rid of the evidence of toil, of impasto in the wrong place, and of certain hardnesses of workmanship, certain uglinesses of handling which prevent his present work from fulfilling the prime function of a real picture. This we feel inclined to say of many men; it is the fault of what we may call the serious, promising school of the day that, whilst conscientious about truth, they are rarely troubled about beauty. Yet both obligations are equally laid upon them, and this it is that constitutes the difficulty of modern art. Mr. David Murray is far from being able to conciliate the two aims satisfactorily, at least in his large picture, 'A Little Farm well Tilled.' On the other hand his sketch, 'An April Day,' is excellent.

We can mention some matured work in which a sentiment of a romantic or decorative nature has invested the treatment with beauty. Such are Mr. Mark Fisher's strong and subtle 'Evening,' Mr. H. Moore's lively and suggestive 'Morning, Goree Bay,' Mr. A. Lemon's solemn and dignified 'Evening;' Mr. Hennessy's graceful composition, full of low-toned silvery light, entitled 'A Summer Evening,' Mr. O'Meara's strange and clever 'October,' Mr. di Maria's rich and glowing 'Scene in Tivoli;' and, in a lesser degree, Mr. East's elegant 'Misty Afternoon,' Mr. Parton's well-handled 'Valley at Mentone,' Mr. Christie's delicately-coloured 'Rural Joys,' and Mr. J. R. Reid's decorative canvas, 'The Darling in Port.' In the figure, Mr. John Collier sends a boldly realized nude 'Lilith,' and some strong portraits. Such broad and noble work as Mr. Holl's 'Lord Harlech,' Mr. Herkomer's 'Professor Fawcett,' Mr. Richmond's 'Mrs. Sanderson,' and Mr. Watts's dignified figure subject 'The Judgment of Paris,' is sure to meet with appreciation. Sir J. E. Millais, too, sends his best work here—the powerful view of 'Lord Esher.' Mr. H. S. Tuke contributes a beautifully-modelled head, a 'W. G. Freeman, Esq.,' and excellent small portraits come from Messrs. A. Moore, Cyrus Johnson, and Jacomb Hood. Good work in various branches comes from Messrs. Alfred Parsons, W. H. Margetson, W. Carter, A. Stokes, Napier Hemy, R. W. Allen, C. Holloway, Coleman, P. Burne Jones, and others.

R. A. M. STEVENSON.

THE ROYAL INSTITUTE EXHIBITION.

HERE one sees an altogether robuster kind of water colour art than at the Royal Society. Late improvements in force, truth, and breadth of realisation meet with greater encouragement at the show in Piccadilly, and so one sees less of false colouring and niggled workmanship here than in the exhibition in Pall Mall. Doubtless, however, there is a certain lack of poetical inspiration, while we are over-supplied with a rather ordinary and unoriginal completeness of technique. This gives a somewhat commonplace general aspect to a gallery, in which, upon further looking, many admirable pictures and clever, personally felt sketches may be discovered. One notices, moreover, a comparative absence of well-studied figure-work, and of those lighter and what may be called witty uses of the material which are so suited to water colour, and give such an air of grace and life to the exhibitions of the Aquarellistes Français. When mixed with a great mass of sound orthodox studies from nature, a few of these elegant and fanciful schemes of treatment take off from the solemn sobriety of an ordinary exhibition, without injuring its general aspect of sincerity and seriousness of purpose. The President, Sir J. Linton, sends one amongst the good figure subjects. His 'Emperor Maximilian visiting the studio of Albrecht Dürer,' is well thought out, carefully staged, and conscientiously modelled in his usual conventional brown key. Mr. Becker's study of a head, 'Old Nevard,' is powerful if somewhat unpleasant; Miss J. M. Dealy has painted the dress of the child in 'Goodbye, Summer,' with excellent freedom and skill; and Mrs. Shute, Miss A. Woodward, Mr. Cyrus Johnson, and one or two others send good work. Perhaps figure-work the most complete in qualities, and the most delicate in execution, comes from Mr. L. da Rios with 'A Last Look.' As usual, however, the landscape must be pronounced the most interesting, as it is the most vital part of the exhibition. It would be absurd to pretend to mention all that is worth seeing in so large a show of good work, so we must confine ourselves to one or two pictures that have especially struck us. Mr. Anderson Hague's 'Hayfield with Workers,'



1.—'The Top of the Hill.' J. C. Dollman, R.I.
2.—'The Basilica of St. Peter's at Rome.' Chas. Earle, R.I.
3.—'A Forgotten Skirmish.' J. Naish, R.I.
4.—'Betrayed.' Walter Langley, R.I.
5.—'A Friend in Need.' John Scott, R.I.
6.—'The Brook and the Sea.' John White, R.I.
7.—'An Italian Garden.' John Fulleylove, R.I.
8.—'The Rigour of the Game.' G. G. Kilburne, R.I.

is noticeable even amongst the broadest and most artistic pictures of the gallery, for a superbly grand and original view of an ordinary scene. Other work too, not without a touch of poetry or romance due to the painter's treatment of things, may be mentioned. Thus we have Mr. F. Cotman's splendidly broad and romantic 'Morston Church,' Mr. Rupert Stevens's large and solemn 'Last Few Loads,' Mr. Wimperis's vast and aërial 'Setley Heath,' and Mr. Hargitt's rough, free, and poetic views of 'Loch Ness' and 'St. Catherine's Point.' More realistic, but none the less excellent in their own way, are Mr. East's 'New Neighbourhood,' Mr. H. S. Tuke's grey and exquisite sketch, 'A Steamer Coaling,' Mr. Cyrus Johnson's natural and easy 'Stratton, Cornwall,' Mr. A. Parsons' 'Cowslip Balls,' with its remarkable drawing and truth of form, and Mr. T. B. Hardy's large and successful essay in light tones 'H.M.S. *Jumna*.' Good work, too, comes from Messrs. W. Collins, J. Nash, T. Scott, E. Bucknall, H. Macallum, Napier Hemy, Arthur Severn, and many more.

ART AT THE ROYAL YORKSHIRE JUBILEE EXHIBITION, SALTAIRE.

THE most interesting feature of the exhibition now being held at this very rising suburb of Leeds is the collection of pictures and other Art treasures. Unlike the industrial portion of the exhibition, which is placed in temporary wooden buildings, the Art section has its home in the new Art and Science Schools.

Each of the galleries and studios—sixteen in number—are draped in different colours, and contain examples of paintings falling under the broad divisions of "Old Masters" and modern works.

Of the "Old Masters," her Majesty has lent two excellent Vandycks, 'The Children of Charles I.' and 'Carew and Killigrew;' and Mr. Humphrey T. Ward a portrait of the first Lord Byron. Sir Matthew Wilson, Bart., contributes a most striking portrait of Charles I. by Vandyck; the delicate mouth and large sad eyes show only too plainly the weak character of that unhappy king. Beneath the picture is hung the star of the mantle of the Order of the Garter which was worn by Charles I. on the morning of his execution, and presented by him, when disrobing, to his faithful friend, Captain Basil Woodd. This relic still remains in the family, and has been lent by Mr. Basil T. Woodd.

Lord Rosebery has sent the full-length portrait, by the same painter, of the Princess Henrietta Lotharings of Phalsburg, which he bought at the Hamilton sale of pictures. There are several good examples of Rembrandt, one being 'An Old Woman with Bible,' lent by the Rev. H. G. Jebb. Lord St. Oswald, besides other pictures, is the lender of two Vander Helsts in splendid preservation. Murillo is represented by a picture, full of colour, of the Virgin and Child. There are also good examples of Karel du Jardin, J. B. Weeninx, Spagnoletti, Rombouts, Frederico Baroccio, Salvator Rosa, Snyders, and Hondekoeter.

The first place in the list of works by men of the early English school is taken by Gainsborough's portrait of the beautiful and graceful Mrs. Sheridan, lent by Lord Rothschild. Sir Joshua Reynolds's Brown Boy, or 'Master Braddy,' to use the proper title, is also lent by Lord Rothschild. The portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Milnes, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and her favourite King Charles's spaniel by Sir E. Landseer, is doubtless the best of the pictures sent by Lord Houghton.

The children of the Earl of Warwick, by Romney; 'Edwin, or the Contemplative Youth,' by Wright of Derby; portrait of Sir Joshua Reynolds, after the style of Rembrandt, by the artist himself; portraits of Madame Rodes and Kitty Fisher, by Gainsborough; portraits of Dr. Johnson and Chatterton, by Opie; 'Chiswick,' in the manner of Wilson, by Turner; and 'Garrick as Richard III.,' by Hogarth, are among the number of well-known works by these great masters. Among the modern pictures are two large and striking works from the brush of Sir James Linton, 'The Declaration of War' and 'The Surrender.' These form part of a series of five representing incidents in the life of a soldier of fortune in the sixteenth century.

Sir Frederick Leighton is well represented by the beautiful picture, 'Yasmeenah,' lent by The Fine Art Society, and 'The Slinger,' lent by Sir Horace Davey, Q.C.

'Milton receiving a Visit from Andrew Marvel,' by G. H. Boughton, A.R.A., is an important work from last year's Academy. 'The Scarlet Letter,' by E. Barnes, represents the cruel severity of the Puritanic code of law.

In the Alfred Morrison, Ernest Hart, and Sir Charles Robinson rooms, are assembled rare examples of Art work of the Renaissance, fine old Japanese carvings, and specimens of Art by the most skilful workmen of to-day.

THE LINCOLNSHIRE EXHIBITION.

THE city of Lincoln lies rather out of the beat of the stream of people who, during this month, will be directing their steps northward, on holidaying intent. When so engaged, it requires a supreme effort to leave the express train which carries one so comfortably and quickly to one's destination, and trust one's self to a branch line where the passenger will have plenty of leisure to see the surroundings of each and every of the stations he passes through. But in the case of the old city of Lindum the game is at all times worth the candle, and at none more than when the expanse of wolds which can be seen from its heights are yellowing with the harvest, and its magnificent cathedral rises a blue-grey pile on every hand. There is now, too, a special reason for visiting the city, for, like many another northern town, it is holding a Jubilee Exhibition, and so inaugurating a very handsome building which has recently

been erected as a School of Art and Science at a cost of over £7,000. The collections contained in it are divided into three parts—pictures, antiquities, and needlework. The first includes many notable works by the Old Masters selected from the family seats in the county. Amongst these we notice a curious picture illustrating in many compartments a combat in Smithfield in 1441 between an ancestor of the present Sir John Astley and Sir P. Boyle; four panels of exceptional brilliancy by Luini, and two portraits by Moreelze, lent by Mr. Ruston, who has sent very many notable contributions; a 'Penance of Raimond' ascribed to Mabuse; several Jansens, Angelica Kauffmans, 'The Chess-Players,' by F. Cotes, R.A., and some capital Stubbs's. In the more modern department several local artists show to considerable advantage. Amongst these may be enumerated Messrs. Logsdail, F. Bramley, W. J. Warrener, and A. G. Webster. There are many who will see for the first time Sir Frederick Leighton's early but important work 'Romeo and Juliet,' and who will be glad to renew their acquaintance with his popular 'Moretta,' and with Rossetti's 'Ghirlandata,' and Watts's 'Love and Death.'

But what will be the greatest attraction and alone worth a journey, are the De Wints. It was through Hilton, the Royal Academician, whose 'Una and the Lion,' so well known by its engraving, hangs in the Exhibition, that De Wint came to Lincoln and found the patrons for whom he executed many of the drawings of that city and its Minster which are amongst his *chefs d'œuvre*. It was a happy idea to collect them here, from South Kensington and elsewhere.

The second section includes some fine examples of corporation plate, as well as English work of the best periods collected by a local silversmith.

The Art Needlework section is uniformly good. Many of the fine specimens which have gone the round of the principal exhibitions are here; especially noticeable are the thirteenth-century altar-cloth from Martham Church, a cope (fifteenth century) lent by the Rev. F. Sutton, 'The Norwich Fishmonger's Pall' and the baby clothes, lent by Mrs. Jenner Marshall and Mrs. Chawner.

There is a considerable exhibit from the South Kensington Museum, but we searched in vain for any indication that it had been selected with due regard to the local industry. Where the manufacture of machinery and working in metal employs several thousand hands, fine examples in that material would have been appreciated and perhaps instructive; a few of the wonders of Japanese metal-work, for instance, in the place of the very second-rate examples of lacquer-ware which now find a place in the cases. Local committees are perhaps to blame for not making suggestions to head-quarters, as they, better than any one, would know what would be best appreciated. There is, however, no use in piping to the working classes if they evince no desire to dance, and this appears to be the case at Lincoln. In spite of reduced entrance fees, perhaps not sufficiently lowered, and the added attractions of out-door music and illuminations, they do not come. In one firm, employing over a thousand hands, not more than a score of tickets have been sold. This is sadly discouraging to a committee who have worked hard and well, and to the honorary secretaries, one of whom, Mr. W. J. Cant, we have to thank for his attention to our representative.

An Art Union, which includes some hundreds of prizes, amongst them contributions from the President and other members of the Royal Academy, has been started for the purpose of furnishing the School of Art. Prizes are numerous in proportion to the number of the tickets, which cost five shillings each.

ART NOTES AND REVIEWS.

PERSONAL.—M. Alfred Stevens has been elected a member of the Society of British Artists. The Darwin medal of the Midland Union of Natural History Societies has this year been awarded to Mr. E. W. Badger, of King Edward's High School, Birmingham, for a paper on the monumental brasses of Warwickshire. Mr. E. Burne Jones is painting a 'Caritas'—an allegory of Benevolence. Mr. Head has been made a Ph.D. of Heidelberg for his "Historia Numorum." Herr Emile Brugsch has resigned his position on the staff of the Boulaq Museum. The bronze doors of the Duomo at Florence will be the work of the sculptor Passaglia. The City of Paris has purchased from the Salon of 1887 the bronze 'Vanneuse' of Barrau for 11,000 francs; the plaster '1789!' of Pârís (5,000 francs); the plaster 'Douleur d'Orphée' (5,000 francs); the plaster 'Drame au Désert' of Gardet (3,000 francs); the plaster 'Charmeuse' of Béguine (4,000 francs); the 'Pasteur Jupille' of Foué (2,500 francs); the plaster 'Amour Blessé' of Mabille (5,500 francs), with 'La Seine,' a high relief in plaster, by Puech, for 3,500 francs; and has authorized the execution of all seven in bronze at a cost of 30,000 francs. It has also acquired the 'Fonderie' and the 'Place du Carrousel' of the painters Rixens and Dumoulin, for 7,000 and 3,000 francs respectively, and a water-colour drawing, by Homo, "Saint-Etienne du Mont,' for 500 francs; and has thus expended some 80,000 francs in works of Art. M. Lauth has resigned his post at the head of the Manufacture Nationale at Sèvres.

MUSEUMS AND GALLERIES.—The Rev. E. L. Barnwell has presented a collection of 240 water-colour drawings to the Shrewsbury Gallery, the work of Smith of Dunstable. Mr. Salting has sent his unequalled collection of rare Chinese and Japanese ceramics—648 examples strong—to South Kensington, where it is exhibiting in the North Court. Says the *Athenæum*:—"The Art Gallery of the Corporation of London has accepted as gifts: 1, a painting by Mr. W. Goldsmith, representing 'The Thames at Bray,' the gift of the Vintners' Company of London; 2, 'The Poacher,' a painting on panel by E. Bird, the gift of Mr. William Rome; and, 3, 'Cymon and Iphigenia,' by G. Patten, presented by Sir F. Truscott. The gallery is open every day from 10 to 5." The new Print Room in the British Museum has at last been opened to the public: access is obtained by the great staircase, and through the Asiatic Saloon; among the Keeper's improvements are windows with a north light, an electric light for foggy days, sloping tables, and "an improved service of books of reference." The frescoes by German painters, bought in Rome for the Berlin Gallery, will cost in all some 60,000

marks; the subjects are: 'Joseph interpreting the Dreams of his Fellow-Prisoners' and 'Joseph's Brothers bringing his Coat for sale' (Schadow), 'The Sale of Joseph' and 'The Seven Years of Famine' (Overbeck), 'Joseph and Potiphar's Wife' and 'The Seven Years of Plenty' (Veit), and 'Joseph interpreting Pharaoh's Dream' (Cornelius). To the museum at Dordrecht (established 1884) there have been added, between the first of May, 1886, and the last of April, 1887, examples of Van der Koogh, Schouman, Benjamin Cuyp, Ferdinand Bol, Cornelis Bisschop, and Aart de Gelder. Admiral Pâris has installed and opened to the public three rooms full of models of ships, in the Musée du Louvre. It is announced that the new museum at Lille cannot possibly be in working order before 1889. A monstrous 'Niagara,' painted by Mr. Church, and purchased at the Stewart sale for some £2,000, has been presented by the buyer to the Edinburgh National Gallery. It is proposed to give, with the sanction of the grand-ducal government, a series of "Illustrations of the Art Treasures in the National Goethe Museum, Weimar," the work of the court photographer Herr Held.

STATUES AND MONUMENTS.—The Lord Mayor of Dublin has opened a subscription for the purpose of enriching the city with a statue of Mr. Gladstone. A monumental fountain, the work of MM. Veran and Flandrin, has been unveiled at Arles, in memory of Amedée Pichot, the translator of Byron and (with Guizot) of Shakespeare. The statue of Victor Massé, the musician of "La Reine Topaze," is shortly to be unveiled at Lorient; a bronze plaque designed by the Breton sculptor Leofanti, will also be affixed to the front of the composer's house. The Bastien-Lepage memorial committee have nominated MM. Dagnan-Bouveret, Roger Marx, de Fourcaud, and Raphael Collin as their executive; the statue, which shows the painter before his canvas, palette in hand, and in his habit as he lived and sketched at Damvilliers, will be the work of M. Auguste Rodin. Mr. A. Saint-Gaudens has finished the plaster of a colossal 'Lincoln' for Chicago.

THE NEW COINAGE.—There can be, and there is, but one opinion as to the Jubilee coinage, and that is that her Majesty is unfortunate in her sculptor. Mr. Boehm, indeed, has failed completely, alike in point of Art and in point of taste. The only good feature in the new issue is the retention, upon some of it, of Pistrucci's design of St. George and the Dragon. Apart from that, it is merely deplorable. Mr. Boehm, indeed, is not a medallist; distinction, austerity of line, dignity of form, choiceness of sentiment—these are qualities not represented in his art. He is a "realist" or he is nothing; and for such "realism" as his there is no place in numismatic art. His effigy of the Queen is enough to prove it. There is plenty of ugliness about as it is, and the new coinage is a gratuitous addition to the sum which we could well spare.

OBITUARY.—The death is announced of John Wright Oakes, A.R.A., the landscape painter; of the German *genre* painter, Max Kaltenmoser; of Vincent Vidal, a pupil of Delaroche, medalled in 1843-44, a Knight of the Legion of Honour, 1852, the painter of 'Les Feuilles d'Automne' and 'La Source'; of Adolphe-Antoine Perrot, curator of the Museum and Director of the École des Beaux-Arts at Nîmes; of the landscape painter, P.-G. Giradon; of the Milanese antiquary Giuseppe Baslini; of the decorative painter, Pietro Isella; of the German architect, K. E. Sonntag; and of the Dusseldorf landscape painter and professor, Scheuren.

VANDALISM.—Mr. Plunkett has had to admit that the Coronation Chair, being—as was to be expected—not exactly new to look at, was handed over to an eminent upholsterer to be cleaned, varnished, and "restored." The stones of Temple Bar, all carefully numbered and neatly squared, have been handed over to Sir Henry Meux, who proposes to reconstruct the monument as a park gate at Theobalds. It is reported from Milan that among the plans for the façade of the Duomo, is one, the work of a foreign architect, which suggests the demolition of the whole edifice, and the substitution of a structure with two slim towers and a tall and very pointed roof. The ruins at Ostia are in a bad way: the Tiber has made them inaccessible, and threatens to swallow them up, while the workmen employed among them are said to spend their Sundays in smashing all they can.

MR. COLVIN'S FIRST EXHIBITION.—The Keeper of the Prints has selected and arranged for the use of students an historical panorama of engravings, which will remain open to the public for some time to come, and which is certainly the most complete and orderly collection of prints yet shown at the British Museum. In the first room is an admirably chosen gathering of wood engravings, beginning with an example of the early Flemish block-book; and passing, by way of Germany, France, Holland, and England, to the "white line" of Bewick, whose last developments are shown in specimens of Harvey and Mason Jackson, and the men who worked for the Johannots. A second gallery is devoted to etching and line engraving, from Martin Schongauer to Jean-François Millet; a third, and in some respects the richest and most useful of all, to mezzotint; a fourth, by no means so satisfactory, to lithography. It is to be regretted that Mr. Colvin has been compelled, by the nature of the accommodation at his disposal, to restrict his choice to small and middle-sized examples: a necessity which has resulted in (to state but a single grievance) the exclusion of Piranesi. Again, the *dii minores* of eighteenth-century France are conspicuous by their absence, which is to be regretted for more reasons than one. That the great Frenchmen of 1830 should be inadequately represented was inevitable. The Print Room is all too poor in examples of their art; and it says much for Mr. Colvin's soundness and catholicity of taste that, considering the scantness of his material, he should have made so good a show of them as he has.

THE FINE ART SOCIETY.—Mr. Henry Moore is one of those few men who are seen to better advantage in their large and studied pictures than in their slight and hurried sketches. This can only mean that he is a conscious artist, a man who has learnt something of that much neglected art, picture-making. Nowadays the special knowledge of a man of science, the topographical eye and instinct of a guide, the manipulative patience of a Chinaman, the cool judgment and accuracy of an engineer, are all duly appreciated; but a feeling for decorative composition, a sense of the beauties of paint, and a comprehension of the æsthetic import of different handlings, treatments, and textures—these are apt to be considered trivial matters, unworthy of the attention of a serious person. Mr. Moore is one of those painters whose sketches and pictures show something of what Art can do in

disposing to advantage the results of observation. He makes the general aspect of a picture large and emotional where his sketch was dry and small; but his representation of the sea gains rather than loses in the expression of those truths which give us the notion of freshness, liquidity, and motion.

THE HANOVER GALLERY.—The Summer Exhibition contains nothing remarkable, though there is a fair show of the usual kind. No Corot this time equals 'The Lane' which was exhibited here last autumn; the only specimen of his work, 'Landscape and Figures,' is by no means characteristic. Perhaps Troyon's 'Landscape in Provence' may be called the best picture in the show. The aspect of the locality invites one, and a fine sense of colour pervades the canvas. There is a brown uninteresting Rousseau. A fine sketch, 'Marine,' and a strong note of a sunset, represent Daubigny. Diaz and Jacque are also to be seen, but not to special advantage. Two Belgian figure pictures deserve particular mention. An 'Erasmus,' sober in colour and dignified in treatment, presents the talent of Baron Leys under a very favourable light; and 'Waiting: In the Ball Room,' is a good example of Alfred Stevens's undisputed mastery of technique. M. P. Brouillet's 'Brittany Peasant Woman' exhibits him as a sort of French Clausen. Two or three 'Meissoniers and a picture apiece by De Nittis, Ch. Landelle, P. Billet, Xavier de Cock, Roybet, and E. Sichel, add interest to the exhibition. The water colours too are good, including lively work by V. Chevillard, M. Benliure, F. Bocion, E. Castres, Jules Crosnier, Duez, and a fine decorative sketch, 'In the Mediterranean,' by Mr. F. Cotman.

THE NINETEENTH-CENTURY GALLERY.—There is an improvement here, at least in water colours. We have to regret the defection of Mr. Aubrey Hunt, who always contributed spirited and well-handled sketches of the right sort. His loss is compensated for to some extent by the presence of Mr. F. Hind, with a 'Zuyder-Zee Fisher Hamlet.' Mr. Yeend King in 'On the River Lea,' Mr. W. Norton in 'Fleeting Shadows,' Mr. E. S. Calvert in 'Waiting for the Ferry,' Mr. G. E. Corner in 'Evening,' and Mr. Helcké in 'Evening's Glow after Rain' send work more or less large in style and based on the true appearance of open-air scenes. Good straightforward work also comes from Messrs. H. Musgrave, V. Yglesias, R. W. West, C. J. Fox, Falkland Lucy, M. A. Langdale, and one or two more. Mr. H. S. Tuke only shows as a water-colour exhibitor, and that with a slight but charming grey, pearly sketch, 'Twilight: Falmouth.' Miss Kate Macaulay is vigorous and artistically sure of her convention in 'Battersea Bridge and Chelsea Church.'

RAPHAEL IN LIVERPOOL.—An exhibition of photographic and other reproductions of the works of Raphael is now on view at the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool. The collection is arranged chronologically, and includes all the drawings, easel-pictures, and frescoes of the master which have as yet been reproduced. Thus all the studies for a picture are grouped with the picture itself, and a rare opportunity is afforded of watching the changes and development of the artist's style. A catalogue has been issued by the Museum Committee to accompany the exhibition. It contains not merely a list of the objects exhibited, but of all known existing works by Raphael of whatever kind, with references to the publications in which they are discussed, and, in the case of every work which has been photographed, the name of the photographer. The collection has been formed and the catalogue drawn up by Professor Conway.

THE ART FOR SCHOOLS ASSOCIATION.—The second year's publications are, we regret to say, not more successful than was their first essay. A chromo-lithograph of a photographic study of peaches, upon a wall supposed to be brick but of an altogether unnatural colour, has no artistic or any other use that we can see. Nor do we perceive the interest for children of the reproduction of the engravings of the Raphael cartoons. Such Art is quite above their heads, and they will only see the untruths of drawing and fact which everywhere abound in it. As regards the small reproductions of historical portraits, those of Sir Thomas More and Queen Mary are the best, the former especially. Queen Elizabeth's may be interesting to children as a specimen of marvellous dressmaking. But they are all on much too small a scale for placing on the walls of a big schoolroom.

"SKETCHES OF LIFE IN JAPAN," by Major H. Knollys (Chapman & Hall), describes a scamper through the Land of the Rising Sun. The author being an artillery officer, naturally pays more attention to the military aspect of the country than any other, save, perhaps, the dress or undress of the natives—respecting which latter feature he never tires of acquainting us with his astonishment. The Adam and Eve costume of the lower classes of Japan is constantly being noted. The fault of the work is this reiteration of certain peculiarities of the people: as, for instance, the bowing of the innkeepers upon his approach, or the custom of clapping of hands instead of ringing the bell when anything is required. This is hardly excusable in a small volume which the author admits has undergone "careful revision." We note some contradictions: for instance, it is stated in one place that in abandoning one creed the Japanese have not flown to another, but cynically repudiate any creed whatever; shortly afterwards we read that they constantly yearn for some sort of religion. Major Knollys is at issue with a recent *Times* correspondent when he states that the Japanese bestow by far the greatest share of deference and friendliness on Englishmen; the *Times* would have it that they much prefer the Germans. Nor does he share with others their admiration for Japanese Art. He, however, admits that he is so ignorant upon the subject that he "can never succeed in overcoming his abhorrence to these contorted uglinesses which connoisseurs value as great gems!" The illustrations to the work show that Japan can boast of real beauty amongst its womankind.

The two new volumes of the "Bibliothèque de l'Enseignement des Beaux-Arts" (Paris: A. Quantin) are M. Maspero's "L'ARCHÉOLOGIE ÉGYPTIENNE" and M. Théodore Deck's "LA FAÏENCE." The first is simply a little masterpiece of narrative, arrangement, and construction; in half-a-dozen chapters—"L'Architecture Civile et Militaire," "L'Architecture Religieuse," "Les Tombeaux," "La Peinture et la Sculpture," and so forth—M. Maspero contrives to tell so much that he appears to go far towards exhausting his subject. The cuts—some two hundred and ninety in number—are insufficient, or the book would be perfect. As it is, it can hardly fail to achieve a great and lasting success. M. Deck writes with as much authority of faïence as M. Maspero of Pharaonic Egypt.



PAINTED BY GABRIEL MAX.

ETCHED BY W. UNGER.

THE RAISING OF JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER.

LONDON: J. S. VIRTUE & Cº LIMITED.

CEYLON SCENERY.

THIRTY years have elapsed since the late Sir James Emerson Tennent gave to the world two charmingly written volumes on "Ceylon," containing many glowing descriptions of the scenery to be met with in the interior of that "Utmost Indian isle," where, according to Bishop Heber, "every prospect pleases, and only man is vile." Tennent's "Ceylon" has long been out of print, but the natural beauties and marvellous capabilities of the island have since been brought more prominently before the world by the greater facilities afforded travellers from Europe, by the rapid development of steam communication *viâ* the Suez Canal. At the same time the gradual opening up of the interior of Ceylon by roads and railways, renders a visit to some of the more attractive localities in the island a matter of comparative ease and comfort. Passengers proceeding to or from Australia, whilst their steamer is coaling in the harbour at Colombo, can visit the mountain capital, Kandy, a distance by railway of eighty miles, enjoy a drive in the pretty neighbourhood of the town, visit the Botanical Gardens, and the next morning return in good time to re-embark for their destination. This has now become a common practice, and every steamer passing Ceylon on its way to or from the great South Land, contributes its quota of visitors to the beautiful hill country of the island.

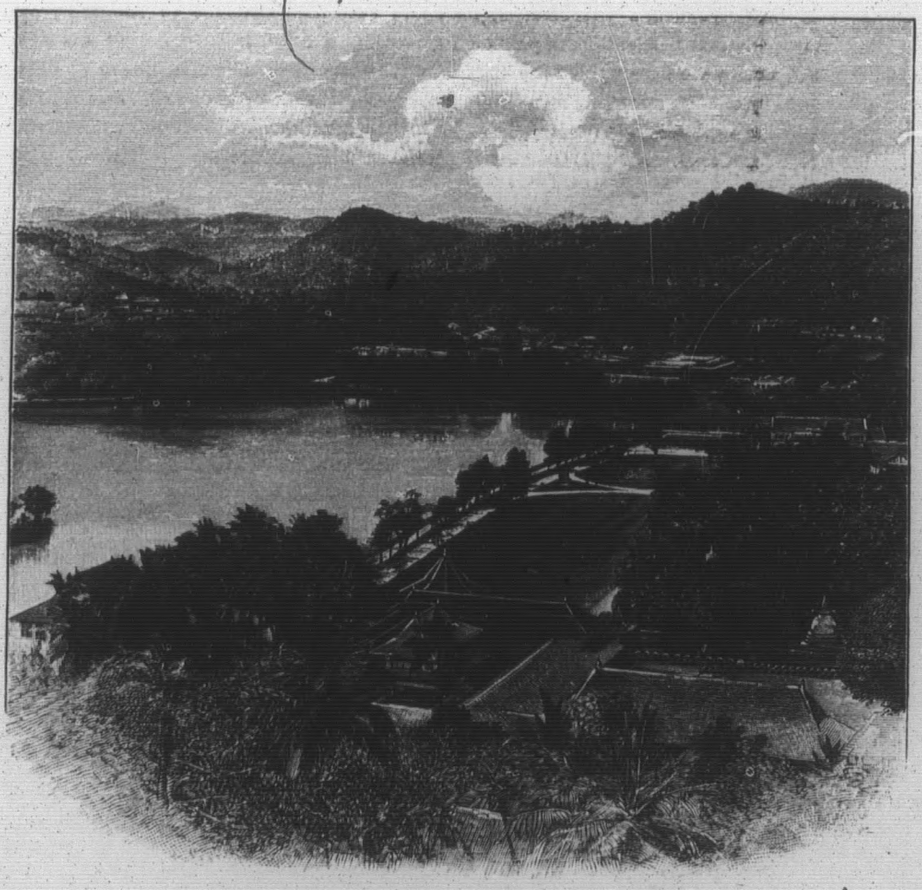


A Ceylon Village.

The journey to Kandy and back by railway, accomplished in four hours and a half each way, will amply repay the traveller for the time and expense, by glimpses of magnificent scenery through which it passes, and a view of the splendid engineering work which carries the trains over some of the most broken and precipitous ground in the country, skirting the edges of precipices having a sheer fall of a thousand feet. In the early morning, with the rising sun lighting up the distant hills, or in the soft glow of the evening shades, the view from the summit of the Kaduganawn incline, ascending for a dozen miles with a gradient of one in forty-five, is charming beyond conception. So well has this line of railway been managed that, from the date of its opening fifteen years ago, but one accident has occurred of any moment, and no European has ever lost life or limb by casualty. From a financial point of view this railway has been exceptionally successful, its entire cost from Colombo to Kandy having been paid off from profits, with all interest, some years ago, and the line is now the property of the public free of all debt, a result not achieved in any other country. From Kandy branch lines have been constructed to Matelle on the north, a distance of seventeen miles, and to the coffee districts on the south, but neither of these have proved so remunerative as the main line.

The view on the following page is that of the town of Kandy, the modern capital of the native sovereigns who ruled the island for a period of two thousand years, the last of the long line having been dethroned by reason of excessive cruelty and oppression. The view is from rising ground immediately above the "Dalada Maligawa," or Shrine of the Sacred Tooth said to have been one of Buddha's, the roof of which is seen on the left hand; while

on the right is the ancient Audience Hall of the kings, where, in the days of the native rulers, state ceremonials were conducted, but in which the Supreme Court now holds its sittings. Stretching away in front of the shrine may be seen the parade ground, where in olden time the people were wont to assemble on great occasions, when they fell prostrate whilst the sovereign addressed them from the octagonal building on the left-hand corner of the temple grounds. The pretty lake, which extends for some distance, was artificially constructed about four centuries ago, when Kandy first became a royal city. Immediately in front of the temple buildings on the right was formerly the "execution ground" of the kings of Kandy, the most memorable tragedy on which was enacted shortly before the dethronement of Rajah Singha, the last of the native sovereigns. This monster having



Kandy.

seized the wife and children of Eleyhapala, his Prime Minister, accused of high treason, had them brought before him on the open parade ground in presence of the people. The courageous woman, nothing daunted, protested her husband's and her own innocence, but submitted herself to the royal will, and bade her eldest boy, of eleven years, to be resigned to his fate: the child was terrified, but his younger brother told him he would show him how to die. One blow of a sword severed the child's head, which, bleeding as it was, they threw into a rice mortar, and the wooden pestle being placed in the mother's hands, she was ordered to pound it or be disgracefully tortured. She did so to avoid infamy, and one by one her children's heads were severed and pounded by her. One of these was an infant: it was plucked from its mother's breast to be beheaded. When the head was severed from the body, the milk it had just drawn ran out mingled with its blood!

Standing on the high ground whence this view was taken, and looking in a north-westerly direction, seven religious edifices may be seen in a line as straight as though marked out by compass, running north-west and south-east, and each one of them of a different denomination, viz., Hindoo, Church of England, Scotch Presbyterian, Wesleyan, Roman Catholic, Buddhist, and Mahommedan. From the summit of a lofty hill in the rear of the Pavilion, the residence of the Governor, may be seen a wide expanse of open undulating country, once rich in coffee-fields, but now cultivated with other products, whilst in the hollows are tracts of green rice land. Looking northwards from the summit of this hill may be distinguished the pretty bridge across the Mahavilla Ganga, and near by an object of some historic interest, Davie's tree, beneath which a terrible tragedy was enacted in 1803. A small garrison of English and Malay troops had been left in Kandy to protect the King, a protégé of the British Government. These troops, decimated by fever, were surrounded and forced to capitulate by rebel Kandyans; they were allowed to march out of Kandy along the road to Trincomalee, but halting under this tree, they were surrounded, their arms taken from them, and the English massacred, with the exception of their commander and one corporal, who escaped to Colombo.

From Kandy to Nuwera Eliya, the picturesque hill sanitarium of Ceylon, there is a pleasant carriage drive through undulating and broken country, and up a steep ascent known as the Rambodde Pass, the view from the summit of which, six thousand feet high, is magnificent. With relays of horses the journey can be performed between sunrise and sunset, and there are numerous halting-places by the way. A longer though quicker route is by the Nanu Oya Railway, which lands the traveller within four miles of his destination, whither a coach conveys him in half an hour.

The view on the opposite page shows the plain and settlement of Nuwera Eliya as seen from the old carriage road from Kandy *viâ* the Rambodde Pass, from the eastern summit of which the traveller gains his first glimpse of the ample, undulating plains of the sanitarium, with Lake Gregory in the distance. Dotted about at intervals may be seen some of the pretty English-looking cottages which, with their charming flower-gardens and smoking chimneys, impart a home-like aspect to the

scene, in strong contrast with the tropical vegetation left behind at the foot of the hills. Here, with a temperature ranging from 35° to 60° in the cold months, October to January, and from 55° to 80° in the hot months, from March to June, the dweller in the heated plains on the sea-coast may find a climate which will invigorate his exhausted frame. Here the stems of the stunted trees are moss-grown, their leaves are dark, and the small undergrowth of shrubs and brambles have lost all tropical character. The altitude of the extensive plains seen in the accompanying sketch is fully 6,000 feet above sea-level, while the summit of Pedrotallagalla, a mountain peak close by, is 8,280 feet. This lofty mountain is easily ascended, and the view from its topmost point amply compensates for the toil of the journey.

The existence of this sanitarium was made known to Europeans in 1826 by a party of officers in pursuit of elephants, who reported its admirable position and fine climate to the Governor; it was shortly afterwards selected as a health resort for invalid soldiers. Barracks were constructed, with a few private residences, and ultimately a road was carried to it from Kandy. During the last thirty years great improvements have taken place in the sanitarium; numerous cottages in the English style have been built in various parts of the plain; Government offices, a church, a bank, a club-



Nuwera Eliya.

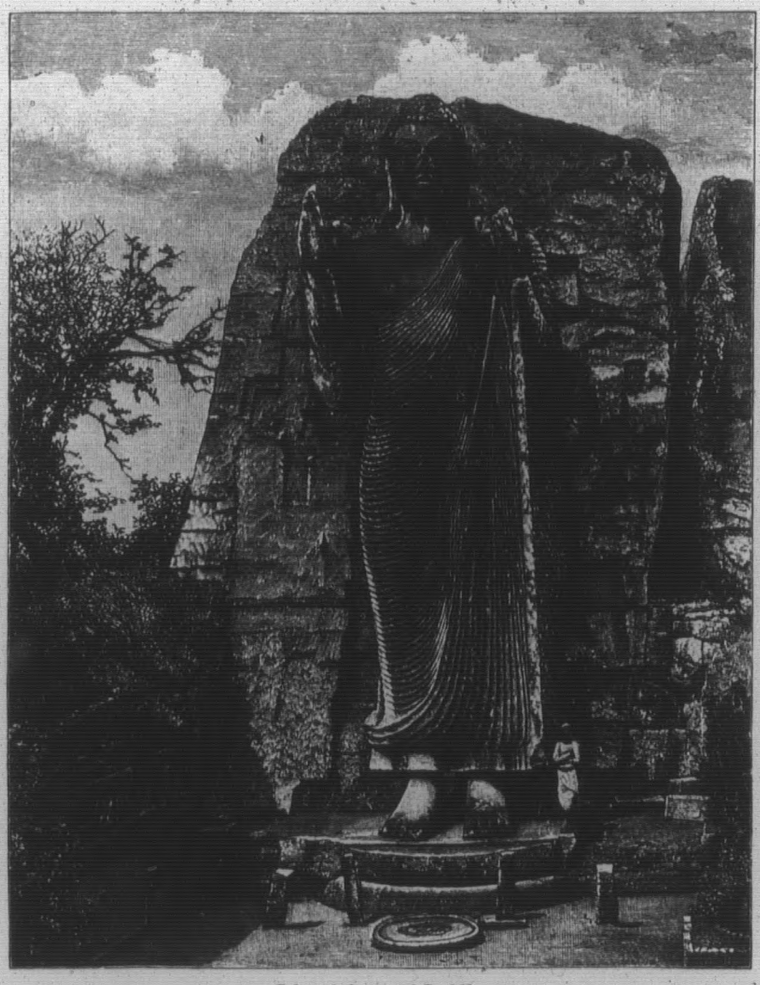
house, and two hotels have been erected; there is a numerous fixed population, and during the hot months of the year the sanitarium is visited by a large number of dwellers in Colombo, glad to inhale the health-giving breezes of the hills. As a preventative of sickness the change is more prized than as a resort for confirmed invalids, and so well is this understood, that medical men in India frequently order residents in the heated plains of Bengal to visit Nuwera Eliya for a season, in order to recruit their exhausted frames and ward off sickness. During the past season this healthy resort has been visited by native chiefs from India, and amongst European visitors of distinction to the hills have been the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, Sir Philip and Lady Egerton, Lord and Lady Brassey, Sir Roper Lethbridge, Mr. H. R. Farquharson, M.P., Mr. J. MacDonald Cameron, M.P., etc.

At the eastern extremity of the plain, beyond the lake, a road descends through a gap skirting a pretty hill stream, which falls over a succession of rocky ledges, into the wide expanse of undulating grass lands below, and for a distance of forty miles makes a descent of fully 3,000 feet, until it reaches the little town of Badulla, recently become the capital of the newly-created province of Ouvah, and the centre of a thriving community.

Twenty years ago the lofty hills and wooded plains in the

vicinity of Nuwera Eliya were the favourite resort of the elephant, the elk, and other large game; but the growth of population and the axe of the planter have together done much to deprive these of their wonted shelter, and though occasionally there may be a good "find" in some one of the near jungles, these are becoming of rare occurrence, and the sportsman has now to go far afield in quest of game.

Amongst the most notable objects to be met with in the interior of Ceylon are the vast archæological remains found thickly scattered in certain localities, attesting the presence at a former period of a people numerous and powerful enough to undertake works of vast magnitude and extent. As an example of these remains of past greatness may be cited the colossal figure of Buddha shown in the accompanying engraving. This statue has been hewn out of the solid rock behind, which forms its support, being attached to it by one or two small stone ties. The figure is about fifty feet in height, and is to be seen in the near vicinity of the famous Kalawewa, a tank of vast dimensions, on the road from Dambool to Mehintelle, an eminence overlooking the ancient capital of the Sinhalese rulers, Anuradhapura, the city of a thousand kings. This stupendous work of art stands out by itself amidst a deserted plain, the only abode near it being the "pansala" of a solitary mendicant, known as the Aukawa wihare. It is probable that this gigantic figure was at one time sheltered by a roof supported on massive beams of timber, as there may be seen marks in the rock evidently at one time the receptacles of wooden supports. It is said to have been the work of King Prakrama Bahu the Great, A.D. 1153, who had the good fortune to expel the Malabar invaders of his country, and to restore it to much of its ancient prosperity.



Colossal figure of Buddha.

Many of the remains of ancient works of art scattered so profusely throughout certain districts of the island are of a highly interesting character, not only by reason of their merits as works of skill, but on account of the vast proportions of many of them. These are to be found in and adjacent to the sites of the former capitals of the country, Anuradhapura and Palastipura, which flourished from B.C. 450 to A.D. 1220, and they may still be found thickly strewn amidst dense jungle. The figure, of which the accompanying engraving is a faithful representation, is but one of many such cut from masses of the living rock, with a great expenditure of labour and much skill. The question has never been satisfactorily determined, whether the great remains of the ancient cities of Ceylon were the work of indigenous or imported labour. The "Mahawanso," the great historical work of the Buddhists, is almost silent on the subject, though in one portion it makes mention of skilled artificers having been brought over from the Indian coast to effect certain repairs in the palaces and Buddhist edifices at Palastipura, the second capital. But of the earlier workmen in the more ancient city of Anuradhapura there is no mention in the volume.

Whilst the great charm of the scenery in the interior of Ceylon consists in the ever-varying features of hill and dale, steep mountain sides and rich undulating plains, as seen in the far district of Ouvah, or along the banks of the Mahawella Ganga, the attractions of the low country landscapes are mainly in the abundant richness of their tropical vegetation and the quiet seclusion of the many pretty spots dotted along highways and byways. In every portion of the maritime provinces of the island palm-trees form the chief and most attractive features, whether in fringing the sandy shores of the Indian ocean, or in gracefully arching over the traveller's head as he journeys along the high road from Colombo to Negombo on the one side, or from the capital to Galle on the other, sheltering the wayfarer from the heat of the noonday sun. Blending with the feathery foliage of the cocoanut-palm, laden with its rich golden fruit, may be seen, as in the sketch accompanying this, the broad-leafed plantain and the tall waving leaves of the talipot and the areka, all favourite growths in the garden patches of the Sinhalese villagers.

The scene depicted in the sketch on page 321 is one very frequently met with in the low country along the sea-coast of the western and southern provinces of the island. It represents a wayside village, with Sinhalese dwellings and *bou-*

tiques or shops on either side. At the door of one of these, on the left-hand side, may be seen a number of articles for sale, rice-cakes, sweetmeats, and fruit; while a little farther on the same side are two moormen dealers holding converse on some business matters. At some little distance up the road may be seen one of the common bullock carts of the country with its quaint roof of plaited cocoanut-leaves, an effectual protection against sun and rain. A central figure in the sketch is a Sinhalese appohamy, or country proprietor, dressed in his best holiday attire, umbrella in hand, making his way quietly along the road. Some of these men, owners of gardens, or dealers in the raw and manufactured produce of the low country, are possessed of considerable means, and live in much comfort.

It may be noticed that this road on the highway from Colombo, the capital and seaport of the island, is in excellent condition for traffic, being level and smooth as a bowling-green. This, until a very recent period, was the condition of all the main lines of road in the country; lately, in an evil hour, the Director of Public Works devised a system of false economy, by which, in order to effect a present saving in the cost of their up-keep, they have been allowed to fall from their once splendid condition. It is to be feared that the outlay necessary to redeem them from deterioration will eventually be very large. The heavy rains of the tropics exercise a destructive influence on the surface of roads, unless maintained in excellent order.

The wayside villages of the maritime districts of Ceylon are, as a rule, exceedingly neatly kept, and the trade carried on by their inhabitants is sufficiently profitable to enable them to lead lives of comparative comfort as compared with many of the village cultivators of the interior, who frequently, during unfavourable seasons, find it extremely difficult to support life. Along the line of the sea-coast fishing provides for the daily wants of very many of the people, while the families of others among them find occupation in the preparation of the fibres of the outer husk of the cocoanut, for making into coarse yarn and rope, a use to which they are very generally applied. The distillation of arrack from the juice of the palm-tree also affords employment to thousands of villagers along the sea-coast, where the tree flourishes with but little cultivation.

JOHN CAPPER.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF RECENT GERMAN ART.

HERR KARL VOSS is a member of the Munich school, albeit his birth was in Cologne and his residence long in Rome. Although his youth synchronized with that romantic movement which took such violent hold upon the Latin genius, this German painter kept a strong bent towards the classic work and feeling, and studied assiduously from the antique. His 'Bacchantes sporting with Bacchus' was secured for the Imperial Schloss in Berlin; his 'Hebe' for the Museum at Cologne; his 'Rebecca at the Well' and 'Ruth' are in a private German collection. His 'Sappho' has considerable fame; and when he chose a Teutonic motive it was the 'Lorelei' that he painted rather than anything more actual and more genuinely national. In the subject of our illustration, however, Herr Karl Voss has chosen the homeliest legend of modern Germany, and one which Heine rendered in that ballad form which he used in German as skilfully as some more recent poets have done in English. The story goes (we use Mrs. Howitt's very fair translation) that a youth lay sick with sorrow for the death of his maiden. "Rise up," said his mother, "and come on pilgrimage to Kevlaar, the shrine of the Holy Virgin."

"The Church's banners floated,
The Church's hymns arose,
And into fair Köln city
The long procession goes.

"The mother joined the pilgrims,
Her sick son leadeth she;
And both sing in the chorus
'Gelobt seist Du, Marie!'"

The halt and the lame are healed at the intercession of Mary; those who have had a hand made whole offer a waxen hand at the shrine, and those whose feet have been cured, a foot. The boy's mother, in her hope that even a broken heart may get healing, moulds a heart of the wax of the tapers and bids him take it to the Mother of Christ. He prays and weeps:

"'Thou that art highly blessed,
Thou Mother of Christ,' said he,
'Thou who art Queen of Heaven,
I bring my griefs to thee.

"'I dwelt in Köln with my mother,
In Köln upon the Rhine,
Where so many a hundred chapels
And so many churches shine.

"'And near to us dwelt Gretchen,
But dead is Gretchen now.
Marie, I bring a waxen heart;
My heart's despair heal thou!

"'Heal thou my sore heart sickness,
So will I sing to thee,
Early and late, with fervent love,
Gelobt seist Du, Marie!'"

That night the two pilgrims, mother and son, were in the chamber together, and the mother saw the Holy Virgin, whose praises had been in their ears all day, glide in and stand over the lover's bed, and lay her hand upon his heart, smiling before she faded away. Then the dogs howled at the door and the mother rose from what she thought was a dream.

"Upon his bed extended
Her son lay and was dead;
And o'er his thin pale visage streamed
The morning's lovely red.

"Her hands the mother folded,
Yet not a tear wept she,
But sang in low devotion:
'Gelobt seist Du, Marie.'"

Herr Voss's picture, with all its little modern accessories—umbrella, candle, and teapot—is intended to accentuate the fact that such legends are by no means always ancient history in Germany. Kevlaar, and the neighbouring much-honoured shrine at Bornhofen, are surrounded with such tales told by the people in prose and song. The patient, enduring German peasants walk many a mile on pilgrimage; and no more pleasant sound comes to the traveller sitting among the vineyards at Bornhofen than the rhythmic recitation of the

rosary with which the bands of pilgrims draw near to the church. At intervals are the little painted "Stations of the Cross," and above the deep cleft within which the village nestles, stand the two hills with the hollow ruins of the "Brothers'" castles, having also their history. Heine, who had so much of the Jew and so much of the Frenchman, sounds his Teutonic note in this ballad of the German poor.

'In these days, when men have ceased to care for any kind of conventional idealizing of common things, those schools of art are happy which have pitched their studios and their schools within reach of picturesque popular life. It mattered little in past, though recent, times, when Art was allowed and expected to "make-believe very hard" as to the peasant; when Mr. Faed pretended that Scotch agricultural fathers of families wore rosy trousers, and any other little bit of colour that the artist wanted; and when Mason—very differently untrue, but still untrue—pretended that English country girls wore pinafores with lines fit for the Parthenon, and danced in their cotton frocks and sun bonnets with the action of dryads. While Art was permitted to keep this kind of tradition it mattered little what was the actual reality of life in the villages and hamlets at hand. But now that a picture is bound to be true and to present what beauty it may under the sanction of reality; now that all the long-neglected and

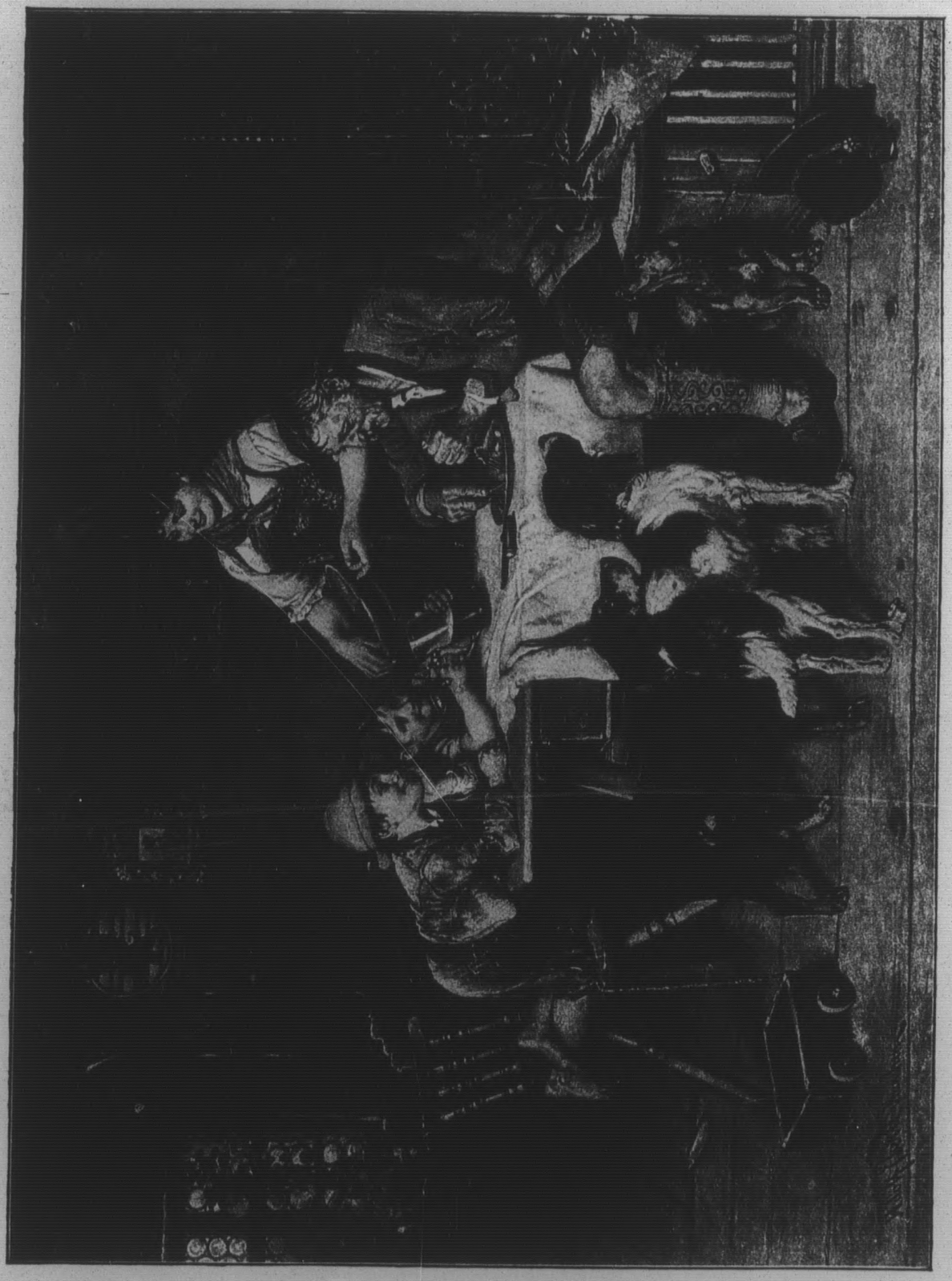


The Pilgrimage to Kevlaar. Painted by Karl Voss.

delicate powers of observation, and all bright and careful watchfulness of the eyes and mind, are the chief faculties entrusted with the production of pictures, it is well that the truth should be graceful. Truth is good, but for a long time to come people will prefer the truth about charming things to an equally delicate and sincere vanity about coarse ones. Unfortunately, the English poor, whether rustic or urban, are rapidly ceasing to be charming, and our painters are constrained to study such grim subjects as Mr. Clausen has taken in his 'Flora'—the deplorable flower woman, with her hard face seamed by care and cold, selling flowers in the east wind in a suburban street.

Paris has some still beautiful and distinctive popular life within reach; Düsseldorf has the quaint persons of both German and Dutch peasants easily at hand; but no art school is so happily placed as that of Munich. Within touch of Innsbrück and the Highlands of Bavaria, Munich has the last remnants of decoratively picturesque peasantry as subjects for her painters. The peasant who is simple and does not wear second-hand clothing—who does not follow the plough in an old dress coat, like the American farm-labourer; or rake in the hay with an artificial flower in her bonnet, like the English farm-labourer's wife—is always paintable. But in many a nook and corner of old Germany he is fancifully and elaborately ornamental. Even when all peasant ornament has disappeared from elegant Italy, these Teutonic

interiors keep their embroidery, their carving, their traditional decoration of lute, and knapsack, and chimney corner. It is such an interior that Herr Adolf Eberle has painted in his 'Retarded Dinner.' But if the scene is pleasantly local, the interest is universal. Who does not remember the keen emotion of watching a just-returned father at a delightfully



A Retarded Dinner. Painted by Adolf Eberle.

untimely meal—the effect of joy and of the interesting viands upon the filial appetites, the sympathetic envy, and the watchfulness of child and dog? Herr Eberle has been during a fortunate career the faithful student of such passages of homely life. Son of the animal-painter, Robert Eberle, he entered the Academy of Munich very young, under Piloty, with whom he

made a particular study of colour. In 1861, at eighteen years of age, he exhibited his first picture, 'The Mortgage of the Last Cow,' in which the simplicity and sincerity of the execution gained him great praise. Still, in the first years of his career, he sought for motives perseveringly and enthusiastically in Upper Bavaria, proving one of the most Teutonic and "actual" of the painters whom classical Munich, almost in spite of herself, has nurtured in her schools.

The painter of the little group of smiles and sunshine, entitled 'Little Chatterbox,' is a typical German artist of a not very distinguished but always pleasant school, now out of date. His work belongs to a time which concerns itself far less than does our own day with watching all the little verities of action and expression. Herr Johann Meyer has been content to paint truth as generally received, and as the public he has so widely pleased expect to see it. For instance, the kindly public like to think that little children admire one another, and appreciate the immature sweetness and prettiness which to grown-up people is so charming,—that child is fascinating to child, in a word, and that a little girl of eight chucks a little boy of six under the chin in her delight at his dimples. Herr Meyer gives so ideal a scene in all good faith, whereas the younger painter of genre, who works, as strictly as the contemporary novelist, from experience and experiment, finds that childish tenderness is rare, and that when it exists it takes very different forms from those which express the tenderness of the adult. More over, in the drawing of figure and face, Meyer does more or less what is expected of him; and doubtless he has received larger and even more enthusiastic appreciation than is accorded to the artist who watches intently for the truth of sentiment, line, gesture, and light, and presents it in his pictures as a surprise.



Little Chatterbox. Painted by J. Meyer von Bremen.

Herr Meyer was born in the town of Bremen, from which he took the name that distinguishes him from many Meyers, (namely von Bremen) about the year 1813. Between the two schools which have long divided Teutonic Art—Düsseldorf and Munich—he chose Düsseldorf, entering the studios of the little Rhenish town with the ambition of devoting himself to historical painting, especially in the religious aspect which Düsseldorf cherished at one time with so much hopefulness of a revival of sacred Art. He soon found, however, that whatever Düsseldorf in the aggregate could do, his own talent would prosper best in genre, in rendering peasant life and child peasant life. His subjects thenceforth lay entirely among the children of German street and field, the broad-headed little Teutons whose "lint-white" hair is bleached by the sun which browns their German skins—the unshaded sun of that drearily bright and featureless region of the Rhineland which lies about the city chosen by Art and artists. Nowhere, perhaps, are children more pervasive and universal, more like one another, and more solidly and unconsciously happy than the boys and girls of this Rhineland. And Herr Meyer painted them so persistently that, being apparently a subject for nicknames—a kindly sign—he has been known in Germany as "Kinder-Meyer." The National Gallery at Berlin, which is national in another sense than ours, possesses his 'Little Housewife;' and a rather exceptional number of his pictures found their way to America before Transatlantic Art-taste had developed under French influences. At the Johnston sale in New York, in 1876, a small Meyer sold for £750; at the Latham sale in the same city, in 1878, a picture of much the same inches and of a kindred subject, 'What has Mother bought?' fetched about £820. His 'Water-girl' is in one of the best private collections in Boston, and another Massachusetts town had quite the best Meyers ever brought together. 'The Little Coquette,' 'Leaving Home,' 'Meditation,' and 'Prayer' are "owned" (to use the American locution) in New York. He has, in fact, rather taken the position in the United States which Edouard Frère has long held with us. But the popularity of "Kinder-Meyer" is world-wide.

ALICE MEYNELL.

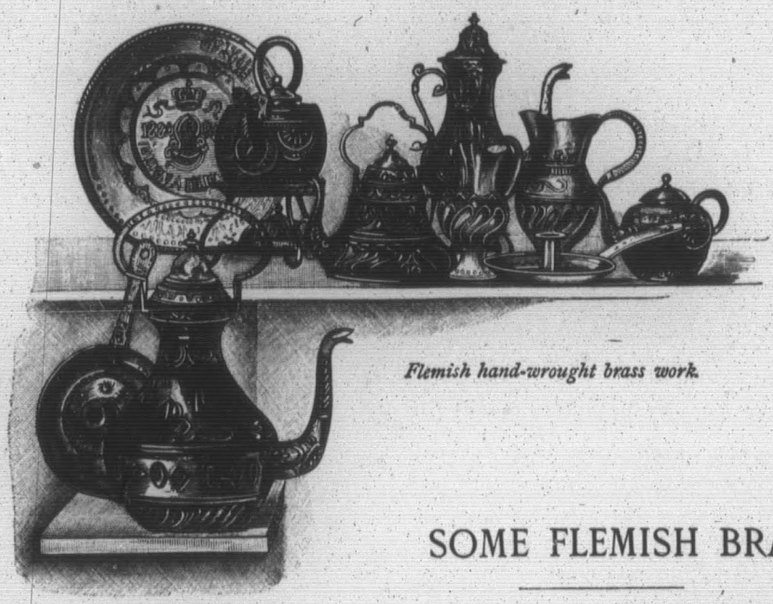
MADONNA AND CHILD.

FROM A PAINTING BY GABRIEL MAX.

THE Child who was "set in the midst" of Mediæval and Renaissance Art in Europe, with the woman whose arm and whose knee were necessary to His weakness, has almost entirely disappeared from the schools of modern painting. But now and then a Madonna and Bambino are painted still, and when they are, we should not complain of them that they are modern. The name of Madonna and Child is a conventionality which covers the not infrequent trivial moods of Raphael and the habitual moods of less noble painters. In no other subject of Art, perhaps, does the modern world inherit so many and such various traditions. Perhaps that is one reason why our contemporaries are generally discouraged from attempting the once central group. It would be hard to please afresh amateur critics who love, or think they love, the prosperous "Madonna della Seggiola," or the majestic girl of Dresden. Thus Herr Gabriel Max has had many minds expressed about his work. For the mother's face he has taken no remote ideal; but he has given it a serenity of expression not without significance. The action of the Child has also its charm, and a dramatic directness always admirable in the work of this Munich painter.



Madonna and Child. From a Painting by Gabriel Max.



Flemish hand-wrought brass work.

SOME FLEMISH BRASS.

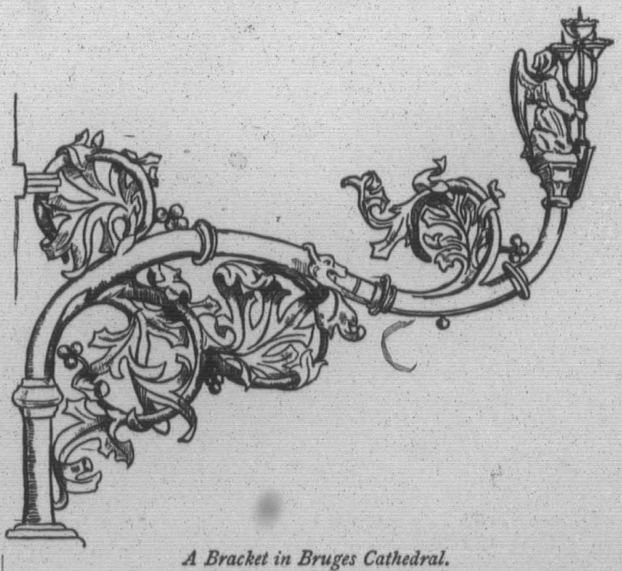
IN spite of the high degree of artistic development to which Flanders attained in the Middle Ages, it is noteworthy that she has produced but few remarkable statues in marble. The talent of her sculptors seems to have turned into other channels, and to have been devoted to the lesser arts, to wood and metals, to the ornamenting of churches and houses within and without. The northern centre of Art, apart from its glorious painters, leaves on one's mind an impression of bourgeois comfort, luxury, and splendour, in strong contrast to the open-air, princely magnificence of Italy.

In the altar-tombs of Mary of Burgundy and her father Charles the Bold, in the church of Notre-Dame at Bruges, the Flemish love of gorgeous decoration has reached its climax. It would be hard to exceed them, one fancies, in wealth of ornament. The figures are in brass, richly gilt, and lie on black marble slabs; the gentle Mary, with her dogs at her feet, and her head resting on a sumptuous cushion; the gallant, ill-starred Duke, dressed in the full robes of the Golden Fleece, the grand collar round his neck, and a crown on his head.

Mary's tomb is the oldest. It was made by Pierre de Beckere, goldsmith and founder of metals at Brussels, and was begun in 1495, thirteen years after the Princess's death from a fall from her horse while hawking near Bruges. The cornice is ornamented with eighteen shields and scrolls, bearing the arms and titles of the "duchies, counties and lordships which this amiable heiress brought to the house of Austria and which afterwards swelled the empire on which the sun never set of her grandson Charles the Fifth." On each side of the tomb a genealogical tree, in fine brass, showing Mary's paternal and maternal descent, spreads its branches over the marble. Sixty-two escutcheons, exquisitely enamelled with coats-of-arms, hang from these branches, supported by forty very beautifully modelled angels in flowing draperies. At the head, on either side of the Princess's epitaph, is an angel holding a flowering branch; and at the foot a tree, on which is hung Mary's own shield, pennon, and crown, supported by two more angels; while a scroll interlaced in the branches bears the inscription:—"Marie de bourgne Archiduchesse d'Austriche fille de Charles duc de Bougne Et de Ysabeau de bourbon."

The design of this magnificent tomb leaves nothing to be desired; and the beauty and delicacy of the brass work over the black marble of the plinth produces a very striking effect. The unfortunate Pierre de Beckere, however, gained nothing by his work of art. Not only was he obliged to sell his patrimony to procure gold for the gilding, but he became paralytic and lost several of his workmen from the mercury employed in the process. And in spite of these misfortunes he could only extract small instalments of what was owing to him from Philip the Fair, till Charles V., in 1519, settled his account by paying him the sum of four hundred Flemish livres and a pension of six sous a day, instead of the two thousand livres and pension of ten sous which the wretched artist claimed.

Charles the Bold's tomb was erected in 1559—62 by his great-great-grandson, Philip II. It is the work of Jacques Jonghelinck, founder of Antwerp, and Josse Aerts and Jean de Smet, stone cutters, who carried out the designs of Corneille Floris of Antwerp. It cost fourteen thousand florins, besides forty florins paid to each of the workmen for the loss of his teeth in the process of enamelling. The tomb is an imitation of that of Mary of Burgundy. But it is very inferior to the earlier monument, except with regard to the Duke's effigy, which in workmanship, especially in the exquisite



A Bracket in Bruges Cathedral.

modelling of the hands, closely resembles those noble recumbent figures of Henry VII. and his mother, the Lady Mar-

garet, in Westminster Abbey. It is an example of the rapid decadence of art at that time. In the sixty years between the erection of these two monuments, the angels which support the scutcheons of the Princess have turned into extremely mundane female figures, without a touch of the lofty reverence of the earlier design; and the two other figures at the head of the tomb are, despite their wings, of the earth earthy.

The monuments were saved from the revolutionists of the end of the eighteenth century by the courage and determination of Pierre de Zilter, the beadle of the church. With the help of a statuary, Etienne Sierzac by name, he hid the effigies in the house of Albert Valkenaere, clerk of the "table of the poor" in the parish. And so well did they keep their secret that the unlucky canons of the church were accused of having abstracted the figures, and were condemned by the Central Administration of the province of the Lys, on the 11th Ventose, year 4 (March 5, 1796), to lodge and feed three soldiers each, who were besides to receive three livres a day, till the tombs were restored to their places. This of course meant that they would be given up into the hands of the revolutionists and melted down, as they melted down all the lead and iron they could find in the graves beneath the monuments.



Altar-tomb of Mary of Burgundy.

Brass is largely used in Flemish churches; for gates in the black-and-white marble *jubés* which are so popular—for magnificent candlesticks before the altar—for shrines and tabernacles—for coronas and candle-branches.

The nave of the cathedral at Bruges is lighted by very beautiful gas brackets, made a few years ago by M. J. Fleurmann-Concke, rue Haute de Bruges, from designs of Antonio Verbeke, of which we are able to give an illustration. But the cathedral and the church of St. Jacques contain examples of another branch of the brass-worker's art, in a series of flat monumental brasses of extraordinary beauty, dating from the fourteenth to the seventeenth centuries. One of the earliest is that of Wautier Copman, 1387, in the cathedral. This figure M. Weale considers specially remarkable, as being the earliest he has met with in which the person is represented as dead and in a winding-sheet. It has, he adds, been imitated frequently. Wautier Copman lies upon a sumptuous cloth or carpet, his head resting on a richly-worked cushion. The winding-sheet, drawn over the forehead, veils his eyes and his hands, which are crossed on his breast. The figure is designed with a severe and striking simplicity, and at the head and feet are angels bearing scrolls with pious devices. More elaborate, but not more impressive, is the next brass, that of Sire Martin de Visch, 1453. The background is covered with a rich diaper of leafage and little dogs, with the word MOY (*gentillement*) repeated again and again.

In the church of St. Jacques several very exquisite brasses are placed against the wall of the chapel of St. Anthony. Catherine, daughter of Colard d'Ault, 1461, appears on one between her brother and her guardian angel. That of Philip of Valencia, 1615, is made up of the fragments of three other tombs, one of 1380. It bears a plumed helm, drawn with extraordinary exuberance and vigour. On another, Antoinette Willebaert, first wife of Pierre de Mase, is represented with her seven children. And on the south side of the church is another brass of the fifteenth century, covered with elaborate conventional designs of great beauty. The details of borders and backgrounds in all are worthy of the closest attention.

But the use of brass, general as it is in churches, is yet more remarkable in the every-day life of Flanders. Turn where you will, you see the golden flash of brazen vessels. The market-woman, sitting by her little stall in the market-place, or among the rags and old iron in the Marché aux Chiffons, has her great shining coffee-pot or her *bouillote* by her side. Over the counters of every tiny shop where apples or tobacco or cakes or salt fish are sold, hang scales and scoops of brass polished to perfection. The harness of the dogs glitter with brass. The carts they draw are filled with great brazen milkpots of delightful form. While a Flemish kitchen, with its pots, pans, kettles, and long-handled candlesticks, is as dazzling as a goldsmith's shop.

Some idea of this Flemish hand-wrought brass work may be gained from the array of kettles, *bouillotes*, coffee-pots, jugs, and candlesticks which stand at the head of this paper. These—all taken from ancient models which have been in use since the days of Van Eyck and Memling—are the work of M. Karel Rossignol, of the Rue Ouest du Marais. M. Rossignol began life as a brasier on the Grande Place. But since he retired from active business a few years ago, he has, with a true artist's enthusiasm, devoted his leisure to the

revival of this attractive art. And his success is attested by a case of medals from various European Industrial Exhibitions, as well as by the exquisitely-wrought kettles and platters which make his little *salon* glow with golden reflections.

The Fleming is true to his old traditions. In the palmy days of Bruges, when fleets bearing treasure from all the world to her merchant-princes came sailing into the port of Damme, gold was of as little account as was the gold of Ophir in King Solomon's time. It shines through the rich embroideries, the costly fabrics of Van Eyck's and Memling's pictures. It glitters in Van Orley's palaces, in chains and jewels and magnificent vessels at the feasts.

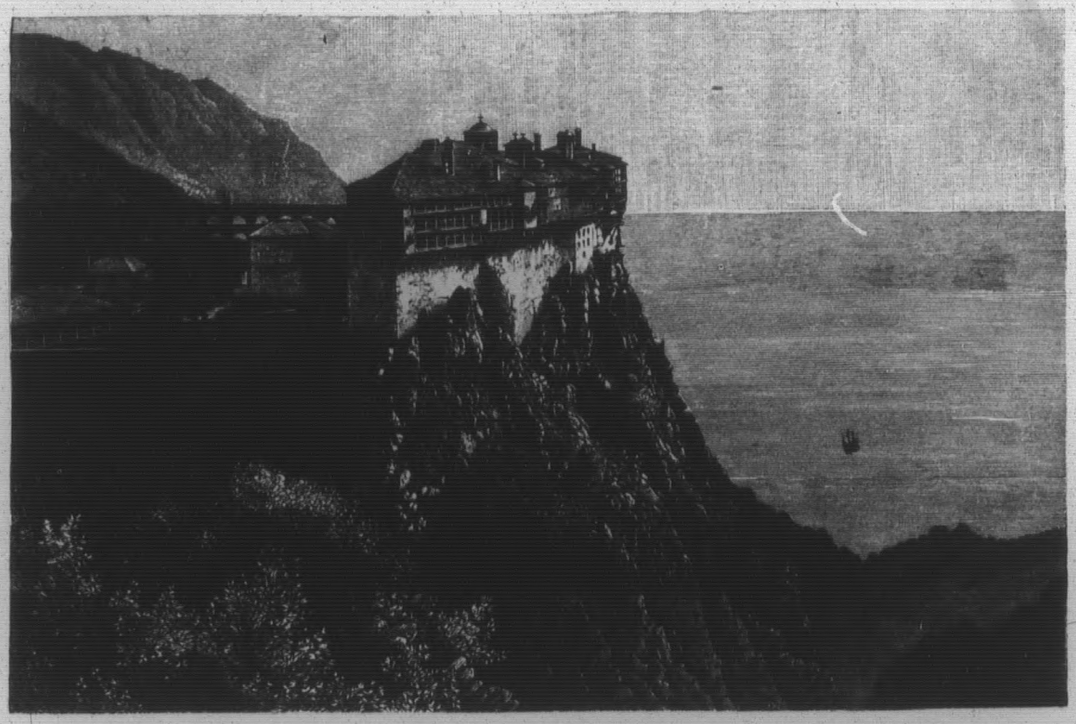
Now the glory has departed. The great port of Damme is a wretched village in the fen. The descendants of the prosperous Flemings of the Middle Ages are in general the hardest-worked and worst-paid population in the north of Europe. But still they cling to their love of shining metal. The only difference is that in place of gold they have to be content with brass.

ROSE G. KINGSLEY.

"THE MOUNTAIN OF THE MONKS."

FROM the Ægean Sea a mountain may be seen rising out of the waters far away on the northern horizon. To this peak a hundred millions of Christians belonging to the Holy Orthodox Eastern Church turn their eyes "as the nursery of all holiness." We are indebted to Mr. Athelstan Riley for a most complete and interesting account of this sacred spot: "ATHOS, OR THE HOLY MOUNTAIN OF THE MONKS" (London: Longmans).

Athos is the easternmost of three promontories of almost equal length, running side by side into the sea from a tract of land situated south of Macedonia. It is forty miles in length, with an average breadth of four, and round its shores stand twenty ancient monasteries, forming the monastic republic of the Holy Mountain. Mr. Riley visited each monastery in turn, and has here given us a wealth of information appertaining to this deeply interesting spot, still strong and lusty, despite its thousand years' lease of life—not only interesting to the ordinary reader, but simply invaluable to the future historian of the Holy Mountain. Protestants, and Roman Catholics as well, will find food for reflection in



The Monastery of Simopetra.

Mr. Riley's account of this important church, with doctrines similar in many respects to those of the Church of England, and with the archbishop of at least one monastery desirous of union with the Western Church. Simopetra, of which we give an illustration, is the most picturesque of the twenty monasteries. From the mountain side a deep valley descends to the sea, and in the midst of this ravine, perched upon an isolated rock, stands Simopetra, at the height of one thousand feet. An aqueduct of fourteen arches connects it with the mountain. The monks obtain their fruit and vegetables from a terraced garden, which with great labour they have scooped out of the rock. Projecting from the wall are wooden balconies, one above the other, from which a glorious view of the Gulf of the Holy Mountain can be obtained. The monastery, which now contains seventy monks, was founded, about the year 1250, by the King of Servia and Macedonia. It was burnt down in the sixteenth century, many of the inhabitants perishing in the flames.

BARNARD CASTLE.

TO be left like a lodge in a garden of cucumbers, is a figure of speech used in the East to describe the extremity of neglected decay; here in England, however, the sight of some fragment of Norman castle or abbey, invaded on all sides by a rising commercial town, would be a yet more forcible illustration of it. Barnard Castle, once among the very fairest of river-side castles, is one of these relics of more picturesque times, and ought to be seen soon if seen at all. Its name points to its history—it was Barnard's Castle—built by Barnard Baliol, in the place where his family reigned for two centuries with all the power of petty kings, making their little laws, granting privileges and charters to the burgesses of the town which had grown up at their castle gates, adding barony to barony, and climbing to one height after another, until at last they gave a king to Scotland; and then, exactly two hundred years after they had become possessed of Barnard Castle, all their estates were confiscated; their names occurred no more in history (with the exception of a notice of one brief effort to retrieve their fall), and now all that is left of their work is a ruin by Tees-side, and a famous college in Oxford.



Barnard Castle from the Manor Fields. By A. W. Hunt, R.W.S.

Barnard Castle has a history independently of the Baliol family, and a history which begins early, for even in Saxon times, when it was known by the name of Marwood, it was a place of some importance, lying as it did close by the Roman road which branched off from the "High Street" to Binchester. Fifty years before the Conquest, according to Mr. Walbran, the Earl of Northumberland received or took it from Aldhune, Bishop of Durham. Seven-and-twenty years afterwards (1093) William Rufus gave to Guy Baliol, a Norman adherent of his father's, the forests of Teesdale and Marwood, together with the lordships of Middleton-in-Teesdale and Gainford, and all the royal franchises, liberties, and immunities. When, however, Baliol went to take possession of his new estates, he would find a mere "howling wilderness," for but little could have been done to recover the blow struck by William the Conqueror in 1069, when he laid the whole country between York and Durham waste with fire and sword. Both William of Malmsbury and Hoveden write so emphatically about the total destruction of all buildings and of the entire population, that we cannot but wonder what was left for Malcolm of Scotland to do when he came on his mission of destruction. He too is said to have come down on Teesdale after William's departure, and to have burnt churches, murdered noblemen, and carried young men and maidens into captivity. Guy Baliol, to whom this wasted land was given, was not the man who built the castle. It was begun, early in the twelfth century, by his nephew, Barnard Baliol, who discarded the old name of Marwood for the present name; and thus has the founder been capriciously commemorated by his Christian rather than by his surname. Barnard Baliol was lord of lands in three kingdoms. He had the family estates in France, baronies in Northumberland and Yorkshire, other estates in the south of England, and he sought and found new lands and new honours in the court of King David of Scotland. He, like many nobles of the day who owed allegiance to more than one feudal superior, must often have been in sore straits to know how to act for the best, well knowing that adherence to the one meant confiscation of all the territories held under the other. He fought bravely against King David at the battle of the Standard in 1138. He fought side by side with King Stephen at Lincoln, and was there taken prisoner with him. Barnard, his son, was a valiant soldier too, and to his determination we owe the capture of William the Lion at Alnwick. Hugh Baliol, who, in 1212, succeeded to the priest-like Eustace, was a friend of King John's, and abetted him in his contests with his barons. In 1216 two royal visits were paid to Barnard Castle. King John stayed there on his way to Newcastle, and very soon afterwards Alexander of Scotland appeared in a much less friendly fashion. After subduing all the fortresses of Northumberland, he "sat down" before Hugh Baliol's castle. Eustace de Vesci led a reconnoitring party on this occasion, and an old chronicler tells us, in the quaint language of the time, how he came by his end. "Towards the end of King Jhon's reigne, what tyme Lewes of Fraunce molested this realme, Alexander of Scotlande came to Dover and did to Lewes the homage that of right he ought to Jhon: and as he passed by Castle Barnard with all his companie (which castle then stode in the precinct of Halywerkfolke, in the custodie of Hugh Baliol), he surveid it round about to espie whether it were assailable of any syde, and while he was thus occupied, one within discharged a cross bowe and strake Eustace Vescy, which had marryed his syster, on the forhead with such might that he fell dead to the ground, whereof the king and all his nobles conceaved great sorrow, but were not able to amend it."

Hugh Baliol died in 1228. Dugdale says he "continued his wonted course of plundering up to the last;" but we may suppose that numerous gifts of lands and privileges to the Church bespeak some desire to make things straight with heaven. John, his son, married Devorgoil, heiress of Galloway, and ultimately eldest co-heir of the Scottish throne. He was the great man of the family, and was honoured in his own time both as a soldier and as a statesman. He is now chiefly remembered as the founder of Baliol College, though, according to Dr. Raine, it was founded more as a penance than an act of grace. Some of his men had broken into the church of Longnewton, and for this were excommunicated by the Bishop of Durham. Baliol retaliated, and took an opportunity of attacking the bishop, seized some of his attendants, and shut them up in his castle. The Bishop then excommunicated Baliol himself, and would not withdraw this until Baliol had submitted to a sound castigation from the Bishop's own hands, and had bound himself to make provision for a certain number of scholars in the University of Oxford. Thus was Baliol College founded.

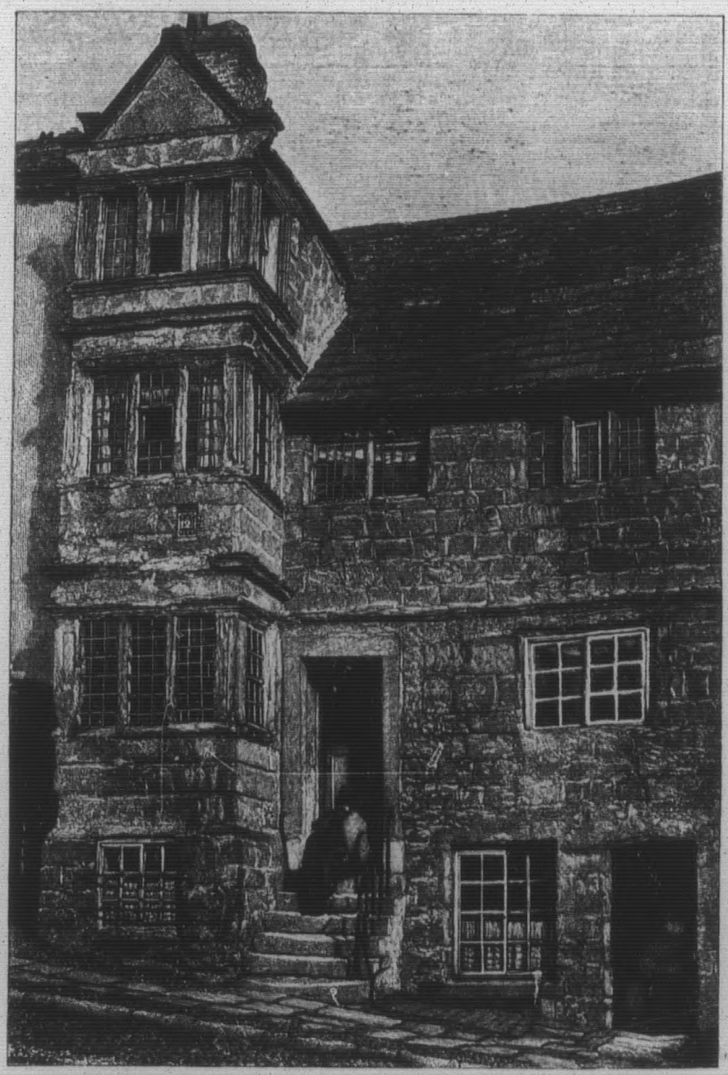


Barnard Castle from the river.

When John Baliol died, about 1269, Devorgoil caused his heart to be embalmed and laid in an ivory coffer, which she always kept by her, and after her death it was, by her desire, laid on her own heart and buried with her in Sweetheart Abbey, which she had herself founded. None of their children were equal to themselves. Hugh and Alexander died young and childless, and John, the third son, inherited possessions now greater than ever. His history is well known. He was evidently not equal to his high fortunes, but he was rightful King of Scotland, and there is something profoundly touching in the thought of his being so glad to creep into his long-neglected castle of Bailleul, there to die in obscurity. With his forfeiture all connection between the Baliols and Barnard Castle came to an abrupt end.

After this more than one great lord reigned there. Guy, Earl of Warwick, was the first; and then came Richard Neville, the king-maker, and after him the Duke of Gloucester, all obtaining possession through their wives. The latter built much of the castle we now see, and set on it as a token his cognizance of a bristly boar. But where is the castle in which these men lived? It is almost as hard to find among gas works, mills, and modern houses as it would be to disinter from ancient deeds and charters any new fact connected with its origin. Small as the place is, it would be quite possible to go to Barnard Castle and never know that there was a castle at all. The town, for the most part, consists of two streets; one, which you enter soon after you leave the railway station, is wide and irregularly built, and bears the ominous name of Gallowgate, or Galgate. It has obviously set out with the intention of taking you direct to the castle, but just as it is almost under the very walls, it darts off at a right angle, and by its own houses blocks off all approach to that building except by the back way from the King's Head Inn, or a by-path through what used to be a pasture at the foot of Galgate, but is now nearly covered with houses. The view which forms the subject of Mr. Alfred Hunt's illustration was taken from this pasture, but it is now, alas! all but a thing of the past. Having taken this freakish but resolute course, the street runs downhill to the river, and in this short limit are contained most of the shops and inns of the place. What a number of inns there are! I counted five-and-thirty of them in a very short walk. "If you should go near Barnard Castle there is good ale at the King's Head," wrote Mr. Newman Noggs to Mr. Nicholas Nickleby. It was at this inn that Creswick spent six weeks of every summer for many years, and almost every picturesque point in the neighbourhood has been painted by him, for many of which landscape painters would now search in vain. It was here too that Dickens stayed while collecting material for the description of Dotheboys Hall, and here he interviewed schoolmasters, who too confidingly revealed to him the secrets of their prison-houses, and he talked with a burly Yorkshireman, whose traits were perhaps reproduced in worthy John Browdie. No doubt Dickens heard the name of Browdie when on this expedition, and thought it was a local one, whereas in all probability it was only the local pronunciation of Brodie. In the paper on Bowes it has been shown on what a slender basis the Dickens' myth, so fondly cherished in Barnard Castle, rests. It is there said that the great author lived for six weeks at the King's Head Inn, where he wrote a great part of Nicholas Nickleby. The inkstand he used is shown, and so is the room in which he wrote. The hero-worshipper is then taken to the window and

a shop on the other side of the way is pointed out. It is a clockmaker's of the name of Humphrey, and there is a large clock over the door. This name and the clock are said to have caught the eye of Dickens, morning after morning, while he was seated at his work, and after a while he made the acquaintance of the clockmaker, who not only supplied facts about the schools, but did something better. Mr. Humphrey was engaged to keep the clocks of some of these establishments in order, and paid them periodical visits. He took Dickens with him on his rounds. Mr. Clarkson's school at Startforth was the first they visited. It was there that Cobden passed five most miserable years, but Dickens found it insufficient for his purpose; then they went to Bowes, which he has immortalized. The myth—like most other myths, some truth has no doubt entered into its composition (only it must be borne in mind that I have proved that Dickens can only have spent one night, or at most two, in Barnard Castle)—goes on to say that the name and calling of Mr. Humphrey became so firmly fixed in the author's mind that he christened his next book "Master Humphrey's Clock," and sent a copy of it to the Barnard Castle Master Humphrey together with a kindly letter. If this letter were but forthcoming, the truth of this picturesque incident would be established, but it is said to have been lent to a gentleman who never returned it, and what is more fatally conclusive is that in 1838, when Dickens was in Barnard Castle, Mr. Humphrey, the clockmaker, lived lower down the street, in a shop which, being behind the massive Market Cross, could not be seen from the window of the inn. At that time, too, there was no clock outside the door. In 1840, he moved to the shop we now see, and put up a clock which somehow or other began to be respected as having helped the novelist to a name. After a while, purchasers offered themselves, and the clock was sold to a gentleman in Newcastle, for a good sum. Ultimately it went to Philadelphia, having been purchased a second time, this time for £350. The Humphreys put up another clock, which now takes exactly the same position as the former. Mr. Humphrey is dead, but the clock is still there. Dickens's letter cannot be shown for "some one kept it;" the presentation copy of the book never seems to be forthcoming, but the myth is rampant, and at all events the stool on which Dickens sat when he went to chat with the old clockmaker is shown. Probably he did sit on it, he would not have been the great man he was if he had not used every opportunity of gaining information, but he did not sit on it more than once or twice. A relative of Mr. Humphrey observed to me, "Somehow Mr. Humphrey never seemed to like to talk about Dickens, after so much had been said about what he did when he was here." The story had grown out of the old man's ken.



Blagroves.

Hard by Master Humphrey's shop, and in the very centre of this the principal street, is the market cross. It is cumbrous and ugly enough, but it becomes interesting when we know that within its walls, safely stored in box within box, are most of the charters wrung so long ago from the lords of the place—the Baliols. The street is by no means barren of interest, and on passing the Burns' Head Inn* I always remember a story told by Mr. Morritt, the uncle of the present owner, to my father. Mr. Morritt had walked over from Rokeby with Sir Walter Scott, who was a frequent guest at that beautiful place. The poet's head on the sign was considered in the neighbourhood to be a speaking likeness, and Mr. Morritt pointed it out to Sir Walter, and praised it as a most successful bit of portraiture. "How long has it been there?" said Sir Walter quietly. "Two or three years," was the answer. "Then," said Scott, "you may take my word for it, it's no like Burns; Robbie Burns would never have stayed outside a public as long as that."

From this point the descent to the river is rapid, and the houses are most irregular and picturesque. One, a lovely

* The Burns' Head sign has been removed since this was written.

gabled one of the Elizabethan period, in which Cromwell stayed while here, is pre-eminently so, inside and out. "Horrid unconvenient place!" said the good woman who inhabited it, "look how ancient it is!" How ancient are many other fragments we meet with. Many of them are pickings and stealings from the castle. There are low doorways, some with dates, some with carving or inscriptions. One of these was probably intended to keep down the pride of the too happy builder or owner, for he could not so much as enter his house without reading on a stone above his door, "Man, remember thou art mortal." But all these remains are fragmentary, and beginning to be pushed out of the way by great ugly warehouses or mills; and alas! when we get quite to the bottom of the hill and think to go through the gate which once led to the "Mains," or else to cross the river by the stepping-stones, which were so pretty to look at, but did require such length of limb and courage, behold all is changed! An enormous mill blocks up one way, and a hideous—a most hideous—foot-bridge has replaced the stepping-stones. There is nothing for it but to accept the fact that so much beauty is lost to the world, and to retrace our steps. After all, the castle is our main object. It lies behind the King's Head Inn, and the old fortifications are now pretty orchards, and part of the inn garden, and when you have passed through this all the beauty of Barnard Castle suddenly discloses itself, for we are on the abrupt edge of the bank which dips down into the Tees, and by opening a postern door one of the most lovely views in England can be obtained. A river with thickly wooded hillsides and a distance of faint blue mountain with moorland, from which it flows; a shattered tower, with ruined chambers high aloft, looking altogether as if it could not stand against a very strong wind; a rock base of limestone quite steep, and with its crannies filled with flowering weeds, make a picture which would be perfect were it not for some huge mills on the opposite side of the river, which are much too big and too ugly for any poetical feeling to reduce them to harmlessness.

The fortress was never very large, but the steepness of the rock, which rises one hundred feet above the water, gave it strength, and where the rock ended a broad deep ditch began. It was strongly walled and had two gates, one opening on the present market-place and the other on the meadows on the north. The area entered from the market-place had no direct communication with the chief stronghold, but was separated from it by a fosse. This area was used as a refuge for the townsfolk and their cattle in cases of urgent need. The ballad of the "Rising in the North" gives a fair idea of the powers of resistance of this portion of the fortifications:—

"Sir George Bowes to his castle fled,
To Barnard Castle then fled hee,
The uttermost walles were easie to win;
The Erles have won them presentlie.

"The uttermost walles were lime and bricke,
But though they won them soone anone,
Long ere they won the innermost walles,
For they were cut in rock and stone."

In point of fact these walls turned the tide of rebellion. The Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland never did win them. Nor is the ballad-maker right in calling the castle Sir George's. It was the Earl of Westmoreland's, but no sooner did Sir George Bowes, of Streatlam, hear of the Earl's rebellion than, with signal promptitude, he seized this fortress, and, though surrounded on all sides by the friends and retainers of the Nevilles, and vigorously attacked by them, he succeeded in holding it for eleven days, which gave time to the royal army, under the Earls of Sussex and Warwick, to come up, and the rebellion was crushed. Mr. Surtees says that Sir George did not receive any particular token of his royal mistress's gratitude, for in her opinion he had but done his duty. Even to this day, however, this struggle before the walls of Barnard Castle and the vexation of the two earls at not being able to get within fighting-range of Sir George is commemorated both in Durham and Yorkshire by a rhyme, which is invariably used by children whenever they are quarrelling or playing at soldiers, and wish to tempt an adversary to desert a strong position for one where they can fight on more equal terms. On hundreds of such occasions I have heard them cry at the very top of their voices:—

"A coward, a coward o' Barnard Castle,
He dare not come out to fight a battle!"

Here we probably have a survival of the very words screamed over walls and ramparts to a resolutely deaf enemy more than three hundred years ago.

Little of the castle remains but Brackenbury's Tower and the Keep, now called Baliol's Tower. It is circular with a vaulted basement and three upper chambers, reached by stairs cut in the wall, and with a magnificent view, which Scott has described in his grand panoramic way.

It is difficult to get a sight of the castle from the river. If you cross the bridge a huge unsightly mill fills up all the ground; and the authorities of the place have thought fit to place their hideous gas-works in the very eye of the picture. These works come in even worse in the still finer view on the town side—Turner's view, with Baliol's Tower and the castle walls and bridge. The view exists no longer in its full beauty. These gas-works hide the base of the castle, blacken the trees with their smoke, and interpose their tall chimney and bright vermilion-coloured gasometer at every turn as the leading features in the landscape. Besides this, the refuse they throw out is raising up a great black cindery embankment. Gone is the old pathway under the trees, with its pretty natural dip into the water, and the streamlet and foot-bridge which Creswick painted so often—all are now covered with ashes. The river is as lovely as ever. The tawny, bubbling currents still rush and tumble over their rocky bed, or lie in wicked-looking and treacherously deep pools of the most intense purple-brown. The bridge—the self-same bridge which a certain Cuthbert Hilton chose as a sort of neutral ground between the jurisdiction of the sees of Durham and York, for the performance of marriages, by making the bride and bridegroom leap over a broomstick while he said—

"My blessings on your pates, your groat is in my purse,
You are ne'er the better, and I am ne'er the worse,"—

is still there, but has been raised a little in the interests of humanity, the parapet being formerly so low that it is said that once, when a murder was committed, the murderer was able to persuade the jury that his victims had fallen in. It was better to raise it, but it is not nearly so fine as when Turner saw it. This is the case with everything else here. Barnard Castle is indeed one of those towns where there is just enough of the old divine beauty remaining to guide us to some perception of the sources from whence he derived his inspiration.

MARGARET HUNT.

THE ART SALES OF 1887.

THE chief features of the past Art sales season have been the Buccleuch engravings in March and April; the collection of pictures by G. F. Watts, R.A., formed by the late Mr. Rickards, of Manchester, and the Graham collection of modern pictures, both in April; and the Lonsdale collection in June. There has been no sale of china, etc., equal in interest to the Dudley or Fountaine sales of former years; and there has been a comparative dearth of old masters, no collection equal in interest to the Hamilton, Leigh Court, Beckett-Denison, or Marlborough having appeared. Collections of drawings, too, whether by old or modern masters, have been less notable than in previous years. The limits of space prevent us from noticing any but the highest-priced items, except in some instances where we are able to contrast the prices now paid with those of previous years—in these cases we have entered upon somewhat fuller detail. Where no buyer is mentioned, the lots may generally be concluded to have been bought in, except in the case of engravings; and where no auctioneer is mentioned, the sales took place at Christie's.

November 16th, 1886.—The remaining works of James Fahey, R.I.; highest price, £5 15s. for a drawing. On the 27th, the remaining works of Sidney R. Percy; highest prices, 63 gs. for 'Cader Idris under a Cloud,' oil (Polak, Jun.), and 13 gs. for 'Afon Artro: Autumn,' water colour (Foster).

January 5th, etc., 1887.—The stock of Mr. W. Grindlay, deceased, dealer in Duke Street, a familiar figure to all who frequent Messrs. Christie's rooms. The 1,850 lots produced a total of about £10,000.

February 1st.—The remaining works of the late J. H. Mole, Vice-President of the Royal Institute, produced £2,040, the highest price being 81 gs. for a landscape in water colours. On February 19th, pictures of Mr. W. H. Michael, Q.C.—Walter Langley, 'Waiting for the Boats,' R.I., 1885, 210 gs. (Gibbs). Oils—C. Heffner, 'Autumn,' 1879, 215 gs. (L. Baker); M. de Munkacsy, 'The Pharisee,' study for 'Christ before Pilate,' 310 gs. (Willis); 'The two Families,' by the same, study for the Academy picture, 530 gs. (Koekkoek); A. Pasini, 'Le Harem sur le Bosphore,' Salon, 1887, 400 gs. (Smythe). On February 26th, pictures of Col. Hawes—Domingo, 'A ma propre Santé,' 1876, 300 gs. (M. Colnaghi). On the same day, the remainder of Mr. G. F. Lee's collection. Most of these were offered for sale in 1884, and the first prices given were those then obtained. Water colours—J. Tenniel, 'Pygmalion,' 115 gs., 96 gs. (Agnew); E. Detaille, 'Scots Guards returning from Exercise,' 1880, 1,070 gs., 620 gs. (Wertheimer); F. W. Topham, 'A Spanish Posada,' 125 gs., 101 gs. (Gooden); G. D. Leslie, 'The Nut-brown Maid,' 115 gs., 105 gs. (Agnew). Oils—F. Vinea, 'La Cantina,' 125 gs., 115 gs. (Agnew); E. W. Cooke, 'Venice,' 115 gs., 105 gs. (Gooden); A. Elmore, 'Morning Reverie,' 1876, 160 gs., 175 gs.; E. Long, 'Esther' (not the Academy picture), 270 gs., 190 gs. (Agnew); H. W. B. Davis, 'In Ross-shire,' 1882, 1,200 gs., 1,000 gs. (Sir F. Mappin). Following these were some pictures belonging to Mr. H. R. Willis, all of which had been offered in 1881:—J. Tissot, 'The Bunch of Lilacs,' 1875, 225 gs., 60 gs. (Mason); A. Scheffer, 'A Giaour,' 115 gs., 70 gs. (Ellis); Frith, 'I know a Maiden fair to see,' 149 gs., 86 gs. (Polak, Jun.); Landseer, 'A Highland Lassie plaiting Straw,' 1870, 305 gs., 155 gs. (Webb); Miss E. Thompson, 'Tito Melema,' 125 gs., 140 gs. (Gold); J. T. Linnell, 'Opening the Gate,' 410 gs., 280 gs. (Agnew); Gilbert, 'Charles I. leaving Westminster Hall,' 1872, 475 gs., 330 gs. (Sir F. Mappin).

March 1st.—Remaining works of John Morgan, S.B.A., deceased, total, £1,375; highest price, 59 gs. (Daniel), for 'We've clampt the hill together' (R.A., 1884). On the 4th and 5th, the pictures of the late Mr. R. A. Cosier: Water colours—Mrs. Allingham, 'The Lady of the Manor,' 1880, 210 gs. (Vokins); Copley Fielding, 'Lake Scene—Sunset,' 350 gs. (Vokins); B. Foster, 'Exercising the Hounds,' 1876, 275 gs. (Vokins); Gilbert, 'Surrender of Mary, Queen of Scots,' 280 gs. (Henson); J. F. Lewis, 'Cairo Bazaar,' finished study for the picture in R.A., 1876, 310 gs. (Vokins); the same, 'Disputing Accounts,' 265 gs. (Webb). Pictures—Lewis, 'A Cairo Bazaar: the Dellál,' 520 gs. (Vokins); E. Long, 'An Ancient Custom,' 680 gs. (Vokins). Total, £10,852. March 12th. Collection of Mr. W. D. O. Greig: Water colours—Alma Tadema, 'Flora,' 300 gs. (Cripps); F. Walker, 'Rainy Day, Cookham,' 310 gs. (Dunthorne); Meissonier, 'The Smoker—a Reverie,' Dillon sale, 1869, 380 gs., now 860 gs. (Wallis). On the same day, a different property—V. Cole, 'A Surrey Corn-field,' 1860, exhibited at the International Exhibition, 1862, as 'Autumn,' by Mr. G. Briscoe, 676 gs. (Vokins); the same, 'Decline of Day,' 1864, 840 gs. (Murcott); Frith, 'Dr. Johnson's tardy Gallantry,' 1886, 400 gs. (Gardner). On the 8th began the sale of the famous collection of engravings formed by the late Duke of Buccleuch, resumed in April, and occupying in all twelve days. On the first day 458 lots of engravings after Landseer realised a total of over £2,000, 'The Stag at Bay,' artist's proof, by T. Landseer, going for 70 gs.; 'Hunters at Grass,' artist's proof, by C. G. Lewis, 125 gs.; and 'Dignity and Impudence,' proof before letters, 62 gs. On the fourth day began the engraved works of Sir Joshua Reynolds, 680 lots described in Sir Wm. Hamilton's work, besides a large number of miscellaneous plates; most of these went for very high sums: 'The Ladies Waldegrave,' by Valentine Green, first state, 250 gs. (an unprecedented price); 'Duchess of Rutland,' by the same, first state, 125 gs.; 'Lady E. Compton,' by the same, first state, 125 gs.; 'Lady Bamfylde,' by T. Watson, second state, 125 gs.; 'Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire,' by Val. Green, first state, 110 gs.; 'Lady C. Pelham Clinton,' by J. R. Smith, first state, 105 gs.; 'Mrs. Carnac,' by J. R. Smith, second state, 102 gs.; and 'Lady Louisa Manners,' by Val. Green, first state, £102. The eighth day consisted chiefly of the Liber Studiorum, 'Ben Arthur,' first state, before retouch, 71 gs., and 'Mount St. Gothard,' proof with title etched, £55. The sale of the second portion, beginning April 19th, contained the works of A. van Ostade, M. A. Raimondi and his school, and a nearly complete set of Rembrandt's etchings. These last have a singularly complete history, as most of the plates can be traced

step by step from the late owner's hands up to the artist himself. The usual sensational prices were obtained for the rarer states of the finest examples. The 'Hundred Guilder Piece,—Jesus healing the Sick,' first state, £1,300; 'Coppenol,' the large plate, second state, £1,190; 'Jesus before Pilate,' first state, £1,150; 'Portrait of Van Tolling,' second state, £800; 'Abraham Fransz,' second state, £510; 'Coppenol,' small plate, first state, £320; 'Village with Square Tower,' (Wilson, 215), first state, £295; 'Village near a High-road,' (Wilson, 214), second state, £275; 'Jesus Crucified,' first state, £290. These were the highest prices, but a considerable number of others ran into three figures. Other noticeable items in the sale were Holland's "Baziliogia," with added plates from the "Heroologia" and others, £200; Vandyck, seventeen portraits bound together, £350; and Gould's "Birds of Australia," with Supplement, 8 vols. 150 gs. On March 19th, Birket Foster, 'The Hayfield,' water colour, 285 gs. (Wass); H. Mackenzie, 'The Angerstein Gallery,' 110 gs. (South Kensington Museum); Creswick, Cooper, and Frith, 'Coming Summer,' 1859, sold in 1884 for 750 gs., now 700 gs. (Sir F. Mappin). On the 31st, the remaining works of Edouard Frère; highest prices, 'Le Cidre du Pauvre,' 240 gs. (Lethbridge); 'Le Lever,' 155 gs. (Permain).

April 1st.—Old Dresden dinner service, property of Sir J. F. Crampton, Bart., 200 gs. (Coureau). On the 2nd, Mr. Rickard's pictures by Mr. Watts, R.A.: 'Love and Life,' 1,150 gs. (Agnew); 'Love and Death,' 1,100 gs. (Agnew)—two small versions of the pictures recently lent to the South Kensington Museum; 'The Eve of Peace,' 950 gs. (Agnew); 'Return of the Dove,' R.A. 1869, 860 gs. (Agnew); 'Ariadne in Naxos,' Grosvenor, 1881, 750 gs. (Agnew); 'Angel of Death,' design for larger composition, 550 gs. (Agnew); 'Bianca,' 1863, 510 gs. (Agnew); 'Time, Death and Judgment,' small version of the picture now at South Kensington, 500 gs. (Agnew); 'Prayer,' 1878, 500 gs. (for Manchester Gallery); 'Herr Joachim,' Grosvenor, 1881, painted in 1868, 420 gs. (for the city of Chicago); 'Lady Lilford,' 395 gs. (Agnew); 'Pretty Lucy Bond,' 1881, never exhibited, 370 gs. (Aird); 'Iris,' 300 gs. (Agnew); 'And all the air a solemn stillness holds,' Grosvenor, 1881, 300 gs. (Agnew). The remaining examples sold for less sums than these, but at relatively good price. The bust 'Clytie,' 220 gs. (Agnew), and 'Medusa,' 80 gs. (Agnew). The total was over £16,000. On the same day from various collections, Troyon, 'The Storm,' 400 gs.; T. Goodal, 'The Sword of the Faithful,' 1884, 400 gs.; G. H. Boughton, 'Music Lesson,' 1880, 300 gs.; F. Alma-Tadema, 'Hadrian in England,' R.A. 1884, 750 gs.; V. Cole, 'Heart of Surrey,' 1874, originally sold for 1,300 gs., now 680 gs. (Agnew); W. Collins, 'Harvest Showers,' 390 gs. (Rhodes); Gainsborough, 'Landscape with rustic Figures,' painted for Sir Richard Neave, Bart., bought in, in 1886 at 335 gs., now 300 gs. On the 23rd, pictures of the late J. T. Gibson-Craig—Keeley Halswelle, 'Roba di Roma,' 660 gs. On the 30th, the Graham collection; the first prices given are those paid by Mr. Graham, on which there was a gain in the case of thirty-six examples, and a loss on fifty-nine, giving a net gain of about £6,370, very largely derived from a few pictures of special importance. There is, however, a curious fluctuation to be observed even with the most popular painters: W. Mentzler, 'Marguerite,' £217, 440 gs. (Agnew); the same, 'A Female Head,' £125, 275 gs. (Henson); Sir Noël Paton, 'Geneviève,' £300, 145 gs. (Laurie); D. Roberts, 'Holyrood Palace from Calton Hill,' £200, 80 gs. (McLean); the same, 'Caerlaverock Castle,' £204, 310 gs. (Agnew); the same, 'On the Grand Canal, Venice,' £336, 530 gs. (Agnew); J. Sant, 'Babes in the Wood,' £256, 230 gs. (Mrs. Graham); Etty, 'Cupid and Psyche,' £300, 175 gs. (Agnew); Herring and Bright, 'Return from Deer-Stalking,' £350, 530 gs. (Philpott); P. J. Clays, 'Calm off Bremerhaven,' £450, 140 gs. (Mrs. Graham); the same, 'A Rough Sea,' £400, 315 gs. (Laurie); P. Nasmyth, 'Woody Landscape with Figures,' 1822, £892, 580 gs. (Mrs. Graham); the same, 'Falls of Shirra, Inverary,' 1820, £1,617, 1,210 gs. (Agnew); J. B. Pyne, 'Falls of Severn,' £210, 110 gs. (Mrs. Graham); G. Frère, 'The Snail,' £420, 320 gs. (McLean); P. Delaroche, 'A Christian Martyr,' the engraved picture, £1,000, 550 gs. (Agnew); the same, 'Mary Magdalene,' 1854, £1,050, 620 gs. (Agnew); the same, 'St. John in Patmos,' £1,050, 580 gs. (Mrs. Graham); Baron H. Leys, 'Antwerp during the Spanish Occupation,' £1,575, 1,400 gs. (Laurie); J. L. Gérôme, 'The Nile Boat,' £1,260, 1,500 gs. (Henson); R. Bonheur, 'Early Morning in the Forest of Fontainebleau,' 1876, £1,050, 810 gs. (Wass); the same, 'A Highland Raid,' 1860, £2,000, 3,900 gs. (Agnew); H. Merle, 'Loving Companions,' £350, 220 gs. (McLean); L. Gallait, 'Roman Mother and Child,' £600, 300 gs. (Mrs. Graham); E. W. Cooke, 'The Lugger Ashore,' 1840, £450, 180 gs. (Agnew); the same, 'Sandsfoot Castle,' 1837, £276, 170 gs. (Permain); W. Müller, 'The Dogana, Venice,' 1835, £120, 640 gs. (Laurie); the same, 'The Acropolis, Athens,' £577, 760 gs. (Henson); W. Collins, 'The Ferry: Scene on the Thames,' £319, 50 gs. (McGrath); Landseer, 'The Shepherd's Bible,'—Farnworth sale, 1,470 gs.,—£1,617, 1,020 gs. (Wass); F. Danby, 'The Vale of Tempe,' £500, 210 gs. (Sir F. Mappin); Callcott, 'The Rift in the Cloud,' £724, 250 gs. (Mrs. Graham); the same, 'Gulf of Spezzia,' £724, 550 gs. (Agnew); Holman Hunt, 'Finding of Jesus in the Temple,' Manley Hall collection, £1,488, 1,200 gs. (Agnew); six pictures by J. Linnell, namely 'The Edge of the Wood,' 1872, £750, 550 gs. (Agnew); 'Christ and the Woman of Samaria,' £1,150, 570 gs. (Wass); 'Under the Hawthorn Tree,' 1853, £610, 1,020 gs. (Wass); 'The Sheep Drove,' 1857, £735, 1,850 gs. (McLean); 'Return of Ulysses,' £500, 1,400 gs. (Agnew); and, Linnell and Cox, 'The Peat-Gatherers,' (sold in 1876 for 240 gs.) £420, 215 gs. (Tooth); W. E. Frost, 'Panope,' £410, 72 gs. (Wallis); Millais, 'Dream of the Past,' £1,050, 1,300 gs. (Agnew); Stanfield, 'Moonlight on the Coast of Holland,' 1857, £750, 700 gs. (Agnew); D. G. Rossetti, 'Venus Verticordia,' sold in May, 1886, for 560 gs., £577 10s., 450 gs. (Vokins); 'Pandora,' 1871, £735, 550 gs. (Butler); Wilkie, 'The School,' the last work of the master, £1,260, 1,650 gs. (Silva White); Cooper, 'Drovers halting on the Fells,' 1847, £473, 480 gs. (McLean); B. Foster, 'Land's End, Fishing-Boats in Trouble,' £682, 270 gs. (Mrs. Graham); Burne-Jones, 'Fides,' tempera, sold in 1886 for 610 gs., £577 10s., 440 gs. (Agnew); by the same, 'Sperantia,' tempera, sold in 1886 for 590 gs. £577 10s., 640 gs. (Agnew); four works by Turner, 'Italian Landscape,' Novar collection, £2,000, 1,100 gs. (Agnew); 'The Wreck Buoy,' Novar collection, £1,654, 1,000 gs. (Agnew); 'Antwerp: Van Goyen going about to choose a Subject,'—Bicknell sale, £2,635 10s.,—£3,100, 6,500 gs. (Agnew); 'Mercury and Argus,' £2,600, 3,600 gs. (Laurie); Sir J. Reynolds, 'The Masters Gawler,' or 'The Schoolboys,' originally in the Kerr family, sold at Christie's for 550 gs., afterwards in the J. Heugh collection, £370, 2,310 gs. (Agnew); Gainsborough, 'The Sisters Lady Day and Baroness de Noailles,'

—Towneley sale, 1873, £6,615,—£7,276, 9,500 gs. (Agnew). Total, £61,347.

May 5th.—Sebright heirlooms: large helmet-shaped ewer, made by Paul Crespin about 1720, silver gilt, 585 gs. (Wertheimer); ivory tankard, probably by Fiammingo, £205 (Boore); pearl nautilus cup, formerly at Strawberry Hill, £155 (Davis); chandelier of old Spanish silver, £750 (Boore). On the 6th the late Malcolm Orme's objects of art: bowl, celadon green with Louis XV. mountings, 305 gs. (Boore); upright secretaire, mahogany, panels of old lac, ormolu mounts, 250 gs. (Boore); Louis XV. writing table, marqueterie and ormolu, Lord Tweedmouth's sale, 1870, 720 gs., now 1,750 gs. (Wertheimer); pair of Louis XVI. candelabra, from Lord Willoughby d'Eresby's collection, 580 gs. (Wertheimer). On the 9th, pictures of Mr. Orme—two by P. Nasmyth, 'A Pond with Burdocks,' lent to the Exhibition of 1862 by Mr. Keith Barnes, 690 gs. (Vokins); 'A Rivulet, with white horse,' also from the Keith Barnes collection, 360 gs. (Vokins); J. Linnell, 'The Hayfield,' 1865, Knowles sale, 1865, 710 gs., 950 gs. (Agnew); D. Roberts, 'Sta. Maria della Salute, Venice,' H. Wallis's sale, 1865, 556 gs., 540 gs. (Vokins); Stanfield, the 'The Fresh Breeze, Fort Socon, Spain,' 780 gs. (Wass); J. Phillip, 'The Gipsy Fortune-teller,' 1861, 560 gs. (Vokins). Another property, J. Faed, 'Listeners ne'er hear good of themselves,' 340 gs. (Permain); L. Fildes, 'Venetian Market Woman,' 470 gs. (Colnaghi); B. W. Leader, 'Mountain Solitude,' Baron Grant collection, 360 gs.; McWhirter, 'Valley by the Sea,' 850 gs.; Alma Tadema, 'The First Course,' 600 gs.; Millais, 'St. Martin's Summer,' 850 gs.; Rosa Bonheur, 'In the Forest of Fontainebleau,' 1879, 850 gs. Collection of Mr. J. W. Adamson—J. W. Oakes, 'The Fallow Field,' 1875, 440 gs.; H. Macallum, 'A wee before the sun goes down,' 380 gs. (Agnew); C. Lawson, 'The Doone Valley, North Devon,' 400 gs.; F. Faed, 'Naebody comin' to marry me,' Stewart sale, 1881, 360 gs. now 350 gs.; J. Pettie, 'The Ransom,' 1883, 550 gs.; P. Graham, 'Waiting for the Fishing-Boats,' 1868,—sold at Christie's, 1884, 410 gs.—500 gs.; E. Long, 'Christmas at Seville,' 1868, sold at Christie's, 1885, 890 gs., now 1,030 gs. (Permain); J. Linnell, 'Storm in Harvest,' 1873, one of the most famous works of the painter, 1,450 gs. Property of Sir Thomas Fairbairn—three works of Holman Hunt: 'The Awakening Conscience,' 100 gs.; 'Scene from *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*,' 1,000 gs. (Birmingham Museum); 'The Scapegoat,' G. B. Windus sale, 1862, 495 gs., now 1,350 gs. (Agnew). Another property—D. Cox, 'Going to the Hayfield,' 1,805 gs. (Vokins). On the 11th, Dr. Braxton Hicks' old Wedgwood realised £3,330. The most important lots were the vase and cover presented to George IV. by his parents on his coming of age, 300 gs. (Joseph); a chimney-piece in pink and white jasper, 210 gs.; and a plaque with the 'Sacrifice of Iphigenia,' 175 gs. (Rathbone). On the 14th, pictures of Mr. Kaye Knowles—Meissonier, 'The Smoker,' water-colour, 500 gs. (Wertheimer); Alma Tadema, 'A Bacchante,—There he is,' 1875, 550 gs. (Agnew); E. Nicol, 'Looking out for a Safe Investment,' 1876, 620 gs. (Henson); Millais, 'Over the hills and far away,' 5,000 gs. (G. Glayton); H. W. B. Davis, 'A Summer Afternoon,' 1873, 500 gs. (Vokins), and 'The Panic,' 1872, by the same, 700 gs. (Agnew); Meissonier, 'Le Sommeil,' 450 gs. (Wallis); Rosa Bonheur, 'Interior of a Farm Stable,' 1875, 460 gs. (Agnew). Then followed thirteen works by G. de Nittis and four by Tissot, for which large sums had been paid but which now went for very low figures; Munkacsy, 'The Hero of the Village,' 1875, 920 gs. (Koekkoek). The entire collection sold for £18,343. On the 18th, a four-leaved screen painted with Watteau figures, 770 gs.; old Dresden group, a lady seated at table with a gentleman at her side, £350; pair of old Sèvres vases, gros-bleu and gold, painted with Cupids, 300 gs. (Davis); old Chelsea tea service, 448 gs. On the 21st, collection of Mr. Leech—water-colours, S. Prout, 'Porch of Chartres Cathedral,' 420 gs. (Agnew); P. de Wint, 'On the Severn, near Bridgenorth,' 370 gs. (Vokins); D. Cox, 'Lancaster,' 1842, 810 gs. (Agnew); 'The Meeting of the Waters,' by the same, 305 gs. (Agnew); Copley Fielding, 'View of Seaford and Newhaven Harbour,' 1849, 310 gs. (Agnew); seven works by Turner,—'Lancaster, from the Aqueduct Bridge,' 610 gs. (Agnew); 'Cowes,' 520 gs. (Agnew); 'Dover from the Sea,' 810 gs. (Agnew); 'Virginia Water,' 450 gs. (McLean); 'Falls of the Clyde,' 1,400 gs. (Agnew); 'Snowdon, afterglow, and moon rising,' 620 gs. (Agnew); 'Loch Ard, Ben Lomond in the distance,' 430 gs. (Agnew); five by F. Walker,—'The Wayfarers,' 700 gs.; 'Spring,' 2,000 gs.; 'Summer,' 500 gs.; 'Autumn,' 1,000 gs.; 'Fisherman and Gillie, Glen Spaen,' 720 gs., all bought by Messrs. Agnew; Stanfield, 'After the Wreck,' in oil, 420 gs. (Agnew). On the 21st, the remaining works of the late T. Webster, all small, realised over £1,100.

On June 4th, the modern pictures of Mr. Charles Wells—J. Linnell, 'Driving Home the Flock,' 720 gs. (McLean); W. Muller, 'Tivoli,' 1836, 520 gs. (Permain); L. J. Pott, 'Before Naseby,—Check to the King,' 470 gs. (McLean); Leader, 'The Dewy Morn, Capel Curig,' 660 gs. (McLean); B. Riviere, 'Discretion the better part of Valour,' 456 gs. (Permain); V. Cole, 'Corn-field at Abingdon,' 1874, 620 gs. (Tooth); P. Graham, 'The Rock-bound Shore,' 1884, 450 gs. (Permain); E. Long, 'St. Anthony's Day, Rome,' 410 gs.; Creswick, 'Mill on the Tees,' 1841, 750 gs. (McLean); E. de Blaas, 'Pleasure Party on the Lido,' 400 gs. (Tooth). On the 11th, Murillo, 'The Immaculate Conception,' (the property of the late Mr. G. Perkins), 600 gs. On the 13th—18th, the Lonsdale Collection; a Louis XVI. Regulator by Tavernier, tulip-wood and rosewood with ormolu, 260 gs. (Boore); two pairs of Louis XV. ormolu wall lights, 1,020 gs. (Durlacher); Louis XVI. clock, ormolu, 500 gs. (Wertheimer); Louis XV. cartonnière, surmounted by clock, 480 gs. (Duke of Westminster); Louis XV. secretaire, tulip-wood, rosewood and ormolu, 400 gs. (Wertheimer). The famous dinner service of Madame du Barri, in Sèvres porcelain, obtained a total of £1,811 (various buyers); Louis XV. cartonnière, tulip-wood and ormolu, 390 gs. (Willson); Louis XVI. secretaire, marqueterie and ormolu, 800 gs. (Wertheimer). Pictures—Reynolds, 'The Laughing Girl,' 240 gs. (Agnew); Paul Potter, 'Landscape with Cows,' 1648, 310 gs. (Lord Carysfort); Drouais, 'Guitar Player,' 1765, 700 gs. (Colnaghi); J. B. Pater, 'The Toilet,' 345 gs. (Sedelmeyer); F. Drouais, 'Madame du Barri, in gauze dress,' 950 gs. (buyer not stated); Nattier, 'Madame Victoire, in lilac,' 390 gs. (Boore); J. L. Tocqué, 'Madame Salle, seated,' 830 gs. (buyer not stated); Boucher, 'Triumph of Amphitrite,' 600 gs. (Ogden Mills); by the same, 'Flower-Gatherers,' 1,000 gs. (Agnew); Gainsborough, 'Horses drinking at a Spring,' offered at Christie's, 1879, 1,300 gs., now 1,620 gs. (Agnew); Pannini, 'Exterior of St. Peter's, Rome, with Procession,' 800 gs. (Murray); 'Interior of St. Peter's,' the companion, 1,100 gs. (Davis); J. B. Santerre, 'Mdlle. Charlotte Desmares,' 2,000 gs. (Wertheimer); Boucher, 'Madame de Pompadour, in blue silk,' undoubtedly the painter's master-

piece in portraiture, 9,900 gs. (Wertheimer). The pictures sold for £28,713, the whole collection for £62,702. On the 25th, Old Masters: A. Cuyp, 'Milking Time,' 650 gs.; J. Ruysdael, 'View in Norway,' from the collection of Lord Radstock at Ilam Hall, 415 gs. (Lesser). Collection of the late Mr. W. H. Aspinwall, New York,—Van Dyck, 'Portrait of Gusman,' Marquis of Leganes, 500 gs.; Murillo, 'The Immaculate Conception,' from the Royal Palace, Madrid, 1,750 gs. On the 28th, Mr. W. Leech's Liber Studiorum, a poor set, 100 gs. (Duke of Westminster).

July 1st.—Pair of Louis XIV. buhl cabinets, tortoise-shell and ormolu, 620 gs. (Gibbs). On the 5th—8th, Mr. Roupell's engravings,—R. Elstracke, 'Mary Queen of Scots and Lord Darnley,' very rare, £60; an important series of W. Faithorne's works—'Sir R. Henley,' proof, rare, £36; a large number of W. Hollar—'Earl of Northumberland' (Parthey, 1474), 11 gs.; 'Lady C. Howard' (1721), £18; the great 'Night Moth' (2186), 22 gs., all very rare; C. de Passe, 'Queen Elizabeth,' after J. Oliver, £21; G. White, 'Colonel Blood,' £21; and a large number of Rembrandt,—total £2,474. On the 9th, the property of the late Sir W. P. Andrew, C.I.E. — Raeburn, his own portrait, £350 gs. (Agnew); Lady Raeburn, by the same, 810 gs. (Agnew); Henry Raeburn, son of the painter, 300 gs. (Agnew). From Fulbeck Hall, Frantham, Gainsborough, 'The Hon. Mrs. Henry Fane,' 1777, 4,586 gs. (Agnew). On the 11th, the sketches, etc., of John Constable, belonging to the family, and lent a few years since to the South Kensington Museum,—'Hampstead Heath,' 1830, 1,000 gs. (Stewart), —total £2,858. On the 12th, Mr. Roupell's drawings by the Old Masters, £4,074.

ALFRED BEAVER.

THE RAISING OF JAIRUS' DAUGHTER.

FROM THE PAINTING OF GABRIEL MAX.

THAT the work of Gabriel Max reveals the emotional and emphatic effectiveness which we have acquired the habit of calling sensational, is a fact that in no sense refutes the genuineness of his power. If we held ourselves to deny the genius of men and women who were, and also pretended to be, wonderful, we should put outside the pale certainly the greatest actress and one of the cleverest painters of the day. We must not be so unwise. The actress may be a mountebank and the painter a quack; but so are others on whom we do not waste a thought; the former are that, and great artists as well. Just as Hamlet was touched with madness, and also feigned to be so touched (and in these two truths is the truth as well as the subtlety of *Hamlet*), so will genius now and then put on that mask of genius caricatured which is usually one of the "properties" of mediocrity. We have chosen extreme instances. Herr Gabriel Max has committed no quackeries, for the feat of trifling which he performed in the picture of the Saviour's head with the variable eyes does not perhaps deserve so bitter a name. But he has done this and certain other sensational things, which so vigorous a fancy might well have forborne as unworthy of itself. The 'Jairus' Daughter' is not sensational; that it is not classic is also true. The Christ has none of the rather conventional aloofness so usual in the Italian school; it is a German rendering of face, figure, and action, in which the directness of the expression is the best point. Seldom, indeed, has this directness been so well combined with gravity. The lack of obvious beauty in the damsel's face can hardly be said to take from the charm of the figure, for the young slenderness of the body, the humble carelessness of the hair, and the helpless posture, have, in fact, a loveliness of their own which make strong appeal. A rather puerile adjunct to emphasise the deadness of the figure is seen in the fly which settles on the arm, which has no vitality to remove it.

Herr Gabriel Max is a prominent member of that Munich school which comprises so many violent contrasts of artistic tradition and practice. He himself is so singular in imagination and manner that he is rather *in* a school than *of* one. The painters who, two generations ago, practised a cold yet exaggerated romanticism under the pottering patronage of the late king's predecessor, would doubtless have had little sympathy with the art of Gabriel Max. And we may question whether it would have received much sympathy from the straighter, simpler, and more sincere spirit of the men who succeeded them. Piloty certainly is never sensational, though he is always dramatic; and the younger realists of the Bavarian city have not very much in common with the painter of the 'Jairus' Daughter' in his half-hearted naturalism. But however coldly certain points in his work may be tolerated, or even however explicitly they may be disliked by his contemporaries, his whole power as an imaginative painter is acknowledged with one voice. His 'Gretchen'—which, we believe, Herr Gabriel Max himself has recognised as, up to a certain point at least in his career, his masterpiece—has been declared to "show forth the whole experience of Margaret both in this world and the next." 'The Young Christian Martyr,' 'The Anatomist,' 'The Melancholy Nun' are all pictures which remain memorable when many are forgotten. Nay, the world must pay the artist the higher tribute of acknowledging that he forces it to remember, even against its own will, the impassioned and poignant tenderness of 'The Infanticide'—the mother who fondles the baby she is about to drown—in Herr Max's great picture seen at Vienna in 1878.

ALICE MEYNELL.

GESSO-PAINTING.

ONE of the most curious of arts is painting in *gesso*. Gesso is the composition of powdered plaster of Paris (calcined gypsum), with size, glue, or gum, and as the mixture is applied and the pattern formed with a pointed brush or hair pencil, the process may be regarded as either painting in relief or modelling by painting. Mr. Walter Crane, from whom I acquired my knowledge of it, and to whom I am indebted for the principal recipes, says, "My own predilection in gesso is for rather free-handwork of a character something between painting and modelling; but the art is capable of endless development and variation." It is in this last remark that the great secret of its attractiveness lies. No person who can draw and model, though it be but a little, can take up gesso work without at once perceiving that it is one which may be applied in so many ways and treated in so many forms, and is in short allied to so many other arts, as to open a wide field in decoration. In fact, it covers the whole ground of what is commonly called "composition," which has of late years been developed in Italy and France to a remarkable degree. As I now write, here in Venice, I have just seen in a shop in the Piazza San Marco an imitation of an old ivory plaque, made in composition, the price for which is eighty francs. The object in itself is very beautiful, and would pass for ivory with almost anybody who did not examine it critically, and it seems to be well worth the money. But I have little doubt that the cost of the mould from which it was made did not in a country of cheap work amount to more than a hundred francs, and after that every copy would be executed for four or five francs, possibly for much less. This would, after the sale of two copies, make the eighty francs a matter of almost clear profit. The substance of which it is made is a kind of gesso.



Design for a Plaque.

The work of which I shall first speak when well finished looks like a cast in plaster, if executed in an ordinary way with common material, only that even then it has a glossier and finer look, possessing of course the characteristic impression or *cachet* of handwork.

To execute a work in gesso, begin with a board or table on which to work. Then take a panel or a piece of canvas plaster-panels; for fine or delicate work, wood is to be preferred. The material to be employed may be—

I. A mixture of *fine* Italian plaster of Paris mixed with size or glue, reduced with water. If a very little glycerine be well mixed with the glue it will prevent its shrinking and cracking; there should not by any means, however, be so much glycerine as to *soften* the glue. This was discovered in 1865 by Puscher, a chemist of Nuremberg, who found that by mixing one-fourth glycerine with three parts of glue, all tendency in the cement to "break, crack, tear, or spring off, will entirely disappear." It may be here remarked that this composition has a wide application in the arts, and may be successfully combined with various substances and colouring matters so as to produce very beautiful effects. Having mixed the glue with hot water (which is necessary to make it amalgamate or mix thoroughly with the plaster) to the consistency of cream, take a hair pencil. Some prefer for this to use the long-pointed sable brush, known to the dealers in artists' materials as a "rigger." Lay a coat of size or of thin lacquer on the panel or canvas before going to work, or the gesso may not stick well to the ground. Then, having your design before you, proceed to lay on the material and form it into shape by gradual slight additions with the brush. These may be delicate, almost to imperceptibility, or as heavy as you choose. The gesso may also be moulded in masses in a rather firm or "hardish" state, and then finished with the brush.

II. A much finer and harder gesso is made by boiling one part of powdered resin in four parts of linseed oil; add six parts of melted glue, and mix the whole well together. Too much care cannot be taken as regards this last direction. Soak whitening, or whiting, in water, and add it to the mixture till it is of the consistency of cream. The quantity of whitening is to be varied or modified in proportion to the degree of fluidity required, and the character of the work.

This mixture has many advantages over the former. It is slower in drying, giving one thereby many opportunities as regards final finish, and it is very much better for fine, *i.e.* minute, and delicate work.



A Tankard.

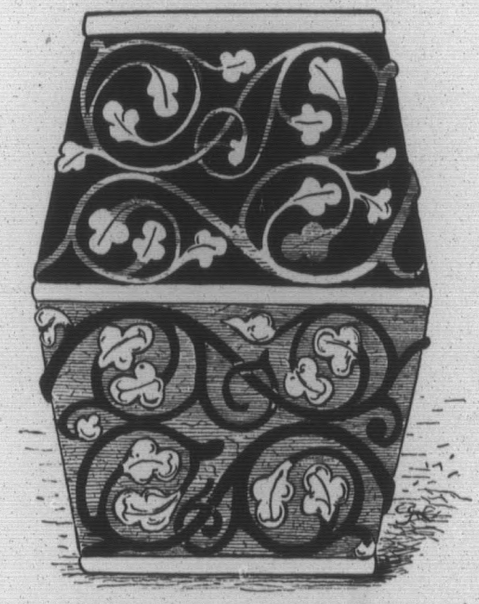
There is another great advantage in using No. II. It sets more firmly than No. I., and takes a very brilliant polish when dry or hard. If combined with a little Naples yellow or chrome, it bears a great resemblance to ivory. This resemblance may be very much increased by stamping the ground with a *matt* such as is used in leather work, and marking in the lines a little deeply or decisively close to, or even under, the edges of the pattern. When all is quite dry and hard, rub Vandyke brown oil colour mixed with a little drying fluid (I recommend the siccatif de Courtray), into all the dots or punctures, and with a very fine sable or fitch brush into all the lines. Rub the brown away from the surface. A piece of chamois leather or a soft rag will suffice to polish the whole.

To copy any picture whatever by this process it is sufficient to observe one general rule. The highest lights are represented by the highest relief, and the shadows by corresponding depressions. In modelling in clay we *add* continually, and then work by taking away and shaping what remains. In gesso-painting there is more addition than subtraction. Deep shadows may be produced by depression—by punching in the hollows with modelling tools; that is to say, with sticks shaped to suit the purpose. The ingenuity of the artist must supply these.



A Box.

It is to be observed that in common and hastily executed Roman, Romanesque, and Celtic work, sculptors and modellers often began with a drill in marble, and in moulding for bronze with a round punch, to make holes, and then shaped crochets or leaf-like ornaments round them. This very often became a sort of mannerism. Hence certain varieties of leaves or ornaments were generally introduced because the workman knew by practice how to *circle* such leaves from a given centre. The suggestion may be of value to all who work in low or even high relief. I have found in much later Byzantine, as well as mediæval work, that the holes recur so frequently at certain regular distances as to make it certain that they were the starting points from which the design proceeded. They painted, so to speak, beginning with the shadows. It is a curious fact that the bushmen of South Africa, who are far more advanced in design than any of the races by whom they are surrounded, always begin a representation of an animal or man by making dots or holes,



A small Cask.

and then connecting these. The Celt began by making cup-holes in a rock, and then surrounded them at first by circles, then by spiral lines or volutes. Taking impressions of these in clay led him to form bosses; hence later Celtic bronze-work is a combination of hollows, lines, and bosses.*

If the gesso painting or modelling should be found after drying to have shrunk up or fallen in here and there, simply fill in the cavities with gesso and rub it down to a level. An authority states that powdered white talc is superior to whiting for mixing with the glue. A small proportion of pipeclay mixed with the plaster of Paris on the surface improves its susceptibility to polish. For making raised surfaces for gilding in illuminated MSS., the gesso is made of equal parts of clay and plaster.

There are several cements which it may be

* By a remarkable coincidence, immediately after I had written this sentence, I received a letter from Mr. H. J. N. Russell, of Ashiesteel, Scotland, in which, while writing on the word *boss* as used for master, he remarks: "By a logical enough connection of ideas, I have heard *boss* used for *hollow* in Scotland; the idea is that of *repoussé* work." If the early Scotch workman actually used hollows to make bosses, as I have suggested, this would be an additional reason for using the same term for both.

of great advantage for the gesso-painter to know, as every skilful artist is always able to modify his material by experiment and thereby produce new results. Thus a good cement, which is also useful for mending broken alabaster and marble ornaments, and which may be used for a ground, is made with white resin and white beeswax, equal parts melted, and carefully mingled with either plaster of Paris, baryta powder, calcined magnesia, fine white wood ashes, or, indeed, almost any white hard mineral powder. A practical decorative artist has used with success fine plaster of Paris combined with gum Arabic and alum in solution. The white of eggs thickened with finely-powdered quicklime, made with hot water, sets hard, and is a good cement. To this and other mixtures an addition of retouching varnish, which dries quickly and sets hard, gives toughness. Isinglass dissolved in spirits is an old recipe for making a very strong size or glue to mix with any white powder to imitate ivory. Pulverised eggshells were combined with it, but plaster of Paris, baryta, &c., will also serve. An old recipe for making a good imitation of ivory, consisted of half an ounce of isinglass boiled gently in half-a-pint of water till dissolved. Then strain it and add flake-white (*basic nitrate of bismuth*) and a very little Naples yellow (oxide of lead and antimony). This may be mixed with rice-paste and starch-powder. Add to the work a final coat of ivory-varnish, and then rub this down to take off the gloss.



Panel—may be used as Frame only.

It may be observed that in gesso work one is not confined to white, and the plaster may be made to assume very beautiful tints by mixing it with solutions of water-colour, such as indigo, umber, &c. I have described the process of making it look like ivory. By using brown, reddish black, &c., and shading it very darkly, the result is a resemblance to old leather, or wood, or *papier mâché*, blackened by time and highly polished. It may also be gilded. The reader will find in two previous communications by me to the *Art Journal* directions for doing this in a manner so easy as to be within the management of everybody. And here it may not be out of place to remark that in these minor arts there are so many processes, such as gilding and ivorying, common to them all, that everybody who is sufficiently interested to work in one of them, should take the pains to study or read all which appear in this publication. It will be found the more advantageous to do so, because the designs which are given for any one of the arts may be used for all the others.

There are certain kinds of gesso work which may be extensively used in decoration. Thus it may be applied to mosaic. Make a frame of four square sticks, to form a bed, and fill it with Portland or any other good cement. When nearly dry smooth it with a roller or ruler, when quite hard spread on it a coat of gesso. Draw a mosaic pattern in cubes, triangles, &c., on a paper with a *soft* black pencil, lay its face on the gesso surface when almost hard and rub the back. Take up the paper and you will find the pattern on the face. Paint with water-colour or dyes, which will sink in, the result will be a kind of fresco-mosaic. The tracer, wheel and matt, or stamp, may be used in such work. By dividing the lines with a fine penknife, and filling in the divisions with a black composition (or "filler") you



Pattern for Gesso-Painting.

will have a real mosaic. This filler may be made of varnish combined with lamp-black, or putty and lamp-black or umber, &c. This is strictly not an *imitation* of mosaic, but a manner or form of making it, and it has the advantage that one can work it from the face.

The gesso may be spread as a coating over vases, jars, boxes, tankards, casks, or any similar articles, and then painted in relief as I have already described. All that is required to do this effectively, so far as rough, general, bold decoration is required, is a knowledge of drawing. When finished it may be *ivoried*, gilded, or painted. There is a gesso, or rather a cement, made of powdered asbestos and silicate of soda which becomes a literal stone, which sets very hard and resists moisture, but it is difficult to work. It may, however, be used for a coating.

There is a rough-and-ready kind of gesso work which may be employed for certain kinds of ordinary ornament, but which would require a certain amount of artistic skill to make more of it. It is effected by dropping or squeezing, just as a cook ornaments a cake with icing. He takes a tin funnel, or a cone without a spout, and as the icing pours out, draws or dribbles it over the cake, so as to form lines, flowers, initials, &c. For what are called *pièces montées* much skill and taste is thus often developed. When a tin funnel is not to be had, cooks effect this icing by using a cone of stout paper or stiff muslin. The gesso may be squeezed in the same way, or better still from a pear-shaped indiarubber syringe, such as may be had at all the indiarubber shops, and indeed of any chemist or apothecary. Care must be taken to have the gesso sufficiently fluid, and to prevent the tube or hole from becoming clogged. By keeping warm water and a wire at hand this can be easily obviated. This kind of gesso-painting is suitable for wall decoration, and is very rapidly executed; in fact it *must* be done very promptly or the gesso will harden. This method is not to be despised as mere fancy work, since, as I have intimated, in the hands of an artist accustomed to draw and model, beautiful effects may be thus produced. It is, for instance, good for imitating ancient stone or woodwork.

The composition used for picture frames, which is a kind of thick gesso, varying from putty to gesso proper, is moulded like clay. As I have shown, it may be made to set hard. This can be easily squeezed into thin leaves or petals for flowers. The reason why the composition used by picture-frame makers has been so little used for any other work is due to the fact that it is generally too weak or liable to break. But when glue is made with glycerine, or with nitric acid, or sulphuric acid and ammonia and is thoroughly amalgamated with the material which it binds, it becomes as hard as wood, and is not liable to melt or crack. It will often be useful for the gesso-painter to combine ordinary modelling with his work, especially when a high relief is needed. For this he may use composition of a harder character.

A very powerful "binder" is made by mixing *one* kilogramme of glue with *sixty-two* grammes of gum ammoniac; dissolve them to equal volumes at boiling heat, and add *sixty-two* grammes of sulphuric acid. This may be combined with fine wood powder or filings, or cocoanut dust, to make an artificial wood which will really wear well, and is excellent for repairs; or with plaster of Paris, wood ashes, and other powders for a cement or stone. Gesso, *i.e.* plaster of Paris, or whiting, or any similar powder, when made with this glue, or one into which nitric acid has been infused, may be combined with paper or *papier mâché*, and then becomes so firm that it may be used for the covers of books; if well worked it becomes as hard and as lasting as leather. Indiarubber dissolved in chloroform, one part, added to sixteen parts of best gum mastic in powder, digested for two or three days, makes an even better binder for this particular purpose. It should be frequently shaken up while amalgamating. It is expensive, but not too much so for such book-work, and it will bind perfectly anything like paper or fibre. This is also useful as a transparent cement for glass. Gum mastic and gum ammoniac, equal parts, dissolved in spirits of wine, make a very strong glue which will hold anything and is extremely durable; it is also too expensive to be used on a large scale; it is generally known as Turkish cement.



A Plaque.

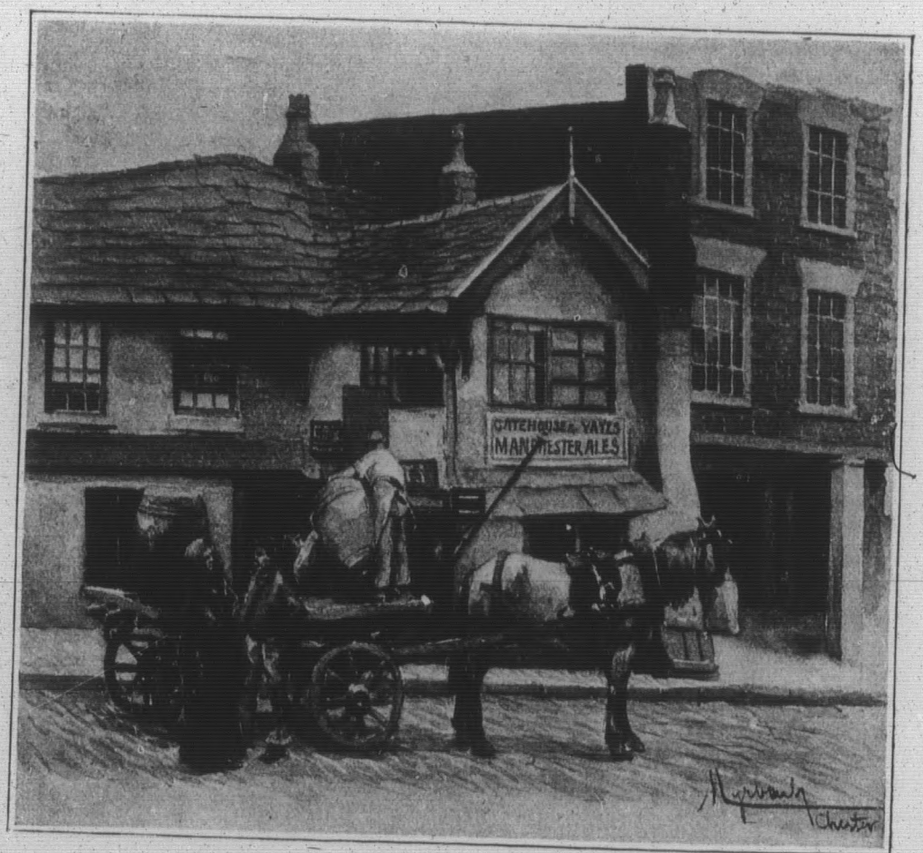
It will be seen from what I have written that gesso really includes every kind of cement which sets hard all the substances which may be incorporated with them, and all the manner of giving them artistic form. It has a great deal in common with modelling, painting, *papier-mâché* and *repoussé*, and any person who will practise it will find that it greatly facilitates the acquisition of all these arts.

CHARLES G. LELAND.

A FOREIGN ARTIST AND AUTHOR IN ENGLAND.*

"CHESTER is a very old city, and, as its name implies, has a Roman origin." This original, historical, and profoundly learned remark being, we are informed, compulsory whenever one is writing about the old city on the Dee, we do not hesitate to indulge in a little cheap etymological and archæological digression.

Chester has had many aliases: it was called by the Romans *Deva* and *Devnana Castra*, or *Castrum Legionis*, and finally *Cestria;* by the old Britons *Caer Leon Fawr-ar-Dwfrdwy*, which means, so we are told, the camp of the great legion on the Dee; and by the modern Britons, Chester. That Chester was originally a Roman camp there can be no reasonable doubt, and it is pointed out by antiquarians that its four streets radiating at right angles from a common centre, which was the usual arrangement of Roman camps and towns, prove conclusively that such was the case. We have not the slightest objection to offer, and we will even go so far as to admit to our great shame that until we went to Chester we were perfectly ignorant of that peculiar disposition of Roman camps and cities, or that if we ever were informed of it in our school days, we had completely forgotten it.



The Oldest House in Chester.

Shortly after our arrival in the city we set out on our customary reconnoitring expedition. A short walk through what may be called the outer town soon brought us to the East Gate, and into the old town. From the station to that gate the streets are lined with houses, modern for the greater part, with here and there an ancient and venerable-looking building, such as the curious old toll-house which bridges over the footway, and can be compared to a house through which a tunnel has been bored, leaving one room on one side of the footway and the rest on the other side. Another interesting house is that of a butcher which overhangs the passenger way, and is supported by huge wooden props painted red, looking as unsafe as anything can possibly be, and yet which has stood there for a century or two.

After passing East Gate, which is not a striking edifice, we found ourselves in the old town, and it seemed as if we had passed not only from a modern into an ancient city, but as if we had also gone back several centuries and suddenly found ourselves in the middle ages. For Chester is as unlike any other city as possible, and has an originality, a quaintness so essentially belonging to itself, that it can be compared to no other place. With its narrow streets, dimly lighted by gas lamps few and far between, lined with curious houses whose fronts are carved and ornamented, whilst their roofs are capriciously serrated, it recalls to mind the old German mediæval cities such as we see represented in old books and prints. The indented sky-line, broken by gables, turrets, and other quaint architectural devices, is, at night, one of the most charming things that can be seen.

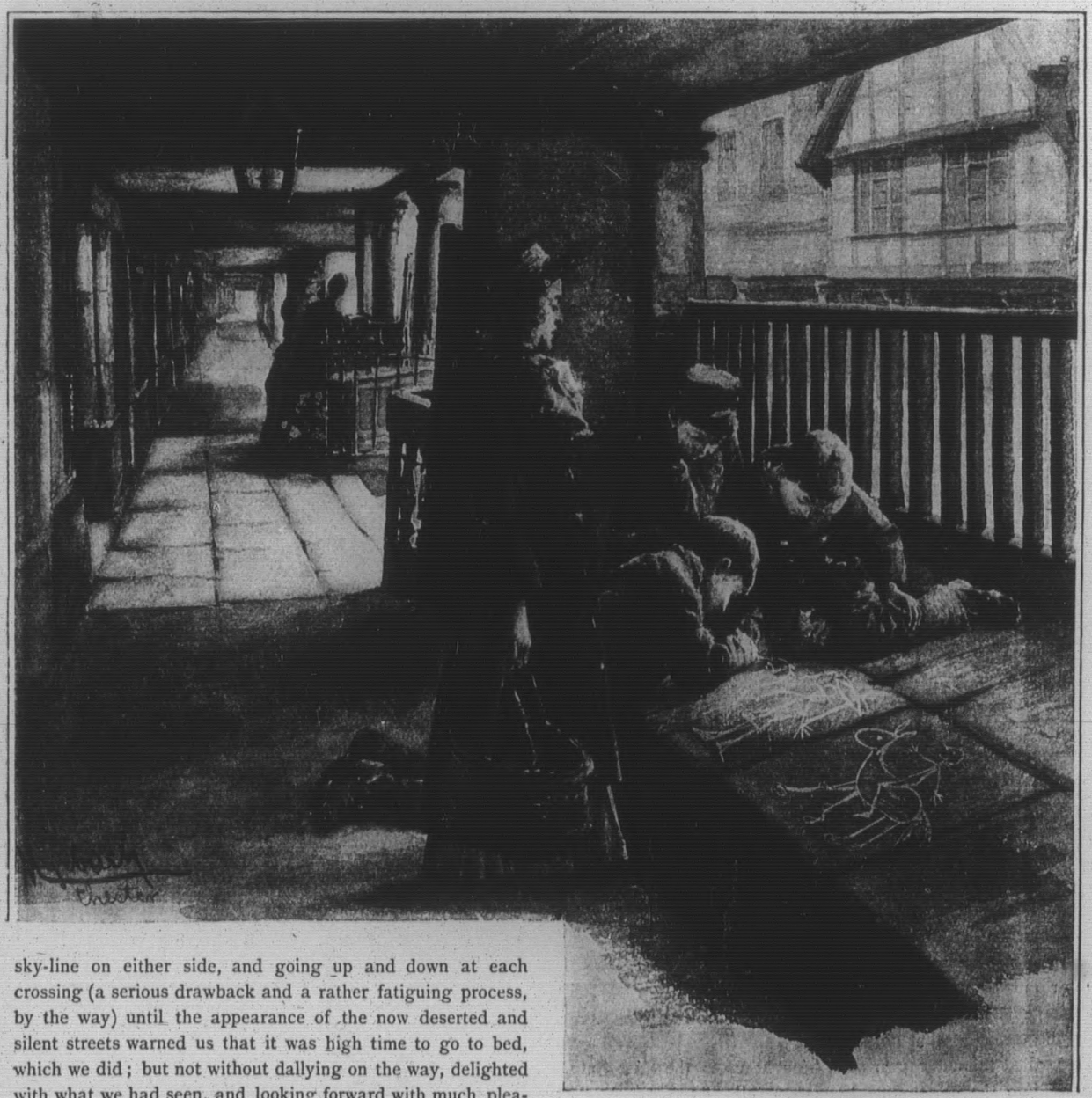
But the most curious feature of Chester is the peculiar arrangement of its streets or "rows," which is unique, and for this reason difficult to describe. Let us, however, try and give an idea of the "rows." They can be roughly described as two-storey streets, the lower storey only having a carriageway. There are shops on both storeys, but whilst the pas-

* Continued from page 273.

senger-way of the lower storey is open, that of the upper storey is covered, the shops on that higher level being, as one might say, in the back parlour, the front parlours forming a continuous covered promenade. The lower shops are much inferior to the higher ones, and it is very curious to see a hairdresser's shop under a butcher's, or a shoemaker's under a confectioner's.

The houses, as a matter of course, overhang the covered way, and rest on wooden columns or supports, some of which are remarkable for their carvings, mouldings, and ornaments; as also the roofs, which in many instances are divided into sunk panels tastefully decorated.

All the streets do not present that peculiarity, but only, or at least chiefly, the four main streets, which, starting from a common centre near St. Peter's Church, extend as nearly as possible in the direction of the four points of the compass. We wandered for hours in the "rows," going first on one side and then on the other to enjoy the sight of the beautiful



The Rows, Chester.

sky-line on either side, and going up and down at each crossing (a serious drawback and a rather fatiguing process, by the way) until the appearance of the now deserted and silent streets warned us that it was high time to go to bed, which we did; but not without dallying on the way, delighted with what we had seen, and looking forward with much pleasure to a more exhaustive survey the next day.

Well, we must regretfully confess that our expectations were not quite realised when we saw Chester the next morning, and for this reason. With an artistic feeling which greatly reflects to their credit, the people of Chester, when they rebuild their houses, erect them on the model of the ancient constructions, so that the city retains its mediæval aspect, which is its greatest charm. In the daytime the new buildings are too easily distinguishable from the old ones. Time has not yet given them that harmonious colour which lends so much beauty to really old houses, and the result is a somewhat unpleasant contrast. At night, on the contrary, the whole of the town being enveloped in darkness, the outline of the projecting storeys, of gables and serrated roofs, have a quaint and ancient appearance which is truly delightful; and the play of the rays of light from above on the dark pavement of the narrow streets produces a variety of weird shadows of a very remarkable effect. On a fine moonlight night, when

the "rows" are deserted, Chester is the nearest approach that we can think of to a city such as Gustave Doré was fond of depicting in his illustrations of mediæval tales.

In Watergate Street there is a very curious house, with a pointed gable and decorated front of great richness of ornamentation. Like most of the Chester houses, it is a narrow and comparatively lofty building. It is decorated with wooden balustrades, elaborately carved, and the façade is divided by caryatides into a number of compartments in which an artist has represented various biblical scenes, interspersed with coats-of-arms and heraldic devices. The scenes from the Bible are wonderfully quaint and naïve, and are an excellent specimen of primitive art. This house, if we remember rightly, is called Bishop Lloyd's House. Another house in the same street is more profusely if not so quaintly decorated; it is called "God's Providence House," because on a beam on the first floor is inscribed the sentence, GOD'S PROVIDENCE IS MINE INHERITANCE. The whole of the front is divided into compartments filled with ornamental sculpture of a floral character; this house has evidently been lately repaired, if not wholly rebuilt, on the model of the old construction. It is said that the inscription on its façade is an allusion to the plague of 1652, when the city of Chester was almost depopulated, and the inhabitants of this house were among the few who survived the epidemic.

Bridge Street also contains many old houses, and modern ones built in the style of the ancient dwellings still remaining. One of the genuine old houses is so constructed that the top stories appear to be much older than the lower ones.



The Walls, Chester.

Chester, or rather the old city, is enclosed by walls dating from the fifteenth or sixteenth centuries, but resting, it is said, on Roman foundations. They form an uninterrupted promenade from which a very good view of the old and modern towns can be had, and also of the surrounding country, particularly on the west and south sides.

The west walls were formerly laved by the Dee, that is in the time, now very remote, when Chester was effectively what it is still in name, a port. Now there is a racecourse, and a very fair one, too, on the spot where, in olden times, vessels used to sail right up to the walls, which still bear heavy iron rings to which ships were moored.

We started from the East Gate to walk round the walls, leaving the new town, the railway, and factories on our right and the cathedral on our left; the cathedral is a reddish edifice, the aspect of which, from the ramparts, is not very striking, because it does not rise to a sufficient height above the surrounding buildings.

We soon reached the first or Phœnix Tower, situated at the angle of the east and north walls. It is a circular tower, not very lofty, with a flight of steps leading to the upper storey. Above the door is an inscription recalling the defeat of Charles I.'s army by the Parliamentary forces on Rowton Moor; it runs thus:

KING CHARLES
STOOD ON THIS TOWER
SEPTR. 24, 1645, AND SAW
HIS ARMY DEFEATED
ON ROWTON MOOR.

It is to be supposed that the weather was clearer on the 24th of September, 1645, than it was on the 24th of September, 1886, exactly two hundred and forty-one years after the battle, when we visited it, for although the attendant tried his best to make us see the "very spot" where the fight took place, we saw nothing but a somewhat thick grey mist.

What interested us most in the Phœnix Tower was the old attendant who sells guides and souvenirs of Chester, manufactured probably in Birmingham, and who is an inveterate joker. His special duties appear to consist in propounding conundrums to the visitors, most of which are remarkable by their antiquity and inanity, but the old man is so convinced of their superior merit and enjoys them so much that one is constrained to laugh, not at his jests but at his unconsciousness, which really is astounding.

But the Phœnix Tower is as nothing compared to the Bonwaldesthorne and Water Towers, both of which have been converted into museums.

It must be confessed that a more heterogeneous collection of useless and valueless things it has never been our lot to see. There are many booths and travelling museums to be seen in fairs and markets in France which would compare favourably with them.

In the Bonwaldesthorne so-called Museum we found in close proximity the following articles, the value of which we leave the reader to judge for himself: a fan made from the stem of a cabbage leaf (South Africa); the skin of an alligator; one or two Indian gods, on the authenticity of which it would be rash to express an opinion; a model of a locomotive by Stephenson; the chair of Bishop Goodman (1598); a Chinese woman's shoe; and a plaster cast of the foot of Queen Victoria.

When we got to the Water Tower the door was closed and a youth ran for the key. After a short time he came back with it, and ushered us into Museum No. 2, where we saw a statue of Napoleon and a few Japanese fans, together with an old water-tank, the whole being in a state of confusion, having nothing artistic about it. It must, however, be confessed that to place these various articles in a kind of classified order would have taxed the organising genius of the ablest museum-keeper in the kingdom. As it is, the only wonder is that it is thought worth any one's while to keep this collection of odds and ends, which might at best be taken for the stock of some third-rate provincial curiosity shop.

Our astonishment was much increased when, a few days after our visit to Chester, we were informed, by a friend to whom we were speaking of those so-called museums, that they had recently opened at Chester a very handsome museum and school of art, erected at great expense. What there is in the new museum, our friend was unable to tell us, but it is to be hoped that henceforward it will be made a punishable offence to call museums the two towers and their contents, and that the new institution will make it widely known that there is no connection between it and the other establishments on the ramparts.

The people of Chester should be congratulated on having built a museum, but why, when strangers are asked if there is a museum in their city, are they sent to the towers on the walls, and is everybody silent about the new institution and the school of art, of which not a word was breathed to us in answer to our inquiries?

There is, near the Water Tower, a small garden in which are preserved some broken columns and other fragments of an old Roman hypocaust, but for some reason or other we could not obtain admittance to this enclosed ground and were to our regret compelled to look on from the walls. The various fragments of tiles and other relics of the Roman bath are neatly piled up in cairns, and the whole might be taken, at a distance, for a small churchyard.

A gilt statue of Queen Anne and a coat-of-arms carved in stone were among the curiosities we noticed in the vicinity of the Water Tower, together with an old Roman mosaic of comparatively little interest.

The Castle did not come up to our expectations. It is a so-called Grecian building, that might be mistaken for a theatre, an exchange, a railway station or anything else, and strangely out of place in a picturesque town like Chester. On the contrary, the County Gaol is as unpleasant a building as can be imagined, and looks, every brick of it, a prison.

At this point, the view of the Dee, crossed by an old stone bridge, is very picturesque, as on the opposite bank of the river the Queen's Park, with its bright verdure, forms a lovely green spot contrasting pleasantly with the grey stones of the walls and prison, and the spires of the churches standing near the Bishop's Palace, beyond which again extends the Grosvenor Park.

We were not much impressed, we are bound to add, by the Cathedral, the exterior of which has been entirely rebuilt, whilst the interior has also been considerably altered, repaired, and modernised of late.

There was the usual difficulty in seeing it, as access could only be had to the nave, and we had to wait a long time before one of the vergers could be induced to take us round, which he did in a very slovenly and perfunctory manner, and with the air of a man who is tremendously bored. Contrary to the wont of his tribe, this gentleman of the black robe was far from talkative, and very little information could be got out of him; however, on receiving a gratuity at the conclusion of our rapid survey of the church, he condescended to express his thanks in a few hurriedly mumbled words accompanied by a very ugly grin, apparently meant to do duty for a smile.

The loquacious verger is a great nuisance, but the taciturn verger is a greater one, because if you are not obliged to listen to the former, yet while he talks you have time to look round; whilst with the latter you are hurried through choir, transepts, and cloisters, and bustled out of the church before you have had an opportunity of seeing anything.

We had just time, however, to look at the two heads of Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone, carved in stone on the walls of the Cathedral during the restoration, and representing political contention and religious contention. The likenesses are tolerably good, but the heads are caricatures rather than portraits, and it may be questioned whether the walls of a cathedral, even when looking on a churchyard, and hidden from view by clumps of trees, are a proper place for political caricature and artistic jokes.

In spite of its picturesqueness, Chester is a place where no one could wish to make a prolonged stay, and we left it without regret for Liverpool, which we were very anxious to see, as, with the exception of London, it is the English town whose name is most familiar to French people.

P. VILLARS.

(*To be continued.*)

ART NOTES AND REVIEWS.

PERSONAL.—Mr. Ruskin's health is so completely restored that he is better than he has been for some time. The President is painting a large picture of 'Andromache in the Home of Neoptolemus.' Mr. Mortimer Menpes is sketching and painting in Japan. Mr. Sidney Starr is painting a portrait of Mr. Willard, the actor. Dr. Percy Gardner has been elected to the Oxford Professorship of Archæology, and Mr. Warwick Wroth has been promoted to the place in the Coins Department of the British Museum left vacant by his removal. Lord Ronald Gower has offered to Stratford-on-Avon a Shakespearean monument of his own designing, the plaster of which has been for some time on view at the Crystal Palace. A 'François Arago,' in bronze, has been commissioned of M. Oliva. Messrs. Bellman and Ivey have purchased for reproduction, from the Salon, M. Falguière's 'Diane,' M. Frémiet's 'St. Louis,' M. Tourgueneff's 'Archer,' M. Steiner's 'Berger et Faune,' M. Grégoire's 'Écho,' and M. Manaton's 'Inspiration;' and from the Royal Academy Mr. T. N. MacLean's 'Tragedy,' Mr. Saul's 'Despair,' Miss Gell's 'La Coquette,' Miss Brown's 'Sibyl,' and the 'W. G. Grace' of Mr. Mullins.

VANDALISM.—Mr. E. Huth Walters, writing to the *St. James's Gazette*, thus sums up the Jubilee bill of costs as far as Westminster Abbey is concerned:—1. *The Coronation Chair*.—The change in the aspect of this venerable relic is very remarkable. It is not now of such a dark-brown colour as it was when I inspected it on Jubilee Day. But it has quite lost its former greyish tint, so characteristic of ancient wood, and has assumed a murky, dingy, nut-brown. Worse than this, the curious remains of its Fourteenth-Century decorations have been utterly obliterated. These were executed in gilded gesso. . . . Certain unevennesses of the surface tell where the once gilded gesso still adheres to the wood; but Mr. Banting's brown wash has wholly destroyed the decoration, which was of unique interest. I have examined the chair, both back and front, and regret to be able to say positively that this is the sad fact. A smell like that of French polish probably indicates the mode of treatment. 2. *Stained Glass*.—Of the three splendid ancient windows in the apse, the one to the south has, I think, suffered damage. In the right-hand light, near the head of the figure, there is something suspiciously like a hole, as viewed from the pavement below. 3. *Stonework*.—In the triforium arcade are numerous chips and marks of hobnailed boots. The mouldings of the principal arcade of the apse are also chipped; so is the carved diaper on the walls; so are some of the piers—not badly, but still quite visibly, even when seen from a distance. At the junction of the north transept with the north chancel-aisle there is a pier bound round with cords—evidently to prevent a large piece of the capital from falling. It is already split. 4. *Tombs*.—The effigy of the Countess of Lancaster, on the north side of the sacrarium, has been very roughly used, as though heavy iron tools had been thrown on it. The drapery is badly chipped, the fragments lying near. 5. *Mosaic Pavement*.—Abbot Ware's Italian mosaic pavement of the thirteenth century, in the sacrarium, has suffered very severely. There has evidently been a great smash on the south side, near King Richard II.'s portrait. The injury here has been patched up with cement, and the place is now covered with a loose sheet of lead—presumably to allow the cement to dry before being trodden on. In the immediate neighbourhood of the same spot I counted five places in which the ancient mosaic has been more or less damaged: most likely by the workmen throwing tools down on it from a height.

EXCAVATIONS AND DISCOVERIES.—At Arcaventa there have been unearthed an oil mill, a great building, a room paved with mosaic, a statue, and a number of fragments, of columns, etc., with a certain quantity of coins. At Laibach, the Roman Emons, there have been discovered two Christian sarcophagi, dating (it is supposed) from the second century. At Baia there has been dug up a colossal statue, which although a good deal damaged, is recognisable yet as an excellent piece of Art; it has been identified as a memorial designed by Caligula to perpetuate the story of the bridge of boats which he built between Baiæ and Pozzuoli, in emulation of Xerxes and the bridging of the Hellespont. Stones, with inscriptions in Syrian, have been discovered in Semiretchinsk, which are said to be the only ones inscribed in Syrian ever found out of Mesopotamia. A Gallic cemetery has been laid open in the Parc Saint-Maur, from which there have been taken a great number of arms, jewels, and armours. A bearded "Christ" has been discovered at Rome in the Basilica of St. Agnes; and (in the Piazza Santa Maria Maggiore), a Roman room superbly decorated with coloured marbles.

MUSEUMS AND GALLERIES.—The Burlington Fine Arts Club have had on view a fine collection—perhaps the finest seen in England—of majolica and Hispano-Mauresque ware. More than two millions of people have already visited the Manchester Jubilee Exhibition; on the August Bank Holiday there were over 70,000 present. An exhibition of one hundred works by James Stark (1794—1859) has been opened at the galleries of the Norwich Art Circle. The unique collection of drawings, etchings, woodcuts, and engravings by George Cruikshank, which was three years back presented to the nation by the artist's widow, has been at last arranged for exhibition at South Kensington, in a hall adjoining the Art library. Mr. Franks has presented to the British Museum the only decadrachm of the Bactrian series which is known to be in existence. The Mappin Gallery, at Sheffield, has been formally opened by Sir Frederick Mappin, the testator's son; the collection includes, besides the pictures bequeathed by the founder, the large and varied gathering of works by modern English masters—Sir John Gilbert, Mr. Pettie, Mr. Oakes, Mr. Briton Riviere, Mr. Marcus Stone, Mr. Keeley Halswelle, M. Aumonier, Mr. Helmick, and others—made by Mr. W. Ryland. Couture's masterpiece, 'Les Romains de la Décadence,' has been transferred to the Louvre. Baron A. de Rothschild has presented M. Laurent Gsell's 'Pasteur,' from the Salon of 1887, to the Museum at Vannes.

PRIZES FOR ART WORKMEN.—The Council of the Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi, have determined, on the recommendation of the Committee of the Applied Art Section, to offer prizes to Art workmen. They are offered, we read, in the following eight classes for the present year:—1. Painted Glass, £25, £15, £10; 2. Glass Blowing in the Venetian style, £10, £5, £3; 3. Enamelled Jewellers' Work, £25, £15, £10; 4. Inlays in Wood, with Ivory, Metal, or other Material, with or without engraving, £25, £15, £10; 5. Lacquer, applied to the Decoration of Furniture or Small Objects, £25, £15, £10; 6. Decorative Painting on Wood, Copper, or other material applied to Furniture and Internal Decorations, £25, £15, £10; 7. Hand-tooled Bookbinding, £25, £15, £10; 8. Repoussé and Chased Work in any metal, £25, £15, £10. Certain conditions are attached to the competition, which may be had on application to the Society at the above address, to which competitors are invited to send their work "free of all charges," before the 31st December of the current year, and at which, unless arrangements be made for exhibition at South Kensington, the results of the contest will be in due time on view.

ART IN FRANCE.—At the Salon this year the takings are stated at 323,000 francs. The catalogue numbers ran as high as 5,318, of which 3,563 were pictures, and 1,092 were sculptures and medals. A journalist of a statistical turn computes the number of pictures exhibited between 1872—1887 (inclusive) at 541,147, with a superficies of 150,000 square mètres. Another journalist also of a statistical turn has discovered that the Legion of Honour has included 202 painters and 105 architects, with only 83 sculptors and 29 engravers: against a total of 60 musicians, of whom only 19—Gounod, Thomas, Délibes, Saint-Saens, among them—are now living.

OBITUARY.—The death is announced of René Ménard, the eminent archæologist and art critic; of the draughtsman and designer, Léon Sabatier; of Charles Clément, for many years Art critic of the *Journal des Débats;* of the Italian landscape-painter, Gaëta; of the landscape-painter, Bartolommeo Ardy, attached to the Albertine Academy, Turin; of the Genoese draughtsman and caricaturist, Adolfo Materassi; of the Belgian painter and teacher of painting, Nicaise de Keyser; of the Berlinese historical painter, Pfannschmidt; of the water-colour painter, Margaret Gillies (1803-1887); of George Williams, F.R.I.B.A.; of L. de Ronchaud, Directeur des Musées Nationaux, author of "Phidias: Sa Vie et Ses Œuvres" and of "La Tapisserie dans l'Antiquité;" of Auguste Perrodin, a pupil of Flandrin, and decorator (under Viollet-le-Duc) of certain parts of Notre-Dame; and of the French historical painter, A. Colas.

SCULPTURE AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—The high standard of excellence reached last year in the sculpture galleries was hardly maintained in the exhibition which has lately closed. Some works there were of considerable merit, but nothing remarkably striking arrests attention with the exception perhaps of No. 1798, 'Young Bull and Herdsman,' J. E. Boehm, R.A., the plaster model of which, shown some years ago, has now been admirably reproduced in a magnificent block of Sicilian marble. No. 1903, 'A quarter-size Model of the Memorial to General Gordon to be erected in Trafalgar Square,' by Hamo Thorneycroft, A.R.A., seemed to be in every way worthy of the occasion, but it is difficult to speak positively till one sees the full-sized monument in its place. In the same way, admirable as is the President's 'Design for the Reverse of the Jubilee Medallion,' No. 1829, it remains to be proved that it will bear compression within the limits of the metal die. Of large imaginative works there were but few, and the only two deserving of mention are No. 1942, 'The Madness of Aristodemus,' George H. Saul, and No. 1946, 'Ladas, the Spartan Runner, Dying at the Goal,' H. H. Armstead, R.A., the latter a skilled and masterly piece of modelling, with which the only fault to be found is that the anatomical knowledge of the artist is a little too obtrusively displayed. The low-reliefs of Mr. Alfred Gilbert, A.R.A., and Mr. Harry Bates—No. 1819, 'Post Equitem Sedet atra Cura,' and Nos. 1854, 1855, and 1856, 'Three Scenes from the Story of Psyche'—were full both of performance and promise. Of the busts, which were as numerous as usual, there were none that could bear comparison for a moment with Nos. 1788 and 1789, 'Mrs. Henry White,' and 'The Countess de Grey,' both by Jean Antonin-Carlès: the sculptor has been fortunate in his sitters, but he has done them full justice and made the marble instinct with beauty and refinement.

"SOCIETY" IN ART.—Art has entered very little into the life of the age. There has been a tendency to confine it to oil pictures in frames, as religion is confined to Sunday. So we have had real talent exercised in the wrong place. Illustrators, decorators, and anecdotic painters have too often attempted to enter into competition in the field of the modern realistic picture with the painter born to that sort of Art. Thus they throw away their own gifts, and have only helped to set up a false ideal in Art. Mr. George Dumaurier, however, is the right man in the right place. He brings to the task he has chosen just the qualities it requires, and produces work much more interesting and more really artistic than the majority of the large oil pictures which figure in the exhibitions. He gives with his limited means all that he really wishes to observe in life: the humours, characters, types, and tendencies of the society of his day. On canvas he could give no more telling embodiment of these things, and he would have in a manner pledged himself to make the most of the wider medium and its natural resources. In fact, unless he used it in its legitimate function to render a true effect, the real position of things in air, full modelling, and large and harmonious colouring, it would remain as so much dead inartistic matter, prejudicial to the general result. As it is, by confining his ambition to illustration, Mr. Dumaurier can employ no more means than exactly serve to express those qualities of nature he wishes to convey. He is by no means neglectful of the technical side of the process he uses, and any one who visits the show of his original drawings now on view at the Fine Art Society's galleries, will see that his work is broader and larger than it used to be—is less tentative, more delicate and natural, especially in those lines of the faces which suggest the modelling of an expression. It would be useless to refer to the subjects and numbers of the drawings exhibited, or to speak of their humour and wit. As they represent the artist's late contributions to *Punch*, they are familiar enough to every one. We should advise, however, those of his admirers who only know him through the pages of *Punch* to visit this exhibition, so as to gain a fair idea of that subtlety of expression in the real work which must be, to a certain extent, lost even in the best reproduction.

THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY.—The second water-colour exhibition opened in July. The first, held two years ago, proved very successful, but last year the occurrence of the International Exhibition prevented another being held. In the present collection 852 works are shown: in water-colours, crayons, black and white, and sculpture. There has been no effort made by the artists to give special interest or importance to the exhibition, and though there are many nice works, the collection chiefly depends for its value on a number of loan pictures of exceptional merit. Three drawings by Turner, from local collections, are of much interest. The large 'Shoreham,' belonging to Mr. Irvine Smith, has all the witchery of colour, tone and composition of Turner's best work, and is alone sufficient to stamp the exhibition. The small (engraved) drawing of 'Berwick-on-Tweed,' belonging to Mr. J. R. Findlay, is well known, and the 'Steetan, near Farnley,' lent by Mr. Smith, has much merit, as showing how a very plain country house may be invested with artistic charm by a master-hand. Two drawings by David Cox, a large number of important works by "Grecian" Williams, drawings by William Simpson, George Manson, Sam Bough, James Cassie, J. C. Wintour, and other deceased artists, and a number of charming drawings by the present President, give to this room a more than casual interest. The handiwork of another famous colourist, the late Paul Chalmers, is also illustrated, and a head of Etty by Nicholson, a lovely female head by Kenneth Macleay, and a sketch of a dog, done in 1818 by Sir Edwin Landseer, add to the attractions of the exhibition. While the collection is strong in the works of the rising men in landscape art, attention is demanded by the excellence of a number of figure subjects by G. O. Reid, H. W. Kerr, and other artists, showing not a little humour, insight, and technical skill. A Jubilee medal, designed by Kirkwood of Edinburgh, shows on the reverse an artistically conceived and well cut design of Jason buckling on his armour under the superintendence of Pallas Athene. It is a charming example of the art of modelling.

MR. HOLMAN HUNT IN AUTOTYPE.—The way of reproduction which emphasises the manner of the original picture will always be more popular with those who are interested in artistic individualities than the way which softens it. An artist who is addicted to what Mr. Ruskin used to call "mystery" in his corners, should be interpreted; the perfectly explicit painter should be reproduced. The former way, even at the risk of misinterpretation, is felt to be more harmonious with the painter's manner of using natural material, and so we are inclined to insist on having a mysterious master engraved; whereas the "processes" are not unfitting for the artist who loves to put the dots upon all his i's. With Mr. Holman Hunt explicitness is of course more than a habit: it is a principle; it is almost as much so in his ethics as in his æsthetics. And as he sets himself to render the whole of the passage of nature before him, without selection, he can hardly receive better justice in black and white than that which a more or less mechanical process awards him. The Autotype Company (74, New Oxford Street) have issued successful reproductions of the 'Rienzi Vowing Vengeance,' the 'Valentine Rescuing Sylvia,' the 'British Family Succouring Christian Priests,' the 'Awakened Conscience,' and the 'Tuscan Girl'—a child against a background of the Fiesole Hill, engaged in that local industry of straw plaiting which the little Tuscan learns before she is seven years old. A subject like this last-named will probably be most popular; it has never passed out of fashion. The 'Awakened Conscience,' as a record of the elegance of 1850, is a curiosity which may or may not appeal to the interest of autotype buyers. The 'Rienzi,' as the first "pre-Raphaelite" picture by the hand which will paint the last, has a significance of its own; and for its portrait of Rossetti the world owes Mr. Holman Hunt a debt.

In the "ÉTUDES SUR L'ORFÈVRERIE FRANÇAISE AU DIX-HUITIÈME SIÈCLE" of M. Germain Bapst (Paris: Rouam; London: Gilbert Wood), we are introduced to the several members of a family of goldsmiths as famous, perhaps, as exists in the history of Art. The first of the name who had any repute was Pierre-Germain I. (1645), who was presented to Colbert by Le Brun, and who, presented by Colbert to Louis XIV., was lodged in the Louvre, was appointed his Majesty's goldsmith, and distinguished himself by the production of a great number of magnificent pieces which, in 1691—when money was scarce, and France hard pressed from without, and stricken almost to the death from within, could furnish no more—were melted down and sold for the value of the metal. Pierre-Germain I., who died in 1684, was also a medallist and die-sinker. He was succeeded by his son Thomas (born 1633), who was sent to study in Rome by Louvois, and who returned to France in 1706, after an absence of thirteen years, to find his occupation gone, and the plate of France vanished in the melting-pot. His work was applauded by Louis XIV., but for close on twenty years he did nothing for the court, and but for the churches and cathedrals would, apparently, have done nothing at all for any one. With the accession of Louis XV. his fortune changed: he was appointed one of the King's goldsmiths, was lodged in the Louvre, and was entrusted with the execution of commission after commission, including a great number of toilet and dinner services, and a famous pair of five-branched candlesticks (in gold), which were melted down in the early days of the Revolution. Largillière painted his portrait; he was an alderman of the city of Paris, for which he produced a number of notable works; he was the architect of several churches. He died in 1748, and was succeeded by his son, François-Thomas (1726—1791), who did a vast amount of work for the courts of France, Russia, and Portugal; but, being a braggart and a spendthrift of the first water, was made bankrupt, with a deficit of something like £100,000, was turned out of the Louvre, and died a litigant and a poor and disappointed man. He was the last of the race, for Pierre-Germain II. (1716—1783), called "le Romain," author of a famous "Éléments d'Orfèvrerie," and a "Livre d'Ornements," came from Marseilles, and served his apprenticeship under Nicolas Besnier, a colleague of Thomas Germain. M. Bapst, it should be noted, has much that is new to tell of all four Germains, and is able to settle more than one vexed question in the ascription of their works. As his book is well and clearly written, and is quite sufficiently illustrated, it may be recommended to the reading public at large as well as to the specialist.

In "THE ITALIAN PRE-RAPHAELITES" (London: Cassell), the first of a series of popular guides to the National Gallery, Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse writes with equal insight and learning of the pictures included in what is perhaps the best furnished and the completest section in the national collection. Once,

he says in his prefatory note, a stranger wandering vaguely among the "cock-eyed Primitives" (the expression is another author's) in Trafalgar Square, "asked me if there was anything to admire in the pictures except their age?" He thinks that there are hundreds—he might have said thousands—"of visitors to the National Gallery who might honestly ask the same question," and therefore he has written "The Italian-Pre-Raphaelites." It is a little book that should be read by everybody; it may tell the specialist much that he cannot find out for himself, and to the ignoramus it will come as a veritable blessing. Mr. Monkhouse has insight, sympathy, the right pictorial sense; he writes with the temperate enthusiasm of authority; he is an interpreter in the best sense of the word.

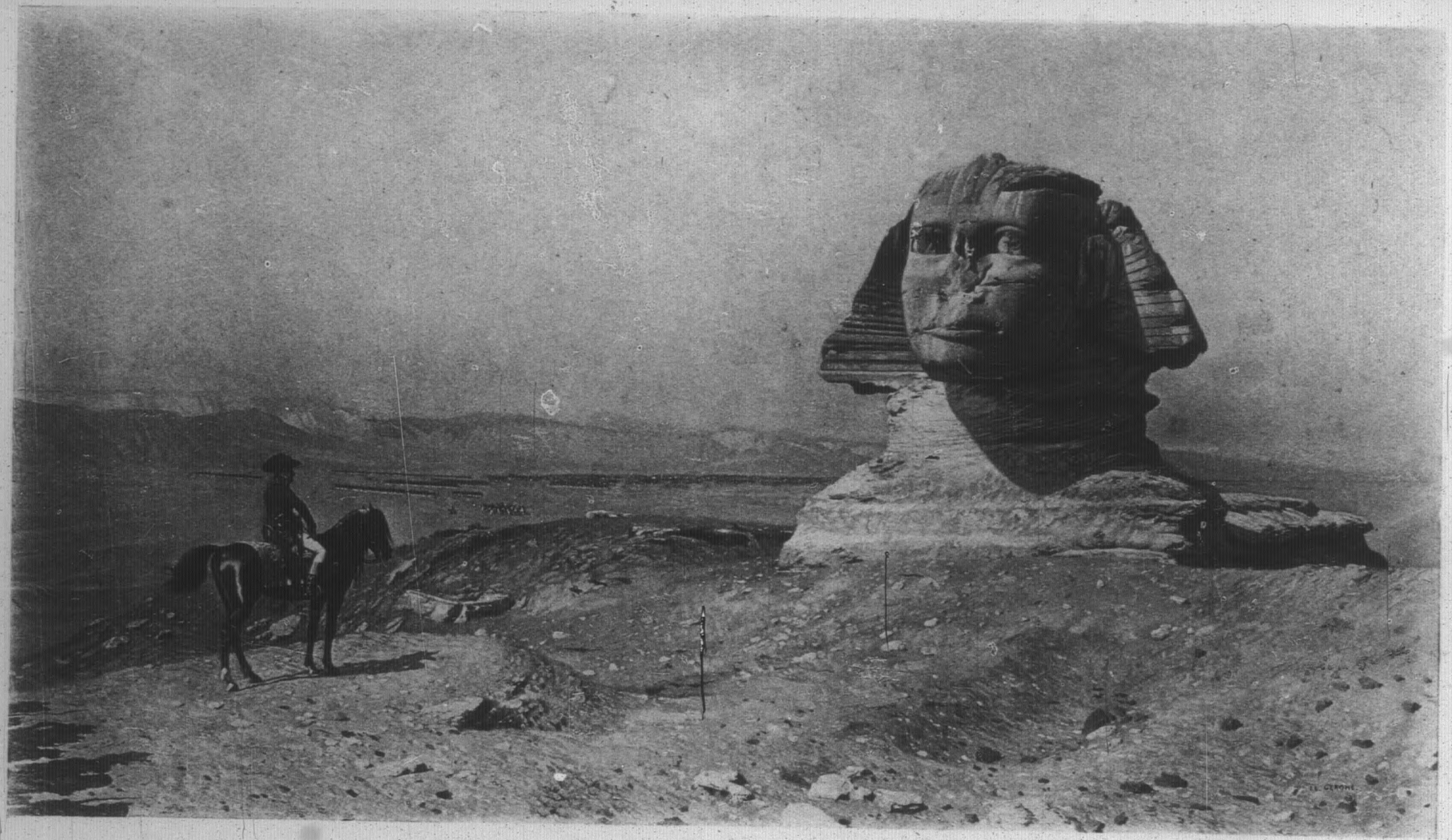
In "LE MEUBLE EN FRANCE" (Paris: Rouam; London: Gilbert Wood), the learned and exhaustive treatise which M. Édouard Bonaffé has written on French furniture, we have what is, in our judgment, the best book on the subject which has yet been produced. The author starts with chapters on furniture in Europe and furniture in France. In his next division, "La Géographie du Meuble," he deals with his subject quarter by quarter and province by province—Normandy, Brittany, the Ile-de-France, Champagne, Lorraine, Burgundy, the Lyonnais, Auvergne, Gascony, and so forth. He then proceeds to take furniture piece by piece; and starting with the chest, he works on through the buffet, the cabinet, the table, and the bed, down to the seat in all its forms; after which he devotes a chapter to "La Salle," the chamber, and winds up with a discourse on the guild of "huchiers-menuisiers," whose statutes (1580) he prints in an appendix. To give any idea of the wealth of learning and of taste he has bestowed upon his theme is impossible in the space at our command. The book is one to be, not read once and thrown aside, but studied continually. There are few who will not learn from it, while to the many it will come as a revelation. The illustrations (it should be added) are numerous and useful.

In "PRINCIPLES OF ART" (New York: Forde; London: Trübner), Mr. J. Van Dyke expresses his views with fluency and uncommon boldness. His argument is the old one: that Art is the expression of life, so that where primitive man merely decorates and beats a drum, the civilised modern is naturally represented in Wagner's tone poems and the "painted literature" of Mr. Burne Jones and Miss Pickering. His remarks, however, are often original. Thus, we read of Watteau that he "led the fashionable world of Art by the nose, invented the soubrette and the shepherdess, and catered to the taste of the court by offering the gay, the airy, and the frothy." The art of Poussin, it is noted, had this in common with that of Le Sueur and Lebrun, that, "like the drama of Corneille and Racine," it "aped" the classic and heroic. Greuze painted "the sentimental genre, with good intent at least;" while the "manhered and erotic" Boucher only "mirrored his licentious surroundings." The wretched David is as scornfully dismissed as the zany Poussin: "his effects are theatrical rather than dramatic, tawdry rather than substantial;" he was "a harsh draughtsman and an unsympathetic thinker and painter;" if certain of his portraits are masterpieces, our author knows it not. It is scarce necessary to note that Millet was to French Art "what Robert Burns was to English poetry;" also that "technically he was not over strong in drawing." Occasionally, it must be added, Mr. Van Dyke is wiser than from all this might seem possible.

THE FOURTH AND LAST instalment of Mr. Louis Fagan's "FRANCESCO BARTOLOZZI" (London: The Autotype Company) contains some of that accomplished nonentity's most accomplished work. Here, for example, are his renderings of Sir Joshua's 'Lavinia Bingham,' his 'Lesbia,' and his 'Master Leicester Stanhope;' here, too, is his version of the 'Madonna Alla Pesce.' Cipriani, Angelica Kauffmann, and Il Guercino are represented with cloying fulness; and of Hamilton there is a capital example, the robustious but effective portrait of John Kemble. In aspect and effect the volume is remarkably good, while the twenty reproductions it contains take rank with the best of their kind.

M. HABERT-DYS has a genuine talent for decoration, and in the twelve parts of his "FANTAISIES DECORATIVES" (Paris: Rouam; London: Gilbert Wood), which are beautifully produced, there is much that is at once pleasant and suggestive. The four plates contained in his first part are not in his best manner: the treatment of the birds and animals worked into his several schemes of ornamentation is a trifle too realistic. A flight of birds in plate v. is realistic too, to a certain extent, and so is the school of fish in plate vii.; but in both these the effect is charming. Plates vi. and viii., 'Bordures' and 'Col en Broderie,' are excellent; and so are the plate and the panel figured in plates ix. and x. We like the dish in plate xvii. and the 'Frises' in plate xix.; the 'Assiettes' in plate xiii. and the 'Bijoux' in plate xv.; the 'Fragments' in plate xxii. and the 'Chiffres, Bordures, et Ornements pour Tissus' in plate xxiv.; the set of panels ('Animaux et Fleurs') in plate xxix.; the cranes in plate xl.; the 'Bijoux' and the 'Frises et Bordures' in plates xli. and xliv.; the two 'Porte-Bouquets' in plate xlv.; and the 'Frises,' of frogs and flowers, in plate xlvii. At times, it must be owned, the artist gives us specimens of what to avoid in decoration; but, as a rule, his designs are touched with an elegance which is none the less real for being decidedly mundane, while his colour is very often remarkably attractive. His inventions are offered to the designer and the manufacturer as suggestions and examples, and they should prove decidedly useful.

"THE PHILADELPHIA PHOTOGRAPHER" (New York: Wilson) contains, in addition to other interesting matter, a full-page photograph of a study in child life from the studio of Mr. James Landy. Dr. H. W. Vogel contributes an article on "Instantaneous Photography with Magnesium Light," which should prove of interest to all photographers, amateur and professional.

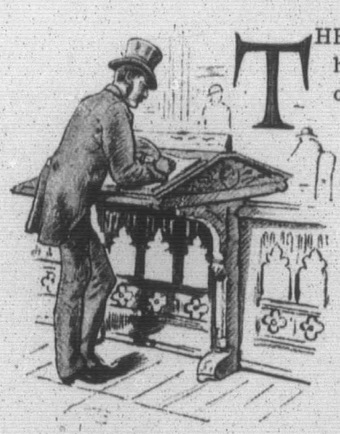


CONSULTING THE ORACLE

FROM THE PICTURE BY J. L. GEROME

LONDON J. S. VIRTUE & Cº LIMITED

THE GUILDHALL OF THE CITY OF LONDON.



THE existence of a guildhall implies the existence of a guild. What is a guild, and where can we see one at work? The subject is very obscure, and all the more so because an immense quantity of literature has been produced upon it, chiefly by writers who have had only a superficial acquaintance with it. The rules and regulations of a number of London guilds are extant, but they are generally of comparatively very late date, and tell us nothing as to the origin of these institutions. In trying to define the meaning of the word then, and its applicability to any body of men at the present day, I venture very diffidently to offer my own views, knowing, as I do, that many other students may think me wholly in the wrong. I believe, strictly speaking, that no guilds exist now.

All religious guilds were abolished by Act of Parliament in the reign of Edward VI., 1552, and their property was confiscated. With certain exceptions, which I shall come to directly, all the London guilds were religious, and all were therefore abolished and their estates confiscated; and there is no question that a religious guild is still illegal, and cannot hold land or any other kind of property. The guilds which thus perished were nearly all connected with certain city companies, and the members of these companies represented certain trades. The Guild of St. John the Baptist consisted of members of the Merchant Taylor's Company. The guild was abolished: the company, which survived, bought some of the guild estates, and added them to their own. This is only one of many similar cases. It is well, in order to be perfectly safe, historically and legally, to remember that no city company has any right, since 1552, to call itself a guild. That some of them do call themselves guilds is, of course, nothing to our present point; though, under the Act of Edward VI., they would seem by doing so to have forfeited their estates.

Now I come to the exception. The only guilds which were not religious were those known as guilds merchant. Some guilds merchant had patron saints, and after the passing of the Act they got into trouble on account of estates which had been "devoted to superstitious uses." We do not hear anything of this kind about London. The guild merchant itself, in London, is a very mysterious body, of which we have very little in history, and nothing distinctly. One thing about it is, however, very tangible. The Guildhall still exists. If there is a Guildhall there must have been a guild; and that guild, being the governing body of the city, may not necessarily have been religious. In fact, the first mention we have of the Guildhall certainly does not show it in a strictly religious character. Giraldus Cambrensis, writing in the reign of King Henry II., says somewhat enigmatically, that the Guildhall is so called on account of the resort to it of drinkers. What does that mean? Apparently, the custom of guilds to meet at stated intervals for "butt filling," and for mutual "pledging," as well as for religious exercises, was in his mind. The chief men of the city, the aldermen, "majores natu," had been accustomed to assemble for civic business in Alderman-bury, where, as the word "bury" seems to imply, they had a house to which they could resort; and where, after they had taken counsel, they could adjourn to their municipal hall and pledge each other, as in an ordinary guild. But, in truth, we have no contemporary account of these meetings.

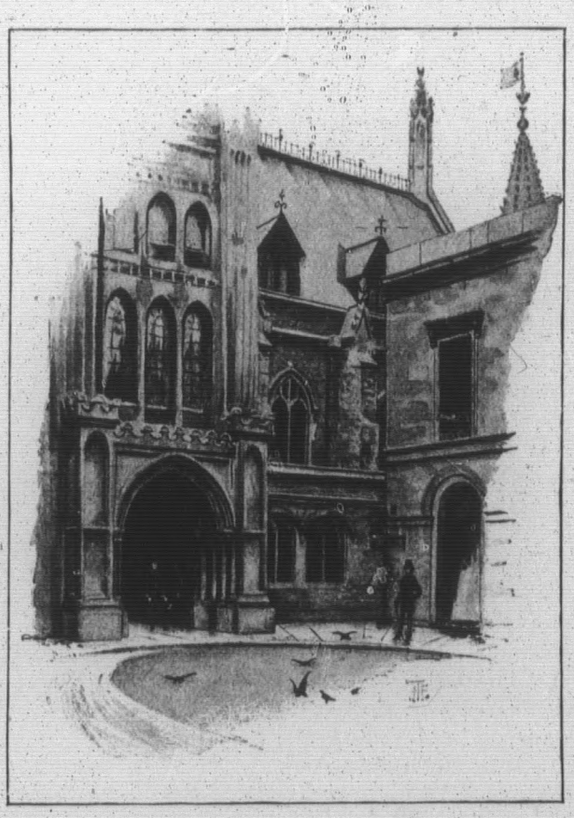
After a time, perhaps in the reign of Henry III., the old Aldermanbury hall became too small for them. A great deal of public business of importance had to be transacted, and the appointment of a recorder shows that records had begun to be made and to be preserved. In fact, from the reign of



The Reading Room.

Edward I. there is no break in the continuity of the London records. A new Guildhall became necessary. Its crypt, in

part, still remains, and shows early workmanship; and by a curious chance we are able to tell with considerable certainty both that it was smaller than the present Guildhall and also how much smaller it was. The boundaries of the city wards were defined about the same time, and it was arranged that though the new Guildhall stood well back from the market-place, it, with a street leading to it, should be in the ward of Cheap. At its western end it abutted on the old Guildhall in Aldermanbury, and when the hall was rebuilt by Whittington and his executors in the fifteenth century, the eastern end was prolonged beyond the ward boundary and beyond the beautiful early crypt. All the additions to the modern buildings have been made in the same way, and at present the hall is in Cheap and Bassishaw, and the library and new council chamber and offices are, some in Cripplegate and some in Bassishaw. It is not very easy to determine exactly where the first Guildhall stood, but it was probably on a site now or lately covered by the town clerk's and architect's offices on the western side, and extending quite to the street still called Aldermanbury. The maps in Mr. Price's magnificent volume, published last year by the Library Committee of the Corporation, will explain the position more clearly than any amount of writing.



The Entrance.

The governing guild of London, then, assembled in its Guildhall as early as the reign of Henry II., and if a governing guild now exists, it consists of the common council, the aldermen, and the lord mayor of the city. True, their name has been changed, and so has their constitution. The guild no longer consists of the aldermen and their portreeve, one of their own body. In 1189 at the earliest, and certainly before 1193, the portreeve became the mayor; and a few years later, namely in 1200, there were chosen twenty-five "of the more discreet men of the city" to take counsel with the mayor and the aldermen. This council has been gradually enlarged, and alongside of it we see a second council, that of the livery, or members of the companies, who assemble in common hall. As, practically, every one who wishes to take part in city affairs belongs to a company, the interests of the two bodies are virtually the same.

We have yet to notice one other assembly of citizens which is connected with the Guildhall. This is the hustings. The word is familiar enough. It is common when elections are going on, and at such times it is used all over England. Yet when we look into it, we observe that it is not, strictly speaking, an English word. It is Scandinavian, Danish perhaps. It is one of a small number of words which are relics among us of the great Danish conquest of England in the tenth century. In other towns and cities the great assembly of the freemen of the place is the "portmannimote." That is an English word, strange and unaccustomed as it may sound to modern ears. But in London what would have been called the portmannimote anywhere else, was called the hustings. In Iceland, the great council of the people is, or was lately, the "hus-thing," the assembly of the house. In English "hus" enters into the composition of a great many words, some of them obsolete. We speak of husband and husbandry; of housewife, or hussif or hussy; and our ancestors had "hus-carl," and other common expressions too long to explain here. The assembling of all the citizens of London was the hustings, and in some respects the hustings court of London was in the early middle ages the most powerful body in the city. To it was the ultimate appeal from the acts of the governing guild, the mayor, aldermen, and common council. The word "hus" in hustings is conjectured by Mr. Price to refer to the civil and domestic matters brought before it; and Mr. Coote translated it into "the domestic judicatory." These derivations at least show the objects and jurisdiction of the hustings; and the civic wills proved before it form a large and most interesting collection, which I trust before long may be published for the benefit of future historians by Dr. Sharpe, of the town clerk's office. By degrees legislation has deprived the hustings of most of its functions, but on certain occasions it still assembles on the dais at the east end of the Guildhall, as it did in the days of Chaucer, who mentions it. Other courts have always sat at the Guildhall, some of them of very modern origin; and the new offices which are gradually rising to the north and north-west of the original hall, bid fair to be as great an ornament to the city as those charmingly incongruous buildings, the Guildhall Chapel and Backwell Hall, which once, not so very long ago, confronted St. Laurence's Church, now, besides the Guildhall itself, the only architectural feature of a little square which must at one time have been as picturesque as any of the kind in England.

The Guildhall, as it is now, presents some of those mixtures of style and incongruities which seem in themselves to impart picturesqueness to a building, and which are the objects of an almost personal animosity to the average architect. The lamented Sir Horace Jones was not one of these. He improved the building, but was always mindful of its history. The Stuart Gothic with which Jarman refaced it after some injury in the Great Fire was not destroyed; the Georgian monuments, with their classical details, were not swept out of the hall; even the ridiculous giants, about which so much rubbish has been written, were not disestablished. But the new roof, with its fine brown beams, and the stained glass

in the windows—some of it very good—are comparatively new. The last of these windows was presented by Mr. Bedford, a member of the common council, to commemorate the opening and presentation of Epping Forest by the Corporation of London, one of the most splendid gifts ever made to the public.

The monuments which are ranged along the sides of the hall are of more interest than is generally the case with objects of this kind. They were all put up in times of great civic emotion, so to speak. Each of them represents some phase or mood of popular excitement, for the city of London has always been in the van of progress, and has led the way in every reform which has been for the real benefit of the nation; while, on the other hand, it has always braved the obloquy of those who would go too fast, and who, as in a recent instance, have broken down the restraints imposed by political and commercial economy with such disastrous results. The monuments are five in number. The first is to the memory of William Beckford, who died in 1770, in his second mayoralty. Beckford asserted the rights of the citizens against certain high-handed proceedings of George III., and a speech which he is said to have made to the King is inscribed on the pedestal. There are two versions of this speech extant, and this one is said to have been written by John Horne Tooke. Whether Beckford really delivered it or not does not greatly matter. He attended at court to remonstrate, and the speech shows the object of the remonstrance. Mr. Price tells us the statue is not by Bacon, but does not tell us whether it is by Smith or by Carlini, another artist whom he names. The second monument in the Guildhall is to Chatham, and the third to Pitt, his son. Wellington appears between Peace and War, sculptured by Bell. Nelson is commemorated by an elaborate allegorical group, referring to his victories and death.



The Guildhall.

The earliest of the great public ceremonials which we can associate with the present Guildhall was the reception given to Henry V. after the battle of Agincourt, in 1415. Whittington entertained the same King and Katharine of France, his Queen, in 1419, when the scene told also of other merchants and other kings, is said to have been enacted, and Whittington burned the King's bonds, to the amount of £60,000, in a fire of odoriferous woods which had been made up in the middle of the hall.

The election, or attempted election, of Richard III., was held at the Guildhall in 1483. By this time the hall must have been nearly, if not quite finished. Buckingham endeavoured in vain to rouse the spirit of the citizens in favour of his master. Edward IV. had been very popular with them, and they would not be persuaded to desert the cause of his children. It is curious to observe what importance was attached to a formal election of a king by the citizens of London, and Buckingham's singular threat, that the lords and commons would take the matter out of their hands, should be noted. It is not mentioned in Shakespeare's *Richard III.* (act iii. scene 7), where Buckingham reports his speech to Richard.

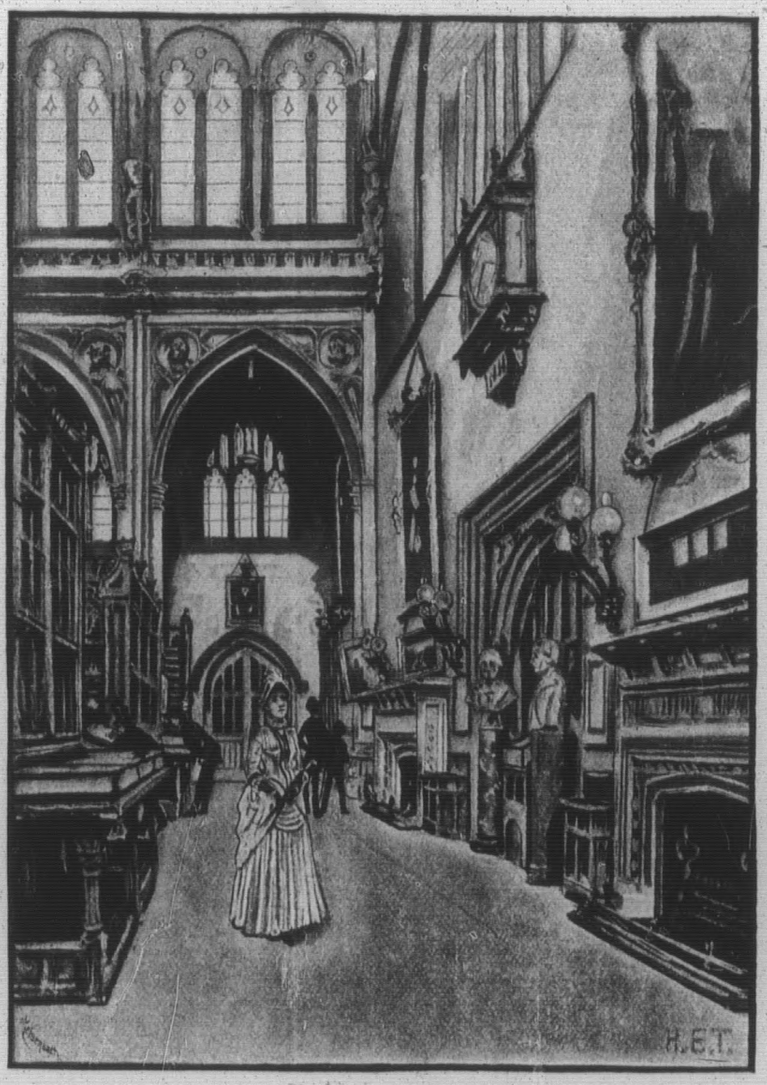
The reign of Queen Mary was marked by two events in the Guildhall, the reception of the Queen after Wyatt's rebellion, when many of the citizens fled, fearing her vengeance, and a little later the trial of Jane Grey, her husband, her brothers-in-law, and Archbishop Cranmer, before the Lord Mayor, the Lord Steward, and a number of high officials, when all were condemned to death.

One other historical event must also be mentioned before we come to modern times. In 1688, when the flight of James II. had left England without a king, the peers who happened to be in London, and other high officials, assembled at the Guildhall to take measures for the public safety. Archbishop Sancroft took the chair, though the Lord Mayor was present and had welcomed the lords as they arrived. Lord Mayor Chapman was certainly not equal to the occasion. A more capable man would have taken the lead in that and all the subsequent movements; but there can be no doubt that this memorable meeting at the Guildhall, and the offer of the crown and of money to support it, which the city made to William of Orange, determined the course of the Revolution.

Of late years there have been many royal visits to the Guildhall, and the famous entertainment given to Queen Victoria on her accession is not forgotten, nor the still more

splendid ball after the opening of the Great Exhibition in 1851. On this occasion the beautiful crypt was used as a supper room.

It should be mentioned that the Guildhall is one hundred and fifty-three feet long, and fifty wide. The library is in a very handsome chamber, east of the hall, and is approached by a passage which leads out of the old porch, of which a view is annexed. The books include many old manuscripts of interest which were in the possession of the Corporation at the time of the opening in 1828, and have been largely supplemented by the gifts of rarities of literature which citizens have made. This is by no means the first library the Corporation has had: for Whittington first opened a collection of books at the Guildhall, which might have subsisted here still, only that Somerset, the Protector of Edward V., "borrowed" them all and never returned them. There were only ten thousand volumes in the library in 1840, but by 1859 there were thirty thousand, and in 1869 the collection had grown so greatly that it was thought desirable to erect the present commodious building, which contains some seventy or eighty thousand volumes. Among its treasures is a document bearing the very rare signature of William Shakespeare. Oddly enough, it is so written that it throws little or no light on the orthography of the name.



End of the Library.

A staircase close to the library leads to the museum, also an institution of modern growth. It is particularly rich in Roman remains found in London, though in respect of works of art of that period it must yield to the British Museum. But a fine tesselated pavement found in Bucklersbury, near the course of the Wallbrook, is probably unequalled elsewhere in England, and many other relics found in the same neighbourhood more recently are also in the collection. There are also mediæval remains, such as the sign of the Boar's Head Tavern from East Cheap, and some modern relics and curiosities, including a fine collection of watches.

Besides the library and the museum there is now a picture gallery connected with the Guildhall. It occupies the chamber in which, before the erection of the new Law Courts at Temple Bar, city cases were heard before the Court of Queen's Bench. It was built in 1822 on the site of the old Guildhall Chapel. There are some interesting old city views and some fine portraits, but on the whole it is to be hoped that the same liberality which so greatly improved the library may soon be applied to the pictures. A small annual grant, properly administered, and the money spent, say, only at an annual exhibition of modern art in the city, would be a great boon to artists, and would soon lead to the formation of a worthy gallery.

There are of course no foreign cities of the same wealth and importance as London. We cannot therefore compare it with any on the Continent. Still less can we compare it with any other English city. But it would be hard to find any place of antiquity and large population on the Continent in which there is not some kind of picture gallery; while what has been done by Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, and by the great Australian cities, entirely throws the modest little collection of London into the shade.

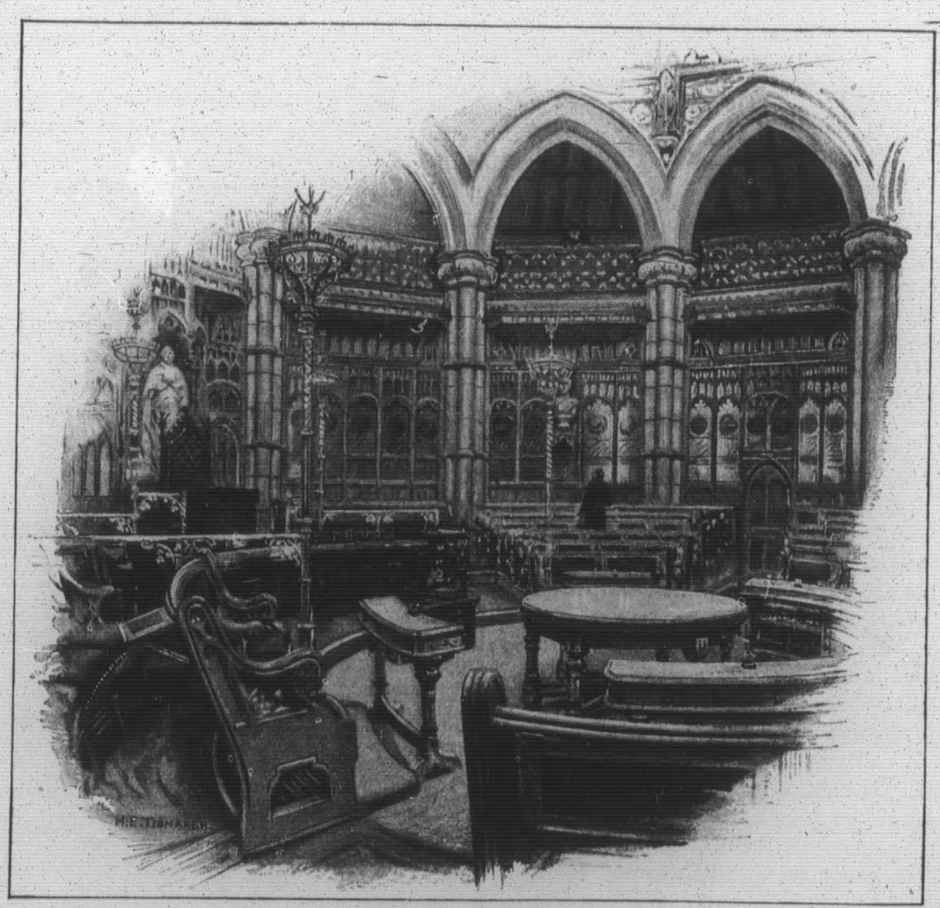
The last of the Guildhall buildings is the new council chamber. It lies to the north of the great hall, and east of the passage or lobby. It has been very recently completed and opened, and has none of the historical associations of the old chamber, which was on the other side of the passage. It is adorned with busts of great men, and is handsomely decorated both with painting and carving. The plan is almost circular, the diameter being about fifty feet.

The chamber was built with the most astonishing celerity, for the first stone was laid in April, 1883, and the first meeting of the Court of Common Council was held at the beginning of October in the following year. At the eastern side is the Lord Mayor's seat, with a statue of King George III. behind it. The old Chamberlain's Court was built just one hundred years ago, and was pulled down in 1882 to make way for this handsome hall. The Chamberlain is a kind of Chancellor of the

Exchequer of the City of London, and in the earliest times appears to have been identical with the portreeve or mayor; but the offices were divorced from each other during the long suppression of the mayoralty under Edward I. Besides the court the chamberlain has his office in which there is a lock-up for refractory apprentices; and what looks at first sight like a private house near the site of Bridewell, is retained as a prison to which now and then an unhappy "devil" is committed.

There is much else to see at the Guildhall, but the above-mentioned halls and chambers are the most easily access... A wonderful gathering of city records is in the town clerk's office, and there are some magnificent apartments for aldermen, judges, and others. Very nearly, if not exactly, on the site of the ancient Guildhall in Aldermanbury, is the City School of Music.

From these brief paragraphs it will be seen that, like the ancient constitution of the city, the Guildhall and its offices and annexes is a thing of great antiquity and long growth, and that it may well be said to vie with Westminster Hall in the number and importance of the historical events that have taken place within its walls. I have ventured to recapitulate some of the most ancient and some of the most modern of these associations, and must refer the reader who wants to know more to Mr. Price's magnificent volume—a volume with which, it is true, I have had to find some fault, but of which it is only right to say, that if the author seems now and then to have stumbled on an error, he at least, by the publication of all necessary authorities, enables the reader to form his own opinion.



New Council Chamber.

A great increase in the number of documents available has lately taken place. The muniment room of St. Paul's contains manuscripts of higher antiquity than any at the Guildhall. When they have been fully searched out and compared, a great deal of new light will be thrown on the early history of London. Meanwhile we can only grope cautiously along; those who are content to keep their minds most free from personal, and, I regret to add, from political animosity in conducting these investigations, will be rewarded by the greatest discoveries.

The part played by the Guildhall in the history of the city might well be compared with that which London itself played in the history of England. Since the building of a Mansion House, some of the most interesting and memorable of civic gatherings have taken place in it. And we might almost assert that the centre of business activity which, in the Middle Ages, was in Cheap, flanked by Cheapside and the Guildhall, is now transferred to the region occupied by the Bank of England and the Royal Exchange. Yet historically the Guildhall will always be the centre of the city; and since it has been found out that the old date of 1415, which used to be assigned to it, is probably at least a couple of centuries too late, it has gained immensely in this kind of interest. I cannot resist the opportunity of begging in these columns for a better treatment of the only part left of the Guildhall as it was before Whittington, namely, the beautiful Early English crypt, which should surely be kept in good order and shown freely to the public. It is almost the only surviving relic of its period in the city. The crypt of St. Mary-le-Bow is Norman. The church of St. Ethelburga, in Bishopsgate, has in it a few lancet windows which may be contemporary with the Guildhall crypt. It is, therefore, architecturally as well as archæologically, and artistically as well as historically, a building which many people would like to see, and which brings back to us by its extreme beauty the perfection of the Art of the thirteenth century, and enables us to judge for ourselves what, if this was the crypt must have been the magnificence of the building above.

W. J. Loftie.

DECORATING HORNS.

THERE are certain objects which men have in all ages and in most countries agree in considering as ornamental or appropriate to ornament. One of these is the *Horn*. As it forms an almost ready-made drinking cup, it was so generally used for this purpose that even now, all over the United States, to ask a man if he will take a horn is equivalent to inviting him to imbibe spirits. The Scandinavians and Saxons, as also the Normans and early English, carved their drinking horns with elaborate patterns and covered them with gold and silver jewellery and gems. The entire literature of the Eddas, Sagas, and of the Middle Ages to a late date, abounds in allusions to those objects, which were often made the subject of special legacy or conveyance. It was also easy to make of the horn a musical, or, at least, a noisy instrument, for the horrible *routing*, too-tooing, and blasing, such as Guinea negroes produce on these instruments, would be most misplaced in any Christian orchestra. However, such as it was, our ancestors loved it, just as they did the endless jangling of bells, and, in fact, all kinds of noises, even as small boys and Chinese at the present day love fire-crackers. So the horn was ornamented as a musical-artistic creation. It was also converted into a receptacle for money, and when powder was invented it was speedily discovered that no substance or object was so well adapted to contain it, as the horn is light, elastic, and not easily broken. I can remember the time when in the country, the metal flask being as yet unknown, all gunpowder was carried in horns. Finally it was common to use the horn for a wine-bottle, and I have one which I purchased in Brittany which from its style of ornament would seem to have been made about a century ago. All of these uses of the horn have become more or less obsolete, yet jewellers still continue to sell beautifully mounted horns as ornaments, and they are admirably adapted to hang up and serve as receptacles for flowers, dried grasses and many small objects. The object of the present article is to show how they may be ornamented.



Drinking Horns. Gothic Vine Ornaments.

First get your horn. This may be obtained from the butcher, who will for a consideration probably clean it out for you. In country towns chemists, or apothecaries, or veterinary doctors, sometimes sell them to be used in drenching cattle. Having obtained it draw on it with a pen and good black ink your pattern. When it is dry take a graver such as is used for metals, or a wood-carver's V or parting tool, or, for want of these, even a very small "half-round" gouge, and cut the outline. As the horn is extremely ill-adapted to be held in one hand while it is carved with the other, and as there is great risk in wounding yourself while so doing, care must be taken to set it in wood, or so secure it to a board that you may work on it with both hands. One method of doing this is to have two boards, one strongly nailed at right angles with the other, and with large holes in it, in one of which (the upright) the large end of the horn is to be firmly fixed, while the end rests tight in a hole in the level one. To carve the other side, *i.e.* the one inside the curve, put the small end into another hole in the upright, and nail a bit of wood so as to keep the mouth in place.

Having carefully outlined the pattern with a graver or cutting tool, it should be gone over with great care. If a relief be desired it may be obtained by cutting away as in wood-carving with small chisels, or files may be used to bring up the design. Scrape the ground smooth, either with broken glass or a chisel, and rub down with finest emery paper. With a little perseverance the work will become easy and the result most gratifying.

The best method of colouring the horn, which, by the way, should be a white one, is by scorching it brown with a hot skewer. The colour may vary from a very light hue to black. A portable gas-jet will serve to heat the brand. Pure nitric acid will give a lemon-yellow colour on horn, which, however, grows darker with time. This depends a little on the quality of the acid and its being repeated at intervals. Nitrate of silver gives a black colour, which is, however, not always

permanent nor adapted to resist wet and wear; and the same may be said of ammonia and sulphur. Where the horn is not to be handled much any of the good ordinary dyes made with *mordants* will, if repeated at intervals and finally oiled, answer the purpose; even very good writing ink will do this if thoroughly dried in by a fire, applied in several coats and finally oiled. I have a horn in which an oak-leaf pattern has been in some places coloured with nitrate of silver and in others with deep brown rising to black, the effect being admirable and very striking. I have also seen one which bore a Spanish inscription, and ornaments simply burnt in apparently by some South-American guacho. Those who are willing to dispense with cutting, outlining, or relief, may make attractive work by this very simple process.



"If Beer or Wine in a Horn ye see,
Drink it dry or let it be."

It is not a difficult thing to cut with a thin tool, which may be made of even a piece of umbrella rib or an awl, a fine groove into which silver or gold, or German silver, or any metallic wire may be firmly set, and then hammered or filed in. This makes a beautiful outline, especially to a dark pattern. In the inlaid mother-of-pearl tables, etc., which come from Constantinople, this work is generally made with mere lead or pewter wire.

The beginner will find, owing to the peculiar nature of horn, that while straight lines or the portions of large circles are easy to cut, small circles are very difficult. Thus the following is easy, while the next is difficult unless one has tools made expressly to suit the cuts. Quite as good general effects may be produced with easy long lines, in design, as with short and contracted ones.



Powder Horns, Sixteenth Century, in Heidelberg Castle.

Horn when steamed may be bent into any shape; by this means in the Middle Ages, as at present in Scotland, they are flattened, which gives a surface easy to engrave on. Horn is, in fact, when treated with quicklime and hot water and worked with oil, easily reduced to a clear and perfectly plastic substance, which also admits of being coloured. I do not, however, propose in the present contribution to the *Art Journal* to go beyond the mere ornamenting of the horn in its natural condition. The most exquisitely carved and ornamented which I have ever seen were those of the buffalo from India, of which there were several fine specimens in the Colonial and Indian Exhibition.

In an old book the following recipes are given "to stain ivory, bone, or horn."

Yellow. — Boil first in alum. One pound of alum to two quarts of water, and then prepare a tincture of French berries by boiling half-a-pound of the berries, pounded, in one gallon of water, with a quarter of a pound of pearlash. After this liquid has boiled an hour put the ivory or other object, previously boiled in the alum, into it, and let it remain there half an hour.

Green.—Boil the article in a solution of verdigris in vinegar, in glass.

Red.—Take strong lime-water and the raspings of Brazil-wood, half-a-pound to a gallon. Boil one hour, and put the article in it. If not sufficiently scarlet it may be made so by dipping it again in the alum-water.

An Intense Yellow.—Use, as in the recipe for yellow, turmeric instead of the French berries, but the ivory or horn must in that case be again dipped in the alum-water.

Blue.—Stain the article green according to the recipe above given, and then dip in a solution of hot and strong pearlash.

When it is desired that only certain portions of the horn are to be dyed, when the whole is dipped, these may be protected by covering them with bees-wax. When dipping is not practicable the dyeing may be effected by heating the horn and applying the colouring matter several times with a brush. Nitric acid is put on with a glass brush or point. The *utmost* care must be taken that not a drop fall on the

clothes. In using it wear, if possible, india-rubber gloves, or, at least, old "kids."

Horns may, of course, be painted with oil colours. It is much better in ornamenting them to use bold monochromes of black or brown, and make decorative patterns which may be seen across a room instead of covering the surface with variegated pictures. The almost-impossible in decorative art is to keep amateurs from petty, trifling, or small-pretty work, or to get them to distinguish between what should be high art and decoration. There is a direct, hard-and-fast, clear line of demarcation between the two, and great artists such as Raffaelle and Dürer recognised it. Decorative art even to perfection is possible for everybody who will be industrious in it, for it is best when not too elaborate or difficult; but true high or ideal art is to be mastered by genius alone aided by years of elaborate and varied education. Any and everybody may and should master the minor arts, since they develop the constructive or practical faculties, quickness of perfection and intellect; only one in a thousand, or thousands, can ever hope to become real or great in landscape, portrait, genre, or historical painting or sculpture.



Horn, with Spiral Pattern.

Horns may very easily be covered with glue and then with wet leather, which when a little dry may be worked with stamps into a great variety of patterns, as has been shown in the article on "Leather Work" in these pages. Gilding may be very easily effected, quite perfectly at a first trial, as I have seen it done in the Home Arts and Industries Association School. Gold-leaf is sold in two forms, one being the loose leaves which are taken up with a flexible knife or spatula, in the other the leaf adheres slightly to one side or page of the paper book in which it is sold, but not so tightly but what it may be detached with the greatest ease. With it may be purchased a small bottle of Japanese size. For gilding on *paper* a thin application of the white of egg is best. Take a brush or *putois*, dip it into the size and paint over such parts of the horn as you may desire to gild. While it is yet moist, take up the paper with the gold-leaf adhering to it, turn it over and lay it on the size. Then with a dabber or loose soft brush, sold for the purpose, press down the paper gently on the size, or else use cotton wool or a very soft sponge. Then take up the paper leaf. If this be done carefully you need not waste a speck of the gold-leaf. This, if of good quality, costs about eighteen pence by retail for twenty-four leaves. If there are any imperfections to be observed, at once apply a new coating of gold-leaf; in most cases two coats are advisable—if the horn is to be handled give it three. A well-gilt horn, with dark and bold ornaments in relief, forms a really magnificent decorative object when hung on a wall with cord and tassel.



"Ever Thine" Horn, for Flowers.



Flat Horn Cup.

Segments of horns are often used for drinking cups or tumblers, and where rough usage is incurred they are superior to gutta-percha. The bottom of wood requires to be fitted in with great care, and made water-tight with "filler" of mixed varnish or cement. These may be easily brought into the shape of a tumbler or tankard by steaming or steeping in very hot water, and rolling or pressing on a mould.

There is no reason why the decoration of horns should not become a very popular minor art. If sufficient encouragement could be extended, I would be very glad to undertake to publish a collection of copies of the most beautiful horns of the olden time left to us, such as the famous Saxon horn in York, that which gives a name to *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* and others, as well as original designs for such work.

CHARLES G. LELAND.

THOMAS GIRTIN.

THE works of Thomas Girtin are probably more familiar to the collector of drawings of the Early English School than to the student of Art. All those who are interested in the progress of water-colour drawing should become acquainted with his productions, when they will at once discover that he has a claim to be considered not only one of its most important exponents, but one who did more to develop its capabilities than any of his contemporaries.

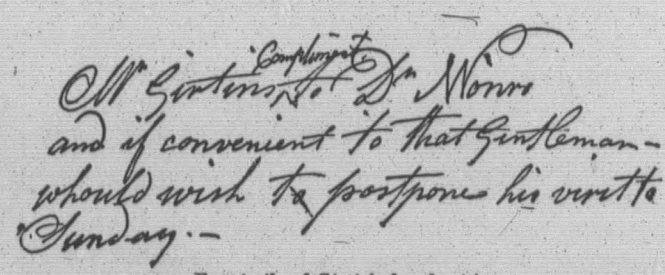


From the painting by John Opie, R.A.

Girtin was born on the 18th February, 1775, in the borough of Southwark. His father was an extensive rope and cordage manufacturer; he died when his son Thomas was eight years old. His mother then married a Mr. Vaughan, a pattern-draughtsman, who carried on business at No. 2, St. Martin's-le-Grand, where for some years our young artist also resided, together with his only brother John, then apprenticed to a writing-engraver. As a child he evinced a predilection for drawing, utilising every available scrap of paper, scribbling thereon anything his infantine thoughts suggested, to the neglect of either duty or amusement. At this time there lived in King-street, Covent-garden, the celebrated mezzotint engraver Raphael Smith, who, discovering young Girtin's inclinations, engaged him to colour prints at his establishment, and it was here that he formed an intimacy with Turner, who was similarly occupied. The two lads were about the same age, of like tastes, and their intimacy ripened into a friendship which lasted through life. They were almost constantly thrown together by their pursuits, and worked happily in friendly rivalry.

It was during their engagement with Raphael Smith that their skill attracted the attention of Dr. Thomas Monro,* an intelligent collector of drawings and paintings, who invited the young artists to his house for the purpose of showing them his collection. He had been acquainted with their predecessors in art, Wilson, Marlow, Gainsborough, Paul Sandby, Rooker, Hearne, Cozens, and all who were eminent in the study of landscape, and he possessed a rich collection of their drawings, probably the best of any collector of his time, and forming a school of examples. We may easily conceive the ecstasy of Girtin and his friend in having free access to these treasures for purposes of study. The venerable doctor, anxious to promote their welfare, employed them both to make drawings for him, paying "half-a-crown apiece and a supper" for their evening's work; although nothing remarkable was produced on those occasions, such practice was a valuable preparation in that branch of painting in which they afterwards excelled. By the kind permission of Dr. Percy, F.R.S., we are enabled to give a fac-simile of a letter in his possession, sent by Girtin to Dr. Monro at this time. It is written on one side of half a sheet of paper, and on the other side is a sketch, in pencil, of a girl sitting at a table, working.

The "good doctor," as Turner used to call him, also extended his kind hospitality to other youthful aspirants to fame, notably Varley, Underwood, Francia, and William Hunt, who gladly availed themselves of this much-appreciated privilege. By a regular attendance at his house during the winter season, and occasionally at that of his neighbour, Mr. Henderson (another well-known collector, who similarly assisted them), our young artists obtained such a complete accuracy of eye and mastery of hand, that they were soon enabled to copy with facility anything placed before them. They then decided to obtain further instruction from recognised masters, and Girtin accordingly took lessons from Mr. Fisher, a drawing-master in Aldersgate-street. He also became a student at the Royal Academy, where he remained for three years, and was subsequently apprenticed to Dayes, a good matter-of-fact draughtsman, who taught his clever *protégé* the art of perspective. During this apprenticeship Girtin realised the fact that his work was of more value to his master than the premium that he paid, and he consequently refused to wash in any more skies for him, demanding the cancelling of his indentures. This Dayes refused to concede, and, Girtin remaining



Fac-simile of Girtin's handwriting.

* Dr. Monro resided at Bushey and Adelphi-terrace. He was physician of Bridewell and Bethlehem Hospitals, and one of George III.'s mad doctors.

obdurate, brought him before the City Chamberlain, which resulted in his committal to Bridewell as a contumacious apprentice. Here he amused himself by covering the walls of his cell with chalk landscapes, much to the delight and astonishment of the turnkey, who told all his friends about them, and brought many to see the prison frescoes. Among the visitors was the Earl of Essex, who was so enraptured that he went at once to Dayes, bought up the indentures, and burned them in Girtin's presence. The generous Earl then took the young artist to Cassiobury, where he spent a happy time, and produced some of his greatest works.

Before and during the time Girtin and Turner were studying under their respective masters, they decided to try their powers in drawing from nature. This was as early as the year 1789, when Girtin would be in his fifteenth year. The banks of the Thames was the scene of their initial attempts in outdoor work, as many of their early drawings indicate, and there, amongst the old houses occupied by the families of fishermen, our artist found enough to delight his fancy and engage his art. It would have been difficult to have discovered more appropriate subjects than those presented by the shores of Lambeth, where, at that time, existed the rudely-built, dilapidated, overhanging dwelling-houses, potteries, whiting-mills, and similar structures: by sketching these he soon recognised the value of tones, the texture of old plaster walls, red bricks and tiled roofs. The ruins of the ancient palace of the Savoy (near Waterloo-bridge), the last fragment of which disappeared a few years ago, also furnished him with material, and he made several accurate drawings of the crumbling walls of this famous ruin, as well as a study of the



Bridgnorth. From the Collection in the British Museum.

old steps of the water-gate of the palace, from which, according to his own testimony, he dated all the future skill he displayed in the pictorial representation of broken and weather-worn masonry.

Before attaining manhood, Girtin accompanied Mr. James Moore, an amateur artist, and a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, on a sketching expedition. He visited York, Durham, and northern England; thence he journeyed to Scotland, and subsequently made a tour of Wales, during which he painted two landscapes in oil. Mr. Moore engaged his services on that occasion in making a series of drawings, principally of an architectural character, such as views of castles, abbeys, etc., to be afterwards engraved as illustrations to a work then about to be published. Moore also made sketches for this purpose, Girtin putting in the effects; several of these were afterwards printed bearing Moore's name.

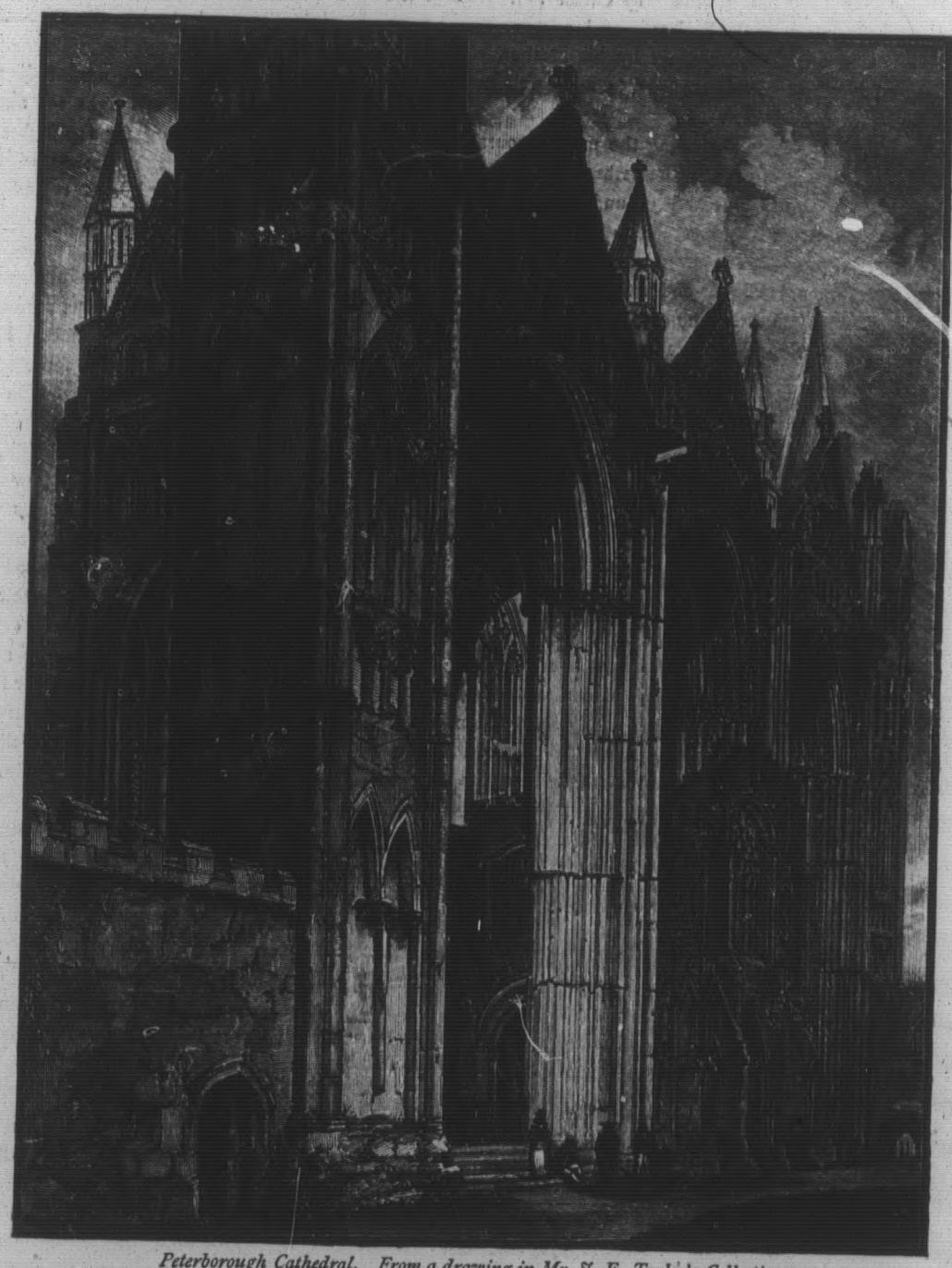
The house of a frame-maker named Harris, in Gerrard-street, Soho, was the rendezvous of many artists in Girtin's time, and among those who passed their evenings there was George Morland. Girtin, who possessed a sociable and friendly disposition, was induced to join those congenial spirits after his day's work, entering into, and fully enjoying, the convivialities of the occasion. Harris was also a dealer in drawings, and through his agency Girtin preferred selling his works.

He first exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1794; in that and the following year he sent views of Ely, Peterborough, and Lincoln Cathedrals, and Warwick Castle. In 1797-8 he sent four views of York, and an interior of St. Alban's Abbey, and subsequently views in Devonshire, Scotland, and Wales. His last exhibited work (in 1801, at Somerset House) was a painting in oil of Bolton Bridge,

Yorkshire. In 1798 Girtin undertook the extraordinary task, and one never previously attempted, of painting a panoramic view of the City of London on a large scale. The scene which he selected for his picture was "St. Paul's and the buildings east and west, as seen from the lofty roof of the Albion Mills," then situated at the entrance of Blackfriars-bridge on the south side of the Thames. This picture, said to be his second attempt in oil, included a representation of the water procession on Lord Mayor's day, thus involving tremendous labour for the artist, then in his twenty-third year. The painting was exhibited in Castle-street, Leicester-square, and is justly considered the precursor of that kind of scenic illustration.

It appears that Girtin frequently changed his place of residence, for on leaving his mother's house in St. Martin's-le-Grand in 1797, he removed to Drury-lane, then in the following year to 25, Henrietta-street, Covent-garden, and in 1799 to No. 6, Long-acre. About this time he married the only daughter of Mr. Phineas Borrett, a goldsmith, and a man of some note in the mercantile world; for Mr. Borrett had his house of business in Staining-lane in the City, and a residence at 11, Scott's-place, Islington, which was then the country. Our artist was a great favourite of Mr. Borrett, who was fond of art, and almost adopted his future son-in-law.

For two or three winters Girtin belonged to a sketching society, formed at his suggestion by a fraternity of amateurs and professional artists, probably with the object of mutual improvement. The club consisted of ten members, and included Sir Robert Ker Porter, Augustus Callcott (afterwards elected R.A. and knighted), T. R. Underwood, G. Samuel, P. S. Murray, John Sell Cotman, L. Francia, W. H. Worthington, J. C. Durham, and Girtin. They met at their respective apartments, and a subject for the evening having been selected (a task that often fell to the share of Miss Jane Porter, the authoress, who was frequently present), each member attempted a realisation of it on paper, in pencil or monochrome. It was also arranged that the member at whose house the parties met should supply paper ready mounted on small straining frames, colours, and pencils; and the designs for the evening became his property.* They met at six, were entertained with tea and coffee, worked and chatted until ten, when a cold supper was served, and at midnight they separated. It is probable that very few of these time-sketches are extant, but a complete set of them, executed on one of these occasions, is included in Dr. Percy's valuable collection. The subject is evidently "A Castle," and it is interesting to compare the various ways in which it has been rendered.



Peterborough Cathedral. From a drawing in Mr. J. E. Taylor's Collection.

Girtin's health unfortunately became impaired, and compelled him to obtain medical advice. A change of climate was thought desirable, and he accordingly journeyed to

* It is said that for this reason Turner refused to belong to the society, as he placed a greater value upon his work and would not part with it so readily.

France, where he made a series of sketches, topographical but picturesque, of the streets in old Paris, and of the houses which then stood on the shores of the Seine, hiring a coach for a given number of hours and converting it into a temporary studio. He thus produced those elaborate sketches, which were afterwards engraved in aquatint, and from which he subsequently made the drawings now included in the Duke of Bedford's collection. A selection from them were etched in "soft ground" by Girtin in 1802, and the effects aquatinted by J. F. Lewis and others. They were published in the following year by his brother, whose premises were afterwards destroyed by fire, together with many of our artist's best works.

It seems that, notwithstanding the more favourable condition of the climate in France, the asthmatical complaint from which Girtin suffered gained ground, although he fought manfully against it. He returned to England, and continued to make progress in his art even when reduced by disease, for his mental health remained good to the last. He soon, however, became so debilitated that he could scarcely hold his pencil.

On the 9th of November, 1802, he died at his lodgings in the Strand,* at the age of twenty-seven, leaving a widow and an infant son.† Thus Art lost one of her most promising representatives, and the world a youth of a noble, generous, unselfish nature, who had little consciousness of his own merit. He was respected and loved by all who knew him, and his remains were followed to their last resting-place in the burial ground of St. Paul's, Covent-garden, by Sir William Beechey, Edridge, Hearne, and his earliest friend, Turner, who ever regretted his loss. His grave is near the west gate of the church, the precise spot being formerly indicated by a monumental stone, probably placed there by his brother artists; this was afterwards broken by accident and neglect, and subsequently shared the shameful fate which befalls most of the memorials of the dead in the churchyards of London.‡ A recent visit to the grave of Girtin made the writer acquainted with the melancholy fact that his and other monuments in St. Paul's churchyard have been converted into paving-stones, the inscriptions thereon being consequently so obliterated as to completely defy all attempts at identification. Such a barbarous custom should be severely condemned, for none could be found that would give a more ironical definition of the phrase, "Sacred to the memory." Surely the memory of him who has justly been designated the "founder of the English school of water-colour painting" deserves better treatment.

Before describing Girtin's method of working, we must remind our readers that artists in his time were placed at a considerable disadvantage in regard to the limited number of colours prepared for water-colour drawing, a fact which partly accounts for the monotony of tone which characterized their productions. Girtin, in conjunction with Turner, was the first who used the three primary colours in laying on the chiaroscuro of his subjects, producing by their combinations those warm and cool russets which required only the glazing tints to produce harmonious drawings. It is interesting to note that Girtin was also the first who introduced the notion of drawing upon cartridge paper, which, having a warm tone, was better adapted for the work than that with a smooth white surface hitherto in use. His favourite paper, which could only be purchased of a stationer at Charing-cross, had slight wire-marks and was folded like foolscap or post. The fold sometimes caused the colour to sink into spots in a line entirely across the sky, but, strange to relate, the unsightly result was not only overlooked but sometimes actually admired, as it was taken for a sign of originality, and the drawings possessing it bore additional value in consequence.

For his skies Girtin used indigo and lake, and for the shadows of his clouds light red and indigo, the warm tone of the paper serving for the lights. The light stone tints were put in with thin washes of Roman ochre; the same, mixed with light red, and certain spaces, free from warm tints, were touched with grey, composed of light red and indigo, or ultramarine. For brick buildings, Roman ochre, light red, and lake, and a mixture of Roman ochre, lake, and indigo, or Roman ochre, madder brown, and indigo; or burnt sienna and Roman ochre. For finishing the buildings which came nearest to the foreground, Vandyke brown and Cologne earth were combined with the foregoing tints, thus giving depth and richness of tone. The greens of trees were composed of gamboge, indigo, and burnt sienna, occasionally heightened with yellow lake, brown pink, and gamboge, and mixed sometimes with Prussian blue. For shadows of the trees, indigo, burnt sienna, and a beautiful shadow-tint, composed of grey and madder brown.*

There is little doubt that much of the knowledge which he obtained in the display of contrast of colour in open landscape was derived from the study of Wilson's bold and effective pictures in oil; and for the vigour and richness of his architectural subjects he was similarly indebted to the works of Canaletti. "Sobered tints of exquisite truth and broad chiaroscuro," wrote Leslie, "are the prevailing characteristics of Girtin." The vigour and precision of his work would justify a belief that his drawings were speedily executed and with but little effort; this, however, was not the case, for although he could sketch and wash in his effects with great rapidity, the majority of those drawings were carefully studied and thoughtfully wrought out, even to fastidiousness. It is true that he did not hesitate, nor undo what he once laid down, for he worked upon principle; but he repeated his tints to produce splendour and richness, and his depths to secure transparency of tone. By suppressing details, he gave a gloomy grandeur to his pictures; with a few strokes, as in his Paris views, he could give the sense of crowd and pressure—the massing of a great city, and would invest the simplest study with the feeling of the pathos of ruin and solemnity of evening.

It is estimated that during the ten working years of his life Girtin produced no fewer than five hundred drawings, and the whereabouts of the majority of them can still be traced. The reason why they are comparatively unfamiliar may be found in the fact that they mostly lie in the portfolios of collectors, two of whom (the late Messrs. Chambers Hall

* There seems to be a doubt respecting this, for it is variously stated that Girtin expired at his brother's house in Castle-street, Leicester-square, and at Frome, Somersetshire.

† Thomas Calvert Girtin, who afterwards lived at Islington with his mother, and there carried on a considerable practice as a surgeon.

‡ For instance, at St. Mary Abbot's, Kensington, where, if anywhere, such a disregard of decency could hardly be expected.

* *Vide* Thomas Miller's "Turner and Girtin's Picturesque Views." It is now well known that indigo, a colour frequently used by Girtin, is of a most fugitive character, and consequently the majority of his drawings have suffered considerably from exposure to the action of light, which has in some cases caused the indigo tints to disappear entirely. Dr. Percy has a drawing thus affected which has the appearance of a sepia drawing, and which he appropriately calls a "Girtin in ruins."

and John Henderson) generously bequeathed their collections to the Nation. In the Print Room of the British Museum, where they are deposited, the student can examine at his leisure a large number of Girtin's works, the most remarkable being, undeniably, a view of Bridgnorth, Shropshire, in which is represented the river and the old stone bridge with the town beyond, settled in the gloom and majesty of early dawn. This drawing is of large dimensions, and was executed during the year of our artist's death. It is said that he was the first to attempt an evening effect in water colours; he had gone to an old town to make an outline sketch of it in the daytime, and happening to pass it again the same evening, the pleasing effect of twilight determined him to attempt to reproduce it, which he succeeded in doing. In the Chambers Hall collection are included several topographical views of London, one of which deserves especial notice as indicating Girtin's method. It is a view of Blackfriars-bridge and St. Paul's, taken from an elevated position on the Surrey side of the river; the drawing, executed with a pen and partly tinted, is probably an early production, for he subsequently adopted the brush as a means of representing contours and architectural details. The Henderson collection is strong in copies by Girtin of drawings by Malton, Hearne, Canaletti, Piranesi, and Morland, and contains a view of Knaresborough Castle, Yorkshire, a good example of his manner of working in broad washes.

The South Kensington Museum has been also enriched by several bequests of Girtin's productions, among them a powerful drawing of a view on the Wharfe, which is complete as far as it goes, "the realisation of one thought, the perfect rendering of an impression, harmonious to a touch . . . . Turner could never achieve this simple sweet gravity, never this perfection of spiritual peace."* A small drawing in this collection, entitled 'The Mayor's Walk on the Banks of the Ouse, York,' is remarkable for possessing a very bright and sunny appearance; and in a view of Kirkstall Abbey, a favourite subject with our artist, there is a charming evening effect.

Among other important collections of Girtin's works may be named those formed by Dr. Percy (previously referred to), Mr. J. E. Taylor, and the late Mr. E. Cohen, to which the present writer has been kindly allowed free access. The late Mr. C. S. Bale also possessed many characteristic examples, the most important of which subsequently became the property of Mr. Cohen, whose collection comprises some of the largest and best specimens of the artist's skill, including views of Harewood House, Castle, and Park, drawn in 1801; Lindisfarn Abbey, a fine and powerful specimen of Girtin's power as an architectural draughtsman; a magnificent landscape in Yorkshire, executed in his twenty-fourth year; a gloomy and majestic view of Warkworth Castle; views of Winchester Cathedral and St. Alban's Abbey (interiors), and of Windsor Castle; and a wonderful strong drawing, with broad effect, of Harewood Bridge, a picturesque old stone structure, the ruggedness of which is vigorously indicated with the brush-point. The river Exe (with rainbow), the Ouse Bridge, York, of which he produced replicas, and Morpeth Bridge, are also included in the Cohen collection; the latter is especially interesting as being probably his last effort. Mr. Taylor possesses some choice examples of our artist's work, notably views of Tattersall Castle, Lincoln; the Ouse Bridge, York; Peterboro' and Lichfield Cathedrals; a grand view of Durham Cathedral and Castle (a fine specimen of "Tom's yellow drawings," as Turner called them); and an impressive landscape, probably a scene near the Wye, reminding one of Claude's 'pastorals.'

If Girtin had lived, he might have run an equal race with Turner in bringing the water-colour process to perfection, and, in fact, there is sufficient evidence to prove that the latter, even up to the time of our artist's death, was strongly influenced by his genius. Turner, always ready to acknowledge this, is reported to have said, on being shown one of his friend's productions in after years, "I never in all my life could make a drawing like that; I would at any time have given one of my little fingers to have made such a one." "Had Tom Girtin lived," he also said on another occasion, "I should have starved;" so great was his feeling of the superiority of "Poor Tom," as he always called him. He was sincere enough to express these sentiments to Girtin himself, for it is recorded that when the latter had finished a water-colour drawing of St. Paul's, looking up Ludgate-hill, Turner inspected it at first closely, and then at a distance, when he turned to his rival and said: "Girtin, no man living could do this but you." A dealer went one day to Turner, and, after looking round the room, had the audacity to say, "I have a drawing out there in my hackney-coach finer than any of yours." Turner bit his lip, looked first angry, meditated, and at length broke silence: "Then I tell you what it is. You have got Tom Girtin's 'White House at Chelsea.'" In later years he often expressed his high opinion of Girtin's power. "We were friends to the last," he used to say, "although *they* did what they could to separate us."

F. G. KITTON.

* C. Monkhouse's "Life of J. M. W. Turner."



The present condition of Girtin's Gravestone.

UNAVAILABLE ART.

IN our fathers' time the distinction between historical and cabinet paintings expressed the difference between two kinds of Art in vogue. Messrs. Christie & Manson continue to announce sales of modern cabinet pictures; but the title can scarcely be said to hold good. The cabinet picture survives chiefly in advertisement. Examples of it are in fact almost as few and far between as works of any high historical claim. We have battle painters, indeed, but they neither paint, nor aim at painting, history; an historical incident is about as far as they go. There may be no great loss to Art in that perhaps, though the fact is to be taken into account as a sign of the times. The decline of cabinet painting is a more serious matter; and it is in every way lamentable that what must be called "exhibition pictures" have so entirely taken its place.

No doubt it was high time for revolt against the conventional form of Art which satisfied an earlier generation. But already there is urgent need of some reaction against the absolute lawlessness of the modern painter, and not of the painter only. The new school, or call them rather a group, of poets, novelists, painters, sculptors, and all who should be artists, have abjured beauty. They profess, indeed, to love nature, but it is curious how their love is lavished on nature at her most prosaic; ugliness has special charms for them; and, on the other side of the Channel at least, whence the movement comes to us, a dash of immorality, and even of obscenity, has irresistible attractions. All this claims to be real. It is in its way as conventional as the work they despise, only their conventionality is an ugly instead of a graceful affectation.

What especially concerns the architect and decorator is that all this Art, as exemplified in painting and sculpture, acknowledging no law, conforming to no order, is quite *unavailable* for the purposes of decoration. This is not said at all in disparagement of the artistic power of the present day. It is perhaps greater than it has ever been since Puritanism put out the fire of Renaissance Art. The more the pity, therefore, that it should be exercised to so little architectural or decorative purpose. From that point of view it is so much waste of powder, exploding absolutely to no purpose. Whatever its merits, and they are admittedly great *quâ* painting and *quâ* sculpture, those very merits only make us regret the more that it is exercised in a direction so little in harmony with that decorative aim which was once the main purpose of painter and sculptor.

It belongs to the spirit of the age, the age of exhibitions, that each individual artist should attempt to do something independently effective, something which will bring him into notice and keep his name before the public. This ambition, if not of the loftiest, may doubtless stir here and there a man to do great things; but its effect must in the end be more or less detrimental to Art. That this independent direction of modern painting, and still more of modern sculpture, is detrimental to its decorative use there is no manner of possible doubt.

The architect relies to a great extent upon sculpture for the enrichment of his buildings, but the quality of what is known as architectural carving is not usually such as to commend itself to us on the score of Art. And when it is a question of interior decoration, one is practically debarred altogether from the use of sculpture. In the first place, the works of modern sculptors are not, as a rule, such as can be turned readily to much decorative use. To say that one could not somehow bring them into a scheme of decoration, would be to confess too strict a limitation of the decorator's power. If he cannot work up to a masterpiece of painting, sculpture, or what not, he confesses himself incompetent. But it is only here and there a masterpiece that is worth the sacrifice of all other considerations to it. It is a decorator's business to weigh the advantages and disadvantages of this or that means of decoration; and he finds in the main the disadvantages of sculpture such as to exclude it from his choice. Supposing one to have the idea of decorating a dwelling-room with sculpture, where would a man now find a series of examples which lent themselves in the least to decoration? Nearly everything he could find in the various exhibitions would ask too great attention to itself. It was not done with any decorative intention, nor perhaps even with any thought or care as to how it would fall in with domestic requirements and conditions.

If it be contended that a work of sculpture should be framed in a niche of its own—set up in a sort of shrine at which the lover of Art is to worship—well, that may apply to works of superlative merit (not but what, even so, the statue had better have been designed for the niche it was to fill), but then you put out of court all but the superlative in sculpture. However ready we moderns may be to discuss our Art from the point of view of the supreme artist, we are not all of us precisely on a level with the great masters. And the problem is, how to utilise the more abundant Art of less pretensions.

The reasons why sculpture is unfit for modern decorative use are more or less complex. The colour of new white marble (to which the sculptor clings so tenaciously), its costliness, his inexperience in dealing with other materials (such as wood, either hard or soft), and a variety of other considerations, might be adduced to account for it; but the more insuperable objection is that work of any sufficient size is rarely modest enough to take its place, or any subordinate place, in a decorative scheme; whilst smaller works are not effective enough to form the nucleus of any system of decoration. We miss very much a school of sculpture like that of Donatello. What delightful decoration might be devised with panels in the delicate low relief he delighted in! and how utterly unmanageable are the awkward busts and scattered figures which delight, or appear to delight—who is it they delight?—the purchaser, or the artist, or the middle man who goes between, and gets at all events his profit in the transaction? Then how suggestive of decoration are the works of the Della Robbias, if only they had not vulgarised them by a smear of nasty colour!

If it is true that one cannot readily find in the present day works of sculpture which lend themselves to decoration, still more certain it is that one cannot easily find sculptors at once

able and willing to execute "to order" work of a decorative character. Between the willing young artist who lacks the necessary training in decoration, and the high and mighty "fine" artist who is under the impression that decoration must necessarily be subservient to sculpture, and not sculpture to decoration, our hope of decorative sculpture falls to the ground. The one cannot do what is wanted, the other will not. It is true that this is not altogether the fault of the sculptor. Those who would fain have his help sometimes assume in themselves, or in their function, a superiority which the sculptor naturally and properly resents. But wherever the fault may lie (and it seldom lies altogether on one side), the fatal effect remains, that decorative sculpture is more likely to fall into the hands of tradesmen than of artists, to the prejudice alike of Art and artist. We want co-operation between sculptor and decorator.

When better and certainly more decorative sculpture prevailed, there was probably less assumption of the artist on the part of the craftsman. He was valued according to the work he did, rather than by the category under which his work came. We have invented a distinction between sculptor and carver which does not naturally exist. It is for the artist always to distinguish himself from the crowd by his art. Of a certainty Art would not suffer if its followers took more modest ground. What claim have we who call ourselves artists to anything more than proficiency in our craft? We do not form a separate caste; we are only workmen.

When the superiority of pictorial art is acknowledged, it is on the assumption that it is something more than painting. Technically considered, painting is no more than the laying on of paint, and has nothing to do with poetry, invention, beauty, or imagination; nor even with beauty of form or colour, except in so far as they are affected by technique. This technical consideration of the subject is of extreme interest to the craftsman, and he does well to study it, for it is in this respect that he can most learn from his brother craftsmen: the higher qualities are more a matter of gift than of education. But from this technical point of view painting is not worthy of any very high place in the esteem of mankind. As painting it is merely one of the crafts, one of the most difficult, but making demands upon the eye and hand rather than upon the brain or feeling, and accordingly not justifying a claim to supremacy in the estimation of sentient and thinking beings. To place mere painting first is as if one were to give precedence to the mere mechanism of wording. Teniers may be a more competent painter than Raffaelle, but that is scarcely a matter of much concern to any but their fellow-workers; to the world at large such claims have only a provincial interest, not touching them. What they want is to know what the man has to say; and if he has nothing to tell them but of his own cleverness, they would as lief he held his peace. It is exacted, indeed, that every man shall have learnt his trade, that a painter should know how to paint, a writer to write; and we do not readily excuse faults in drawing, colour, or syntax; but technical accomplishment is only what we ask of every one who has a claim upon our suffrages. The style and the matter are, indeed, inseparable, growing one out of the other, and reacting each upon each, and we cannot judge them separately. Nevertheless the fact remains, the one is of narrow interest, the other of universal import. The place of honour among the arts is due only to an art that is supremely beautiful. And the strange thing is that it is the beautiful art which conforms always to decorative conditions, seldom so much as asking the concessions which one would willingly make in its favour. There is, however, a vast amount of modern painting, and that of very considerable ability, which is, practically speaking, quite unavailable in decoration.

Men's ideals differ. We are inclined naturally to think that state of things most satisfactory under which we personally come off best. The painter believes in pictures, the sculptor in statues, the decorator in decoration, the architect in buildings, each particular craftsman according to his craft; not only because he has to live by its exercise, but because he would never have become painter, sculptor, decorator, architect, or craftsman at all, but for that firm faith in the art of his adoption. Probably, however, not the most interested of painters, nor the most cynical, would seriously pretend that a dwelling-house should be designed mainly with a view to the display of paintings, in oil or water colour. Architecture has been pretty well abused all round, but at its worst it is something more than frame-making—and, to live in, a room must be something more than a picture-frame.

There are pictures, certainly, in comparison with which the comfort of a room is a slight thing, in the eyes of those who have eyes to see. One might well be content to sacrifice a room to the 'Sistine Madonna,' to Titian's 'Entombment,' or to Mabuse's 'Adoration of the Magi;' there is perhaps here and there a picture which might be thought worthy of a temple to itself; but their number is not legion, and it so happens that the pictures most worthy of such honour least demand it. One would have no difficulty whatever in placing the masterpieces of the great Italians, or in decorating a room so as to show them to the best advantage, without in any way interfering with its comfort and convenience as a dwelling-place. There is a small room in the ducal palace at Venice, in which the sides of the room are as it were a frame to four paintings by Tintoretto (one of them the beautiful 'Marriage of Bacchus and Ariadne'), which is a very model of the decorative use of paintings.

If it becomes at all a question as to whether the room should be made for the picture, or the picture for the room, there is only one conceivable answer to it,—that the picture should be painted for its place. To say that a picture should be painted for its frame may sound at first absurd, to the painter especially; but if we take only a large enough view of what a frame is, and substitute for the frame-maker the architect or decorator, it is no paradox but a self-evident truism.

This is not to speak ill of pictures, which if they are only good (and only good pictures have any right to exist), are the plums in the architectural pudding. It is surely a worthier treatment of a picture to make it the central feature in the wall than to wedge it in among a crowd of others, neither better nor worse, perhaps, but certainly disturbing, if not destroying, its effectiveness.

The painter may disdain decoration, and claim the sacrifice of the walls of men's houses to his canvas; but all he will get is so many feet of room found for his masterpiece in the midst of a mosaic of, let me call them, mediocrities.

The contention is simply that the decoration of the room should form the framing of the picture; the decoration may include certain gilt mouldings next the picture, for all the decorator cares; but to paint a room and then hang frames about it, is about as make-shift a kind of decoration as it is possible to imagine, worthy of a picture shop, but not of the home of any sensitive being. There is no occasion to insist

that the picture should be painted on the wall, it is enough for all decorative purposes if it form part of it. In these days of short leases it is not exactly to be expected that a man should sink his money in another man's plaster. And then again plaster is perishable. Not that that is so wholly a disadvantage, even from the painter's point of view. There is a story of some painters who were discussing the question as to the best medium to use in painting, and one of the older men present said he had used a certain mixture for the last fifty years. "And hasn't the colour *gone* at all in your early work?" asked some one. "No," he answered, "I wish to goodness it had!" There are probably few artists who would be sorry to see Time working his wicked will upon some at least of their masterpieces. The point, to return to it, is that pictures ought in effect to form part of the wall. So soon as a painting pretends to be independent of any decorative application, we judge it by a standard according to which only a small minority of works can hope to pass muster.

Either a painting ought to fill some place in decoration, or to show cause why it should be considered of sufficient importance to warrant its claim, not merely to the first place in domestic decoration (that is granted to it by common consent), but a place independent of all decorative considerations.

And how many modern paintings can do that? Certainly not the brilliant productions of men who do not even take the pains to choose a subject—any subject sufficing to show how desperately cleverly they can paint it.

It is especially these startling advertisements of the artist's talent which are unamenable to any decorative purpose. The qualities which decoration demands are just the qualities which distinguish the great painters—breadth of treatment, largeness of style, balance of composition, harmony of colour, dignity, repose, design, and whatever else may distinguish a master of the fifteenth or sixteenth century from a student of the nineteenth.

LEWIS F. DAY.

NAPOLEON AND THE SPHINX.

THIS picture, by Gérôme, exhibited in the Salon last year, gives a striking illustration from the life of the great Emperor, who is represented like Œdipus questioning the Sphinx.

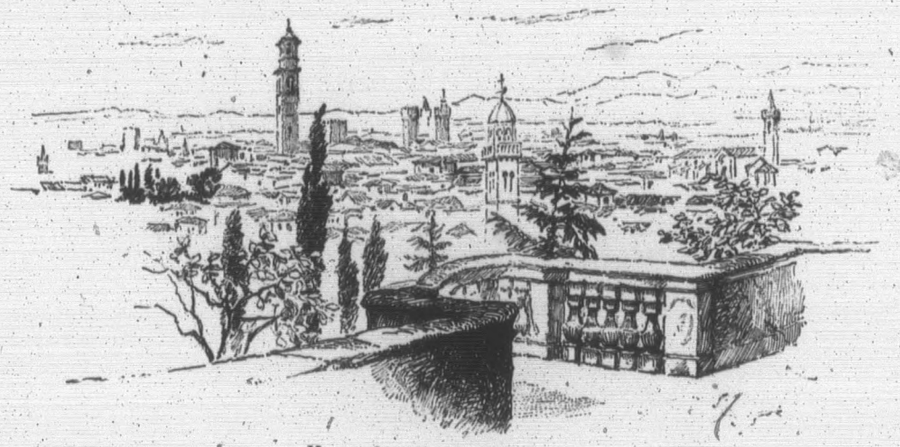
Napoleon, filled with ideas of subduing the world, started in 1798, to conquer as a preliminary the eastern portion of it. All through his life he betrayed an oriental belief in fate and destiny, attributing his success more to the fidelity of fortune than to the skilfulness of his own arrangements. Shortly after his arrival in Egypt, the approach of Nelson's fleet being announced to him, he exclaimed, "Fortune, wilt thou abandon me? What! I ask but five days." And he is reported to have subsequently said, "In five days I was master of Egypt. It was only when fortune perceived that all her favours were useless that she abandoned our fleet to its destiny." Napoleon having landed at Alexandria, marched through the desert, and encamped among the beautiful gardens of Gizeh. Here, in the presence of the Sphinx, the battle of the Pyramids took place.

His secretary relates that while in Egypt he was fond of solitude, and was given to reverie and meditation; that when the weather was not too warm he rode about upon his horse alone. "I used to read to him every night; when I read poetry he would fall asleep; but when he asked for the life of Cromwell I counted on sitting up pretty late."

Fate and destiny are the almost invariable themes of Greek tragedy, and in the old legend the destiny of Œdipus turns upon his solving the riddle of the Sphinx. When the Greek sailors came back from Egypt in the earlier days, they brought home descriptions of the great Egyptian monuments, whose origin even then was lost. One which appeared particularly to stimulate their curiosity was the strange mysterious figure of the Sphinx. Probably at that time the body of the animal was not buried in the sands, and thus it presented itself as a huge mass of stone, having the similitude of a lion, save as to the head and breast, which were those of a woman. The Greeks questioned among themselves what this wonderful figure might mean; but no one could divine from what idea the figure originally developed. Hence sprang the Theban riddle which ran thus: "What is that animal with four feet, which has two feet, and three feet, and but one voice; whose feet vary, and which is weakest when it has most?" Those who could not give the answer were put to death. Laius, King of Thebes, journeying to Delphi to question the oracle, because of the great famine that had been caused in his town and country by the destroying Sphinx, met his son, Œdipus, whom he supposed dead. Œdipus, not knowing his father, refused to get out of the way of his chariot; and in the dispute which followed, killed his own father. Œdipus went on to Thebes, where he guessed the riddle. "It is only man who in his infancy crawls on all-fours, walks on two feet at manhood, and uses a staff in old age." In the picture before us Gérôme has represented Napoleon at the head of his officers, whose presence is merely indicated by their cast shadows, endeavouring apparently to elicit from the Sphinx an answer to the riddle; or maybe his thoughts are framing for his army, which lies spread out before him, the famous words, "Forty centuries look down upon you from these Pyramids."

There is an anecdote in Herodotus in which it is said that when Xerxes looked upon the Hellespont, hidden by the ships, with all the shore and the plain of Abydos full of men, he wept for the shortness of the life of man, because, after a hundred years, of all his great host not one should remain alive.

Remembering the character of our great modern general, we fear that similar thoughts hardly passed through his mind.



Verona from the Giardino-Giusti.

VERONA.

NO city of Northern Italy of the second magnitude offers more real attractions, whether to the archæologist, to the student, or to the ordinary tourist, than Verona. It is accordingly visited by all three classes, but by the latter in a very hasty and superficial manner: for unfortunately at this stage the magnetic influence of Venice already begins to exert itself, and draws the willing traveller with irresistible force to the lagoons; even the few hours usually devoted to a hasty scamper through the sister city's churches and streets being grudged as so many precious moments subtracted from those set apart for the worship of the Queen of the Adriatic. Yet each stone of the ancient Cisalpine city recalls memories of its own; its great dead may be paragoned with those of its more illustrious neighbours; its schools of architecture and of art have each a distinctive interest and charm, and are to be confounded with those of none of the greater Italian centres of culture.

Catullus, most exquisite and most genuinely passionate of Latin poets, is Verona's son; not far from his birthplace, stretching far out into the Garda Lake, is the Sirmian Peninsula which he loved and sang. The learned Vitruvius, too, whose all-powerful and baleful influence over the architects of the later Renaissance is strikingly manifest both here and, to a still greater degree, in the neighbouring Vicenza, is one of the city's boasts. Here, above all, did the beneficent despot, Cangrande della Scala, one of the first of the North Italian tyrants of the Middle Ages who ardently cultivated the arts of peace, entertain Dante during those last sad years of the poet's life when he sought without hope the salvation of his party and of his country.

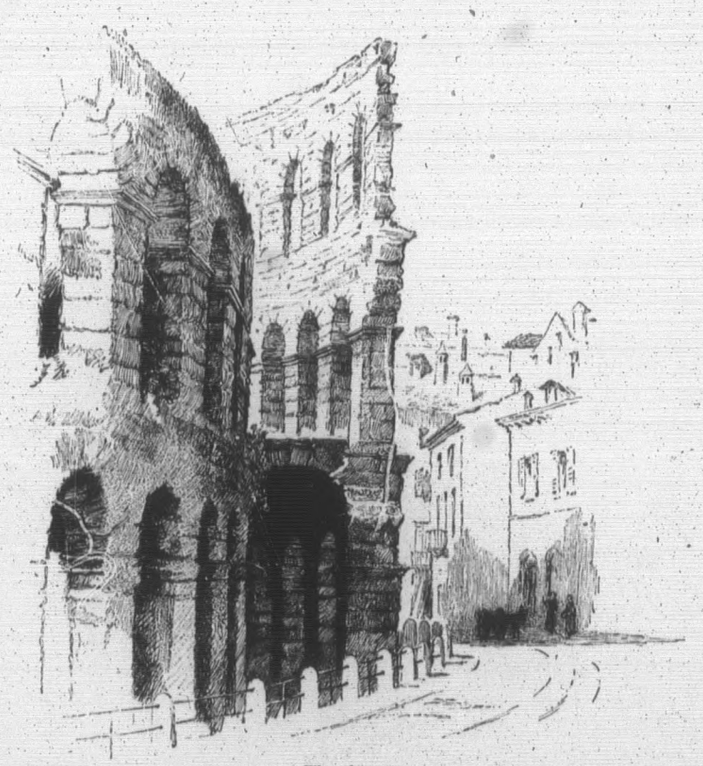


Statue of Dante in the Piazza dei Signori.

To recall the glories of her Roman time Verona has her famous Arena, forming the very centre of the town, and about which it is surely unnecessary to say another word, seeing how widely known it is, and also how closely one Roman amphitheatre must necessarily, save in dimensions and material, resemble another. Of peculiar interest is the Porta Borsari, a Roman gateway of the late period of Gallienus—*circa* 285—which, for the time of its construction, is of great delicacy and elegance. It is curious to note the appearance in this fragment of the column ornamented with spiral flutings which afterwards played so important a part in Romanesque and, in a further development, in Italian Gothic architecture. Sanmichele, Verona's greatest architect of the period of the full Renaissance, has evidently been on more than one occasion inspired by the columns of this arch, for they reappear with effect in the famous façade of the Palazzo Bevilacqua, and again in the architect's masterpiece, the beautiful temple-shaped Cappella Pellegrini at S. Bernardino; contributing much to relieve the grandiose and pompous monotony which is in general the crying sin of even the most successful designs of his period. In the famous church of S. Zeno, Verona possesses one of the finest, though not one of the most elaborate, architectural creations of the eleventh and twelfth centuries—a perfect, and indeed typical, specimen of the Lombard-Romanesque style. The west front, in the stern simplicity of its outline, with its strong vertical lines emphasising the construction, and especially marking the division of the nave from the aisles, has for concision and truth not many rivals in Italy, where few of the most splendid architectural, or rather sculptural, creations have an entirely satisfac-

1887.

tory effect, owing to their singular want of structural agreement with the buildings of which they are designed to be the crowning glory. The great Lombard porch of S. Zeno, with its beautiful Romanesque detail and its pillars borne by lions, is flanked on either side by rude but highly significant reliefs, executed by two German sculptors, Nikolaus and Wiligelmus, about 1139, and illustrating, on the one side, the Creation, and, on the other, the life of Christ and the scenes of the Passion. The interior, with its columns sculptured in the Romanesque mode, alternating with heavy pilasters, and its highly-developed crypt, raising the choir high above the level of the nave, as at S. Miniato, has a strength and vigour of its own, though it cannot boast the splendour and happy proportions which charm the beholder in the last-mentioned church, notwithstanding the primitive character of its details. The campanile, which is of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, is certainly the most beautiful of its peculiar type in North Italy, and the Romanesque cloister—out of which grows a unique little chapel, projected into the open space of the quadrangle—may be surpassed for splendour of detail, but hardly for quaintness and charm.



The Arena.

The Duomo, also in its origin a Romanesque construction, has gone through many vicissitudes, and cannot be compared to S. Zeno, though the rude majesty of its huge double porch, resting on archaic griffins of red marble, is of most striking effect. To the fourteenth century—the great and flourishing period of the domination of the Scaligeri—belong many of the most important ecclesiastical edifices of Verona, and among them two splendid examples of Italian Gothic, S. Anastasia and S. Fermo Maggiore. The former church, besides being a veritable museum of Veronese Art, is specially remarkable for the singularly well-preserved painted decorations which cover the entire vaulting of the nave, choir, and aisles; these are in style a happy combination of Romanesque and Gothic elements, and have an endless variety of detail, duly subordinated to the unity of the general effect, which constitutes them models most worthy of imitation. To this same period belongs the famous group of the tombs of the Scaligeri, which are placed boldly and with picturesque irregularity in the open air, connected with, but yet independent of, the little church of S. Maria Antica, once the court chapel of the dynasty. It was meet that the graves of the powerful Ghibelline family should be thus isolated, in haughty assertion of that great principle of the independence and supremacy of the secular power, to support and to combat which, during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, so much of Italy's best blood was shed. The tomb of Mastino I., the founder of the dynasty, has still Romanesque elements of design; that of the famous Cangrande is already Gothic, but of strong and aspiring simplicity; very splendid is the pyramidal structure erected for himself by another member of the dynasty, Mastino II.; and most magnificent of all the famous tomb which the fratricide Cansignorio deemed not too elaborate to enshrine his remains. This is a hexagon rising tier upon tier, and enshrining a sculptured sarcophagus, upon which rests the statue of the tyrant; round it are placed at equal intervals canopied niches containing statues of male saints. All the profuse details—the crockets, cusps, pinnacles, and canopies with which the monument is everywhere decorated—are, if judged according to the high standard of northern Gothic, somewhat heavy and coarse; but the general design is of the most powerful and brilliant effect, and perfectly adapted to its peculiar position. Another treasure of this same period is the Ponte del Castel Vecchio, which spans the Adige at the point where the Castle, formerly the stronghold of the Scala family, still frowns on the city. With its bold crenelated parapets, of singularly noble and picturesque aspect, it makes an admirable foreground, beyond which rise in bold undulations the fortress-crowned hills, and, in the distance, mountains of varied outline and hue, capped in winter and early spring with snow. One of Verona's most distinctive features is the famous Piazza d'Erbe—a veritable Piazza del Popolo—which on market days is entirely made over to the vendors of produce of all kinds, who, established under white tent-like umbrellas, make up on sunny mornings a picture of the most sparkling brilliancy. The scene has been rendered by the great Adolf Menzel in one of his more recent canvases with astonishing power, though his aim was less to solve problems of light and colour than to emphasise characteristic types and varieties of movement and gesture. Close by, but as aristocratic of aspect in its discreet architectural splendour as its noisy neighbour is democratic, is the not less famous Piazza dei Signori, on one side of which is the Gothic Palazzo della Ragione, while opposite it rises the elaborate Palazzo and Loggia del Consiglio, constructed in the last years of the fifteenth, or first years of the sixteenth century, by the learned Veronese architect, Fra Giocondo. This is beautiful in its early Renaissance details, and of refined proportions; but the combination of the elaborate painted decorations and the gilding—recently renewed—with the sculptured ornaments, is hardly effected with complete success.

Verona boasts a school or schools of painting, extending in unbroken continuation from the fourteenth to the end of the sixteenth century, and not less distinctive than that of any other Italian Art centre. Its true characteristics have, until recently, been somewhat misunderstood and its value underrated; which was perhaps not altogether unnatural, seeing that the neighbouring schools were, on the one hand, those of Padua, Ferrara, Vicenza, and Venice; and on the other, those of Brescia and Milan. But the recent researches of the now famous Senatore Giovanni Morelli, of his able lieutenant, Signor Gustavo Frizzoni, and of Dr. J. P. Richter, have done much to restore to the Veronese painters the position to which they are entitled.

Of Altichiero, who in the latter half of the fourteenth century carried out, with the aid of Jacopo d'Avanzo, the two great series of frescoes in the S. Felice chapel of the Santo, and in the S. Giorgio chapel, both at Padua—giving, as few of the Giottesque painters did, a further and real development to the style of his great prototype, and at the same time preserving in his art a singularly distinctive quality—Verona has now nothing to show, save one beautiful fragment at S. Anastasia, forming part of the tomb of Federigo Cavalli, and showing three knights of that family in adoration before the Virgin.

Of the works of the still more famous Vittore Pisano there exist at Verona only a few fragments of frescoes, at S. Anastasia and S. Fermo Maggiore, upon which it would be impossible to found any real estimate of his power as a painter. The two Madonnas to which his name is attached in the Pinacotheca of the city, are manifestly by the quaint but very



Piazza d'Erbe.

inferior Stefano da Zevio. A better idea of Pisano's manner can be obtained from an examination of his two best authenticated panels, which are both in London; the one being the well-known Madonna and Child with St. George and St. Anthony at the National Gallery, and the other a still more characteristic, though less known, 'St. Eustace with the Stag,' in the collection of Lord Ashburnham. None of these comparatively insignificant works, however, show to the full the breadth or mastery, the powerful characterization which we should expect from the unrivalled medallist; and if we wish to acquire the assurance that his great fame as a designer and painter was not too lightly won, we must turn to his famous drawings in the Vallardi collection, now at the Louvre.

It is, however, in the succeeding generations of Veronese painters that the distinctive manner of the school most clearly developed itself. In outward forms and types the Paduan mode, and the style of its chief, Mantegna, to a certain extent imposed themselves; but in externals only, and in a modified form; for the gentler idiosyncracy of the Veronese prevented them from being in real sympathy with the antique Roman sternness, the unflinching though heroic realism, which were the real qualities of the great pupil of Squarcione. Falconetto, and more especially Francesco Benaglio, were his undisguised imitators, and the unequal and much overrated Liberale da Verona at one time followed the same direction, in so far as his style, developed from that of the miniature painter, would permit him to do. There is in his native city nothing from his hand so remarkable as the Mantegnesque 'Death

of Dido,' rediscovered, or rather renamed, by Signor Frizzoni in a well-known collection at Cassel; but three small panels in the chapel of the Archbishop's palace come next in order of merit. Francesco Bonsignori was of a sterner fabric than the contemporaries of his school; he shows in his works an element of serious energy akin to that of the neighbouring Vicentine masters—a quality best evidenced in some of his early performances, such as a Madonna and Child and a large altar-piece now in the Pinacotheca. In one phase of his practice, that of the great 'S. Bernardino' at the Brera, he is, or rather was, easily mistaken for Mantegna; and it is perhaps to him that should be given the important 'Madonna and Child,' belonging to Lord Wemyss, and exhibited two years ago at Burlington House as the work of the greater master. Of the performances of Domenico Morone little remains at Verona besides his frescoes in the S. Antonio chapel and the Refectory of S. Bernardino; but these, though not wanting in the usual characteristics of the school, show a concision of style and a narrative power not easily paralleled in its productions. A typical Veronese of the later time is his son, Francesco Morone, monotonous in his female types and in his mode of composition, but having all the peculiar and not easily defined charm of the Veronese colour and the Veronese tranquillity. His Madonnas are to be met with everywhere in his birthplace: at S. Maria del Organo, in the Cathedral, at S. Fermo, and in the Pinacotheca. From his art is manifestly developed that of Girolamo dai Libri, the charm of whose colour and the naïve simplicity of whose manner disarm all criticism. That he should have succeeded in carrying into the very middle of the sixteenth century this perfect, child-like simplicity is the best proof of the sincerity of his talent, as it is also of its limitations; the instance is in its way well-nigh unique in the history of art. Out of the large series of altar-pieces from his hand which Verona contains, we may single out as most typical and most beautiful the 'Madonna enthroned between two Saints,' at S. Giorgio in Braida, once somewhat feebly reproduced by the Arundel Society. The mediocre if prolific Niccolò Giolfino is, in his later manner, a striking example of the fatal effect which the attractions of a more complete and powerful art may exercise on a style not sufficiently developed to assimilate them. His vast series of altar-pieces and frescoes shows that he strove to recall the dramatic energy and the generalised beauty which are characteristics of the Raphaelesque manner, and that, being unfitted by his artistic training and the narrow traditions of his school from attaining these, he hopelessly, and often ludicrously, failed. As a purely decorative painter, he shows singular ease and an almost intuitive skill. From the art of Francesco Morone was also, in its origin, derived that of Gianfrancesco Caroto, well styled the Veronese Proteus, seeing that in the course of his long career, extending to nearly the middle of the sixteenth century, he went through as many outward metamorphoses as did his contemporary, the great Lotto; preserving, however, throughout all changes of style, and even in his many failures, a certain distinctive and personal character. The crowning glory of the school proper is Paolo Morando, better known as Cavazzola—the Veronese Raphael, as his fellow-townsmen, with pardonable exaggeration, were wont to style him. In the great series of his works now collected at the Pinacotheca, we are enabled to see how he has, with exquisite skill and with an art perfectly conscious of its limits, carried the Veronese system as far as it can be developed. In the beautiful scenes from the Passion, and especially in the 'Scourging of Christ,' 'Christ bearing the Cross,' and above all the famous 'Deposition,' simplicity and devotional earnestness are so manifest, the modelling of the noble forms and the well-chosen types is so firm and delicate, the colour is so daring in its brilliancy and in its contrast with the grey tones of the flesh—and for all that so serious—that the works are complete in themselves; the absence of strong passion, of spontaneous movement, of energetic characterization, is not felt. That the painter is most capable of such characterization in portrait painting is evidenced in the unflinching truth and almost stern gravity of the series of noble portraits contained in the altar-piece of the Assumption at the Pinacotheca.



Tribuna, anciently used as a Seat of Judgment.

The chief work of Antonio Badile, uncle and first master of Paolo Veronese, is a very elegantly designed and decorative altar-piece at S. Nazzaro e Celso, not giving proof, however, of any great distinctiveness or energy of style. The latter great master himself, though deservedly claimed as one of the most radiant stars of the Venetian school, was to the end of his career a Veronese, both in technique and in the peculiarity of his artistic temperament. His system of juxtaposing with the utmost daring the gayest and most sharply contrasted hues, while maintaining the general tone and equilibrium of his canvases by the subtle pearl-grey gradations of his flesh tints, the masses of his white draperies, and the framing of his grey-toned architectural backgrounds, is only the Veronese mode developed with a new and exquisite skill, and combined with all that Venice in its maturity had achieved in chromatic harmony and technical processes. Fortunately Verona possesses, besides the frescoes from the Contarini Palace—executed, it is said, when the painter was in his twenty-first year—one of the most splendid masterpieces of his matured style, the 'Martyrdom of St. George,' which still adorns the high-altar of S. Giorgio in Braida, for which it was painted. Even the finest productions of the local

school are, though seen in their own home, overshadowed by two masterpieces of the Paduan and Vicentine styles respectively, which are among the chief glories of Verona. One of these is the famous 'Madonna di S. Zeno,' still preserved in that church, though shorn of its predella, which the French omitted to return in 1815 with the main portions of the triptych; of the three divisions of this predella, the central one remains at the Louvre, while the two-side panels adorn, in a damaged condition, the little Museum of Tours. The work is one of Mantegna's early maturity, executed somewhere about 1459, and more brilliant in colour than are the dryer temperas of his later prime. The central panel especially—showing the Madonna on a splendid throne, at the sides and foot of which are grouped singing angels—is one of his most magnificent performances, alike for the stern beauty of the forms and the subtlety, combined with rigid symmetry, which marks the grouping. Yet the whole lacks, as do even the master's greatest performances, spontaneity and the intensity of life; in these qualities, as in that of devotional pathos, it is as far inferior to Giovanni Bellini's great altar-piece at the Accademia of Venice—executed some fifteen years subsequently—as it surpasses it in grandeur and in the technicalities of design. Its influence, however, on the Venetian, Vicentine, and Veronese schools can hardly be overrated. Less celebrated, less epoch-making, but in some respects more beautiful, and without doubt far more profoundly moving, is Bartolommeo Montagna's altar-piece painted for the church of SS. Nazzaro e Celso, and now divided into its component parts, which are still retained in that church, with the exception of one panel, which is at the Pinacotheca. The Mantegnesque Pietà, which is one portion of



Tomb of the Scaligeri.

the picture, almost equals in intensity of religious passion the great Mantegnesque Pietà of Giovanni Bellini at the Brera; but the great glory of the work are the panels constituting the two wings, in which are depicted, on the one hand, St. John the Baptist and St. Bernard, and on the other, the patron saints Nazzaro and Celso. It is difficult to describe the power and splendour of colour, the reposeful sweetness, the fervour, which the painter has here known how to combine with the severe gravity and the accentuated force of design which are the well known characteristics of his manner. To behold on the one hand the Precursor, and that other great preaching saint, St. Bernard, in the austere serenity which so worthily clothes them; on the other, the two patron saints, in all the charm of youthful beauty and radiant adornment, presented with a faithful realism, yet appearing transfigured by the earnestness of their faith: is surely never to forget. This work, which it must be owned reaches a higher level than is again attained by Montagna, even in his great altar-piece at the Brera, has not in its way been surpassed even by the greatest performances of Mantegna, Bellini, or Carpaccio, many of whose best qualities it combines, not as the result of a vulgar eclecticism, but as the outgrowth of true intuition and assimilation.

Verona possesses also a great rarity, a 'Christ on the Cross' by Jacopo Bellini, which is his largest extant work, though by no means his most powerful or characteristic: it will be remembered that the Cathedral formerly contained a famous fresco of the Crucifixion from his hand, which was

destroyed by order of a ruthless archbishop in the last century.

A branch of art in which the Veronese were supremely successful was the covering of large surfaces, both the walls of churches, and especially the façades of palaces, with painted decorations. On the walls of the nave of the Cathedral, framing the side altars, are to be seen unrivalled specimens of the art of Falconetto, and of other Veronese followers of Mantegna, in combining painted architecture with painted figures. Many houses still exhibit, though generally in a sad state of decay, elaborate schemes of ornamentation by no less eminent painters than Francesco Morone, the Giorgionesque Torbido, and especially Giolfino and Brusasorci; the latter two by no means first-rate painters, who yet in this style did wonders. The so-called "House of Giolfino" is still a marvel of brilliancy and subtle decorative skill; so much so, indeed, that it is very difficult to connect it with the many tiresome and inane works which the city still shows from that painter's hand. Still more ambitious, though later and more turgid in the splendour of its style, is the Palazzo Murari, painted by Brusasorci, with mighty friezes both in colours, in grisaille, and in green camaïeu.



Piazza dei Signori.

Strangely enough Verona—whose children, the two greatest medallists of the earlier Renaissance, Vittore Pisano and his most successful imitator, Matteo de' Pasti, were—could hardly, after the fourteenth century, be said to possess at home a distinctive school of sculpture of her own. She remained unstimulated either by the Lombard school on the one hand, or by the kindred but more monumental school founded in Venice by the Veronese Antonio Rizzo and by Pietro Lombardo, on the other. Almost the only two really remarkable plastic works of the fifteenth century which the city contains are a fine Mantegnesque Pietà in high relief at S. Fermo Maggiore, which is probably a work of a sculptor of Vicenza, and the powerful though exaggerated 'Resurrection' which forms part of the Brengoni tomb in the same church; this last group, which bears the signature of the artist, is by another foreigner, Giovanni Russi (Rosso), a pupil of Donatello.

Verona has, to a degree quite exceptional, escaped the monstrosities of the *barocco* school of architecture, with its inevitable concomitant, Berninesque sculpture; while the subsequent *rococo* style has left still fewer traces on the exterior of the city or the decoration of its churches. In the later days, when the Venetian capital was engrossed with the splendid frivolities of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and delivered over to the tender mercies of Longhena and subsequently to those of other equally daring but far less skilful architects, Verona was a quiet, half-forgotten provincial town, and to this circumstance we perhaps owe the comparatively good preservation of many distinctive features which in other North Italian towns have been ruthlessly obliterated.

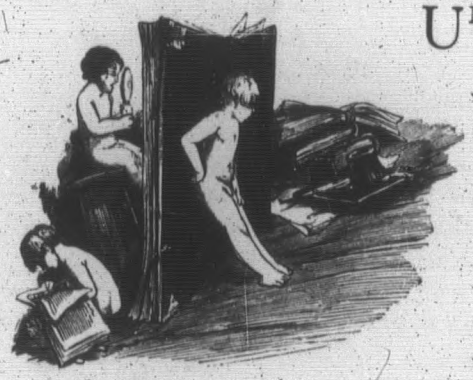
CLAUDE PHILLIPS.



Ponte del Castello.

FORGOTTEN ENGLISH PAINTERS.

ROBERT STREATER.



UNDOUBTEDLY there are legions of forgotten English painters; we may look through the barren centuries of pre-Georgian periods, or take up the early catalogues of the Royal Academy and contemporary institutions, and find little more than a score of names now known to fame; or some few years later, we may find advertisements in *The Times*, *The Oracle*, and other papers of the beginning of this century, announcing that crowds are daily flocking to see the "great historical picture," by an artist whose name the present generation has never even heard of; or fulsome paragraphs in the magazines and newspapers describing in over-bubbling language the triumphant genius of Mr. A. or B., now, alas, forgotten for ever. Ninety-nine out of a hundred of them are well forgotten, but the subject of the present paper is at least a figure of some interest in the dreary annals of early English Art.

There is a well-known couplet which tells that—

> "Future ages must confess they owe
> To Streeter more than Michael Angelo."

The lines are by one Robert Whitehall, and occur in a poem called "Urania," which describes the ceiling of the Sheldonian Theatre at Oxford, painted by Robert Streater, serjeant-painter to Charles II. Poor Streater! this outrageous flattery has damned him more effectually than the faintest of faint praise could have done. But though so completely forgotten in these later times that Allan Cunningham did not even mention this English Michael Angelo, he was, nevertheless, a considerable personage in his own day, and held in high esteem by men of refined taste, as we shall now attempt to show.

In 1662, when thirty-eight years old, we find him licensed to erect a house and studio on a plot of ground, fifty feet by two hundred, in Long Acre; the building was to be of brick and an ornament to the neighbourhood, whence we may assume he had already achieved some success in his profession. The office of serjeant-painter was then held by Sir Robert Howard, an extraordinary pretender, who was satirised in the comedy of *The Impertinents* as Sir Positive At-All. However, in February, 1663, he surrendered the office, which was bestowed on Streater. This appointment gave our painter the decoration of all the king's works, palaces, barges, coaches, etc. An interesting paper might be written on these serjeant-painters. The first to hold the title were John Brown, Richard Wright, and Antony Toto, in the reign of Henry VIII. The two former were probably master decorators merely, but the third, an Italian, was certainly an artist of some merit. So was Nicholas Lysarde under Elizabeth; of Leonhart Fryer, his successor, we know little or nothing; John de Critz, who held the office under James I. and Charles I., seems to have been a general retainer for the arts, who painted coaches and barges or historical pieces for ceilings with equal indifference, but notwithstanding this, a man of some note. Streater seems to have been of higher artistic position than any of his predecessors in the office. We find him mentioned by Sanderson in his "Graphice," 1558. The whole passage is worth quoting, as it summarises the then condition of painting in this country. Artists in England, he says, "are not less worthy of fame then (*sic*) any forraigner. . . . . Our modern masters comparable with any one beyond seas:—In the life, Walker, Zoust, Wright, Lillie, Hales, Shepherd, de Grange, rare artizans. Fuller for story. Stone and Croix ingenious painters in the incomparable way of copying after the Antient Masters. Barlow for Fowl and Fish, and Streater in all paintings. Then we have Marshall for Flowers and Fruits. Flesher for sea-pieces. Reurie for most paintings, usually in little, and John Baptista; also Cleve for his excellent designs for those rare tapestry works, wrought at Mortlake, and otherwise, which will eternize his aged body."

Elsewhere Sanderson specially commends Streater for his landscapes, several of which figure in the earliest catalogues of the royal collections; to what limbo they are now relegated I know not. Few of these incomparable people are now remembered; several of them were foreigners, but amongst the natives Walker, Wright, Shepherd, and Stone were good portrait painters, and would have been better probably had they lived in times that thought more of Englishmen and less of foreigners.

Streater had admirers of higher caste than this pleasantly gossiping Sanderson, the English Zeuxis, as Thomas Flatman was sycophant enough to style him. An interesting entry in the diary of that universal note-taker, Samuel Pepys, gives us a glimpse of the man and his admirers. On February 1st, 1668–9, he went "to Mr. Streater's, the famous history painter, whom I have often heard of, but did never see him before, and there I found him and Dr. Wren [afterwards Sir Christopher, architect of the building in question], looking upon the painting he is making for the new theatre [the Sheldonian] at Oxford; and indeed they look as if they would be very fine, and the rest think better than that of Rubens, in the Banquetting House at Whitehall, but I do not fully think so. But they will certainly be very noble: and I am mightily pleased to have the fortune to see this man and his work, which is very famous; and he a very civil little man, and lame, but lives very handsomely." Amongst those who thought Streater's work so fine was Evelyn, who, like Pepys, was fond of fraternising with the artists of the day and recording odds and ends of information concerning them—

scraps of history which in a large number of cases we find nowhere else. But we must gauge the value of Evelyn's opinion by the fact that he regarded the productions of Verrio at Windsor and Hampton Court as the finest works produced in this country. Streater's ceiling belongs to the mythologic-allegorical order, which was introduced into this country by Rubens, and afterwards brought to ridicule by Verrio, Laguerre, Thornhill, and finally Biagio Rebecca. It is, however, distinctly superior to all of these in one point, viz., the absence of the outrageously sycophantic flattery of those for whom the work was done.

The whole work is very minutely described in Plot's "Natural History of Oxfordshire" (2nd ed., 1705), as one of the wonders of the place, and from it we may extract the following description "in gross." "In imitation of the Theatres of the ancient Greeks and Romans which were too large to be covered with Lead or Tile, so this by the painting of the flat Roof within, is represented open; and as they stretched a Cordage from Pilaster to Pilaster, upon which they strained a Covering of Cloth, to protect the People from the Injuries of the Weather, so here is a Cord-molding guilded that reaches cross and cross the House both in length and bredth, which supporteth a great reddish Drapery, supposed to have covered the Roof, but now furled up by the Genii round about the House toward the walls, which discovereth the open Air, and maketh way for the Descent of the Arts and Sciences, that are congregated in a Circle of Clouds, to whose Assembly Truth descends, as being sollicited and implored by them all.

"For Joy of this Festival alone some of the Genii sport about the Clouds, with their Festoons of Flowers and Lawrels, and prepare their Garlands of Lawrels and Roses, viz., Honour and Pleasure for the great Lovers and Students of those Arts: and that this Assembly might be perfectly happy, their great Enemies and Disturbers, Envy, Rapine, and Brutality, are by the Genii of their opposite Virtues, viz., Prudence, Fortitude, and Eloquence, driven from the Society, and thrown down Headlong from the Clouds; the Report of the Assembly of the one, and the Expulsion of the other, being proclaimed through the open and serene Air, by some other of the Genii, who blowing their Antick Trumpets, divide themselves into the several Quarters of the World."

Although Walpole characterized this performance as very mean, it has been thought worthy of preservation to the present day. It was cleaned and repaired by Tilly Kettle in 1762, again repaired in 1802, when the interior of the Theatre was re-constructed, and lastly in 1826.

Streater is said to have previously painted a large 'Resurrection' for the altar-piece of All Souls' College Chapel, Oxford. Evelyn saw it on October 24th, 1664, shortly after it had been placed, and criticised it in these words: "To see the picture on the wall over the altar at All Souls', being the largest piece of fresco painting (or rather in imitation of it; for it is in oil of turpentine) in England, not ill-designed by the hand of one Fuller; yet I fear that it will not hold long. It seems too full of nakeds for a chapel." Evelyn's fear was well-founded. Dr. Plot (who, by the way, also attributed it to Fuller,) noticed that it was "somewhat defaced," and eventually it was covered over by Thornhill's 'Assumption of Chichele,' which in turn gave place to Raphael Meng's 'Noli me tangere.' On the restoration of the chapel by Sir Gilbert Scott, traces of the original picture, whether by Streater or Fuller, were found, and, happily also, sufficient remains of the beautiful Early English design, with its many niches and canopies and delicate tracery, to enable the architect to re-construct it.

Among his patrons was the king, Charles II., who employed him to paint several pictures; views of Whiteladies, Boscobel House, and Windsor, figure in William Chiffinch's inventory, as well as a picture of Jupiter, "a small piece to show the winds." Walpole mentions two letters from the Earl of Chesterfield to Streater, which allude in the one to the payment of £20 for a picture of Mutius Scævola, and in the other to the offer of £160 for six small paintings with figures.

In the last years of his life he was afflicted with a painful disorder to which Evelyn alludes in his Diary. On January 20th, 1674-5, he "went to see Mr. Streeter, that excellent painter of perspective and landscape, to comfort and encourage him to be cut for the stone, with which that honest man was exceedingly afflicted." In his last illness, the king was so very solicitous for his recovery that he sent to France for an eminent surgeon to attend him, but in spite of this he succumbed to the attack, dying in 1680, aged fifty-six.

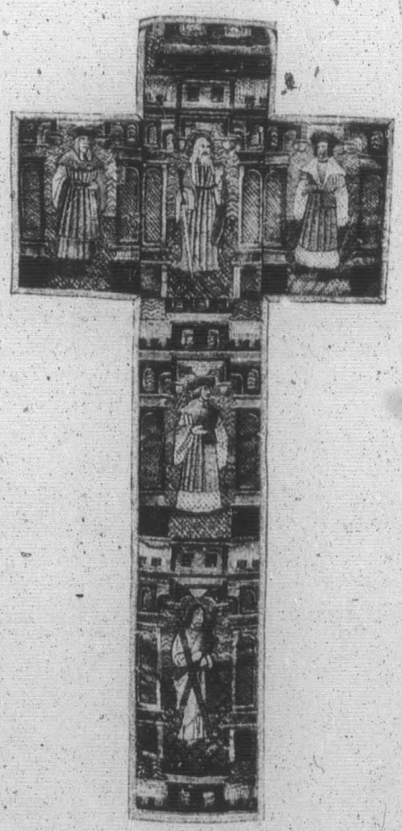
Viewed in the fierce light of modern culture all his whilom greatness has disappeared; his pictures have perished; his very name is well-nigh forgotten; but the man who obtained the good opinion of such judges as Wren, Evelyn, and Pepys, could not have been altogether contemptible, notwithstanding the terrible degradation of the Art of the time.

ALFRED BEAVER.

Spanish Plateresque Embroidery Altar Front, Seventeenth Century.

FLEMISH EMBROIDERIES, OLD AND NEW.

IN the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the city of Bruges was, to the north of Europe, what Florence and Venice were to the south. The waters of her canals, now only troubled by a flock of swans or a rare barge drawn by panting women and boys instead of horses, then swarmed with the "deep-laden argosies" of merchants from all the known world. In the splendid houses, now often tenanted by nuns and school-children, or turned into manufactories and workshops, lived the rich and powerful burghers, whose wives were "all dressed as queens," as Jeanne of Navarre said, with some asperity, when she made her state entrance into the city in 1301. The unbounded luxury of the court of the Counts of Flanders and Dukes of Burgundy encouraged manufactures and handicrafts of all kinds. And the guilds into whose hands Art had passed when it became secularised in the thirteenth century, found liberal patrons in these rich and extravagant princes and their followers.



Cross on Red Velvet Chasuble, about A.D. 1550.

It was during this period that embroidery lost its distinctly religious character and came into common use in lay dress. And if we wish to see to what a pass the sumptuous dress of Flanders came, we have but to consult the pictures of the time. On Van Eyck's and Memling's marvellous canvases the lay life of Bruges is brought before us as a setting to the most sacred subjects—brought before us, too, with such naïf and serious realism that it never jars upon our taste. Melchior and Gaspard as they kneel before the Holy Child, Herod and his courtiers as they sit at table or look on the headless corpse of St. John the Baptist, in Memling's pictures at the Hospital of St. John, are but portraits of princes and courtiers at the Prinsenhof hard by. The gorgeous fabrics of their dresses, stiff with gold, are fresh from the looms of Bruges, which were then famous throughout all northern Europe. While the magnificent robe, with its hem embroidered in gold, pearls, and jewels, which is worn by the Virgin in Van Eyck's great picture at Ghent of the 'Adoration of the Sacred Lamb,' is almost a duplicate of the state mantle in which Mary of Burgundy lies wrapped in her brass effigy on the altar-tomb at Notre-Dame in Bruges.

Of needlework for lay use little or none exists now in Bruges. But the city and its environs are rich in ecclesiastical embroideries. The best preserved are at the Cathedral of St. Sauveur. And through the kindness of the Curé of St. Sauveur, and of Monsignor Béthune, canon of the Cathedral, we have been able to obtain photographs of several of the finest examples.

The earliest of the vestments is a grand cope of dark green and gold brocaded velvet, of the latter half of the fifteenth century. The design of the velvet is the "artichoke" pattern, which appears repeatedly in Van Eyck's and Memling's pictures. The orphreys and hood of the cope are embroidered in gold and silks. The subject on the hood is Christ chasing the buyers and sellers from the Temple. On the orphreys are the Raising of Lazarus, the entry into Jerusalem, the Last Supper, etc. Judas is always clearly distinguishable by his shock head of red hair and his villainous countenance. The expression of the faces is admirable, notwithstanding the ill-usage to which the vestment has been subjected. On the morse are golden wheels—the badge of the Vleeschouwer family—and a filfot cross. The faces are all worked with fine silks in vertical feather-stitch—"opus plumarium," or "long and short stitch," as it is now called in England. The grounding is entirely of double gold thread sown down with silks of different colours, giving the effect of shot gold.

This laid gold grounding had its origin in Flanders, and from thence spread to Italy. There are two ways of laying it.

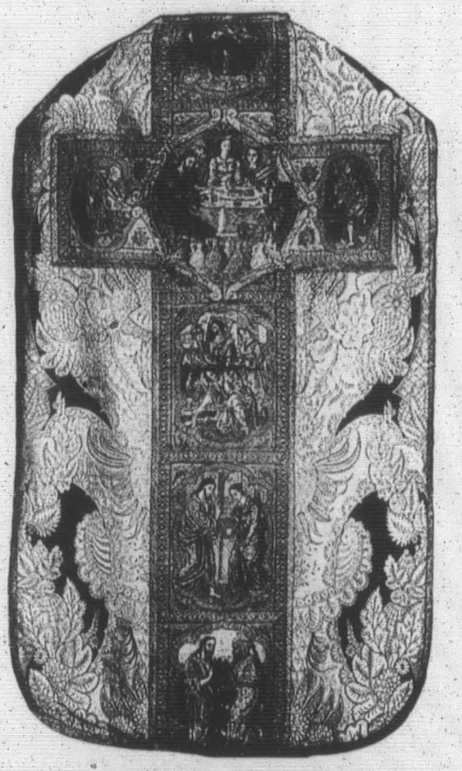
The usual method is a double thread of gold, which is stitched down with single stitches at regular intervals, known as "brick stitch," as in the nimbus round some sacred figure, or in groups of stitches, giving the effect of a basket-work pattern, or wave lines, etc. This is called in Belgium *point couché;* in England "laid gold," or "diaper."

Another method, which makes the most solid work of all,

is to lay a single thread backwards and forwards across the space to be filled, only stitching it down at each end, for which purpose two needles are used. When this ground is laid it is worked over as if it were canvas in various coloured silks, either with long or short stitch, in patterns or in groups of single stitches. It is often employed in golden robes of figures, the shading put in with horizontal stitches of silk. The effect is extremely fine.

Both these ways of laying the gold thread are used in the modern embroideries of M. Grossé and of Mr. Henry English at Bruges.

In the well-known *ateliers* of the former gentleman on the Place Simon Stevin, we were shown some forty men and boys at work over their frames. Some were beginning on single gold fleur-de-lys, others were laying gold backgrounds with marvellous precision. Some were at work on a rich robe or an angel's wing. The most skilful were working the heads of saints or martyrs in the most delicate shades imaginable, bringing out with perfect success the soft contour and colouring of the cheek, the expression of the mouth and eye, all in perpendicular stitches. It was incredible that all was needlework. We fancied some help must be given with paint or dye, for some of the little heads were as fine as a miniature. But a few minutes' close attention was enough to convince us that these clever workers can do what they like with their needles, and that the astonishing results we so much admired were produced by *bonâ-fide* work.



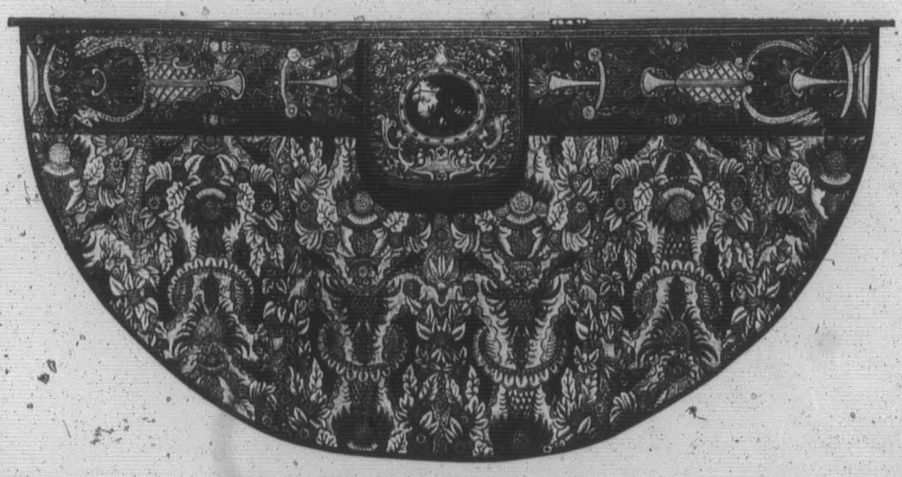
Silver Damask Chasuble, Eighteenth Century, with Embroidery of Early Seventeenth Century.

The gold thread used in this modern work is not pure gold, but silver-gilt, twisted round a silken thread. This, we were told, keeps its colour better than pure gold. The silk used at M. Grossé's is of extraordinary fineness, made especially for him. It is more like filaments of raw silk than any manufactured article. Each thread consists of several strands thin as gossamer, and these again can be used separately for the finest shadings.

The modern Belgian taste runs to extremely brilliant colouring in ecclesiastical embroideries. Work done for France by Mr. English is much more subdued in colour. In one fine piece, destined for Paris, which he showed us, he had used soft tones, which were very pleasing, and had even dulled the gold to make it harmonize better with the quiet colouring of the silks. The whole effect was admirable. We were told that all the finest shades are of English dye, and the best English houses will not use the crude Belgian colours.

The heads of these beautiful figures are always worked separately, and applied afterwards to the rest of the design. In fact, the figures are often made piecemeal, and put together so perfectly that it is impossible to detect any join. This, however, is not what is known technically as *appliqué*, or "cut-work."* In *appliqué* the robes, and occasionally even the faces, are made of satin or some other rich material; only the shadings, folds, etc., are worked in horizontal stitches of silk and fine gold, between which the satin shines. As a rule, however, in *appliqué*, the faces and hands are worked in feather-stitch. This, of course, is a much less costly kind of work than the solid embroidery. It is very effective, but it lacks the richness of the close needlework. The old method of working the faces in concentric rings of the finest chain-stitch, which was considered so successful in the *opus Anglicanum* of the Middle Ages, is now quite out of fashion in Bruges. Vertical feather-stitch produces a far more delicate effect; and as Mademoiselle Grossé remarked to us, "It is very well to imitate ancient work, but one must be careful only to imitate what is best in it."

Next to the old cope, the most interesting vestment in the cathedral at Bruges is a chasuble of crimson velvet, embroidered all over with very handsome cone-shaped flowers. These designs, which are not all alike, are embroidered in what is now called "*point longue*:" the silk—apparently floss—is set thickly from top to bottom of the space to be filled, and is kept down with bars of single gold thread sewn upon it, one-quarter of an inch apart. The cross on the back of the chasuble is grounded in the same way. The subjects are apostles and saints.



Silver Damask Cope, A.D. 1740.

* Vasari states that Botticelli was the inventor of "cut-work." But, as Dr. Rock points out, a fine specimen, No. 1370 at South Kensington, was made fifty years before Botticelli was born.

The faces and hands are finely worked in vertical feather-stitch, and each figure, down to the knees, has a gold background, which shows them up admirably. Although I could find no date to this chasuble, I put it at 1550, as the cone patterns embroidered on the velvet are exactly the same as those upon the cope of that date at Lisseweghe. Indeed, I imagine that it formed part of the same set of vestments.

Upon another plain red velvet chasuble of the same period the subject of the embroideries on the cross is the Resurrection. The faces and figures are full of life. One of the watch falls back in amaze, while the other—a peculiarly hideous person—is wrapped in heavy sleep. The Saviour's robe is of flat-laid gold thread, with effective shading upon it of close stitches. The hands and faces are finely worked, and the background and grass are embroidered in upright stalk-stitch.

The most magnificent specimen of embroidery of this period, however, is not in Bruges, but in the church of Lisseweghe, a little commune of two thousand inhabitants, between Bruges and Blankenberghe. We were conducted into an empty attic in the Presbytery, where, in a tin case, under modern vestments and robes for the Virgin's statue trimmed with old Mechlin point of remarkable beauty, we presently

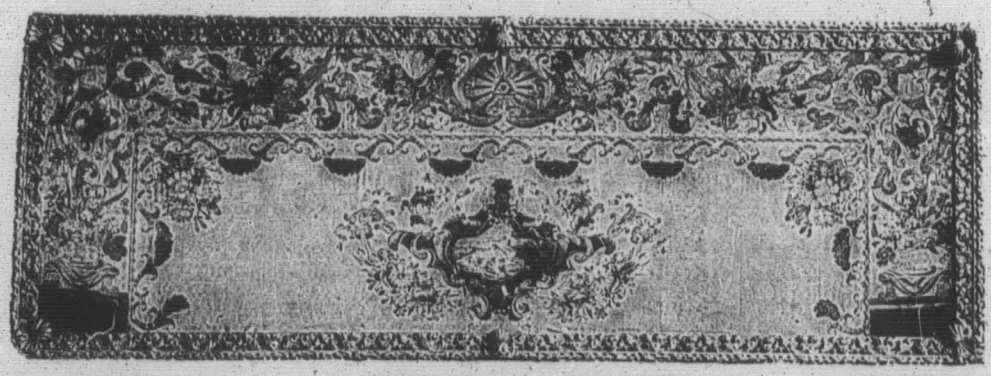


Altar Front of "The Four Doctors," A.D. 1642.

discovered the famous cope. The crimson velvet ground is thickly embroidered with twelve seraphim, numbers of fleurs-de-lys, and cone-shaped flowers, in gold, silver, and green silk, with yellow silk outlines. On the back is a superb figure of the Virgin, about twenty-four inches high, standing on the moon, supported by six flying angels, three on each side, while golden rays rise behind her head. Below are two double-headed eagles, with a six-winged figure on a wheel between them, holding a scroll on which is written *Da Gloriam Deo*. The robes are all gold. The angels' wings of silks in "*point longue*." The colours are subdued; and the whole effect magnificent in the extreme.

The orphreys of this cope are very curious, being of fine thirteenth-century embroidery. Their design is a series of ten quatrefoils, five on each side, enclosing single figures. On the right orphrey the upper figure is that of the Virgin, with St. Appolonia, St. Mary Magdalen, St. Barbara, and St. Catherine, below her. On the left is the Saviour, above St. Peter, St. Andrew, St. James the Less, and St. Matthias. The quatrefoil patterns and the dresses are of dull gold, slightly raised and outlined in bright gold. The faces are in white silk, upright feather-stitch; the outlines of the folds and the features are put in in black.

This gorgeous vestment is in excellent preservation, only



Altar Front, about 1740.

the morse and the hood having been restored; and it is still used at Pentecost. The effect of this blaze of gold and colour in the vast church, with its scanty congregation of quiet Flemings in black *mantelets* and sabots, and red-sleeved jerkins, must be extremely striking.

The other vestments worth mention in the cathedral at Bruges are a very fine and complete set, in silver damask, on a yellow silk ground, a part of the pattern outlined in rose-colour. The hood upon the cope is a very finely worked medallion of the Magdalen surrounded by a rocky landscape, in coloured silks, in the pictorial style of the beginning of the eighteenth-century, dated 1740, and executed by G. Passy. The orphreys of conventional flowers and fruits are embroidered in silks and silver on a ground of double gold thread sewn with red silk. In these, flat cut silver is used as well as silver thread. The embroideries on the chasuble, dalmatic, and tunicle of this set are considerably older. On the chasuble the Marriage in Cana and other scenes from the New Testament are represented. I should put them at the beginning of the seventeenth century.

An altar front of white watered silk, which seems meant to match the silver damask cope, is very beautiful, and well

worth close study. The centre medallion is in the same style as that on the cope, but of even finer execution. The subject is Christ walking on the water. It is surrounded with garlands of oak-leaves joining gold cornucopias, and is wreathed with flowers and silver ribbons. The flowers are exquisitely worked in their natural colours. Convolvulus, love-in-the-mist, anemones, iris, crocus, tulips, jonquils, roses, hyacinths, carnations, and lilacs, are represented with such a combination of truth to nature and artistic taste, that, although we have but little sympathy with this sort of art, we were obliged to confess the effect was charming, while the perfection of the needle-work is beyond all praise.

Another altar front of which the authorities in Bruges are very proud, is a good example of the way in which painting and embroidery were combined in the seventeenth century. And although this combination is an abomination in the eyes of a purist in needle-work, it is effective in this case.

This altar front, known as that of "The Four Doctors," is divided into five compartments. In the centre is a half-length representation of the Virgin and Child, with the four fathers of the Church on each side, St. Jerome, St. Chrysostom, St. Augustin, and St. Gregory. Each head is nearly life-size, on a ground worked with silver threads. All the shadings of the robes are worked in silk, long horizontal stitches, over a shade of paint in some places. The lights are left, and touched with gold and silver threads. The faces are painted—the hair, eyebrows, eyes, beards, and lips are worked. The crowns and mitres are jewelled, and are all outlined with pearls; so is the robe of the Virgin, while the robes of the fathers are trimmed with embroidery in gold. The textile which forms the foundation of this altar-front is so worn and so covered with paint and work, that it is difficult to determine what it really is. It appears to be some mixture of silk and linen. The border round the large heads is ornamented with the arms of the abbey of Eeckhout, and of Nicholas van Troostenberg, thirty-seventh abbot, for whom the altar front was made in 1642. These are upon a ground of silk embroidery in long stitch, kept in its place by a network of single gold threads.



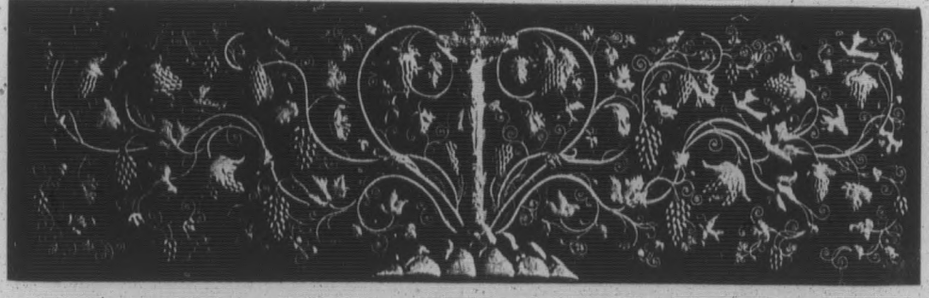
Plain Red Velvet Chasuble, about A.D. 1550.

The two other altar fronts of which we obtained photographs are very fine examples of the Spanish Plateresque work, which, coming from Spain in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, was adopted and modified in France and Flanders. The older one is worked upon ciclatown, an exquisite textile of white silk with a warp of silver, very fine, light, and glossy. The design is composed of those "mutilated vegetable forms" which, as Lady Marion Alford says, "superseded the graceful renaissance of classical taste." Impossible fruits and flowers are diversified by equally unknown species of birds. Yet the effect is fine and massive. The pattern is in very high relief, in some parts raised nearly two inches above the surface.

An excellent result is obtained by the use of three different kinds of gold. A fine stranded cord, plain gold made on a silken thread, and flat cut gold run in and out. The heads of the birds are worked almost entirely with this cut gold, and it is wound round the stems. A good deal of basket-stitch is employed, the rest is sewn down.

The other Plateresque altar front is also entirely worked in gold in high relief, on a crimson velvet ground. In the centre is a crucifix, and from this a vine springs, which spreads over the whole frontal. The grapes and leaves are almost the natural size, and are exquisitely worked. The three kinds of gold are again used here, but with much less of the cut gold. The effect is very gorgeous. But although this design is more appropriate to its ecclesiastical use than the pagan birds and fruits of the gold work on the white and silver altar front, or the frivolous prettiness of that of 1740, yet these later embroideries cannot compare with the older ones. And we turn with a sense of relief to the reverent beauty of design, combined with the serious magnificence of colour and fabric of the work of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries—the days of Van Eyck and Memling, of Matsys and Van Orley the golden age of Flanders.

ROSE G. KINGSLEY.



Altar Front, Gold Embroidery on Red Velvet.

THE AUTUMN EXHIBITIONS.

THE CITY ART GALLERY, MANCHESTER.—Despite the want of examples from the easels of a few of our leading men, the autumn exhibition gives a very excellent illustration of what is being done by the most powerful painters in and out of the Royal Academy. The number of pictures shown is considerably less than in previous years, but the general average is considerably higher, and the walls are so hung that every work is seen to advantage.

Conspicuous in the collection are two works recently purchased for the City of Manchester by the Art Gallery Committee, viz., Sir Frederick Leighton's 'Last Watch of Hero,' and Mr. G. F. Watts's 'Prayer.' Mr. L. Alma Tadema's 'Women of Amphissa,' which is shortly to pass from England to the antipodes, may also be seen here; and so may Mr. Waterhouse's 'Mariamne.' There are likewise the 'Old World Wanderer' of Mr. Briton Riviere, Mr. Macbeth's 'Miller and the Maid,' and good examples of Messrs. Leslie, Pettie, Marks, Prinsep, Burgess, Frith, Sidney Cooper, Boughton, and others; while Mr. Goodall, alone in this late day, holds up the banner of religious art with his version of the woman taken in adultery, 'Misery and Mercy.' Amongst the portraits sent by Royal Academicians are those of the Marquis of Hartington, by Sir John Millais, and of Mr. Briton Riviere and Sir Edward Watkin, by Mr. Herkomer; and Mr. Fildes' portrait of his wife. The large canvas of 'The Queen and her Judges,' by Mr. Wells, is the solitary representative of what may be called contemporary history painting. Mr. Picknell's landscapes hold a conspicuous position in the great gallery, and Mr. John R. Reid and Mr. A. W. Hunt contribute coast scenes, which hang with good effect right and left of the President's 'Hero;' the former sending a work painted expressly for this exhibition, which is both rich in colour and remarkably transparent in its broad masses of shadow. Mr. Edwin Ellis also displays himself at his best in two works not before exhibited, of which one is a strong study of wind and storm-tossed sea, while another is a Cyclopean reproduction of the chalk cliffs and caves of Flamborough Head. Perhaps, however, the most striking of the landscapes sent by the younger men are those of Mr. Anderson Hague. Mr. David Murray, Mr. Logsdail, Mr. Ernest Parton, Mr. Waterlow, Mr. R. G. Somerset, Mr. J. H. Davies, Mr. F. W. Topham, Mr. Keeley Halswelle, Mr. Clarence Whaite, Mr. Jacomb Hood, and the Hon. John Collier, are among the other "coming men."

The water colours are numerous, and are of unusually high quality, especially the landscapes. Mr. North's 'Monk's Pool' is very noticeable for its colour and tender sentiment; and amongst other excellent work, the landscapes of Mr. Eyre Walker, Mr. Joseph Knight, Mr. Fulleylove, Mr. Farquharson, Mr. A. W. Hunt, and Mr. John White are conspicuous. Perhaps the best of the figure work is that by Mr. Walter Langley. It is especially satisfactory to find that all the best works are displayed advantageously in the best places on the line, and that the general appearance of the walls proves the hanging to have been done in no perfunctory manner by Mr. Marcus Stone.

THE WALKER ART GALLERY, LIVERPOOL.—The Seventeenth Autumn Exhibition, held under the auspices of the Liverpool Corporation, which opened to the public on Monday, September the 5th, is evidence of what may be accomplished when earnestness and enthusiasm are brought to bear on a given enterprise. Originated in 1871 by a few men who saw in the progress of Art the prospect of a refining educational influence, the exhibition has gone on from year to year until Liverpool has been provided with a noble gallery, a very important permanent collection, and an annual display of works of Art, second only to that of the Royal Academy itself. Other municipalities have followed this example with the result that almost every town of importance has its annual exhibition of pictures, and many galleries have been built by private munificence with the object of encouraging the taste for Art. This flattering imitation has naturally raised a spirit of emulation and rivalry; but, notwithstanding, the exhibition of this year shows that there is no falling off, but that the display is as strikingly attractive and important as any of its predecessors. The catalogue contains a list of twelve hundred and seventy-nine works, against a total of over fifteen hundred returned for "want of space."

The artists invited to assist in hanging were Messrs. Dobson, R.A., Fred. Brown, and T. Hampson Jones. On the whole the work has been effectively and judiciously performed. A first glance at the exhibition conveys a very favourable impression, which is fully confirmed by inspection in detail. The Liverpool Art Committee have ever been alive to the advent of new men, and have endeavoured to afford facilities for the development of new styles; and thus there is ample representation of the impressionist and of the mystic and poetical schools, with a commendable absence of "furniture pictures" and works of mere "manufacture," which by their prettiness tempt the unwary, and clog the steps of true Art.

The most prominent work in the collection, the 'Samson' of Solomon J. Solomon, has been retouched by the artist since its exhibition at the Royal Academy; it is splendidly hung, and has been purchased by a Liverpool ship-owner, for presentation to the permanent collection. A glance round the principal rooms shows a large number of the works of the past London season, including 'St. Christopher,' by W. F. Yeames, R.A.; 'Eurydice sinking back into Hades,' by Mrs. Normand; 'Seventy Years Ago,' Percy Bigland; 'Making Cigarettes at Seville,' J. B. Burgess; 'All the World's a Stage,' F. Barraud; 'Kyle-Akin,' John Brett; 'Lilith,' Hon. John Collier; 'The Balcony,' Eugene de Blaas; 'The First Communion,' S. Melton Fisher; 'The School Board at Home,' Thomas Faed, R.A.; 'Council of War,' H. G. Glindoni; 'Baron H. de Worms, M.P.,' Frank Holl; 'The Music Lesson,' G. C. Hindley; 'Funeral of a Priest at Venice,' Mrs. Louisa Jopling; 'A Love Feast,' and 'Callesta,' Edwin Long, R.A.; 'Jealousy is Cruel as the Grave,' Ernest Normand; 'Master Baby,' W. Q. Orchardson; 'Two Strings to her Bow,' John Pettie; 'The Antique Seller,' Antonio Paoletti; and many others.

As in the two previous exhibitions, a large room is set apart for the works of the body of young painters who form the New Art Club, and who for the most part have studied in the Continental schools. In the present gathering there is more colour than of old, with a greater variety and originality of subject. Amongst the more prominent works is 'Christening Sunday,' by J. Charles: a brilliant and successful rendering of strong sunlight on the group of people leaving the church. Mr. Stanhope A. Forbes is well represented by 'Their Ever-Shifting Home;' Mr. Fred. Brown by a large upright called 'Marketing.' Mr. T. B. Kennington has two works, a nude child with a bowl of gold fish, and a picture representing the despair of a workman's family on his return from an unsuccessful search for employment. Mr. Arthur Hacker shows his Grosvenor picture, 'Pelagia and Philammon.' Messrs. W. H. Bartlett, F. W. Jackson, H. Detmold, F. M. Skipworth, S. Melton Fisher, Leghe Suthers, and Frank Bramley, are all well represented. The principal picture, however, is Mr. John Sargent's 'Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose,' which shows to the utmost advantage, and vindicates itself the more fully the longer it is studied.

The collection of water colours is much more important than usual, many members of the "Old Society," the "Royal Institute," and the "Royal Society of British Artists," being well and fairly represented.

THE ROYAL BIRMINGHAM SOCIETY OF ARTISTS.—The President of the Society for this year, Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., contributes three oil paintings and his bronze bust of Clytie. His principal work is the fine portrait of Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., seated in his crimson and scarlet LL.D. robes, and wearing his chain of office. The other two contributions are a youthful knight entitled 'Aspiration,' and that weird mysterious figure, with gleaming eyes, which was shown, if we remember rightly, at last year's Grosvenor, under the title of 'The Spirit of the Ages;' here it is without title, and a sonnet by Mr. Walter Crane, which is appended, is as difficult of explanation as the picture itself. Mr. Burne Jones contributes his charming portrait of his daughter, with which everybody is glad to renew acquaintance. Sir George Trevelyan's portrait, by Mr. Holl, will excite much interest here, partly of course from political reasons. Mr. Poynter contributes a 'Diadumene.'

The Society has been so fortunate as to receive Mr. Hunt's 'On the Dangerous Edge,' one of the landscapes of the year. The 'Preparing for the Procession of St. Giovanni,' by Mr. Logsdail, displays talent of a high order, but frittered away on bits of tinsel and patchy colouring. Mr. Collier's forcible and extremely powerful 'Incantation' is here seen to better advantage than in town. A capital landscape by Mr. East, strikingly English, as all his work is; Mr. Frank Calderon's 'Hampden;' Mr. Henry Moore's 'Summer-time in the Channel;' a characteristic landscape by Mr. Aumonier; Mr. John Reid's powerful 'Fatherless;' Mr. Bauernfeind's harmonious 'Gate of the Temple;' Mr. Goodwin's 'Sinbad the Sailor,' with Mr. David Murray's 'Picardy Pastoral' and Miss Havers' 'Village Belle,' are amongst the most important contributions from the London exhibitions.

A new local artist, Mr. S. L. Harper, exhibits an interesting and thrilling work, 'Ho! Ho! the Breakers Roar,' which shows talent and originality of treatment; while Miss Kate Bunce's Academy picture is full of promise. Mr. Wainwright, R.W.S., exhibits a masterly head of a white-haired man in a crimson robe. Mr. Langley unfortunately does not contribute. Mr. Jonathan Pratt's little picture of the 'Private Secretary' commends itself on account of its capital painting; so does his portrait of Mr. Morgan. Mr. Munn's portrait is weak, smooth, and feeble. Mr. Radclyffe's works exhibit on the whole a great falling off. Mr. S. H. Baker is represented by several works; the best is a small and delicately-painted sylvan scene. The water colours are scarcely up to the mark; the most prominent feature is Mr. Fahey's studies on the Norfolk Broads, and Sir James Linton's 'Tableau of 1885.'

THE CONTINENTAL GALLERY.—Here, as always, that curious modern product, the clever futile picture, abounds. Nowadays one too often sees work showing a considerable knowledge of technical processes, as well as some study of the way in which various schools have looked at nature, yet utterly without any evidence of enthusiasm for shape, colour, or other quality of the thing painted. In all epochs there have been plenty of men who, in default of a broad poetical perception, have occupied themselves with an unintelligent prying into corners, instead of observing large facts of structure or feeling great effects of light, atmosphere, or composition. And there has been no lack of others who, though alive to their importance, have been nevertheless unable to preserve the swing of big lines and the breadth of large masses, owing to an insufficient education in Art, or a too close and business-like zeal for small inquiry. But still some sort of zeal was there, and the result was in a manner interesting, and full of evidence of human intelligence, if in a small and trivial way. Surely in modern times works painted without any interest have become much commoner. Many artists appear to care for none of the things they pretend to render. They seem merely to have learnt by rote the accepted methods of avoiding smallness and of obtaining artistic unity, but they never seem to have cared either for the small facts they avoid, or for the big qualities they are supposed to obtain by their skill. They paint an empty formula without seeing its application. The titles of such pictures as 'Ignorance,' by J. Comerre-Paton, and 'Pensierosa,' by E.-A. Sain, are utterly inapplicable to these ridiculously flat and meaningless studies of ill-chosen models. On such points, however, artists claim to be exempt from the ordinary laws of human intelligence and feeling. Still more then, do we feel inclined to resent an impertinent and pretentious emptiness of style that, while it emphasises nothing large or grand, avoids all the common and *bourgeois* points of interest, and escapes from dealing with any of the purely artistic difficulties of true modelling and natural colour. There is no dwelling here on truths of shape either large or small, no sense of distance, air, or expression. The character of every form is rounded into meaninglessness, and the large flat masses are both empty of suggestion and coarsely untrue in their relations. Such a picture as E. Chaperon's 'Regimental Bath' is a piece of very commonplace realism, it is true; but in spite of its want of poetry, delicacy, or charm, it is careful and sincere as far as it goes. One gets some glimpse of the artist's feeling towards nature, as indeed one does even in such studio work as Boschi's 'Interior of the Harem,' in which the figures are studied with some intention of doing justice to their variety of character. C. Nys's work 'La Femme au Singe,' is delicately painted; P. Nauteuil's 'The Old Woman and two Servants' (from La Fontaine),

shows taste combined with a power of accurate draughtsmanship. By far the finest landscape is a rich mellow forest interior by Diaz; but good work of a lower sort comes from J. Van Luppen, A. Nozal, W. Frey, and one or two more. Large figure pictures of considerable merit are contributed by D.-F. Laugée, Benner, and L. Royer.

AD CAPTANDUM.—'Nana,' 'A Dream of Delight,' 'A Vision of Love,' such are the titles of M. Suchorowski's pictures, though for the matter of that the titles count for little. M. Suchorowski always represents Nana, or one of her sort—always, too, on a sofa, dressed or undressed so as to barely escape the policeman, and always so as to distress Mr. Horsley. The workmanship is perhaps superior to Mr. Horsley's own, and its artistic effect is of a sort to strengthen that gentleman in his determination to avoid the nude.

HUGH THOMSON.—At The Fine Art Society's galleries a small collection of pen-and-ink drawings by Mr. Hugh Thomson has been added to the already existing exhibition of Mr. Du Maurier's original sketches. Mr. Thomson deals in old costumes and the life of another century. His drawings are grouped under the following headings:—'Days with Sir Roger de Coverley,' 'Sir Dilberry Diddle,' 'A Journey to Exeter,' and 'Morning in London.' He draws decently and with spirit, but without any very close grip of shape. His subjects are well chosen and well varied, and the collection may well be welcomed as an addition to the interests of such an empty part of the year. Sometimes his method of drawing is a little wiry and stiff; and sometimes, as in 'Sir Roger stands up to count the Congregation,' the mixture of white with the pen-and-ink is somewhat heavy and inelegant. Other drawings, such as 'The Defence of the Nation,' are handled easily and suggestively. 'John Matthews' shows neatness of execution and a good comprehension of landscape. Good action may be observed in the figure of the strapping girl in the "heading" to the 'Journey;' and 'Treat ye here, ye Shepherds blithe, your Damsels sweet,' is quaint and amusing in conception.

DAUBIGNY IN ENGLAND.—Messrs. Buck and Reid have an interesting Daubigny—a picture of the Thames, with coal barges in the foreground and St. Paul's in the distance. That such a view has been often undertaken by Englishmen makes its treatment by one of the great men of the French school all the more interesting. Daubigny, in this case, was dealing with quite new matter, and with a composition and atmospheric conditions to which he could apply no ready-made formula of his art. Yet he has secured the main truths of the aspect of London, and has invested the view with all the broad romantic poetry of his school and his day.

ART NOTES AND REVIEWS.

PERSONAL.—Mr. Calderon has been elected Keeper of the Royal Academy, in the room of Mr. Pickersgill, resigned. A monument, by Mr. T. Nelson Maclean, has been set up in the cemetery at Wiesbaden. Messrs. Leeming and Leeming are to receive £8,000 for their design (rejected) for the new Admiralty. Mr. J. A. Symonds is preparing, for Mr. Nimmo, a new translation of the incomparable memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini. Mr. Armitage, R.A., has presented to the Church of St. John, Islington, his picture representing the institution of the Franciscan Order. M. Théodore Deck has been made Director of the Manufacture Nationale at Sèvres, and M. Champfleury, the keeper of the museum attached to the factory, has been appointed his assistant. The winners of this year's *Prix de Rome* are as follows:—*Sculpture*—M. Boutrey, a pupil of M. Cavelier; *Painting*—M. H.-C. Danger, a pupil of MM. Gervex and Gérôme; *Architecture*—M. Chédanne; and *Medal Engraving*—M. C.-F. Vernon, a pupil of MM. Cavelier, Tasset, and Aimé Millet. The winner of the last *Grand Prix Biennal*—of 20,000 francs—is M. Antonin Mercié, the sculptor of the 'Tombeau de Louis-Philippe,' exhibited at the Salon of 1886. MM. Gervex and Alfred Stevens are preparing a panorama in commemoration of the centenary of the French Revolution, which is to contain some eighteen hundred portraits of illustrious persons. The memorial statue (bronze) to Sergeant Bobillot—"mort héroïquement en Tonkin"—will be the work of M. Auguste Paris, sculptor of a '1789!' exhibited at the Salon of 1887, and purchased by the City of Paris. M. A. de Baudot has been appointed to the chair of Mediæval and Renaissance Architecture recently created at the Musée du Trocadéro. Herr Ludwig Seitz has finished the series of nine frescoes illustrative of the triumph of the doctrines of Aquinas, with which he was commissioned by His Holiness Leo XIII. to decorate the Candelabra Gallery in the Vatican.

GENERAL.—The Charity Commissioners have decided to employ the funds accumulated by the British Institution in the foundation of scholarships, and have added nominees of the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and London, and of University College, London, to the trustees appointed to administer their scheme, which (it appears) has given so much dissatisfaction that the Society of Painters in Water Colours—whose example might be followed with advantage—has refused to nominate a trustee. The Society of British Artists will henceforth flourish by authority under the prefix to its style and title of the great word "Royal." It is proposed to pull down the church of St. Mary-le-Strand; but so far the proposal has been received as it deserved. The accounts of the Corporation of the City of London include this year the following items:—For the Fine Art Gallery, £608; for the replica of Queen Anne's statue in St. Paul's Churchyard, £1,080; £112 for the "memorial brass tablet of the late Alderman Nottage in St. Paul's Cathedral;" £262 10s. and £210 for the busts of Chinese Gordon and Lord Shaftesbury; £100 (on account) for a bust of Sir Robert Carden; and £16,296 for the erection of the New School of Music. Mme. Mansuy has bequeathed to the Museum at Reims two Corots, a piece of Limoges enamel, and a superb collection of bronzes and *objets d'art*. The father of the painter Favretto, recently deceased, has presented his son's palette to the Arts Club, Venice. The cemetery of the vanished city of Carmona has been discovered a little way without the Arab Gate at Seville. The Museum at Candia has been enriched with a number of antiquities found in Crete, and with

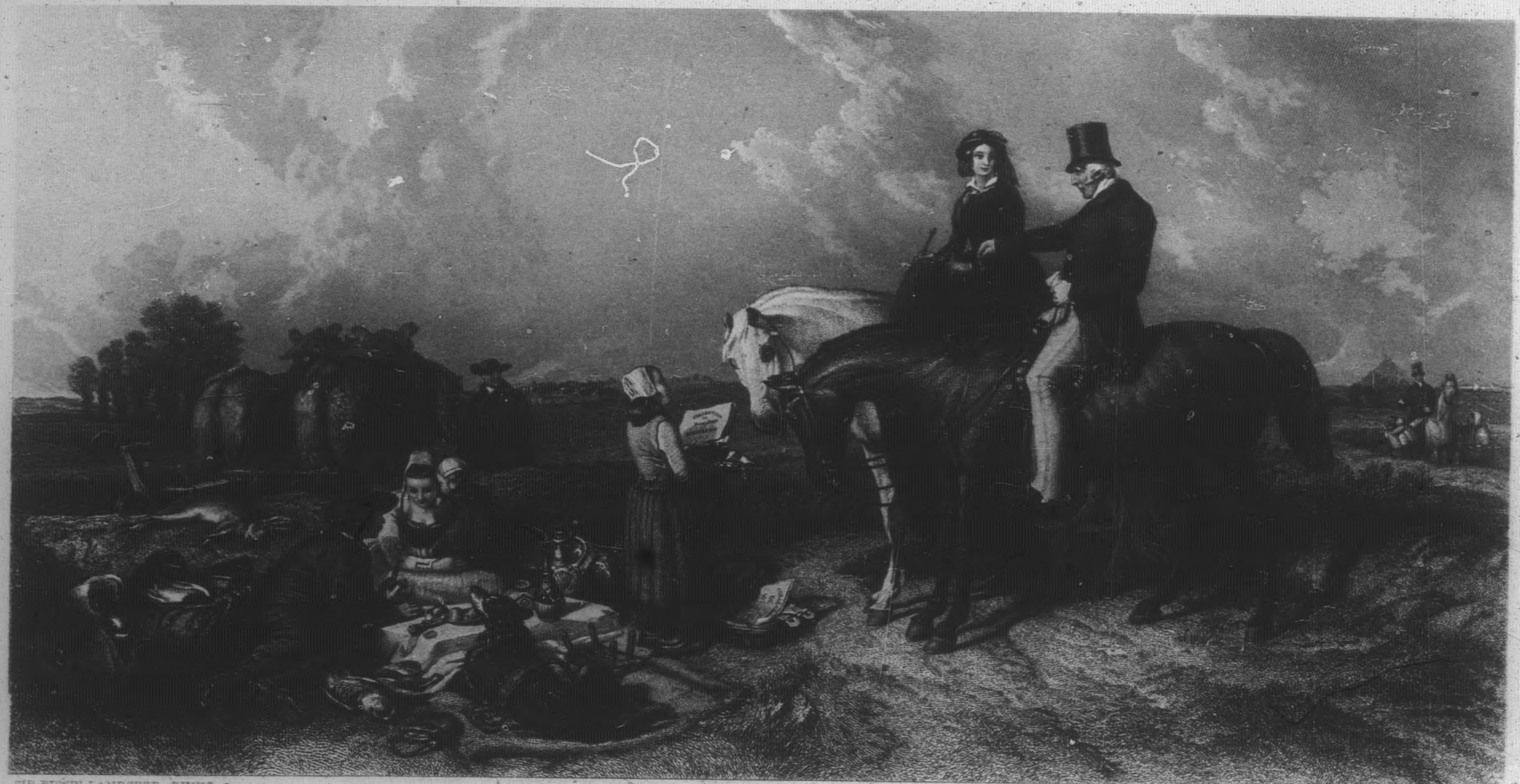
a collection of bronzes and marbles from the Grotto of Hermes and the Cave of Idæan Zeus. There have been discovered in a tomb at Bunarhashi a magnificent crown, a girdle, a long chain, and two staves, all in pure gold: "it is expected," says the *Athenæum*, "that this find, which has been sent for examination to Constantinople, will revive the archæological war about the site of Troy."

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.—According to the Thirtieth Annual Report the number of visitors in a year was 88,760, which makes a total of close on 1,500,000 since the opening of the gallery in 1859. The four hundred and first donation was a photograph—taken before his marriage—of John Stuart Mill. Other gifts are Samuel Lawrence's 'Sir Frederick Pollock,' Hoare's 'Duke of Newcastle' (crayons), Dance's 'Piozzi,' J. Russell's 'William Wilberforce,' Dobson's 'Lords Newport and Goring,' George Richmond's 'Viscount Cardwell,' 'William Henry Hunt,' painted by himself, Bailey's bust of J. Lonsdale, Lonsdale's 'James Heath' (chalk), and Wilkie's portrait of Raimbach the engraver. Among recent purchases are Lawrence's 'Henry Dundas,' Phillips's 'Samuel Rogers,' Opie's 'Amelia Opie,' Lely's 'Roger North,' Linnell's 'Sir Robert Peel,' Gainsborough's 'Fourth Duke of Bedford,' Soest's 'Earl of Clarendon,' Gilbert Stuart's 'Washington,' and a 'Lady Jane Grey' by L. de Heere. It is unsatisfactory to know that the whole of the collection is likely to remain at Bethnal Green, though, as is pointed out by the trustees, on its transportation to that locality its banishment was officially stated to be one of at most two years.

ARCHITECTURE IN DALMATIA.—There are two methods of studying architecture. The one that is most in favour with the dilettante, is to visit isolated works of special importance; to make, for example, a progress through the cathedral towns of a country or district, acquiring such information as may be readily obtainable concerning their more important buildings. The other, which will find more favour with the genuine student, is to work a district, however small and unpromising, completely and thoroughly, studying all architectural remains, even the humblest, with full attention, and tracing the connection in period or style between neighbouring buildings, with due regard to any written memorials or local traditions which may be available. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that an area which may be covered on foot from a single centre will, if studied on this principle, give a more solid result than the casual visitation of half-a-dozen cathedrals. The plan which we should recommend to the student who has but the ordinary opportunities of research, has been adopted by Mr. T. G. Jackson on a large scale, in his "Dalmatia, the Quarnero, and Istria" (Oxford: The Clarendon Press), which volumes give the result of a most diligent and exact study of the history, archæology, and architecture of the district.

It will be a matter of surprise, no doubt, to a majority of readers, that so excellent and so extensive a field of archæological study should hitherto have been left practically unworked. This will, however, be to some extent accounted for by the difficulties, sometimes amounting to danger, which the necessary travel involved, and the amount of enterprise and persistence which was required to force from the district its full complement of information. Mr. Jackson has been no less fortunate in his subject than the district has been in having the benefit of his diligent and accurate investigations; for, besides its extent and the importance of its monuments, the country is one which is eminently calculated to present archæological problems with which nothing short of trained skill and indefatigable enterprise could have successfully coped. In most of the districts of Europe the progress of architectural style has been fairly uniform, and the student who has at his command a due amount of historical and architectural knowledge can seldom be greatly at fault. In Dalmatia the case is very different; not only is the region one in which many strains of architectural style meet and are to some extent amalgamated, but the history of the district is one of constant disturbance, of frequent and rapid changes of government, each of which to some extent has affected the course of architectural style. If to the complications involved in these conditions be added the habit of incorporating into later buildings features of an earlier style—the tenacity with which the district adhered to the round arch long after it was superseded by the pointed in Europe generally is a case in point—it will be evident that the author's task has been one of no ordinary difficulty. The only element of confusion which is missing—one which renders archæological problems at once uninteresting and insoluble—is restoration, in the modern sense, which has here been fortunately rare. As an example of the diligence and skill with which Mr. Jackson has unravelled complex difficulties, we may refer to his very interesting investigation of the history of the loggia of the Palace at Ragusa, or (for he does not deal with architecture as limited to brick and stone) of the Reliquary of St. Biagio at the same place. It remains to add that the illustrations, which are by the author's own hand, whether of landscape or architecture, are as good in style as the latter are technically accurate. The volumes, which are excellent in paper, type, and binding, should find favour with students of history, archæology, and travel, as well as with the genuine lover of books.

ARTISTIC BIOGRAPHY.—The new numbers of "Les Artistes célèbres" (Paris: Rouam; London: Gilbert Wood), are M. Charles Cournault's 'Ligier Richier,' M. Ernest Chesneau's 'Joshua Reynolds,' and the 'Eugène Delacroix' of M. Eugène Véron. To the consideration of this last we purpose to return at some length; of the others we may speak just now. In the first we have an intelligent and unpretending account of a sculptor better known in Lorraine—at Saint-Mihiel and Bar-le-Duc—than elsewhere. Ligier Richier (1500—1567) was, however, a remarkable artist, and M. Cournault has done well to collect such facts concerning him and his school as were available, and to present the general public with a picture of his stern and sombre genius. The specimens of Richier's work, which are figured in the present monograph, are strangely interesting and suggestive. The 'Calvary' of Hattonchâtel is not among them, it is true; but the selection includes the 'Christ and the two Thieves,' and the extraordinary 'Statue de la Mort,' from the Church of Saint-Pierre, at Bar-le-Duc; the 'Sepulcre,' and the monument of Warin de Gondrecourt and the Pourcelet family, from the Church of Saint-Etienne, at Saint-Mihiel; the 'Pietà,' from Clermont-en-Argonne; and the tomb of Philippe de Gueldre, from the Church of the Cordeliers, at Nancy. They are enough to show what manner of man the artist was, and to make us wish to see more of his work. Of M. Chesneau's study of Sir Joshua there were plenty to say, did our space permit. We must content ourselves, however, with noting that it is capable and intelligent.



SIR EDWIN LANDSEER. PINXT.

J.C. ARMYTAGE. SCULPT.

A DIALOGUE AT WATERLOO

LONDON: J.S. VIRTUE & Cº. LIMITED.

THE CROWN COLLECTIONS OF PICTURES.

IN the June number of this Journal were engraved pictures by Holbein, Vandyck, Garofalo, and Van der Meer of Delft; we now give an illustration of a beautiful picture by the admirable artist who was intimately associated with, and whose works so greatly resemble those of the last-named master, Peter de Hoogh. Of late years an unusual amount of interest has been taken in Art circles in respect to these two painters, mainly of course from the extreme excellence and striking originality of their works, but not a little from the obscurity, almost amounting to mystery, which for



A Card Party. By Peter de Hoogh. After a photograph by A. Braun & Co. (Paris and Dornach).

so long continued to enshroud their personality. Early in the seventeenth century the town of Delft developed a school of painters all of whom were famous for one striking and most admirable quality, the masterly rendering of light and shade. It is highly probable that the original inspiration was communicated by the supreme Dutch master, Rembrandt van Rhyn. The earliest and in some respects most notable of these Delft masters in any case was Karel Fabritius, who, it is

clear, was a contemporary, though perhaps somewhat younger man than Rembrandt: the scarce works of Fabritius indeed betray in many respects so striking an analogy with those of Rembrandt, that the resemblance can scarcely have been fortuitous. The career of this gifted artist, however, was prematurely terminated by a catastrophe which well-nigh annihilated his native town itself. In 1654 occurred a great explosion of gunpowder which destroyed three-fourths of the town of Delft and many hundreds of its inhabitants, and amongst them the painter Fabritius.

Jan van der Meer was most probably a scholar and fellow-worker with Fabritius, and in his own day his fame as an artist was well established. Van der Meer's earthly career, however, was apparently not of any very long duration, for his pictures are so singularly scarce as to leave little doubt that his working life was short. Peter de Hoogh was probably a somewhat younger man; it has quite recently been discovered that he was born in or about 1632, and it seems certain that a portion of his Art career, at all events, was passed in Delft. De Hoogh's pictures are relatively to several other Dutch masters scarce, but judging from many indications, although we have no actual knowledge, his life was prolonged to a considerable age, probably till nearly the close of the century. The pictures of Van der Meer of Delft, and De Hoogh, both as to subject, mode of treatment, colouring, and light and shade, are so much alike that, in



Burgomaster Pancras and his Wife as Antony and Cleopatra. By Rembrandt. After a photograph by A. Braun & Co.

the absence of signatures, it is often quite impossible to discriminate as to their respective authorship. Van der Meer, however, painted landscapes as well as subject pictures, but we have no known landscape from the hand of De Hoogh. The beautiful picture engraved in our June number was formerly ascribed to De Hoogh, but of late years a general concensus of opinion amongst experts has assigned it to the other master. Curiously enough, although we learn from contemporary notices in Dutch writers, ancient catalogues, etc., that Van der Meer's pictures were highly priced and well paid for in his own day and throughout the seventeenth century, De Hoogh's equally beautiful pictures do not seem to have attracted very much attention. It was not indeed till the second half of the last century, and mainly in England, that the works of De Hoogh became really famous and valuable; but at the same time, in this country at all events, Van der Meer had entirely faded out of memory. Cuyp and Hobbema experienced, moreover, the same neglect in their own time and country, and it remained in like manner for English taste and judgment to pronounce the long delayed, yet not the less glorious verdict of resuscitation.

The De Hoogh now engraved represents a card party in a rather scantily furnished ground-floor apartment of a Dutch house, probably that of a well-to-do citizen or merchant. Through the open door is seen a maid servant advancing from the courtyard outside. The picture is illuminated with

brilliant sunlight from two large windows and from the open door. It is a work of the earlier and best period of the painter, and in every respect an admirable masterpiece of Dutch Art.

The splendid picture by Rembrandt, which forms our next illustration, is known as the portraits of the Burgomaster Pancras and his wife, in the characters of Antony and Cleopatra. Clad in ideal costume in splendid gold-embroidered robes, the gentleman holds a string of pearls in his hand, whilst the lady adjusts a large pearl ear-drop, or rather perhaps removes it from her ear. The picture is of large size (6 feet 6 inches by 5 feet 1 inch), and it is certainly one of the most important works of the master's earlier period, *circa* 1635.

The Buckingham Palace gallery contains no less than eight pictures by Gerard Dow, all finely preserved and most precious specimens; we have selected for engraving the well-known work called 'The Carpenter's Family.' No description of this homely subject is necessary; it is, as it were, a charming photograph, fixed more than two hundred years ago, of a momentary passage in happy humble life, with which every observer cannot fail to sympathise. As to the art displayed in this simple delineation, it is really marvellous.



Holy Family, with St. Anthony. By Rubens. After a photograph by A. Braun & Co.

The fine sea piece by Ludolph Backhuysen is entitled 'A Fresh Breeze near the Mouth of the River Brill.' A fishing boat is seen crossing the picture from left to right, its yellow sails reflected in the water, the flag of the United Provinces at the stern. Behind her is a brig in the act of luffing, and two small sailing boats; the long low coast-line is seen in the distance. On the right, near the front, is a boat, with three men hauling in a net, and a three-masted vessel near the shore.

We also engrave another of the great gallery pictures from Windsor Castle, the Rubens 'Holy Family, with St.

Anthony,' which forms a chief attraction of the state apartment known as the Rubens Room. It is one of the richest and most splendid pictures of the great Flemish master's fully developed period, but in which reminiscences of his Italian studies are clearly apparent—Titian having evidently been the model in view both in the composition and colouring of this work.

Something may now be usefully said as to the general state and condition of conservation of the vast accumulation of pictorial treasures of the English Crown. The paramount importance of this consideration in appraising the actual intrinsic, as well as the pecuniary value of ancient pictures, is one of the most essential matters to be taken into account by all who have anything to do with such works. The collector has at the outset to learn to discriminate between the unaltered handwork, the spirited touch, the luminous tints, and the suave and pure enamel of an original surface, and the vamped-up simulations of the so-called picture restorer.



The Carpenter's Family. By Gerard Dow. After a photograph by A. Braun & Co.

Still more necessary is this knowledge to the possessors of fine works, handed down it may be from previous generations. Here again the task of keeping in continual health, so to speak, the treasures in which not only the owner for the time being, but the world at large may truly be said to have an interest, is a really onerous and by no means easy matter.

The task indeed is more difficult in this country than perhaps in any other; our humid, variable climate is in itself very inimical to pictures; panels, canvases, pigments and superadded varnishes are all especially liable to decay and change from the sudden alternations of heat and cold, wet and dry weather. Damp is the great enemy of pictures, but the mists and fogs of England are often rendered even more fatal to works of Art from the very pains we take to counteract their influence on ourselves—English coal fires and superabundant lighting from oil or gas, indispensable to English comfort, their products of combustion confined within carefully closed apartments, add indeed greatly to the sum of evil influence ever working out the doom of pictures.

The acid fumes penetrate and attack pigments and canvas, greasy carbonaceous particles, dirt and dust accumulate on varnished surfaces, and in process of time become fixed and encrusted thereon by the condensed moisture of the atmosphere.

Thus pictures in England require more efficient protection, or else more frequent cleaning, than elsewhere; but in the last matter, cleaning, lurks infinite mischief.

Oil pictures are always, sooner or later, protected by surface varnish; it is quite essential that they should be, for the varnish is the shielding medium, without which the delicate painted surface would be subjected to a thousand accidents and corroding influences, which would soon bring the painter's work to ruin. In the course of time, of several centuries it may be, successive coats of varnish, often of different and incongruous composition, are piled one upon another by careless or ignorant possessors, accumulated crusts of surface dirt and dust are sometimes even fixed and incrusted with coats of fresh varnish, and thus in the long run, pictures may become completely obscured and buried as it were under a dense cimmerian cloud.

To maintain pictures then with just the proper amount of varnish upon them, to keep this varnish bright and transparent, and to remove with safety superabundant coatings, when they have unfortunately been allowed to accumulate, come first and foremost amongst the problems to be solved in the matter of picture conservation. Unfortunately the solution of these problems in general, which in the nature of things, as has been intimated, press upon this country, perhaps, more heavily than any other, has been usually left in the most incompetent hands.

The English picture cleaner has indeed much to answer for; his reckless incapacity has become almost proverbial.

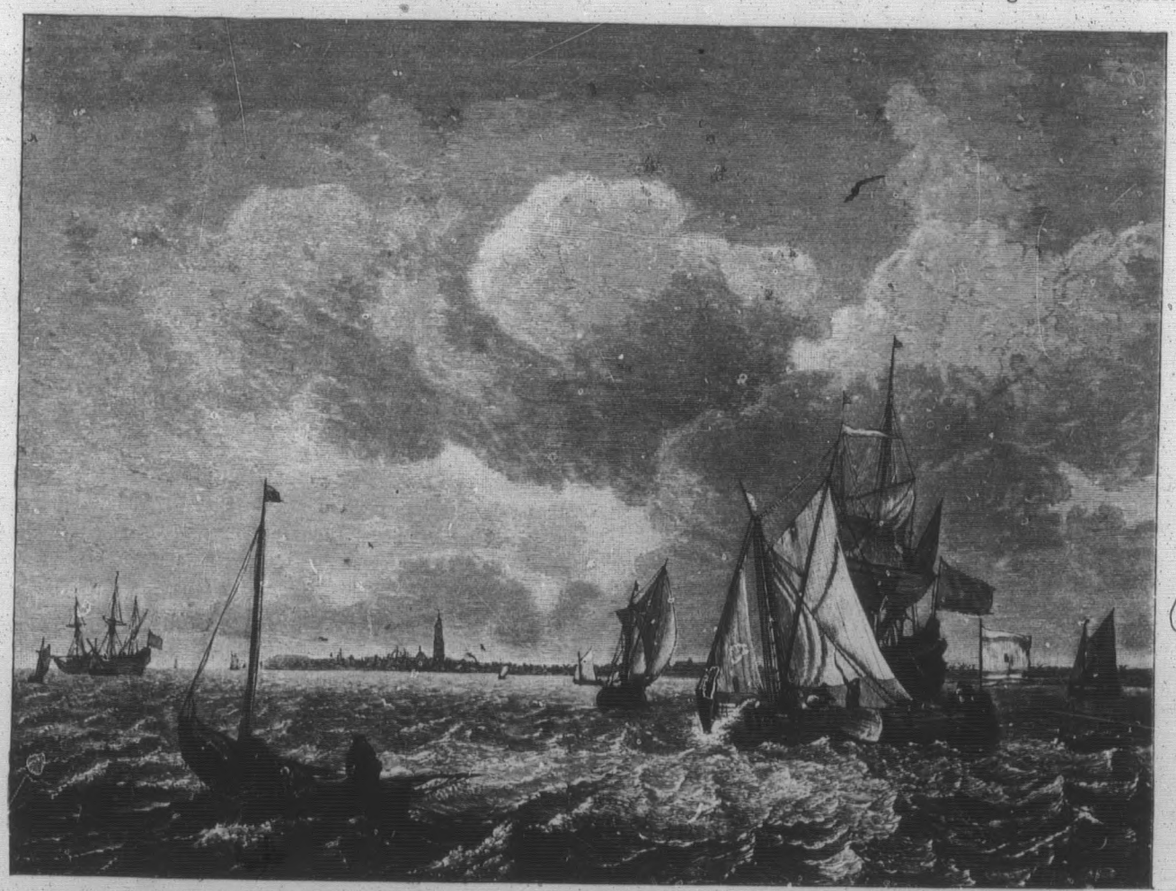
The Royal Collections have had no immunity from his ravages, and warning lessons not a few are to be gleaned from scarred and worn-out wrecks of once noble pictures, which here and there present themselves, melancholy exceptions nevertheless in the general high condition of the royal gatherings.

The Hampton Court Collection contains the largest per-

centage of decayed and damaged pictures, and naturally so, from the fact that for a century past it has been a storehouse of works of Art, liable to be drawn upon at intervals by the other royal palaces, these withdrawals having moreover usually consisted of the higher class works, and especially of such as were in the best and most presentable condition; a residuum of worn-out and "restored" works has thus gradually accumulated at Hampton Court. The Windsor and Buckingham Palace pictures, on the other hand, are, as a rule, in excellent preservation. At Windsor the noble Rubens and Vandyck pictures, many of which were actually painted under the roof which still shelters them, are in the most perfect state, the rich patina with which time has gilded them remaining intact and undisturbed, adding indeed in itself an additional charm, which the painters themselves would have been the first to appreciate if they could have foreseen it. The collection of Dutch and Flemish pictures at Buckingham Palace is perhaps, as regards purity of condition, unsurpassed, if indeed rivalled by any similar gathering. The royal amateur who got them together was himself fastidious in this respect, and he was well advised. There are literally none but absolutely perfectly preserved works in this splendid assemblage.

The Italian pictures in the royal collections have as a rule fared the worst, but generally speaking they are the most ancient in period of production; they were likewise, for the most part, amongst the earliest acquisitions of the Crown; a great proportion were indeed the gatherings of King Charles I.—principally from the famous Mantuan collection, which he acquired in mass.

The Italian pictures then have undergone the severest



A Fresh Breeze near the Mouth of the River Brill. By Ludolph Backhuysen. After a photograph by A. Braun & Co.

trials, they have endured the longest stretch of exposure to the vicissitudes of an ungenial climate, and they have also lived through the periods of greatest darkness and apathy in Art matters, which in the seventeenth and early years of the succeeding century supervened in this country on the bright uprising of connoisseurship under the luckless Charles. It is on record, moreover, that the Mantuan pictures were more or less injured from careless packing and exposure to damp during an eventful and tedious period of transmission to this country. From incidental notices which have come down to us, it is probable that a general doctoring or "putting in condition" ensued on the advent of these precious works in England, and the methods of treatment were, to say the least, doubtless insular, if not somewhat barbarous. Evidently the first nails in the coffins of splendid Titians, Palmas, and Mantegnas were driven at this period. The Mantegna cartoons, painted in distemper on canvas, were especially liable to be affected by the humid and variable atmosphere, so different from the equable conditions under which they had previously lived, and it is certain that at a very early period the colours began to lift and peel off, and an apparently hopeless process of decay set in. The remedy when it was applied was in this instance heroic, for at last, in William III.'s time, towards the end of the seventeenth century, these most precious works were turned over to the tender mercies of an obscure painter, of the following of the French decorator Laguerre; this worthy repainted them bodily in fresh distemper colours in his own abominable style, by contract at so much a picture.

The new pigments are now in turn lifting and scaling off, but, alas! there is no possibility of chipping off the contaminating envelope, and Mantegna, with the odious Old Man of the Sea imposed upon him, must slowly perish together. Infinite destruction of pictures has been caused by one fatal method or nostrum which formerly prevailed, especially in this country. It was the practice of using varnishes more or less mixed with linseed oil. The royal collections, unhappily like almost every other English gathering, number many melancholy illustrations of the results of this pernicious usage.

Another evil habit of past times not as yet entirely exploded, has been that of reviving the dull, and it may be cracked and corrugated, surface of pictures with oil rubbed on to the picture with cotton wool. The further general practice of the use of solvents—generally spirits of wine—in the removal of the discoloured and opaque varnishes and indurate crusts, superinduced by the before-mentioned insensate practice, may be alluded to as the final ceremony which has ruined thousands of fine works of Art in England.

No more useful practical conclusion to these notices of Her Majesty's pictures could perhaps be furnished by the writer than the following emphatic warnings to all possessors of pictures. Never to attempt to clean pictures themselves. Never to allow oil in any shape to come near a picture. Never to allow the removal of varnish nor any cleaning by means of solvents, except in extreme cases and under the most responsible advice. And lastly, in all cases where practicable, to put pictures under glass.

J. C. ROBINSON.

EGGLESTON, BRIGNAL, AND WYCLIFFE.

BESIDES asking for traditions at Rokeby, Scott said that he must have "an old church of the right sort and a robbers' cave." Both were found for him. Eggleston Abbey was the church; it lies about half-way between Rokeby and Barnard Castle, and we will visit it first. Just before we come to it from Rokeby, we pass the bridge which connects Yorkshire with what used to be called the "Bishoprick," *i.e.* the Palatinate of Durham. It spans the Tees at a great height, and the sudden disclosure of the chasm, with the river foaming over slabs of limestone far below, and a glimpse of the abbey among the tree-tops, is certainly striking. Few English abbeys stand on a height, and when they do it is generally no wide stretch of woodland and pasture which they overlook, but the waste grey fields of the sea. The whole character of Eggleston is pastoral. Little is known of its founder or of its history; nothing great or tragic is associated with it, and we hardly thank Scott for having used it as a background to the melodramatic scene with which he winds up "Rokeby." The barely prevented execution of the knight, the death of Wilfred, the shooting of Oswald, and the general clearing away of the puppets of the poem—we utterly refuse to let this wild confused picture form any part of our conception of ancient Eggleston. We would rather think of the Premonstratensians who once dwelt here, and of them as having been the most peaceful of their peace-loving order; pursuing their studies and obeying their golden rule with fewer interruptions and temptations than fell to the lot of brethren of grander houses, and that the thrum of their own mill-wheel and the murmur of the Tees were always as grateful to them as they are to us now. We know no ruin which wears a happier look. It is bright with close-cropped, brilliantly green grass on all sides, with elms and ash-trees, and abundant wild flowers; and there are sights and sounds of rural labour all about it, clothes laid out among the roses and honeysuckles of the hedges, parliaments and processions of dazzling white geese, the miller's cart coming and going; but there is no sound too much, nor any at variance with a scene which is crowned by the mullioned window and relics of broken tracery of the ruin above; nor can any dell be lovelier than that of Thorsgill, into which the green bank descends with the steepest of curves, almost directly from the abbey walls. The abbey buildings are not as yet in total ruin, and are very picturesque; but they were much more so when they were used, as we recollect them some years ago, for a farmhouse. Afterwards, when they became too ruinous to serve this purpose, an old man of eighty or more was their sole occupant and self-constituted guardian. He lived in little comfort, depending on the shillings and sixpences of stray tourists, and sleeping in a big chest at night. He remembered the burning of the paper-mill, which is being rebuilt in the Turner drawing of the place; "and what a big low the fire did make to be sure;" and the spreading out of the paper to dry which had been wetted by the fire-engines; and of course he could easily remember the sentry-box which stands so quaintly on the slope of the hill in the engraving, but has now disappeared, having served its turn as a summer-house for one person as long as it would hold together. He had many stories to tell of the various squires of Rokeby, but his views were evidently coloured by dim recollections of greater or less severity in the way of sentences in the remote years when there had been "some awkwardness about hares."

This testimony as to the building having been a paper-mill is useful, for it was always difficult to explain what the woman was laying so carefully to dry on the river-bank in the drawing. It never looked like clothes. After the mill was rebuilt, Mr. Morritt—Scott's friend—refused to allow a steam-engine to be set up, and thus caused the departure of his tenant, who went and established the works at Richmond which now do so much to ruin the beauty of that place. Eggleston is fast wearing away; the stones of its arches are falling from their places, and great rifts are each year widening in its walls. It is all uncared for, and no helping hand is extended to save it, but its beauty is still as great as ever.

To see the "robbers' cave," which was wanted and found by Scott, we must retrace our steps to Greta Bridge and cross the Roman camp on which the inn—the very George Inn of "Nicholas Nickleby"—is built, and go to the ruined slate quarries of Brignal. We must not indicate the spot with any precision, for it is carefully concealed by the guides, who are well aware that if it were known it would soon be destroyed by unruly members of the numerous pleasure trips which during the summer find their way to Rokeby and Brignal Banks, and for the most part have nothing better to do than

throw stones, break young trees, uproot the foxgloves and lovely lilac campanulas, and kill hedgehogs and squirrels. It is in connection with Guy Denzil's cave that Mr. Morritt gives us a valuable glimpse of Scott's method of work. They had ridden out together the morning after Scott's arrival at Rokeby, and after finding the good old church of the right sort, were now inspecting the robbers' cave. "I observed him noting down even the peculiar little wild flowers and herbs that accidentally grew round, and on the side of a bold crag near his intended cave of Guy Denzil, and could not help saying, that as he was not upon oath in his work, daisies, violets, and primroses would be just as poetical as any of the humble plants he was examining. I laughed, in short, at his scrupulousness, but I understood him when he replied that 'in nature herself no two scenes are exactly alike and that whoever copied truly what was before his eyes, would possess the same variety in his descriptions, and exhibit apparently an imagination as boundless as the range of nature in the scenes he recorded; whereas whoever trusted to imagination would soon find his own mind circumscribed and contracted to a few favourite images, and repetition of these would, sooner or later, produce that very monotony and barrenness which had always haunted descriptive poetry in the hands of any but the patient worshippers of truth. Besides which,' he said, 'local names and peculiarities make a story look so much better in the face.' In fact, from his boyish habits, he was but half satisfied with the most beautiful scenery when he could not connect it with some local legend, and when I was forced sometimes to confess that I had none to tell, he would laugh and say, 'Then let us make one; nothing so easy to make as a tradition.'" We shall presently show how Scott, who was anxious to complete "Rokeby" by



Brignal Banks.

a given time, in order to obtain money to build Abbotsford, and who believed that he had the scenery of the district so deeply imprinted on his memory that there was no need to revisit the place, yielded to Mr. Morritt's remonstrance and came. When he was there, however, how alert was his observation and how zealous his care to give every distinguishing feature! No one can see the Greta without being struck by the accuracy of his detail. More than one rock answers to his description, and "rears its pale grey breast," with its profuse growth of hazel about it and its darkening yew, mysteriously rooted, and sweeping downward almost to the shadowy pool beneath.

You splash through the pebbly shallows at the outlet of the pool, or clamber over the ruinous heap fallen from the cliff, and perhaps a path succeeds, and a wilderness of "verdurous glooms, and mossy winding ways;" and in one of the meadows left at frequent intervals by the curves of the river, you come upon a broken gable and a disused graveyard. This is Brignal old church—as small in its best days as churches among north country mountains and moors are wont to be—and if you go to the top of the bank above, and if it is a fair twilight in summer, you have the subject of one of Turner's noblest poems before you. Mr. Griffiths always thought 'Brignal' by far the most beautiful of the Yorkshire drawings, and kept it himself; but unhappily it was burnt in a fire in his house, and nothing now remains but the incomparable engraving. The little church in the valley was found to be inconvenient, especially for funerals, so a new and very ugly one was set up on the hill above, but unfortunately much of the old one was carried off to aid the building.

Little did the firm of publishers who employed Turner, "the draughtsman," to illustrate Whitaker's "History of Richmondshire," imagine how these illustrations would be prized in the after-time. As for the book itself, it was one instance

more of a work which, as Luttrell said of Rogers' "Italy," "would have been dished if it had not been for the plates."

It is now sixty-five years ago that the task was entrusted to the artist, but as full confidence was not placed in his power of selection, three gentlemen, Dr. Wm. Turner, Dr. Tate, and Mr. W. Whitaker, were appointed to pick out various picturesque points of view for him. Four of the subjects chosen lie very near together, namely, Eggleston, Rokeby, Brignal, and Wycliffe. The last named is as peaceful and quiet as Eggleston, but with this difference, that deservedly or undeservedly, its name has long been connected with that of the first great English reformer. We are sorry that this belief should have been disturbed, and Hipswell, near Richmond, glorified at the expense of Wycliffe. In point of fact there is no other evidence than tradition on either side. Local tradition has always claimed Wiclif as a native of Wycliffe and a member of the ancient family of that name that was settled here, but Hipswell is the place indicated by Leland. After



Eggleston Abbey.

all Leland did but note down a tradition, and it will need more than this hearsay evidence to destroy the association between this Tees-side village and the man who made its name famous. We feel even so much contention as this to be at variance with the sense of tranquillity inspired by Wycliffe as we now see it, though it may be a second edition of "Red Cotton Night-cap Country," to those who know it beneath the surface.

It is a mere hamlet. Two or three red-tiled cottages lying in a hollow between the river and a great sheltering wood furnish homes for a few men whose callings make them necessary to each other. The rector, the carpenter, the blacksmith, the miller, and a few farm labourers all dwell here together, and not a stone's throw from their doors is the quiet green churchyard in which when their weekly round of labour here below is over for ever, they will lie down side by side. The church is very small, but charming in its simplicity, and so old that it seems to be only held together by the ivy which covers it. It contains within its walls tombs of long-forgotten members of the Wycliffe family and fragments of stained glass. The roof is flat, and I regret to say that sometimes there is a talk of raising it to the dignity of a sharply pointed one, but I hope it will be left as it is now. In the rectory is a portrait of Wiclif said to be a copy by Sir Antonio More, from an original picture. At least, having due regard to chronology, that is surely what a few faded words written at the back of the picture must intend to declare. "Thomas Zouch, A.M., formerly fellow of Trinity College, gives this original picture of the great John Wycliffe, a native of this parish, to his successors, the rectors of Wycliffe, who are requested to preserve it as an heir-loom to the rectory house. April 27th, 1796. John Wycliffe died, Anno 1384. By Antonio More."

It is clear, therefore, that Dr. Zouch, who lived a hundred years nearer the point from which tradition started, had no doubt that Wiclif was born here. Turner too seems to have had the same belief, for he has placed in the foreground of his drawing a flock of geese flying away in confusion, by which he intended to symbolize the light of the Reformation dispersing darkness. His drawing is very unlike the place.

Stories of "good old Parson Zouch," and of the full-bottomed wig in which he used to preach, still linger in the district. He was a tall, powerful man, who scorned the assistance of stiles and gates; fences never stopped him. He walked through the high hedges and over the low ones. He was a justice of the peace, but so great was the simplicity of his character, that he never could bring himself to believe that any one was telling him a lie. Consequently if a man got into trouble, the first thing he did was to run off to tell the story in his own way to Dr. Zouch, and if the defendant could but outstrip the complainant he was safe, for it was all but impossible to induce Dr. Zouch to think ill of him afterwards.

We pursue our walk by the Tees and through Wycliffe Woods, which in spring are full of wild aconites, until we reach the top of a high cliff descending in an abrupt precipice into the river. From this height we obtain a startlingly magnificent view. The course of the Tees can be traced far away into the distance by many a silvery curve, and beyond all, two hills, Cross Fell and Mickle Fell, stand opposite to each other as if guarding the entrance to the mountain region behind them, a region of whose beauty we are reminded by the changing lights and shadows and tints of lovely and mysterious colour. We walk onwards, pass through a gate, and soon come to a spot which has a story of its own. Near the village of Ovington, and at the edge of the wood which slopes down to the river, is a narrow path

shut in on both sides by a high hedge. Towards the end of last century, and doubtless both before and afterwards, no one in Ovington liked to go near this place after sundown, for it was currently reported in the village that the ghost of a priest walked there, arrayed in full canonicals, and many of the inhabitants believed that they had seen this apparition, or had heard the rustle of his silk robes as he passed them in the dusk. The story was universally believed in Ovington, but no tradition with respect to the priest's name, or the cause of his supposed restlessness, had been preserved. I myself remember being told of this old story by one who in his childhood had suffered from its terrors, and who forty years afterwards, when deciphering some old records in Durham, found the following passage in monkish Latin, which I spare my readers. "On the 25th day of the month of February, A.D. 1485, James Manfield, Gentleman, late of Wycliffe, came in person to the church of St. Cuthbert, in Durham, and striking on the bell of the same, prayed for the sanctuary of the said church and the liberty of St. Cuthbert, for that he together with others, had near the village of Ovington, in the county of York, about the 26th January, as he thinks, of the aforesaid year, insulted Dominus Rolandus Mebburne, priest of the rectory church of Wycliffe, and had struck the same feloniously in the body with a wallych bill, and given him a mortal hurt, of which he incontinently died, for the which felony, the same James prayed for sanctuary in the said church." This shows how strangely local tradition preserves the memory of a fact which would otherwise be entirely forgotten. Dr. Raine, my father, who is my authority for the above story, and who was himself a native of Ovington, frequently said when speaking of the dialect in use in these villages in the beginning of this century, that it was a very pure form of Old English, and in fact rather a survival of what was old and good, than a straying away from it. He declared that many of the words then commonly employed in the village might be found in Wiclif's translation of the New Testament, and that he would undertake to read that translation to any of the old persons then living, in full certainty that not more than half-a-dozen words or so would require any explanation on the score of having become obsolete. He also told me that he had suggested to his old schoolmaster, Dr. Tate—one of the gentlemen who chose the scenes which Turner should sketch as illustrations for the "Richmondshire"—the Wycliffe, Junction of Greta and Tees, Brignal, and Eggleston subjects, and was only sorry he had not been able to prevail on them to have one from the head of the village of Ovington, which he believed to be one of the most characteristic river scenes in the kingdom.

Ovington is one of the very few villages in which a May-pole is still to be found. From time immemorial it has stood where it now stands, and it is a great pity that the half-reverent, half-affectionate ceremonies of which it was once the centre should have fallen into disuse. It was formerly the custom to take it down on Easter Tuesday while the day was yet young, and to re-erect it in the afternoon amid great rejoicings and festivity. No sooner was it laid low on the green than the village girls began their work of decking it with garlands, to which each cottage garden subscribed its handful of daffodils, or polyanthuses, and when these were exhausted, Tees-side woods and fields, themselves carpeted with flowers, and brighter far than most gardens, lavishly supplied the want. While the girls looked to the flowers, the young men collected money for the feast from the cottagers around—nay, even levied a tax on every one who went through the village on that day. All the morning the girls bound their flowers together, and the young men stood at the west end of the village where the road is so much contracted that it is only a narrow passage, and barred the way to all comers with ropes drawn across it



Brignal Church. After J. M. W. Turner.

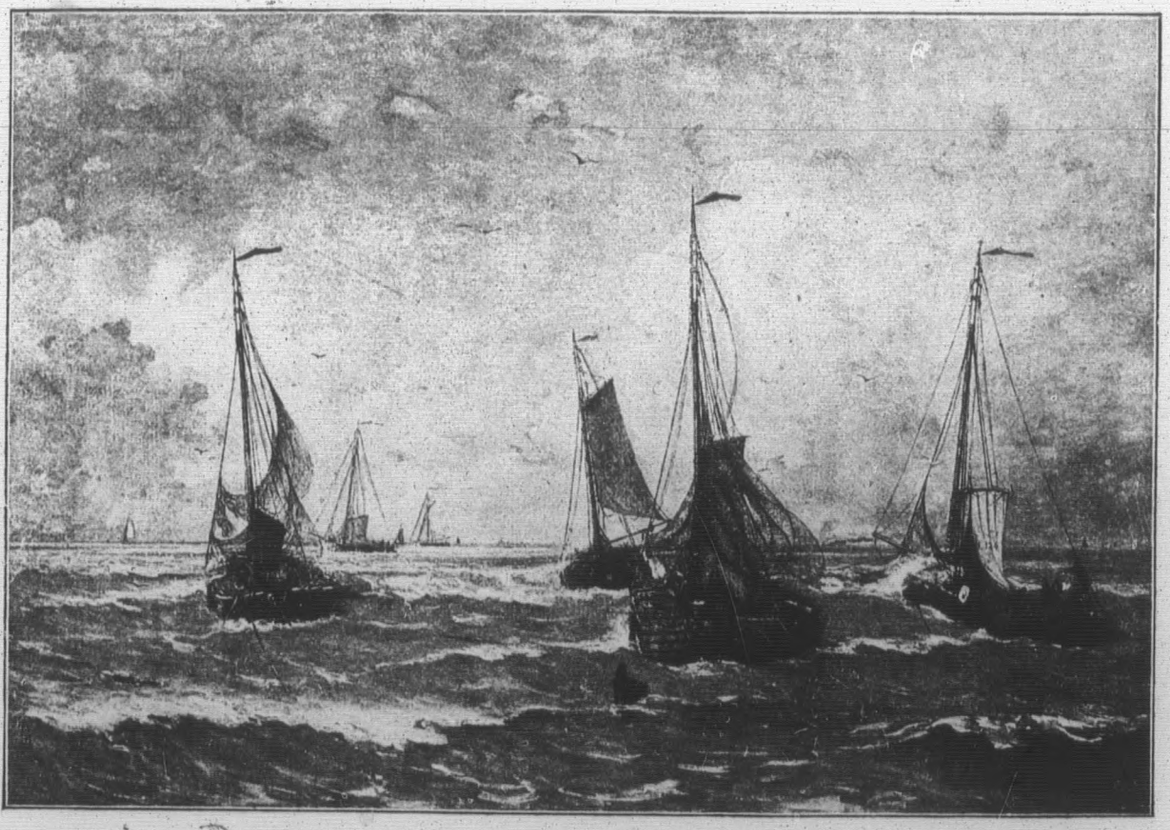
until a coin of some kind was produced to pay for the tansy-cake of the feast. This sounds a bitter ending to a sweet beginning, but the cake was only an ordinary plum cake with a sprig of tansy introduced by way of relish. The dance always began when the May-pole was reared again. The sign of the village inn is "The Four Alls." The king stands at the top of it with the inscription beneath him, "I reign over all." Below him stands the soldier with the words, "I fight for all." Then the archbishop who "prays for all," and last the farmer who "works for all."

From the high ground at the end of the village we can see two almost unrivalled views, one looking up the river towards its mountain source, and the other towards Winston and its beautiful bridge, built in 1763, from a plan designed by "Long Sir Thomas Robinson," of Rokeby. Winston itself is so pretty that it is a common saying that no unmarried rector should ever let any girl he is in love with so much as look at it until his marriage is settled, otherwise he can never be sure that he has been accepted for his own sake.

MARGARET HUNT.

RECENT CONTINENTAL ART.

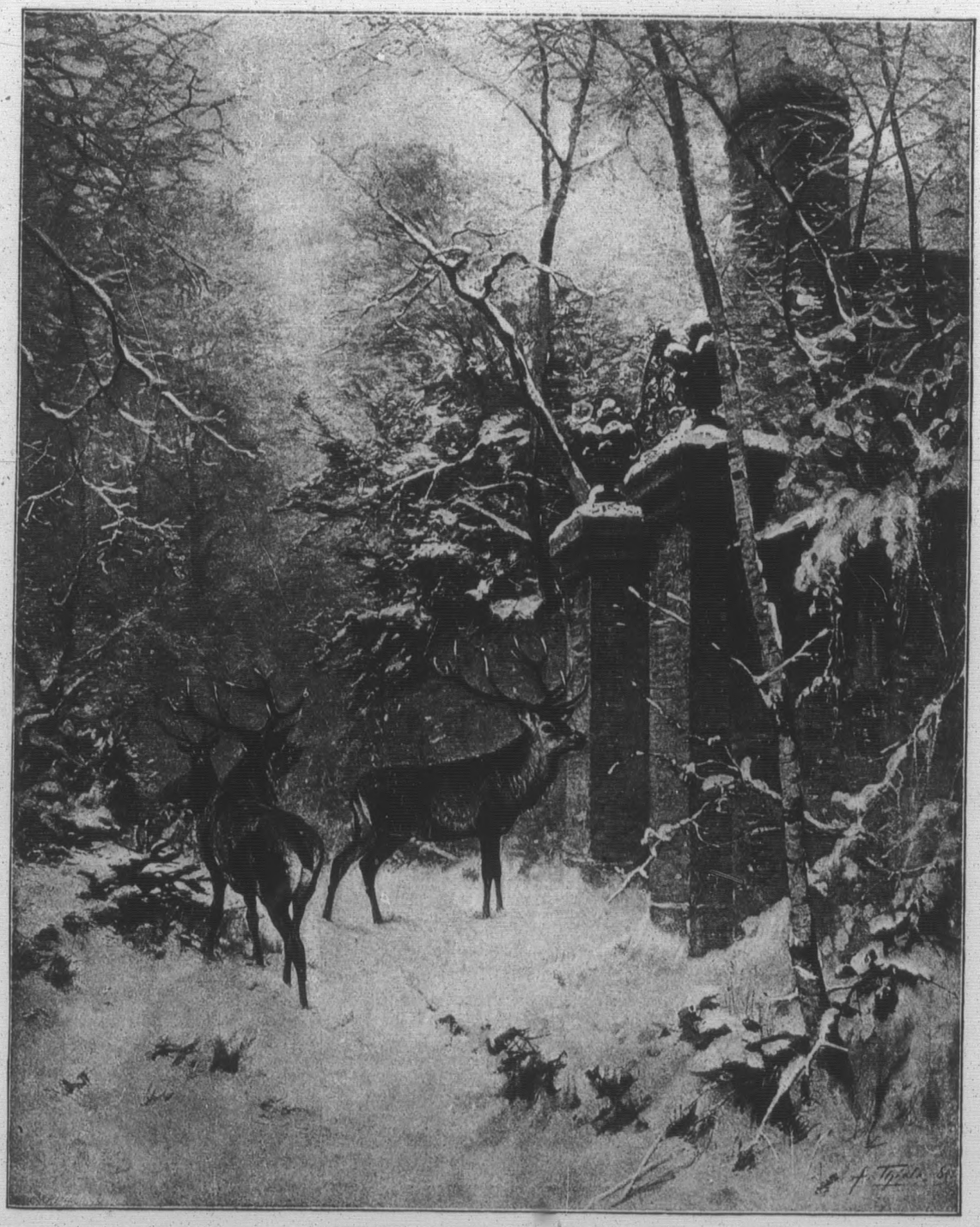
MESDAG, being a modern Dutch artist, paints Scheveningen persistently. The Dutchman who is not an artist considers Scheveningen the gem of the country, inasmuch as it boasts of an eminence made not by man but by nature. Phenomenal mounds, rather than dykes, there guard the flat pastures and bleaching grounds from the long levels of the sea. And whereas the English traveller goes to Holland for flatness and for floor-like perspectives of pearl-grey canal and blossoming meadow, the Hollander goes to Scheveningen for a hillock. What the painter seeks there, however, is chiefly the life of Holland's most characteristic fishing-beach. From the Scheveningen shingle and sand, tossed into sea-like waves by western and north-western storms, little fleets set out day by day, watched by the white-aproned women and by the old men, whose astonishing width of figure is a triumph of ingenious dressing. It would be worth while to ask an artist why the genius of Dutch ugliness is always paintable; what is its difference from the spirit of ugliness of an English town population; why the one is an attractive and grotesque Puck and the other a stupid goblin with not a smile in him. It is, of course, easy to see in what the elegant nations differ from the homely, what kind of an instinct it is that inspired the Italian to wear a costume in every detail right and beautiful, and—the costume gone—to work in his shirt-sleeves with dignity and freedom. But it is not so easy to make out how it is that the homely nations



Departure of Fishing Boats near Scheveningen. Painted by Hendrik Willem Mesdag.

contrast so with one another, and wear their dowdiness with a difference. The Dutchman is always fit to be put upon canvas, even though he is dowdy (we must be forgiven the use of a word which Shakespeare's Cleopatra has made classical) in a degree which no Englishman has ever reached. The Dutchman's clothes are built up foursquare, with no reference to the lines of the figure around which they are to stand, and within the stolid block he finds his subordinate place, incased in shelter and content. Yet he can always be painted, granting that the picture shall be one in which familiarity and simplicity are allowed to touch on the grotesque. Mesdag, principally a sea-painter, is not very often concerned with the fisherman in detail. The forms he studies are rather those of the Dutchman's boat than of the Dutchman's garments. And in Holland as elsewhere the boat is the one always graceful thing designed by man. This admirable artist, whose serious and harmonious grey sea-studies are perhaps better known in England than his shore-subjects, was born in 1831 at Gröningen. For a time he was a pupil of a compatriot who has given his name and his glories to the credit of the English school—Alma Tadema. His work has always kept something of the *netteté* so distinctive of his master, and he has remained an earnest student of atmosphere and comparative illumination; other-

wise he took altogether a way of his own. Like all men who have loved shipping, he has been careful to master the facts as well as the truths of his subjects—that is, he is as careful about the correctness of his rigging as about the essential veracity of the look of air, water, and light. He is also a master of perspective. Generally choosing calm seas, or the rhythmic movement of moderate waves and of the work done upon them, as in 'Fishing Boats at Scheveningen,' 'Scheveningen Beach in Winter,' 'Evening on the Shore,' 'Summer Evening,' 'Dusk,' 'Morning on the Scheldt,' and 'Fish-



Severe Winter. Painted by Arthur Thiele.

market at Gröningen,' Mesdag has also painted more strenuous passages, such as his 'Rescue of an English Vessel by a Scheveningen Lifeboat.' The picture here engraved was at the Jubilee Exhibition in Berlin.

Our engraving from a picture of deer in the snow is something more than a beautifully-drawn study of animals and winter tree-forms. It may stand as an appeal for Christmas charities to the brutes. If all creatures have shared the groaning and travailing of man from the beginning, to but few has he imparted his pleasures. The joys of

nature, indeed, belong to the animals, but those are, all of them, joys that undergo the eclipse of the cold. Within the shelter that man builds up against the vicissitudes of the year, he admits only such cats and dogs as he caresses, with birds so few that the favour must be considered as done to the individuals, not to the race. To other animals who serve him, work for him, are shorn for him, and die for him, he gives the protection of the shed, the stable, and the fold; but all the population of wild things know, summer and winter, such secret extremes as not the wildest man that can build himself a screen of branches against the wind has ever endured. That deluges of rain upon an exposed hill-side are unpleasant, even to a cow, is sufficiently evident from the efforts of cattle to get some shelter, or mitigation of exposure, from an insufficient tree or from each other's neighbourhood. But nothing brings the wild things so near the gates of our dwellings as the snow. Men who, like Thoreau and Mr. Lowell, like to go close to nature, and to "make it up" as far as possible with the animals, have told us how the snow is a means towards reconciliation; and how, with all the tact of a good efficient peacemaker, it reveals and betrays to one old foe the advances towards fellowship of another. Tiny traces of shy birds, slender footprints of little animals that hide in summer in the heart of the woods, are to be found in the morning close to the doors of dwellings, and by windows whence the small refuse and scraps—what is left after the crumbs have been gathered from under the children's table—find their way out with the dust of the day. By mere accident we are all benefactors of the very small creatures whose wants are so minute that it costs us nothing—not even a thought—to feed them. In this way we no doubt make amends for our equally indiscriminate destructions. But assuredly mankind, who have "taken upon them the mystery of things," and constituted themselves the providence of the brutes, might take a little more pains for the still wild and untamed, but not independent, creatures of the field and wood. There are few birds or beasts or fishes in England which are not some man's property. The freest of birds build and sing and seek their food under the great laws of private property which tie the country up in such close bonds. And though perhaps it would be going beyond present popular opinion to insist that bird and beast have a claim to protection, in justice their appeal to compassion is strong enough to get a hearing. And no species makes that appeal more strongly than the deer, neither so dependent as the horse nor so free as the bird, a creature bred for ornament, for a luxurious form of food, and for a rather savage form of sport. Using his beauty to deck his parks, and his sensitiveness to give difficulty and zest to his chase, man owes something to the stag when cold and want bring the shy herd to the gates. And does not the artist especially owe something to the creature which has so much expressiveness in his attitudes, and such fine drawing about his antlers?

'A DIALOGUE AT WATERLOO.'

THE age of Landseer is a very distinct one in the history of English Art. It has little or nothing in common with what preceded it nor with what has followed it. The obscure relation of ancestry and of heredity of course exists; Landseer derived, in some way not easy to conceive, from Gainsborough; and Mr. Gregory and Mr. Logsdail may (reluctantly) derive from Landseer; for evolution has its dark and secret ways. Nevertheless, the time when Landseer's work was considered fine Art is a time isolated and disowned by the later age. To make amends, it was a time singularly well contented with itself and all it did. We have, as a nation, so entirely given up the habit of boasting, that it is a surprise to read the happy and serene braggings which were the commonplaces of literature, journalism, and public life in the forties and the fifties. Everything was well. England contemplated herself with delight, and then varied the pleasure by imagining how other people contemplated her; what emotions of mingled envy and regard other nations were feeling towards her, and—still more piquant—what the ages of the past would have felt had they deserved to see the conception and erection of the Crystal Palace. And among all else that was well, English Art was supremely well. One of our joys in the first International Exhibition, and later, in 1855 and 1862, was the revelation of English Art granted to the Frenchman. It was perhaps the most subjective of our joys.

Although Landseer's art is bygone, in conception, in style, in technique, in the quality of vision and in the manner of presentation, it is by no means to be ignored. Keeping that place in the history of the national painting to which we have alluded above, it had also its own memorable merits. The cleverness—absolutely devoid of style or "execution"—with which Sir Edwin imitated the gloss of a well-groomed horse's coat, or the shaggy side of a donkey, is an achievement in its way. In popular conception his chief merit was his understanding and interpretation of the character of animals; and, in fact, in the few pictures where he kept within the limitations of animal expression, he did render dog-qualities with sympathy and—essential in such subjects—simplicity. In others of his most popular dog-pictures, the limitations, in themselves so pathetic and so significant, of animal expression are purposely violated so as to get a human parody out of creatures that should be studied for themselves, and not for any caricature of mankind that can be made from them.

'A Dialogue at Waterloo' has of course the interest of its subject as well as of its art—that is, it has a good, if undistinguished, likeness of the winner of Waterloo. The old Duke, as he points out to his daughter the place of his station on the decisive field, has all the *allure* of his later time. From the forward-brushed whiskers and hair to the strapped trousers, he is early-Victorian, like the art that rendered him. But apart from this valuable figure, which the nation would not willingly lose, the picture has not much that is memorable. The peasants are poorly idealised, the figure of the distant groom is not delightful, and the mound in the distance was not erected until after the date of the Duke's visit.

OLD LONDON PICTURE EXHIBITIONS.*

WE parted from Hogarth immediately after having recalled his proud and noble protest against the treatment vouchsafed by those who hated his pictures and the "Analysis of Beauty." The silence of a century and a quarter is dissipated for a while by the echoes of his remonstrance. We saw that such was the deplorable state of artists and Art in 1753, that Hogarth was glad to sell his choicest prints, even such as his own hands had toiled on, including the 'Mariage à la Mode,' for a few shillings each. The reader knows that among these was the prototype, the very primordial instance of the chief attractions of modern picture exhibitions, that veritable Crown Jewel of English genre design—'A Harlot's Progress.'

Such was the professional and pecuniary position of Hogarth, to whom the artistic world owes all that is due to the first picture exhibition in London and all its consequences. Except portrait painters very few artists were better off than he was. So great were those consequences, and so quickly did they ripen, that in 1822, or within one man's lifetime following the opening of the Foundling Hospital Exhibition, Mr. J. O. Robinson contracted with Sir Thomas Lawrence to pay him £3,000 per annum for the exclusive privilege of having plates



Old Somerset House. Early Home of the Royal Academy.

engraved from his paintings. For the right to engrave six pictures by Lawrence Messrs. Hurst and Robinson paid that P.R.A. £10,000, and Messrs. Moon and Co. gave Wilkie £1,200 to be allowed to engrave 'The Chelsea Pensioners.'† But long before 1822, that is within the lifetime of Hogarth, Sir Joshua Reynolds probably derived great profits by the sale of prints from his works.‡ And as time went on these profits doubtless added much to the magnificent fortune Lady Thomond received from her uncle.

After the *fiasco* of 1753, which was illustrated in the preceding paper of this series, the enterprising artists who desired an academy to teach students and to secure funds for the sick and destitute of their profession, were silent for a time. In 1755 the next move was made by the same group of members of the St. Martin's Lane Drawing School whose doings have been already described. An appeal was issued to the charity of the public, in order that aid might be obtained for decayed artists, and the course usually adopted for the

* Continued from page 248.

† "Patronage of British Art," by John Pye, 1845, p. 243.

‡ It must be admitted that no evidence exists of Reynolds having shared in the very considerable profits accruing from the publication of the innumerable mezzotints after his portraits, etc., on the transcendent merits of which the glory of mezzotinting mainly depends. Notwithstanding this, the reader will, I hope, agree with me in scouting the idea that a man of business like Sir Joshua allowed to his engravers all the profits of these plates and secured none for himself. I may not be overbold in surmising that the marvellously rapid development of mezzotint engraving which attended the publication of the prints in view was greatly due to the P.R.A.'s superintendence of his engravers; not one of them had, before the time in question, distinguished himself greatly in art.

benefit of impecunious citizens of other classes was attempted, but with no better success than before. We are indebted for knowledge of this futile movement to a pamphlet by A. Nesbitt, which was published in the above-named year, and entitled "An Essay on the Necessity of a Royal Academy." This *brochure*, while dilating on the advantages of an Art school, stated that a plan had been matured for directing the whole, and all wanting to carry it into execution was the benevolence of the public. "It proposed," said Pye, in his "Patronage of British Art," that the establishment "should consist of a President, thirty Directors, Fellows and Scholars, to be called the Royal Academy of London, for the improvement of painting, sculpture, and architecture." The names of a committee of twenty-five* artists who had agreed to promote this scheme, comprising none which has not, with more or less of distinction, survived till our own time, were included in a second pamphlet published anonymously about this time, and entitled "A Plan for an Academy," etc., with an abstract of a proposed Royal Charter, to be solicited for the purpose. It was intended that the institution should be managed by a council elected by ballot from the profession at large. There was no mention of procuring funds by the exhibition of works of Art, but on the other hand negotiations were again opened with the Dilettanti Society, and this movement came to grief in the manner indicated by a note to a preceding article of this series. Referring to this the promoters of 1755 stated, "As then the undertaking is of a public nature; as the expense to the public will be inconsiderable in comparison to the advantages to be expected from it; as one distinguished set of noblemen and gentlemen [The Dilettanti Society] long ago set apart a sum of money to be applied to a similar purpose, when opportunity should offer; as pecuniary rewards have been offered by another society [The Society of Arts] of noblemen and gentlemen, to encourage young beginners; and as no foundation, however narrow its views and purposes, has yet wanted patrons and benefactors, it would be criminal even to suppose that this would be suffered to perish in its birth for want of assistance only." It was in vain the painters pleaded; God helped those who helped themselves, but no public aid was forthcoming, and accordingly, this second scheme for the establishment of an instructing and eleemosynary institution fell through.† Although called "Royal" the King had nothing to do with it.

The pamphlets in question were by no means the first of their kind. I refer to them at length not only because they affirm the continuity of the artists' efforts to unite themselves in a body, but because they attracted a considerable share of attention, and were so much discussed that at one time the scheme advocated by their authors was on the way to take effect. In 1749 was issued by an anonymous writer "An Essay on Design, including Proposals for erecting a Public Academy. To be supported by Voluntary Subscriptions (Till a Royal Foundation can be obtained) For educating the British Youth in Drawing and the several Arts dependent thereon." This essay was dedicated to the Duke of Rutland, and some copies of it include, by way of frontispiece, a view of the interior court of Old Somerset House, or Somerset Place, as it was then rightly called. See an illustration to the present paper, and that on p. 44, *ante*, which give adequate ideas of the exterior aspect of one of the earliest homes of the now flourishing Royal Academy. The cut here given, showing an ancient building in a deplorably dilapidated state and in course of removal, is an illustration of Old Somerset House; its date is between the already-mentioned views of an early home of the Academy Exhibition. In 1755 *The Gentleman's Magazine* published an article on the "Origin of the Arts," containing a "Project of an Academy of Painting and Sculpture," and setting forth that "he who contributes to establish an academy of this nature contributes to secure the liberty and independence of his country." The author desired the taking of premises with rooms fit for a life school and an antique school, for the use of students of Art, and the appointment of professors to match. The cuts above referred to show where a series of the earliest picture exhibitions was, by grace of George III., held in London. The cut on p. 247, *ante*, shows the Academy's next and long-held home, the existing Somerset House, where, in the topmost story, behind the group of statues, is still the great room, of the interior of which we gave a cut on p. 47, showing how the Academy exhibition looked when, after several removals, it was handsomely housed and visited by royalty. The reader sees in this plate the "private view" of just a hundred years ago. The cut on p. 45, *ante*, shows another "private view" of an earlier date, as it was held in a room the R.A.'s hired of R. Dalton, and which had been built for Lamb the auctioneer, next occupied by Christie the First.

It was not without cause that artists were earnest in trying to help the destitute members of their profession. To this earnestness of theirs the strongest impetus which then promoted exhibitions was unquestionably due. On July 1, 1752, the daily journals announced the death of "the ingenious Mr. Seymour, a painter of great eminence." It was the fate, it seems, of this person, "in common with many of the most skilful artists, to live, if it may be called living, in the most abject manner, and to die wretched."*

The next record of the artists' struggles to bring themselves into public notice is British Museum Satirical Print, No. 3,916, see p. 245, *ante*. Doubtless this work was published at a later date than the event associated with it here, *i.e.* Hogarth's appointment as Serjeant-Painter to the King. He accepted this office on the 6th of June, 1757. Referring to the artist's 'Five Orders of Periwigs,' 'A Sett of Blocks for Hogarth's Wigs,' as this etching is called, may now-

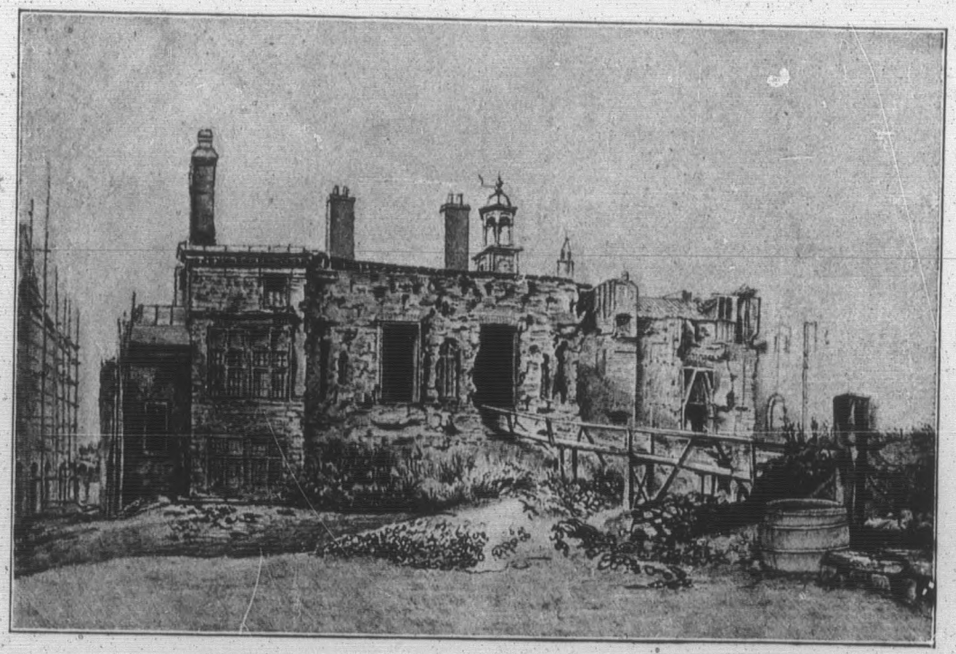
* Of the twenty-five artists thus named, the following were original members of the Royal Academy now existing, and established in 1768: F. Hayman, G. M. Moser, Sir J. Reynolds, S. Wale, J. Gwyn, T. Sandby, R. Yeo, and F. M. Newton. The other members included L. F. Roubiliac, T. Hudson, G. Lambert, S. Scott, Sir R. Strange, W. Hoare (of Bath), G. Grignion, I. Ware, R. Dalton, J. Payne, G. Hamilton, and T. Carter. Several of the latter group died before 1768. The remaining five less known names are J. Shackleton, John Ellys, (Sir) H. Cheere, J. Pine, and J. Astley. R. Dalton was the first Antiquary in the Royal Academy.

† Rouquet, in his "L'Etat des Arts en Angleterre," 1755, gives an amusing notice of the manner in which the British artists of the period here in question set about the establishment of an Academy of Design. "They imagined that as soon as they had chosen the professors and other officers, and established a great many laws, for which the English are famous, they had created an Academy. And what was very droll, lest they should give offence to any in the business by excluding them from a nomination to the professorships, they named almost as many professors as there were artists. But they forgot to observe that this sort of establishment can never subsist without some subordination, either voluntary or forced; and that every true-born Englishman is a sworn enemy to all such subordination, except he finds it strongly to his interest." It is possible to suppose that in this sarcastic statement we see the true humour of Hogarth, foe to Academies, and special friend of Rouquet, whom he probably "coached" anent Academies in England.

* What was thought of the arts in these days may be gathered from the following copy of a card which, *c.* 1750, was elegantly engraved by G. Bickham, and enriched with artistic implements in a graceful *encadrement*. "Coach, house, and sign painting, pictures cleaned, lined, and mended by Peter and John Houltum, at the 'Golden Head, Mill Yard, Goodman's Fields, London.'" The "Golden Head," a sign impressed on our memories by Hogarth's use of it in Leicester Fields, was the common sign of his profession as a painter, and as frequent as the "Golden Arm," the common sign of the gold-beaters of London.

adays seem no very lively piece of wit. It is certainly not a refined one. Nevertheless, in the middle of the last century men and women were much less squeamish than ourselves, and they took great interest in engraved satires on their contemporaries. This is proved by the fact that not fewer than two piratical copies of the design before us were published. That several thousands of impressions from the three plates were sold is unquestionable, because unusually large numbers of them are known to collectors, and have survived the waste of a century and a quarter.

This highly popular design, with its allusions to an academy and the condition of the arts at the time in question, may by-and-by furnish occasion for a fuller notice; so far as we are at present concerned it is simply a record of an intermediate movement made in 1757 or thereabouts, and bearing on the development of public exhibitions of pictures in London. It covers part of the interval between the futile effort referred to by A. Nesbitt and Rouquet, and the opening in 1760 of a collection of pictures in the then Great Room of the Society of Arts, in the Strand, opposite Beaufort Buildings, where Goldsmith broke down in the beginning of a speech and Johnson rolled out an oration.* From this gathering sprung, first, the Society of Sign Painters' Exhibition, which was designed to ridicule it; secondly, the twin, but opposed collections of the Free Society of Artists (who continued to exhibit in the Great Room) and the Society of Artists of Great Britain, afterwards, *i.e.* from 1765, known as the Incorporated Society, who, in the first instance, migrated to Spring Gardens. From the latter the Royal Academy was, for the most part, evolved by a curious process and amid much squabbling. It seems, in 1759, to have occurred to some member of the committee of the St. Martin's Lane Academy, which had continued to flourish as a drawing school since the reader last heard of it, that, as John Pyé put it, "money might be acquired for the community by making public exhibitions of their respective works; the happy thought was adopted, and a resolution was



Old Somerset House (in course of demolition). Early Home of the Royal Academy.

taken to endeavour to raise by that means a fund for the protection of the aged and infirm of their body." The reader will see that this idea of charity and self-help obtained from the first. The tradition of benevolence is still maintained by the Royal Academy, which annually distributes to poor artists of all classes, whether or not connected with itself, large portions of its income. Sir Robert Strange, in his "Inquiry" [it was a downright libel] "into the Rise and Establishment of the Royal Academy," tells us that the attractions of the Foundling Hospital Exhibition, which was "free," prompted the thought of obtaining money by showing pictures. It is of the execution of this idea that we find clear, compact, and safe records, such as, coming after the confusing and complicated body of hints I have already quoted, and which have troubled us much, are a thousandfold welcome. We possess the substance of the minutes made at a meeting of artists held on the 12th of November, 1759, in that room of the Turk's Head Tavern in Gerrard Street, Soho. On the day above-named it was resolved to hold an exhibition "once in every year, on a day in the second week in April, at a place that shall be appointed by a committee for carrying the design into execution, to be chosen annually; every painter, sculptor, architect, engraver, chaser, seal-cutter, and medallist, may exhibit their several performances.† That an intention of this meeting is to endeavour to procure a sum of money to be distributed in charity towards the support of those artists whose age and infirmities, or other lawful hindrances, prevent them from being any longer candidates for fame, and it is resolved that the sum of one shilling be taken daily of each person who may come to visit the said performances." A committee was formed, comprising six painters, two sculptors, two architects, two engravers, one seal-cutter, one chaser, one medallist, and the secretary, Mr. Francis Milner Newton, of whom we

* The Society of Arts had already, as Edward Edwards tells us, February 19th, 1755, considered "A Plan for an Academy of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture," presented by a Mr. Cheere [Sir H. Cheere, Bart.], in respect to which correspondence was desired with the promoters. Nothing seems to have come of it.

† There is no hint here of those wicked bodies, the Selecting and Hanging Committees, who, in our degraded days, are the opprobrium of so many artistic souls. It seems that in 1759 every one was to do as he liked.

know that not only was he the first Secretary of the Royal Academy (1768–88), but a very busy and "managing," adroit, affable, and energetic man, and especially fond of having his own way. My readers may remember him as the secretary active in the abortive attempt of November 13, 1753, to found, by a sort of *plébiscite*, "a public academy" of art, to be sustained by subscriptions from artists, subscriptions they were by no means eager to furnish. (See p. 86, *ante*.) A second meeting, held December 1, 1759, did, so far as we know, nothing of consequence. At a third meeting, which was held December 22, in the same year, matters were brought to a crisis, and we hear of a formal application for a favour of extraordinary value to all concerned, including ourselves. Here is a copy of a letter signed by the chairman of this meeting, who was not less a person than Hogarth's warm friend, and a close friend of Mr. Jonathan Tyers, of Vauxhall, in whose "gardens" he painted on a very large scale, the jovial Frank Hayman of the Beef-steak Club, book-illustrator, scene-painter, President to-be of the Incorporated Society of Artists of Great Britain; a foundation member and the first Librarian of the Royal Academy. We noticed a picture of his in the Foundling Hospital Exhibition where the visitor to that venerable gathering may still find it.

"To the President of the Society of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, London, February 26, 1760.—SIR, the ARTISTS of this City, having resolved to raise a Sum for the purposes of Charity, by the annual Exhibition of their Works, entreat the Society [of Arts, etc.] to allow them the use of their ROOM from the *7th* of *April* to the *19th*. This favour they consider as very important. The public Concurence of the Society will give to a new Practice that Countenance which Novelty must always need; and the Arts will gain Dignity from the Protection of those whom the World has already learned to respect. I am, SIR, your [etc.], (Signed) F. HAYMAN, *Chairman*."

Accompanying this document was another, stating in detail, as above, the scheme of the committee. Of course, we may be sure that here is merely the formal expression of an arrangement which had been, in the main, concluded beforehand. The Society, in a characteristic, big-wigged, old-fashioned, and somewhat patronising manner, very liberally agreed to lend their Great Room, but very fairly, from their own point of view, objected to "that part of it which relates to the taking the shilling at the door," and to the period of the exhibition, preferring that this should be April 21st to May 8th. Neither party contemplated more than a fortnight for the duration of the experiment.* On these grounds they came to an agreement.

The next step was taken by the Society, whose first secretary forthwith published in the daily journals an advertisement, a copy of which is before me, and dated April 17, 1760:—

"The Society (&c.) having given leave for the several Masters in Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, &c., to make a public Exhibition of their Works in the Society's Great Room for the space of one fortnight from the 21st instant, the said Masters are hereby acquainted that nothing can be received after twelve o'clock on Saturday, the 19th instant. The Doors of the said Room will be open from Nine in the Morning till Two in the Afternoon, after which time none but Members of the Society, and those whom they may introduce, can be admitted. By order of the Committee. (Signed) PETER TEMPLETON.

We learn that the Society's objection as to the taking of money at the door of the room was got over by admitting the public gratis, and charging sixpence for each catalogue sold, purchase of which was, however, not compulsory. The exhibition was a perfect success, and the relatively prodigious number of six thousand five hundred and eighty-two catalogues were sold. If we estimate the total number of visitors by the sale of catalogues, supposing that only one person in three bought a catalogue, and reckon that each catalogue was on the average used on two occasions, we obtain a probable total of about thirty-eight thousand visitors to the first exhibition of precisely that kind which is now in vogue. I make this estimate with some diffidence, and after considering the circumstances in comparison with what is known of the results of exhibitions in our own day. If it was possible that an analogous event could occur now, the total would be exceeded at least tenfold, London being now four times as populous as it was in 1760; public love for art ten times greater; the value of sixpence in 1760 being equal to that of a shilling in 1887. We must likewise allow much for the enlarged attractions of an Academy Exhibition of, say, two thousand articles, in comparison with the much less fervid allurements of one hundred and thirty examples which were specimens of the skill of the comparatively mild and timid artists of the middle of the last century. Sixty-nine artists contributed to the show. The most attractive of them were R. Cosway, F. Cotes, Alexander Cozens, F. Hayman, Nathaniel Hone, G. Morland *père*, Miss Moser, W. Pars, the draughtsman, much employed by the Dilettanti Society,* Robert Edge Pine (a feeble artist who went to the United States, had some share in forming what is called the "American School," and was a tolerable portrait-painter), Miss Katherine Read, a crayon draughtswoman of great renown, whose portrait of the beautiful Elizabeth Gunning in a close cap is well known, (Sir) Joshua Reynolds, P. Sandby, G. Smith (of Chichester, much engraved by Woollett), J. Smith (brother of the last), W. Thompson, commonly, on account of his glozing address, called "Blarney," S. Wale (a book illustrator and painter, of whom we heard in the Foundling Hospital Exhibition), B. Wilson, and R. Wilson, or "poor Dick," who is well and pitifully known to fame, and one of the most illustrious artists of the English—I beg pardon—the Welsh School. The sculptors included Moser, Roubiliac, and Wilton. Among the engravers were W. McArdell, (Sir) R. Strange, R. Wilson, and Woollett. Each man sent his masterpiece, and among these were examples which any nation might have been proud to claim. The event was an universal topic of conversation. The collection had a ludicrous companionship in a number of works, productions of mere lads, which had been sent in competition for the Society's annual prizes.† The successful specimens among these being labelled with marks of approval—the fact illustrates the profound ignorance of the public and the preposterous incompetence of the art-critics who had to deal with them—were actually commented on in some newspapers as if they were the finest things in the show! The elder artists were exceedingly indignant.

Much more valuable was the fact that with £164 11s., the profits of the catalogues, the artists bought for £82 12s. 6d. £100 consols, paid all their expenses, and retained £23 16s. in hand. After all, this was not much, but it was more than enough to quarrel about, and the generous Society of Arts was, so to say, nearly worried to death by its bitter, unreasonable, and utterly impracticable guests. The artists split immediately into two bodies, one of whom remained till 1764 to avail themselves of the Society's hospitality, while the other, and abler, set up for itself at an auction-room in Spring Gardens, and had a lengthened career, of which I may speak

* See "Patronage of British Art," by John Pye, 1845, p. 93.

* William Pars, a highly accomplished man in his way, was the younger brother of Henry Pars, who became manager of the St. Martin's Lane Drawing School, henceforth known as Pars's School, and died in that office in 1806.

† It is noteworthy that the Society, unlike many congeries of amateur patrons, did not venture to award its own prizes, but induced Hogarth, Cheere, Hudson, Hayman, Pond, Dalton, and Strange to adjudicate on its behalf. Cosway, then a boy, won a prize at their hands.

on another occasion. The outrageously absurd exhibition of the Society of Sign Painters was evoked by the 1760 collection.

Meanwhile, from a copy of the exceeding rare catalogue of 1760, let me borrow a note or two. It is of about the size of the current Academy catalogue, and its items are divided into groups of "Pictures," "Sculptures, Models and Engravings," and "Drawings—Engravings on Copper," severally. The numbers are from first to last progressive; each man's works are massed, and his name is placed in alphabetical order in each group. This is the practice still obtaining in French catalogues. The contributors' addresses are not given. The first name in this first of catalogues is that of "Mr. [Adrien] Carpentier," who contributed "Four Portraits." He was a Swiss, who had not been long in England. A likeness of Roubiliac, which may have been that now in the National Portrait Gallery, by him, is not unlikely to have been one of his contributions of 1761. Passing "Mr. Casali," "Mr. Catton" (who decorated coaches with charming art, and became a founder-member of the Royal Academy), and "Mr. Chamberlayne," we find "Mr. Cosway" exhibiting a 'Portrait of Mr. Shipley,' *i.e.* William Shipley, a man of considerable note, founder, in 1754, at Rathmell's Coffee House in Henrietta Street, of the Society of Arts, a drawing-master and keeper of a drawing school many years established in London, and brother of Jonathan, Bishop of St. Asaph. He died, aged ninety, in 1804, at Manchester. Next came F. Cotes, with four of those capital portraits which the honours of Reynolds and others have unjustly obscured. "Mr. Cozens" sent 'A View on the Tiber,' the solemn beauty and classic dignity of which we can guess at. Then came "Mr. Dawes" (sometimes confounded with Philip Dawe, a pupil of Hogarth and Henry Morland; he engraved ably after Hogarth, H. Morland, Gainsborough, Cosway, Reynolds, and Romney), who produced certain pictures of theatre subjects, rightly called "common" in their taste, two of which appeared in this exhibition. "Mr. Frye" came next, with certain miniatures; he is memorable to us as having manufactured porcelain at Bow, with great success and charming decorations, still dear to collectors. His 'Portrait of the late Mr. Leveridge,' the singer, is well known in Pether's mezzotint. It was to the exhibition now in question, F. Hayman sent his 'Garrick in the Character of Richard the Third,' a fine piece of its kind painted in competition with Hogarth's picture, which is now at Lord Faversham's. Hone sent 'A Brick-Dust Man,' of which we know the qualities. Pine sent his 'Surrender of Calais,' with life-size figures, to which the Society's premium of one hundred guineas was awarded this year; 'Mrs. Pritchard as Hermione,' and 'A Mad Woman.' "Miss Read's" work was a 'Portrait of Mrs. [Theophilus] Cibber,' Dr. Arne's beautiful sister, as "Calista;" she was hardly in mourning for her scamp of a husband who, about twelve months before, had been lost at sea. "Mr. Reynolds's" contributions are very famous, they were (*a*) '47, A Lady, whole length,' *i.e.* the life-size picture of Elizabeth, born Gunning, Duchess of Hamilton and Argyle, which was No. 26 at the Grosvenor Gallery collection of Sir Joshua's pictures, 1884. This fine portrait of the "double-Duchessed Gunning girl" was finished in 1759; (*b*) '48, Ditto, three-quarters,' *i.e.* the charming seated figure, in a white dress with a rose in the bosom, of Lady Elizabeth Keppel, afterwards Marchioness of Tavistock; it was No. 111 at "the Grosvenor," and is much admired in E. Fisher's print; next year, 1761, the lady sat to Reynolds as one of the queen's bridesmaids adorning a *term* of Hymen with flowers. She was one of the sisters of "Commodore Keppel," Reynolds's kind friend and a famous sea commander. (*c*) '22, A Gentleman, ditto' (*i.e.* a three-quarter length portrait), remains unidentified by the world, which, however, recognises in (*d*) '50, Ditto, in armour,' the likeness of Lord George Vernon. P. Sandby sent three landscapes. Three Smiths, including George, his brother John (both of Chichester) and Thomas, or "Smith of Derby," who did much for genuine English landscape, sent five landscapes in all. Benjamin Wilson, who succeeded Hogarth as Sergeant Painter to the King, and was one of the most fashionable portraitists of the day, sent three portraits. Richard Wilson sent, besides two smaller instances, that immortal 'Large Landskip, with the Story of Niobe,' which is not only one of his chief works, but the original of an ornament of the National Gallery. There were in all ninety paintings in oil, water-colours, and crayons, contributed by forty-one artists. The only master conspicuous by his absence was Hogarth, Gainsborough was at Bath and "out of the swim;" Romney, as yet unknown, was drudging in Lancashire; Zoffany was fagging for Benjamin Wilson; De Loutherbourg, Stubbs, Fuseli, Barry, Copley, and West had not come to London; Joseph Wright had hardly yet made his mark even at Derby; Blake was three years old; Stothard was five; and the water-colour men, except A. Cozens, were nowhere.

Among the sculptures was Roubiliac's model for his very clever 'Shakespeare,' now in the British Museum. Among the engravings were McArdell's fine 'Time and Cupid,' and 'Moses in the Bullrushes,' after Van Dyck, pictures we saw this spring in the Grosvenor Gallery; Strange had "Twelve Engravings" and ten drawings, and Woollett sent 'A View from Claud Lorrain.' On the whole it was so fine an exhibition that we cannot wonder people were as much surprised as delighted. It brought crowds opposite Beaufort Buildings; these crowds vexed many of the artists, who, says Edward Edwards, were not "pleased with the mode of admitting the spectators, for every member of the Society had the discretionary privilege of introducing as many persons as he chose by means of gratuitous tickets; and consequently the company was far from being select, or suited to the wishes of the exhibitors. These circumstances, together with the interference of the Society in the concerns of the exhibition, determined the principal artists to withdraw themselves, which they did in the next year." Such was the first of the Old London Picture Exhibitions proper.

F. G. STEPHENS.

WROUGHT IRON IN BRUGES.

SINCE the days when Quentin Matsys, "the blacksmith of Antwerp," forged the exquisite iron well-canopy that stands outside the cathedral of his city, Flanders has been famous for her hand-wrought iron. And in Bruges to-day numerous examples, old and new, are to be seen of this interesting handicraft.

Bouquets of iron flowers crown many a *pignon espanol*—those quaint step-gables that give such character to every street in the city. Elaborate crosses and weather-cocks adorn the spires, tourelles, and gable-ends of the endless churches, convents, almshouses, and public buildings. Here we see an ancient six-sided lantern supported by a bracket of cunningly hammered flowers; there, a sign still hanging over some doorway, wrought with much delicacy and intricate design. Old doors have hinges and locks and knockers that make them a delight. The gates, screens, and candle-branches in the churches are a never-ending source of interest. And in the Archæological Museum a remarkable collection has been made under the presidency of Monsignor Béthune, including examples of the innumerable uses to which wrought iron was put in public and domestic architecture during the Middle Ages—from the splendid gable-cross, or the sign with its comic half-moon face hanging among flowers and foliage, to the homely but elaborately designed gridiron, or poker and tongs. Many of the smiths to whom this rich iron work is due are known by name. We find Erembald in the thirteenth century; Pierre Alaerts in the fifteenth; in the sixteenth Van Sliipe and De Vloghe. At the end of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth Jean Ryckam of Ostende and his son Pierre were flourishing; and a little later we get the graceful work of Kinsoen. There, however, comes a break. After the early half of the eighteenth century we find nothing worthy of note.

But the old spirit was not dead, and the latter half of the nineteenth century has seen a true renaissance of this delightful art. At the present moment there are smiths in Bruges doing as fine work as many of their predecessors. Doing it too with an enthusiasm for what is beautiful, for what is admirably done, as opposed to the mere desire to do what will pay them best, which is very comforting to the spirit in these days of cheap and bad workmanship. The wrought iron of Michel Willays, J. Fleurmann-Concke, Ed. de Vooght, Van den Abeele-Verstraet, besides other obscure workers whose names I could not ascertain, shows that the love of Art is almost as strong to-day as it was in the palmy days of Bruges. And M. Verhaeghe-le-Bret's shop in the Rue des Pierres contains gems of hammered polished iron, made by his own workmen, equal to some of the best hammered silver of America.

One of the most remarkable specimens of ancient wrought iron in Bruges is the bracket sign which hangs close to the railway station in the Marché du Vendredi. It adorns a little inn called *de Roskam*—the curry-comb—frequented by horse and cattle dealers, for the weekly cattle and horse market is held in front of it. This sign is said by the learned M. Weale to be of the sixteenth century. It is an admirable example of one of the best periods of the art, with its lilies, its ears of corn, its tendrils and spirals and bouquets of flowers, and the dainty curry-comb hanging below it; it is worthy to be compared with Quentin Matsys' work at Antwerp, though it is of a somewhat later date.

The style of the Ryckams' work is a complete contrast to that of Matsys and the curry-comb sign. As we have already said, Jean and Pierre Ryckam lived at Ostende at the end of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries. And to them Bruges owes her most magnificent works in hand-wrought iron.

The church of Notre-Dame contains two of the best specimens, rarely if ever pointed out to visitors. They are always shown the noble marble statue of the Virgin and Child, by Michael Angelo, at the end of the south transept, above the altar of the Holy Sacrament. But on either side of this altar is a candle-branch of hammered iron by J. Ryckam, dated 1700, well worthy of lighting such a piece of sculpture—almost the only one worth notice in Bruges. These branches have unfortunately been badly gilt, losing much crispness thereby. Their design is extremely ornate, as the accompanying drawing shows. The graceful curves of the main stem are enhanced by the tendrils and foliage which follow its lines; large and richly-worked Renaissance flowers spring from it, and an alert bird walks cheerfully up the ornament that grows from the centre of the principal flower. The total length of the branch is about thirty-five inches.



Wrought-Iron Candle Branch. Church of Notre-Dame, Bruges. A.D. 1700.

But the most important of Ryckam's works in the church are the splendid gates at the back of the high-altar, made in 1699. The rebated centre shaft is decorated on the inner side by a thick wreath of bay or olive leaves and berries, running from top to bottom; on the outer side by one of oak-leaves and acorns. The design of the gates is light and full of life, while sumptuous to the last degree. Horns of plenty, filled with fruits to overflowing, and Renaissance flowers, are joined together by curved stems running up to the top of the gates, from which leaves and tendrils innumerable spring.

In the centre of each wing is a chalice surmounted by a Host surrounded by rays. And the upper spaces on each side of the centre shaft are filled by two charming little boy angels holding shields from which long ribbons float, and bearing the arms, enamelled in colours, of the donor, François van Beversluys, Receiver-General of the Franc de Bruges, and his wife, Marie Madeleine van Westvelt.

We were unable to obtain permission to have these gates photographed, but the drawing of the candle branch will give an idea of their workmanship, as they are in exactly the same style. Neither could we gain admission to the church of the Diocesan Seminary, where there is another splendid candle branch by J. Ryckam.

The only specimen of Pierre Ryckam's work we found was a very beautiful cupboard door let into the wall in the crypt of the curious little church of the Holy Sepulchre, known as the "Jerusalem Church." This door, which is about forty-four inches in height, must have closed some precious depository for relics or treasure. Its present use we could not ascertain. The design is of the same style as J. Ryckam's work. A crown at the base links together two horns of plenty. From these a stem springs on either side, bearing flowers, leafage, and tendrils; and in the centre is a rayed Host, and a dove with outspread wings above it. It bears the name Pierre Ryckam, and the date 1713.

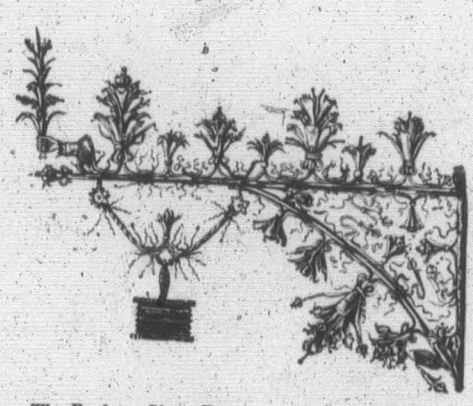
In the baptistry of the cathedral there is another branch by Ryckam, smaller, but almost identical in design with those of Notre-Dame. This happily has been left black, and is exceedingly effective. It has been exactly copied by the son of M. Fleurmann-Concke, stovemaker, in the Rue Haut de Bruges. Father and son are admirable workers in wrought iron, and the younger man amused himself three years ago in his spare hours by producing this fac-simile of Ryckam's candle branch. He was good enough to show it to us and explain its manufacture.



Wrought-Iron Well Canopy, Antwerp. By Quentin Matsys. 1490.

Each petal of a flower is worked separately, hammered into shape while it is hot, then finished up with a file on the surface when it has cooled. The petals are then fastened together with little flat-headed rivets. The way in which the petals of a rose are joined to the calyx is admirable—a real flower seems turned into metal. M. Fleurmann also showed us a few sprays which he had made for some fine fourteenth-century gates at Courtrai, which he and his father have repaired. This method of riveting the different parts together is of later date than the work of Matsys and his predecessors and contemporaries. Hardly any rivets were used in the finest iron work of the thirteenth to the fifteenth centuries. Each part was welded together.

In M. Viollet le Duc's interesting account of a thirteenth-century stand for a paschal taper, he says that in each of the three panels of which it is formed there are forty flowerets, leaves, or heads, which have each passed at least four times through the fire before they were finished. To weld these little flowers into bouquets, to join them to the central stem which is all made in one piece, to join this again to the supports, takes at least two hundred and fifty passages through the furnace, or about seven hundred and fifty for the three panels. And with the feet, and the ring above, this beautiful stand has taken one thousand different heatings in the fire before its completion. On these fine old specimens there is very little trace of file or burin. Everything was done by the hammer, used with the utmost lightness on iron continually replaced in the breeze without being allowed to get too red-hot, by these skilful smiths.



The Roskam Sign, Bruges. Sixteenth Century.

As we have said, Bruges contains some fine specimens of modern forged iron. The new railway station, to begin with, shows what can be done with the unpromising material of platforms and rails, ticket offices and waiting-rooms. The outside of the seventeenth-century red-brick building is handsome and imposing, with its lofty brick mouldings, its dormer windows, step gables, and tall clock-tower with wrought-iron weather-cocks and ornaments. The interior, however, is more noticeable. The curved glass roof over the rails is supported by iron girders. Here the Flemish love of art has asserted itself. The spandrils of the girders are filled with designs, not in cast but in wrought iron; winged wheels symbolic of speed, and large lily flowers on boldly curved stalks, with spirals twisting round them, and ending in a banana-like leaf. The spacious hall which contains the ticket office is lighted by a magnificent gaselier of wrought-iron in the centre, with four smaller ones in the corners. These are formed of a number of circles, one within the other, at different angles, reminding one a little of those mysterious Chinese puzzle balls of carved ivory. Each of these hoops is ornamented with severely designed flowers from which the gas jets spring. The whole effect is light and elegant, as well as elaborate. The waiting-rooms are also lighted with gas brackets, brass in the first and second-class, wrought-iron in the third. Here a circular design is again used. One circle divided into four compartments, each containing a lily and filled up with conventional curves and spirals, is crossed at right angles by a similar circle, so that whether you look at the bracket from the side or in front you face a rich and intricate design.

In a country so lavish in its use of hand-wrought metal that even the iron screens for carrying the telegraph and telephone wires over the roofs at Ghent are decorated with forged ornaments, these chandeliers make but little sensation, and it was not easy to find out who had made them. At last, however, we discovered they were the work of Ed. de Vooght, smith, 39, St. Catharinastraat, and went there, expecting to find an important establishment, and wondering why we had not already heard of its fame. Our surprise was not small when No. 39 proved to be a tiny half-empty shop, containing a few saucepans, iron cans, and bedsteads of the cheapest description. And when M. de Vooght appeared we beheld an elderly workman in grimy clothes, with a quaint humorous twinkle in his eyes, unable to speak a word of anything but the most uncouth Flemish. When at last, by the help of his little daughter, who spoke a few words of French, we made him understand our errand, his earnest simplicity and delight in his work were pleasant to see. As he only works to order and gives the rest of his time to saucepans and so forth, he had little to show us beyond designs which were dragged out of a dusty cupboard. But when we saw the excellent workmanship of the few hinges, lock-plates, and door-handles which he had in stock, and a beautiful hanging lantern for which he only asked twenty-five francs, it seemed more credible that the grand lamps at the station should have been made among such humble surroundings. The most interesting visit, however, that we paid in Bruges was to another smith, M. Van den Abeele-Verstraete, who has a forge at 5, Quai Spinola. It was a radiant February morning. The red roofs quite glowed against the sky. We made our way across the Place Jean van Eyck, past the great painter's very poor statue, and down the Quay, with dancing waters on one side of us and tall handsome sixteenth-century houses on the other. In a minute the sound of hammered metal and the glow of forge fires stopped us. Down a step through wide open doors, seven or eight young smiths were working at small anvils, and a fine window-screen in wrought iron twisted into an intricate lattice-work and running up into spirals and ornaments at each end, on which one man was busily engaged, showed us we had come to the right place. A handsome, grimy young fellow of two or three-and-twenty, with a bright intelligent face, welcomed us courteously, and sent for the master, who proved to be his father. M. Van den Abeele quickly took us out of the din of the hammers into a little room behind the forge, and there pulled out of his little desk one design after another of locks, keys, hinges, door-handles, lamps, fire-irons, all in hammered iron, which he is making for a château near Lille. The window screen we had seen in the forge was one of four for the château, whose owner is so devoted to wrought iron that M. Van den Abeele showed us with some pride his design for the kitchener, ornamented with rich beaten iron handles and hinges which ran half across it, and surmounted by a sumptuous plate-rack decorated with elaborate flowers.

His designs, all his own and full of originality, are graceful and correct, in a style which he calls "*le style Gothique d'Anvers;*" and are admirably carried out by his three sons. He had all the simplicity and enthusiasm of a true artist anxious to show us everything, to let us behind the scenes. He told us how all his best things were made of old iron, which he buys up all over the country, and often at a high price. The modern iron is of no use for fine forged work. It is hard and brittle; the same complaint which we find M. Viollet le Duc putting into the mouth of Maître Hugues, his locksmith in the thirteenth century. Some square-headed beaten nails, of which four hundred had just been ordered to ornament some door at the château, were made of iron so pure and malleable that the smith bent one double and then doubled it back the other way, and it never showed a flaw. Then out of the drawer of a little old bureau, kept preciously among his papers, he took a handle-plate beaten out to the fineness of lacework. It was all in the rough, brown and black, but when finished up it will be a gem. The ring handle to which it belonged was curiously wrought, and down it crawled two tiny Gothic monsters. This work of art, for such it was, evidently gave its maker as keen delight as the most costly jewel.

It was altogether a charming experience. The master, his three stalwart sons, and his four or five apprentices, working together in their simple, unostentatious way, and turning out beautiful works of art in the fine old fashion, gave us a little picture of mediæval life which we would not willingly have missed.

ROSE G. KINGSLEY.



GROS AND DELACROIX.*

THE new issue of "Les Artistes Célèbres" comprises a study of the life and work of Sir Joshua Reynolds, by M. Ernest Chesneau; a biographical and critical essay, by M. Charles Cournault, on Ligier Richier, the Lorraine sculptor; and M. Eugène Véron's "Eugène Delacroix." With this last it will be convenient to group M. Dargenty's "Baron Gros," though it dates from some months back, and, like the work of MM. Cournault and Chesneau, has already been discussed in these columns. Gros and Delacroix were not exactly cause and effect; but they worked in the same direction, the achievement of the one is, in a certain sense, a preparation for that of the other, and there can be no manner of dispute that between them was accomplished the emancipation of French Art from the bondage of tradition, and the evolution, in great part, of that theory of Romanticism whose practice has resulted in the production of not a few of the masterpieces of modern painting.

Gros was born in Paris in 1771. He was the son of a miniature painter, and he began to draw at eight years old. He was a favourite of Mme. Vigée-Lebrun, "dans l'atelier



The Prisoner of Chillon. Painted by Eugène Delacroix. Reduced from a lithograph by Mouilleron.

de laquelle," says M. Dargenty, "il passait des journées entières de muettes contemplations;" and at fourteen his vocation had revealed itself in terms so vigorous and unmistakable that his father, who was a sensible man, and had no desire to pass to posterity as the author of a bad painter, was constrained to allow him to follow his bent. David was then, and for many years to come, the master of masters; and in David's studio young Gros was placed. His advance was rapid; he drew and painted with such diligence that he was soon the good boy of the school; and it must have been a surprise to every one when he failed, as he did, to gain the Prix de Rome. Then came the Revolution. The elder Gros was ruined, and died of his downfall; and the son

* "Les Artistes Célèbres (Paris: J. Rouam; London: Gilbert Wood). "Le Baron Gros," par Georges Dargenty. "Eugène Delacroix," par Eugène Véron. 1887.

was obliged to paint portraits, at six francs apiece, to get bread for his mother and himself. His principal customer was a gentleman who had undertaken to form a complete collection of the heads of the members of the National Convention; and among the seventy-three who succumbed to his instances, and sat to Gros for their likeness, were Barnave and Robespierre. It was a melancholy life, for Gros was a peaceful and timid creature, and Paris was well-nigh at its worst. But it was in some sort his salvation, for he got to believe that he was "suspect," and that his head, if he remained where he was, would certainly go to make up one of Sanson's batches. He decided, therefore, to get out of it, and with David's help—David was an ardent politician, a man of authority in the Revolutionary party, and it was easy for him to furnish his pupil with a passport—he started, in the January of 1793, for Rome. M. Dargenty passes over the incidents of his journey. We are told that he was at Genoa, at Florence, and then again at Genoa; that he painted portraits with a certain success, and made a little money; that he saved a certain sum, and had to send it all to his mother; and that is all. At Genoa, however, he fell in with Josephine—then "la citoyenne Bonaparte, femme du général-en-chef de l'armée d'Italie"—who received him "de la manière la plus honnête," and ended by taking him to Milan, where she presented him to her husband, whose portrait and victories—"aimant et ayant quelque facilité pour peindre les chevaux"—she had understood he wished to paint. Bonaparte, says Gros, "bien que froid et sévère, me fit un accueil plus digne des arts que de moi." Josephine, indeed, was not of those who do good by halves. To her, as M. Dargenty remarks, is due the honour of having discovered Gros; she was his "good genius," and but for her it is possible enough that the 'Pestiférés de Jaffa' and the 'Bataille d'Eylau' would never have been painted, and that the victory of Romanticism would have come later, and by different ways than it did. What is told of "cette créole tendre, intelligente, impressionable, et bonne," of "cette femme douce et charmante," as M. Dargenty well calls her, is delightful to read. Having found her painter, she did not permit him to hide his light under a bushel. She lodged him in the same house with herself and her illustrious husband; she procured him commissions, produced him in society, made him as it were one of her own family; and finally she got him attached to the committee for the plunder of Italy and the enrichment of Paris and the Louvre, and sent him forth with Monge, Berthelot, Barthélemy, and the others, to range among the galleries and museums of the peninsula at his



The Battle of Aboukir. Painted by Gros.

will. It was in this way that he got at last to Rome, when he instantly fell a victim to Michelangelo; and it was after some years of this life that—having meanwhile endured the horrors of the Siege of Genoa, and seen war face to face—he returned for good to Paris.

He had gone to Italy a pupil of David and a classic. He came back a modern and a fanatic of Michelangelo. He was soon to be the chief painter in France; but his first stroke was a failure. The Consuls ordered a picture of the Battle of Nazareth. Twenty painters competed, and the best design was that of Gros. A studio was assigned to him in the Tennis-Court at Versailles, and there he began to work at his commission. It was to have been a great and important work; but it was never completed. The paladin of Nazareth was Junot; and it did not enter into Bonaparte's plans that another than himself should be immortalized in painting as the hero of the Egyptian campaign. He cancelled the order, and Gros was left alone with his canvas and his disappointment. It was only for a while. Bonaparte commissioned him to paint his visit to the lazar-house at Jaffa, and the famous picture—which, according to M. Dargenty, is not only the painter's masterpiece, but "un des chefs-dœuvre les plus complets de l'école française"—was the result. Its success was instant and complete. Gros was neither so strong a man nor so great an artist as David; but he had something that David had not, and he took his place at a stride at the head of French art. Two years after (1806) he exhibited, in the 'Bataille d'Aboukir,' a picture as full of light, energy, and action, as the 'Pestiférés de Jaffa' is full of dignity and reserve; in 1808 he produced his magnificent 'Bataille d'Eylau,' his 'Bataille des Pyramides' and his 'Wagram' in 1810; he painted the portraits of Duroc, Masséna, Jérôme Bonaparte, Murat, Fournier, Mme. Legrand, Zimmermann, Josephine, the Duke de Bellune, Daru, Eugène Beauharnais; in 1811 he began the decoration of the cupola of the Panthéon; 1812 was the year of his 'Charles-Quint et François I. visitant l'Église de Saint-Denis,' and 'L'Entrevue des Deux Empereurs en Moravie.' These were the last of his good works. With the fall of the Empire his genius disappeared. 'L'Empire,' says M. Dargenty, "avait fait Gros, sa chute le tua." He dwindled into a third-rate painter at once, and in no great while he became as it were a cock-shy of criticism—the scorn of that rising generation whose innovations were a direct result of his own.

There were two men in Gros, as M. Dargenty is careful to observe. There was a painter of genius—the celebrant of the epic glories of the Empire, the artist of the 'Eylau,' and the 'Pestiférés;' and there was also an understudy of David. For that great master, indeed, Gros entertained a feeling of respect, of deference and admiration that almost amounted to worship. He felt towards him much as Gautier towards Hugo; and Gautier, as he has told us, would have thought twice, even though he had been cellared fathoms deep, and hidden in pitch darkness, ere he would have allowed himself to whisper the suspicion that any one of Hugo's verses could possibly be bad. When the Restoration brought back the Bourbons, David had to go into exile; he had applauded the murder of Louis XVI., had painted Marat and Lepelletier, had been among the "fervents" of Napoleon, and had derived from him some of the very noblest of his inspirations. Gros took over his school, and blossomed into the most popular teacher of his time. His studio was soon too small to contain his pupils; he was the master, among others, of Raffet, Charlet, Gudin, Delaroche, Eugène Lami, Marochetti, Bonington, Henri Monnier, Roqueplan, Signol, Schnetz, Daubigny, and Robert-Fleury; eight times in succession was the Grand Prix de Rome carried off by one or other of his scholars. He was an admirable teacher; careful, kindly, intelligent, he did his best to make his pupils good painters; and there can be no question that his influence on the course of Art was beneficent in no mean degree. At court he was in high favour. Louis XVIII. gave him commission after commission, made him a member of the Institute, conferred on him the Order of St. Michael, and appointed him Professor of Painting at the École des Beaux-Arts; so that to all appearance he was at the very top of prosperity. But, as I have said, the heroic inspiration to which are owing the 'Aboukir,' the 'Pestiférés,' the 'Eylau,'—to name but these—had been removed, and in its stead were Plutarch and the example of David. They were the poorest substitutes, as Gros was soon to find. As time went on, he fell more and more under the spell of his old master, and got farther and farther away from the traditions himself had created. "Le temps s'avance," writes David to him from his place of banishment, "et nous vieillissons, et vous n'avez pas fait encore ce qui s'appelle un vrai tableau d'histoire . . . . vite, vite, mon bon ami, feuilletez votre Plutarque." David's words were law. Gros did as he was told; and the most successful master of his generation became, at fifty years old, a scholar once more. He fell to work again on Ossian and the Bible and the Athenian tragics; "Bacchus, Ariane, Œdipe, Saul, etc., furent tour à tour exploités;" David wrote that he was pleased with him, that he was glad to know him released from the empire of boots and laced coats, and in the pursuit of "ce qui constitue vraiment la peinture d'histoire." In 1824 he won his last victory with the decoration of the cupola of the Panthéon. He seems to have asked no other reward than the recall of David, and this, under certain conditions, he secured. But the terms were too hard for a right student of Plutarch, and David refused to have anything to do with the business. More than that, he died, and what was left of the Gros of 'Aboukir' and the 'Pestiférés' died with him. His pictures were bitterly criticized and savagely derided. Ossian and Euripides were superannuated; the men of the hour were Byron, and Scott, and Goethe. In poetry, painting, music, drama, the novel, new masterpieces had been produced, and new ideals had been created. Eighteen-thirty had come and gone, Delacroix had exhibited the 'Dante et Virgile,' the 'Massacre de Scio,' the 'Marino Faliero,' the 'Christ au Jardin,' the 'Sardanapale,' the 'Vingt-huit Juillet,' the 'Femmes d'Alger,' the 'Bataille de Nancy.' Hugo was already the poet of "Marion Delorme" and "Hernani" and "Le Roi s'Amuse," of the "Orientales" and the "Chants du Crépuscule" and "Notre-Dame de Paris;" Dumas had renewed the theatre with "Antony" and "La Tour de Nesle;" Berlioz had enlarged the boundaries of music in the "Symphonie Fantastique," in "Benvenuto," and in the "Harold en Italie;" Frédérick and Deburau and Dorval were upsetting the old traditions of histrionics, and making new ones for the world to follow; Balzac and George Sand, Alfred de Musset and Théophile Gautier and Paul Lacroix, all these were at work. There was no place in the new order of things for Malvina and Œdipus. Gros, himself an innovator of the boldest type, had deserted his colours, and was already a man of the past. In 1835 he attempted a supreme effort, and exhibited his 'Hercule et Diomède,' which measured twelve feet

by nine, and was neither applauded nor sold; and a short while afterwards he committed suicide by drowning himself—in three feet of water—in the Seine. He had fallen a victim to the Revolution whose ancestor he was, and whose beginnings were in his work.

Delacroix was a man of a different temper. He had more genius than Gros, and to back it he possessed not only a robust and ardent individuality, but an inflexible will. He broke ground in 1822, three years after the exhibition of Géricault's masterpiece, 'Le Radeau de la Méduse,' with a scene from the "Inferno," which is in some sort an epitome of his whole achievement; and in the direction in which he started he fought his way for forty years, without once swerving to right or left. The Romantic revolution was incarnate in him, and his efforts, if they were hailed with applause by his followers and co-workers, were greeted with storms of obloquy from the men of the other camp. "Voilà trente ans que je suis livré aux bêtes," he said, late in his career; and the phrase was but a simple expression of the truth. His first pictures were stigmatised as "tartouillades," as the production of a "drunken broom;" and among the criticisms addressed to the works of his last years is one which recommends him to turn his attention from painting, in which he never can succeed, to the art of music, for which,



The Death of the Brigand. Painted by Eugène Delacroix. Reduced from a lithograph by Mouilleron.

the critic thinks, he is exceptionally gifted. With him there were a crowd of painters and a certain number of critics; against him were Ingres and his following among artists, a number of influential writers, and all the *bourgeoisie* of France; and the reproaches he had to endure were many and grievous. Victor Hugo himself cared nothing for his work—he thought him not nearly so good a painter as Louis Boulanger; while as for the public, it seems to have believed, and to have acted on its belief, that he could neither paint nor draw, that his humour was very dark and bloody, and his themes the outcome of a morbid horror of beauty and a desperate delight in slaughter and the grave, and that, picture for picture, and sentiment for sentiment, he could give it nothing so touching as (say) the 'Francesca de Rimini' of Ary Scheffer, and nothing so suggestive and so full of morality as the 'Cromwell' of Paul Delaroche. His work, in fine, was generally disliked, and was only understanded of the few. To Corot, to Millet, to Théodore Rousseau, to Courbet even—Courbet drunk with vanity and bewildered with false theories of Art—he was the greatest painter of his century; he was something of the kind to literary critics like Baudelaire and Théophile Gautier; to Alexandre Dumas he was an artist of the rarest type; and to Thackeray himself—disdainful of Romanticism, English to the core, a trifle ashamed of Etty, and not averse from hanging Eastlake beside Raphael—he was at least a man of genius. But in modern times it is not for the few that the

artist works; and it is only since his death that Delacroix has been of interest to the many. That he is better understood and better liked than he used to be, is certain; that he will ever be generally appreciated seems doubtful enough. He has this in his favour at least: that, like Rossetti, he is a poets' painter—that he is one of those whose pictures appeal readily to the literary instinct, and are qualified to satisfy the pictorial sense of literary men. But it may be suspected that even now his popularity is rather apparent than real. Education has done something for it; the fact that he has been long enough in his grave to become a classic has done more. But Romanticism is already of the past; its ideals are long since superannuated and decayed; its discoveries have been surpassed, and its inspiration has been superseded. And it seems probable enough that Delacroix, who was one of the greatest of its exponents, survives but in a rather literary immortality.

M. Eugène Véron has written of him and his work with a rare combination of intelligence and enthusiasm. There is already a whole literature about him; and of that literature M. Véron is author of a fraction by no means the worst or the least important. In France, where Delacroix is better esteemed, perhaps, than he deserves, and the great names of his greater successors, Corot and Millet, have not yet attained to their full splendour, it will assuredly be popular; it is excellent work, and its subject is a national glory. It were well if it found readers in England also. Delacroix is little known among us, and is not much liked or understood. There is no picture of his in the National Gallery, a distinction he shares with Ingres, Millet, Rousseau, Diaz, Corot, Daubigny, Courbet—all the great Frenchmen of the century; and for one who has heard of him there are a hundred who are rich in etchings after MM. Gérôme and Meissonier. And yet if there is a painter who should be found interesting by Englishmen, that painter is Delacroix. His chief inspirations were Byron, Shakespeare, and Walter Scott; he learned much from Bonington and Lawrence; it is confessed that he was one of the first to accept the teaching and to follow the example of Constable. In those unhappy lands where Mr. Ruskin is only accessible in translations, and Turner is but a name, our indifference (it appears) is found extraordinary. W. E. H.

HOME ARTS.—SHELL-CUTTING.

ONE of the most beautiful of the minor arts is that of carving, or, strictly speaking, of incising shells, carving being a generic term for cutting any material into any kind of form, while incising is the cutting into a surface generally to produce a low relief. I was for a long time deterred from attempting shell-cutting, because I believed that the process was difficult and tiresome, owing to the hardness of the material. But having obtained the proper tools, I found, almost at once, that in this work as in all others "it is only the first step which is hard," and that any one who will begin properly and proceed leisurely, will find it as agreeable in its result as any other art.

The material for the beginner is the common pearl oyster shell, though there are many kinds which being softer are much easier to cut. Small shells may be bought for sixpence or even threepence, but the best will cost from one to two or three shillings, while very superior specimens often bring from four to six. But a six or ninepenny shell will do to begin on. It may be fastened to a board on a bed of jeweller's or metal-worker's pitch, which is sold in cakes by dealers in jeweller's tools, or it may be more simply fixed with screws or nails. Many prefer to work simply by holding it, which is not advisable for beginners.

The tools are those used by engravers in metal. (*Vide* illustration.) They should be of the very best quality of hardened steel. A simple fine point like a bodkin is used to scratch the outline—No. 1. To begin, draw the pattern on a shell which has been well washed with soap and water, with India ink and a finely pointed brush. Scratch the outline in every detail, and rub away the ink. Then take the graver, No. 2, and carefully and slowly with its angular point deepen the scratched line by cutting into it, that is to say, by pushing the point before you. Half an hour's practice will enable you to direct the point with accuracy. The advantage of a curve in the blade is that the instant you perceive that you are going out of the line, or too deeply, or are otherwise about to spoil the cut, you can turn the point up and so escape. With a *straight* point this would be difficult and often

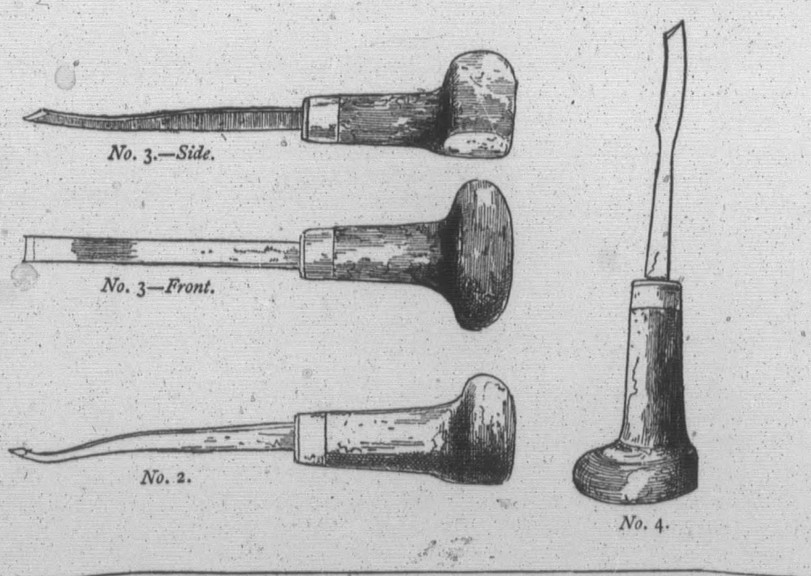


Fig. 1.—Tools used in Shell-Cutting.

impossible. Straight graving tools are, however, used for several kinds of work.

When the whole pattern is defined with a clear groove take



Fig. 2.—On the Look Out.

the tool No. 3, and using it as a chisel, cut away the ground outside the groove. This may seem to be slow work at first, but persevere and it will be found that the ground disappears more rapidly as you proceed. Ere long the tool will seem to bite more decisively, and as skill is acquired, what was at first a toil becomes a pleasure. Many cutters make great use of the curved file; with this also the same amount of background work may be achieved in the same time.

When the ground is cut away or depressed, the next step is to work up the pattern. The beginner would do well to take for his first piece something which may be completed in *outline*, as, for instance, the pattern shown in Fig. 2 (illustration). The student of decorative art, who understands that in it general effect takes precedence of elaborate and accurate imitation of nature, is aware that a great deal of beautiful work may thus be executed without inside lines, modelling or carving. Inside lines are, for example, the feathers of a bird, the scales of a fish, the ribs of leaves. Modelling is the shap-

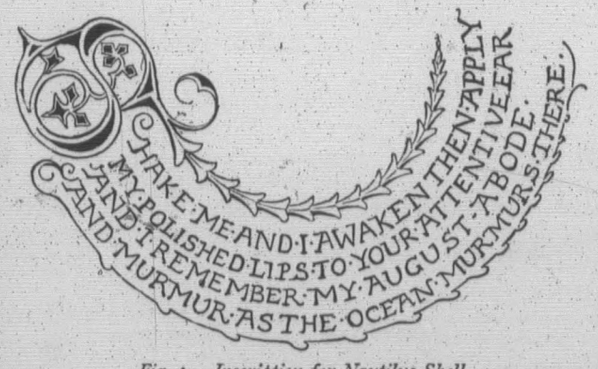


Fig. 4.—Inscription for Nautilus Shell.

ing of the depressions or elevations which form the cheeks or other features, and the rise and fall of muscles. If the pupil has never modelled in clay, it would be absurd for him to attempt such sculpture until he has had practice. A piece of old wood carving, from which the inside lines have been worn away, is often still very striking in its general characteristics, and such work may be easily copied or imitated.

When the pattern is finished the whole may be polished with file, scraper, and fine sand-paper. Last of all rub the shell with whiting or powdered chalk and a piece of chamois or a soft rag. Pearl shell assumes very readily a high polish, which it also retains. The next step will be for the beginner to learn to cut or run lines both straight and curved. If not willing to waste pearl or *nacre* he may practise these as I did on common oyster shells, or on flat surfaces of slate, or some other stone about as hard as shell. When the lines are easily made he will be able to carve shells quite equal to the majority of those made chiefly in Jerusalem, though many are cut all over the East, and not a few in Italy. The illustration, Fig. 3, is the copy of an Italian shell, such as are commonly sold at places resorted to by pilgrims and preserved as amulets. They appear to be descendants in some way of the scallop shells



Fig. 3.—A common modern Italian Pilgrim Shell.

worn by the palmers of old who had been to the Holy Land and who bore them as proof that they had crossed the sea.

> "How shall I your true love know
> From another one?"
> "By his scallop shell and staff
> And by his sandal shoon."

It may be observed that in this shell of Santo Giuseppe, or Saint Joseph, there is no work beyond cutting away the background, running lines and polishing, as I have described the three processes. It is apparently quite new, but is altogether Mediæval in design, as may be specially remarked in the naïve vegetation, as much in the grass which all grows in groups of three blades, as in the poplar and cypress trees in the background.

These Eastern and Italian shells are indeed not so generally cut with a graver held in the hand as with a point or tracer, as in repoussé metal-work. This is struck, not with a hammer, but with a piece of wood about six inches in length, large at one end and small at the other, which is held in the hand. I

have seen exquisitely beautiful chasing in brass, etc., executed in Venice with rude tools and a stick.

Since writing the last paragraph in Venice, I have seen in Florence a pearl shell carved in Egypt, bearing the attribute of a god. It is about two thousand five hundred years old, and is interesting as indicating the possible origin of the pilgrims' shells. The Chinese have from early times carved such shells.

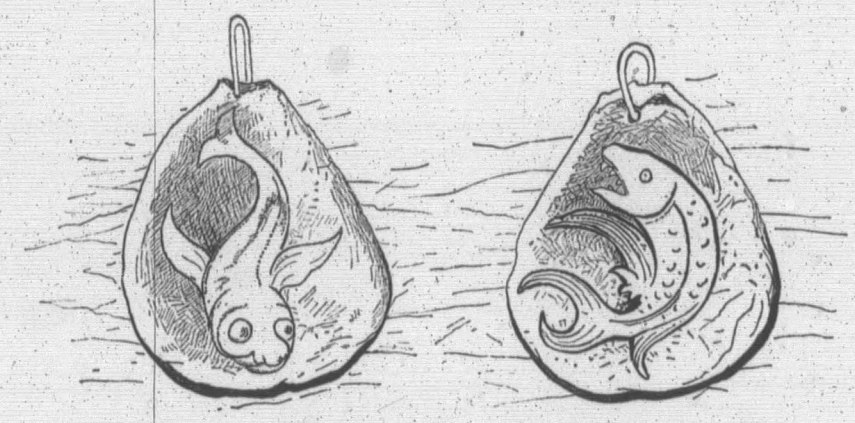


Fig. 5.—Common English Oysters.
The figures gilt. The outlines, rather deep, are filled in with brown paint.

For draperies, hair, and merely sketching the features, lining is all sufficient. Lines may be deepened by the simple process of repeating the pushing or cutting with the graver, and with the aid of the cutting or flat tool any space may be thus cleared away. Here, also, curved files, if preferred, may be used. With some practice in such elementary work as the Santo Giuseppe shell shows, the artist may proceed to make with file and cutting or flat graver a face in profile. A medallion, a coin having a well-marked head, will be, of course, the best model, but the Moorish pattern shell (next page) indicates what I mean. From this stage the pupil must depend on himself. To execute delicate cameos, such as are to be seen in the queen-conch and other shells cut in Venice or Naples, in fact, to proceed to gem-cutting, he must necessarily not only draw and model continually in clay, but also have before him good examples to copy.



Fig. 6.—Shell for Card-Receiver.

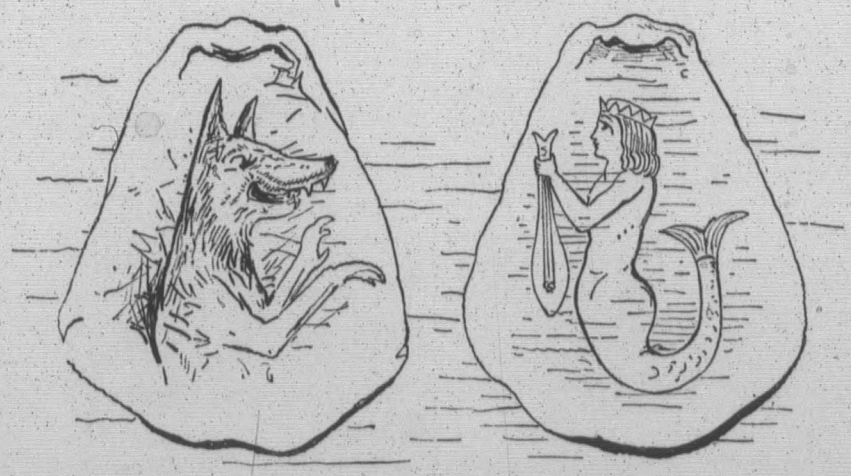


Fig. 7.—Common Oyster Shells engraved.

Those who cannot easily obtain pearl shells may still produce pretty ornaments with the shell of the common English "native" oyster. This is very easy to cut; in fact, very often much too easy, since in a great majority of shells there are white spots, and often large white spaces covered with a thin glaze. When this is removed the middle portion, which lies between it and the back, will be found to be as soft as any chalk, too soft in fact to retain work. Care must therefore be taken to select shells which are entirely hard.

Both the pearl and common oyster shell, owing to its beautiful iridescent ground, are peculiarly adapted to being painted on. The best paints for this purpose are the transparent kind, such as are used for magic lantern slides. With these the ground shows through the colour and gives it a beautiful tone. Gilding certain portions, such as a band round the edge, greatly enhances the effect of the colour.

Having selected a good oyster-shell, take a file and with care smooth or round the edge. This is not always easy owing to its extreme friability, or liability to break. Then with a point—the sharp end of a file, or that which is wont to be fixed in a handle, is as good as any—draw the outline of the pattern, that is to say, scratch it deeply. If the shell is soft the file is to be preferred, if hard, use the pointed graver, then cut away the ground

and polish it, as with pearl. These oyster-shells thus ornamented may be set in frames and thus produce a pretty effect.



Fig. 8.—Fairy Land.

The carver cannot too soon become familiar with the use of the graver. He must learn to incise lines with as much accuracy as if he were drawing with a pen and ink, perhaps with much more care, for ink may be removed with acid and water or by means of the eraser, but a false scratch in the shell requires scraping away all the ground near it.

Not only the shell of the pearl oyster, but also that of the nautilus, was much carved during the Middle Ages, especially in Italy, the latter from its shape being well adapted to make goblets. It is, so to speak, a little more slippery in its texture than almost any other shell, and the graver does not seem to cut into it so easily therefore the file is more employed in its



Fig. 10.—Pearl Shell. May be set in lids of boxes.

ornamentation. The extreme beauty of its shape renders it an attractive object to the cutter. The shell of the large common American clam (*Venus mercenaria*) is so hard, and receives such a remarkable polish, that I have often wondered



Fig. 9.—Moorish Pattern.
This shell may be either engraved or eaten in with acid.

that engravers have never turned their attention to it. The red Indians made from it the white beads of their wampum. These beads very much resemble porcelain. The hard or thick shell mussel (*unio*) which is found in many streams in America, and which often yields valuable pearls, is also well adapted for cutting and ornamentation. It is beautifully iridescent and sometimes a quarter of an inch in thickness. I have two of these shells in which Dr. O. W. Holmes, at my



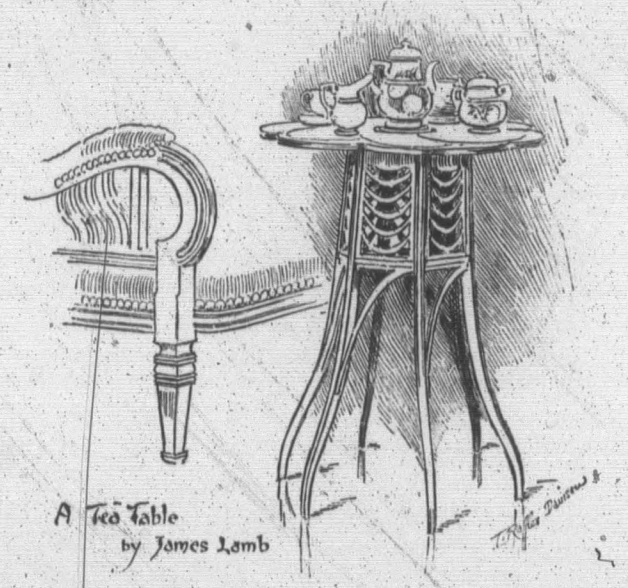
Fig. 11.—Pearl Shell.

request, wrote his name. The pearls were gone but the autographs replaced them.

CHARLES G. LELAND.

FURNITURE IN THE MANCHESTER EXHIBITION.

THE illustrations of furniture which we publish this month are both taken from the exhibits of Manchester firms.

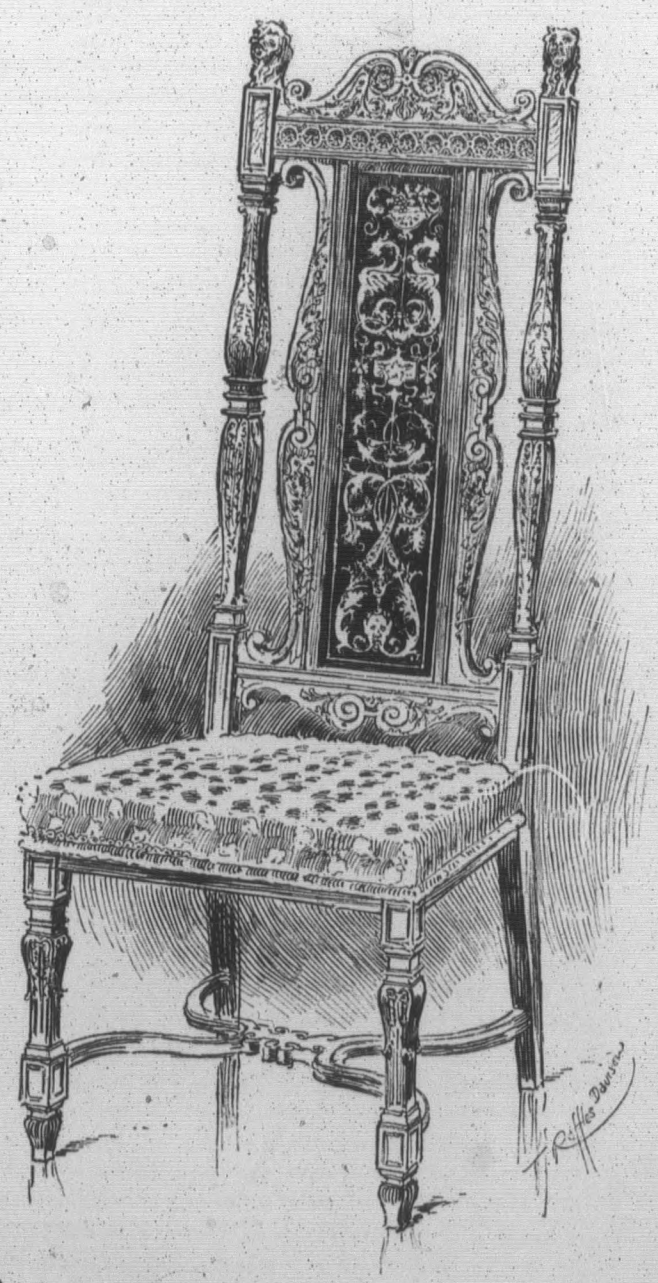


A Tea Table
by James Lamb

The tea-table, by Mr. James Lamb, does not of course adequately illustrate the capabilities of a firm which has long held a distinguished position in the north of England. The carved wood panels which were reproduced in our Jubilee Number gave, however, a fair idea of their most ambitious and distinguished work, and the tea-table is worth reproducing for its successful solution of a familiar problem, and its combination of lightness with strength. The chair shown by Messrs. Kendal and Milne is interesting both in itself and as having been entirely produced in Manchester. The carving, particularly of the terminal lions' heads, is firm and sound, and the inlay of brass in a Renaissance pattern down the back is both well designed and skilfully carried out.

Only want of space prevents us from illustrating other subjects. There is, for instance, an exhibit of hangings by Mr. Arthur H. Lee, of Bolton, the sober harmonies of which display exceptionally good taste, and which is interesting as giving promise of a new school of Lancashire manufacturers, as friendly to the new ideas in design and as capable of expressing them as the old school has been the contrary. The stuffs designed by Mr. G. F. Armitage, of Altrincham, are also praiseworthy; and though, what with the Council Chamber—a charming Jacobean room—his own four rooms, and a good deal of supplementary work throughout the Exhibition, Mr. Armitage has perhaps exhibited too much to maintain invariable originality and freshness, his design, notwithstanding, never falls below a respectable level, and is often well above it. Mr. Armitage has trained a local smith to carry out his designs in metal-work, and the exhibits in brass and iron—such as lamps, brackets, &c.—are capital.

An interesting exhibit is that of Messrs. Goodall, of Manchester, who, besides their own four rooms, have also taken under their wing the room designed by the Century Guild of Artists. The two little cedar-panelled boudoirs fitted up by Messrs. Goodall show a very refined and distinguished taste, and the bedrooms above are also attractive—in particular, the girl's room with its charming furniture in Hungarian ash and its cleverly planned corners and cupboards. The exhibit of the Century Guild (carried out from the Guild's designs by Messrs. Goodall) is fantastic, and has a little the air of a museum of antiquities, with its dull blue stuffs, its dull brass, its dull copper, and its dull green curtains covered with angels



A Chair
in The Prince's Room
by Kendal Milne & Co

trumpeting, as in a picture by Fra Angelico. But it nevertheless shows real capacity for design.

THE AUTUMN EXHIBITIONS.

THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOUR were happily inspired when it occurred to them to employ the machinery of an Art Union to forward their own interests and to some extent, it must be admitted, those of Art itself. Comparatively few people can buy pictures. The public do not feel safe outside the pale of celebrated names, and celebrated names mean big prices. Only the rare connoisseur can buy on his own judgment both well and cheaply. Multitudes, however, can produce a guinea, and many will put it willingly into anything which has about it a spice of the uncertainty and the *grand peut-être* of gambling. A considerable number of the thousand prizes destined to be drawn for in June have been on view in the gallery of the Institute, Piccadilly. A visit showed that the promoters have given the public a chance of becoming possessed of work of high commercial value, by well-known men, and also of many exquisite sketches and small pictures by painters, less perhaps in fame, but no less in artistic ability. The majority of the exhibits were drawings in water colour, and amongst them were many of considerable artistic merit. Mr. Boughton's excellent and decorative design, 'A Moment's Rest Uphill,' is most especially the work of an artist. In this sober and dignified piece of convention, we feel no uneasy suspicion that truth has been sacrificed to want of ability or a habit of careless *chic*. What has been done, or what has been left undone, has been considered from the point of view of a thorough knowledge of nature and under the influence of a strong and legitimate sentiment. Mr. McWhirter, for once in a way, has been sufficiently conscientious and careful in his 'Showery Weather:' it is a drawing full of feeling, admirably enveloped in atmosphere, and well subordinated throughout its elaborate details to the impression of a general effect. As might be expected, Mr. Alfred East's contribution, 'Beyond Repair,' is a well ordered composition, carried out with breadth and a thorough workman's understanding of technique. Mr. T. Collier's 'Landscape' is fresh, breezy, and loosely handled; Mr. G. Montbard's 'Study in the Morvan,' broad and rich in colour; Miss L. Aumonier's 'On the Thames, near Busey, Oxford,' of very piquant effect with its lively dabs of colour; Mr. E. Arden's 'In the Woods,' grey and pleasantly silvery; and Mr. E. S. Calvert's 'Landscape,' remarkable for softness and delicacy of colour. Messrs. M. Fisher, T. Huson, Clem Lambert, W. L. Wyllie, J. W. Whymper, J. Fulleylove, H. Hine, W. R. Stevens, and J. G. Laing are some among the contributors of noticeable work. Many of the oil pictures are large and important. Sir J. D. Linton's 'Elsa,' though well drawn and not unpleasantly coloured, rather lacks point and animation; Mr. Keeley Halswelle's 'Whittenham Clumps' shows more loftiness of imagination than artistic comprehension of style; Mr. G. Wetherbee's 'The Harvest is Past, the Summer is Ended,' owes a great deal to J. Breton, J.-F. Millet, and the English Mason. Mr. H. Macallum treats the sea successfully and with dignity in his 'Low Tide on the Harbour Bar;' one would be better pleased, however, had he carried out his truthful realisation and vigorous painting into the foreground figures and boat. Mr. W. Langley in 'Cutting Cork,' Mr. Hacker in 'Father's Dinner,' Mr. G. Clausen in 'An Orchard in August,' paint with a method of brushing derived from a modern French School. M. Fantin's 'Pansies' are like all his flower subjects, only perhaps a little more decidedly drawn. A touch of romance and poetry may be seen in Mr. E. Waterlow's 'Bathers,' and Mr. R. Macbeth's somewhat wild-looking 'Early Morning in the Fens.' Mr. Parton's 'Thames at Mapledurham' looks perhaps a little too clean and bright to make one feel to the full the presence of air, but the handling is exceptionally clever and elegant. A small sketch near it, 'On the River Lea,' by Mr. Champion Jones, shows the charm which might have been added to Mr. Parton's mastery of the brush by a little more juiciness in the general *ensemble*, a little more mystery in the definition of objects, and a little more subtlety in the atmospheric envelope. Mr. F. G. Cotman's well-composed and handled 'Mending of the Lock,' Mr. J. White's richly coloured 'Hearts of Oak,' and Mr. J. Aumonier's strongly painted and patiently compiled 'Dolgarrog Mill, Conway Valley,' should not be overlooked.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.—In the rooms of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colour, we have a complete illustration of all the new discoveries in process, as well as an excellent view of all the later inventions in photographic apparatus. The development of platinotype was especially interesting, as it is said to be thoroughly permanent, and can now be worked in any desired shade of colour. Messrs. Dixon and Gray's invaluable invention, Orthochromatic Photography, was well illustrated by most successful renderings of ancient and modern pictures. Even such a difficult subject as Sassoferrato's 'Madonna' from the National Gallery, has been an occasion of triumph, in spite of the strong blue of the draperies. Autogravure, one of the latest processes, is exemplified by exhibits of the Autotype Company. These are chiefly taken from negatives done from nature, so that comparison with reproductions of pictures would hardly be fair. Messrs. Boussod and Valadon show, amongst other specimens of photogravure, Mr. Luke Fildes's 'Venetian Flower Girl.' What makes this especially interesting is the parallel exhibition of their original photograph of the picture, so that any one can see the modifications which the plate has been made to undergo. A very good reproduction of a picture has been made from Mr. Margetson's Academy work (by Mr. F. W. Edwards), and here the orthochromatic effects have been produced on an ordinary plate. Some admirably artistic work in portraiture is contributed by Mr. H. S. Mendelssohn. Chief among his competitors are W. J. Byrne and J. Blair Scott; and there are good open-air effects from Messrs. H. Toller, H. P. Robinson, Vernon Heath, Abney, and others.

THE VERESTCHAGIN EXHIBITION.—M. Verestchagin is a prince among illustrators. Let him go into ever so strange and remote a country, amidst ever so bewildering a turmoil of incident; add even the dangers and confusion of battle; he will pounce like a hawk upon his impression and bring it out reeking with human interest and emotion. The exhibition of his works at the Grosvenor is full of instances of his intuitive power of perceiving what is striking and suggestive in a scene. Yet his work is more than an enlarged graphic illustration, for he has successfully resolved the problems of bold handling and broadly atmospheric colour. His solid French training

(he is a pupil of Gérôme) enables him to treat his idea with all the resources of modern realism and to invest it with all the thrill of actuality. He draws admirably with the brush, and has a keen eye for facial type and expression. Still it cannot be said that his art is of the highest order; it may be among the best of its kind, but that kind is not of the royal type. It might be unnecessary, perhaps, to say this, but that so many people in England are apt to judge of the rank of a painter solely by the interest or the momentary novelty of his subjects. It should be remembered that when these become stale, or go out of fashion, a picture has nothing to depend on but the imposing grandeur of its style and plastic ideal. Now, in his treatment of kindred subjects, M. Verestchagin shows but little of the pictorial magnificence of Velasquez in the 'Surrender of Breda,' Delacroix in the 'Crusaders at Constantinople,' or Regnault in 'Marshal Prim.' He aims differently from these men, and his work does not even belong to the same category. M. Verestchagin can realise vividly what he has seen with a poignant, but not with a grand or triumphant, imagination. He feels more deeply what is humanly interesting and touching in actual scenes than what is ideally noble on canvas. His technique is of that broad, efficient sort which has become perfected and placed at the service of modern painters by the great French revival of this century. The chief men of that movement had not M. Verestchagin's experience, or perhaps his peculiar character and widely developed sensitiveness to human affairs; but they made his ideal of art for him, and their use of it far surpassed his in nobility and delicacy. They taught him, in fact, that it was possible to apply the decorative breadth and pictorial grandeur of the ancients to the treatment of modern subjects.

In his methods of putting this lesson into practice M. Verestchagin displays originality both of vision and treatment. The composition and choice of *motif* displayed in his big battle-pieces of the Russo-Turkish war are bold innovations upon the ordinary practice of battle painters. If the germs of his pictorial arrangement are to be found in the work of the excellent school of modern illustration of the last twenty years, it would be unjust to deny that he has shown real genius in making use of so slight an indication to found a system of large figure painting. 'After the Battle,' 'Blowing from Guns in British India,' 'The Spy,' 'Skobeleff at Shipka,' 'The Road of the War Prisoners,' and 'Before the Attack,' are some of the most striking and novel among the military compositions. The 'Future Emperor of India'—a gorgeous scene of pageantry depicting the entry of the Prince of Wales into Jeypore—and the 'Crucifixion by the Romans,' will serve to show M. Verestchagin's science of grouping, his conception of colour, and his feeling for easy natural expression and every-day realistic types of people. When he attempts, as in 'The Forgotten Soldier,' something which depends on purely pictorial qualities of beauty, mass, proportion, &c., he meets with little success. An examination of the workmanship of his landscape and small portrait studies will confirm the notion that his art depends too much on the novelty and interest of his subjects.

PICTURES AT NOTTINGHAM.—The Nottingham Autumn Exhibition, which is now occupying the principal galleries of the Castle Museum, comprises, in addition to much new work of more than average interest, a number of prominent pictures from the London spring exhibitions. In the water-colour room the general standard of excellence is high, the collection in this medium being one upon which the committee and the curator may be congratulated; while the black-and-white section is emphasised by the presence of at least two works of conspicuous merit, to which further reference will be made. A small collection of works in bronze, terra-cotta, wood, etc., lends variety to what will doubtless be generally regarded as one of the most successful exhibitions held in the place. Occupying prominent positions we have, amongst other well-known works, Mr. Waterlow's 'Galway Gossips,' lent by the President and Council of the Royal Academy; 'A Roman Triumph,' by Frank W. W. Topham, R.I.; 'The Waters of Lethe,' by R. Spencer Stanhope, R.I.; 'The Silent Pool,' by Ernest Parton; and the original study painted by Mr. Holman Hunt at Nazareth for his larger picture of 'The Shadow of Death.' Messrs. H. R. Steer, R.I., W. L. Thomas, R.I. (of the *Graphic*), H. J. Thaddeus, and W. H. Weatherhead, R.I., are all more or less represented; as also the Misses Clara and Hilda Montalba, Miss Marian Chase, R.I., and Mrs. Louise Jopling amongst lady artists. Mr. Owen Dalziel's 'Sunday Morning by the Zuyder Zee' is perhaps the most characteristic of the several Dutch subjects exhibited. Mr. Wyke Bayliss, F.S.A., sends two of his cathedral interiors, one in each medium; and Mr. Thos. Davidson contributes an illustration of Longfellow's poem on King Robert of Sicily and the Angel. 'The King,' by Harry Dixon, represents the king of beasts receiving the homage of leopard courtiers crouching before him; in the rear of his majesty stand two wise-looking councillors in the form of storks, at his feet are his feebler subjects. Mr. T. Erat Harrison is represented by 'Orlando and the Siren.' Amongst landscapes, Mr. Andrew MacCallum's 'Summer Sunlight' and 'Early Spring—Burnham Beeches,' claim attention. The contributions of local artists are not very numerous, their productions being probably reserved for the annual spring exhibition. In water colours Mr. Arthur Severn, R.I., exhibits a large work, 'Carnarvon Castle by Moonlight,' in which the moon, being low in the heavens, requires perhaps a little warmer tint to render the subject a complete success; and Mr. Arthur Hopkins sends a pleasant little picture, 'Try our Reindeer Sleigh.' This notice would be incomplete without at least a passing reference to Mr. Arthur Wasse's black-and-white. 'Bent, but not Broken'—a dark girl with bound hands, and flashing eyes and defiant expression—and 'Prosit,' a jovial cavalier in the act of raising a tankard to his lips.

ART NOTES.

PERSONAL.—Sir John Millais's 'Portia' has been sold for £2,000; it will be reproduced in colours for the Christmas number of the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic*. Mr. St. Gaudens has produced a medallion portrait of Mr. R. L. Stevenson. Mr. Felix Joseph has presented to the Local Board of Sandgate some fine specimens of old Wedgwood as the nucleus of an Art museum. A Civil List pension of £100 per annum has been awarded to Sir John Steel, R.S.A.: "in recognition of his eminence as a sculptor." The winners of the six Owen Jones prizes are Gertrude M. Ginn,

Hertford; Jane B. Glanvil, Manchester; Robert H. Slowan, Glasgow; Fanny Roylance, Manchester; James West, London; and John Macfarlane, Manchester. At Milan the Principe Umberto Prize has been awarded to the painter, Leonardo Bazzaro. The Ministère des Beaux-Arts has commissioned a bust of Félicien David of the sculptor Steine for the Grand Opera. MM. Mercie and Falguière have been ordered by the United States Government to produce a 'Lafayette' in bronze for Washington, at a cost of £10,000. M. Adolph Sutro has presented the city of San Francisco with a 'Liberty' forty feet high, and so arranged as to carry an electric light. M. Albert Kaempfen has been appointed Director of the Louvre, in room of M. de Ronchaud, deceased; M. Castagnary, Directeur des Beaux-Arts, in room of M. Kaempfen, promoted.

MUSEUMS AND GALLERIES.—The famous and unique "Bayard Tapestry" has been purchased from the representatives of the late Achille Jubinal, and added to the collection at South Kensington; it measures twenty-one feet by thirteen feet, represents the fight between Achilles and Penthesilia under the walls of Troy, dates (it is supposed) from the early part of the fifteenth century, and may have been woven "either at Tournai or Arras." A picture, 'The Blood of the Redeemer,' ascribed to G. Bellini, has been bought for the National Gallery, and placed on view on a screen in Room VII. The 'Darmstadt Madonna' has been cleaned and restored by Herr Hauzer at Munich, and is now pronounced to be beyond dispute the original by Hans Holbein. "Professor" Theodor Levin, of Karlsruhe, has undertaken to demonstrate that of a hundred and forty-one Old Masters in the Stadelschen Institut, Frankfort, there are only eight which he could recognise as genuine; in the *Courrier de l'Art*, the *Débats*, the *Indépendance Belge*, the *Frankfurtur Zeitung* and elsewhere, he has in consequence been derided as an ignoramus and an impostor. An antique statuette of the huntress Diana has been found near Cherchele, and placed in the museum of that city. M. Bouchot, in the Bibliothèque Nationale, has discovered, in the binding of a prayer-book, two painted portraits—one of Charles VIII., the other of Anne of Brittany—the only effigies of these sovereigns done from life which are known to be in existence. Clésinger's 'Lucrèce,' bequeathed to the nation by Émile de Girardin, has been added to the sculpture in the Louvre. A notable Rubens, the 'Hunting of the Calydonian Boar,' has been acquired by the Musée Communal, Brussels. A piece of mosaic, from the ancient Madersa of Tlemcen, described as "of a kind unknown until now to the best-informed French experts," has been added to the Musée de Sèvres. A Boilly, 'La Consultation,' has been acquired by the Musée Wicar. M. Alphonse de Rothschild has presented M. Berton's 'Brumaire' to the Museum at Douai, and the 'Marais de Sacy-le-Grand' of M. Edmond Yon to the Musée de Picardie. It is proposed to convert the Castle of Chillon into an archæological museum.

EXHIBITIONS.—At Glasgow, next year, the exhibition will comprehend a collection of Victorian sculpture, on the model of the collection of Victorian painting at Manchester. At Derby the forthcoming exhibition will include a section devoted to the work of "artists in hair," "artists in shell-work," "poker-painters," and so forth. The reproduction of the Bastile, erected by M. Colibert in connection with the Paris Exhibition of 1889, is already built, and the painters and moulders are on the eve of finishing their part of the work as well as the masons and bricklayers. There are rumours in the air that the Exhibition will be postponed until 1890, in deference to the wishes of foreign countries. An International Exhibition will be held next year at Munich, between the 1st May and the 15th October. There will be a triple exhibition—musical, artistic, and industrial—at Bologna in 1888. The winter Grosvenor is to consist of pictures by several English artists, from Hogarth to F. Walker.

ART IN BELGIUM.—The Committee of Management of the Brussels Salon has voted the suppression of the system of awarding medals, and its vote has been ratified by the Government. Nor is this all: the Belgian painters have made another move in the right direction by determining to exclude from the Salon exhibitions all but decent and workmanlike pictures. The agitation against ineptitude was started by the Press, and the Committee of Selection has been inspired, in answer to its demands, to reduce the number of pictures on which it is asked to pronounce an opinion, by seven hundred, at a stroke. Last year some fifteen hundred works were submitted to it; this year it is oppressed by no more than eight hundred. What is of greater importance, the question has been in course of debate by the Press of France, which is urging the Société des Artistes Français to go and do for Paris what has been done for Brussels by their Belgian brethren. It would be a good thing for Art if the exception could be made the rule, and the inscription "No Rubbish Shot Here" perpetuated on the doors of every exhibition in Europe. Only they would lose by it those whose function it is to paint bad pictures; and they have had their own way with the public during so many years that their retirement, even on compulsion, would seem the reverse of unnecessary or inopportune.



PRINTED BY J. S. VIRTUE AND CO., LIMITED, CITY ROAD, LONDON.



J.L.E. MEISSONIER. H.R.A. PINXT

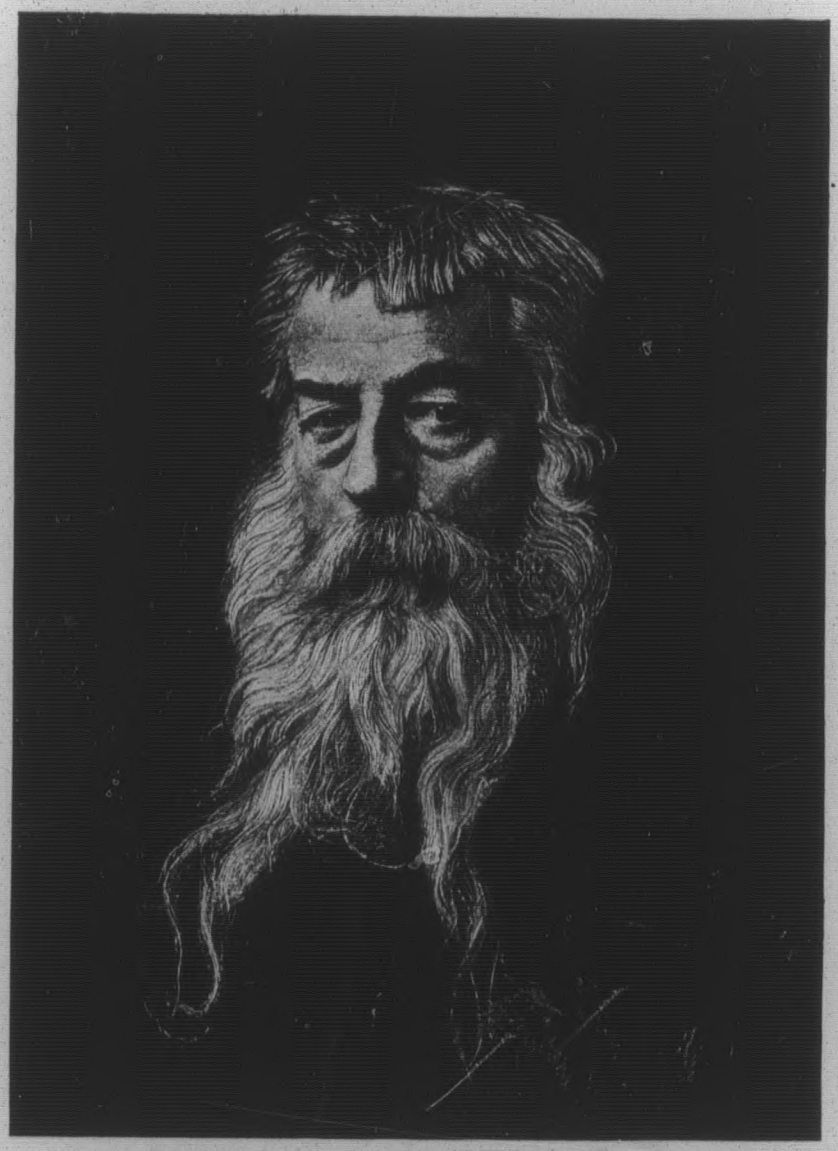
LA RIXE

IN THE POSSESSION OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN. BY PERMISSION OF E. LEFÈVRE & Cº

LONDON: J. S. VIRTUE & Cº LIMITED

MEISSONIER.

IF Carlyle's definition of genius, as an infinite capacity of taking pains, be applicable to Art, the Dutch school must be regarded as distinguished amongst all others. Terburg, Metzu, Mieris, and Gerard Dow are a few only among the names which recur to the mind in running through the Art-history of Holland during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Their tradition survived long after the spirit which inspired them had departed; and although the technical skill of their successors was for awhile a protest against the slovenliness which, under the name of sentiment, had invaded every European school of painting, there was an immeasurable gulf between the living realities of the masters of the golden age of Dutch Art and the stilted efforts of their modern imitators. Nevertheless, whilst in no degree undervaluing the services rendered to Art by the Dutch school, one cannot but feel that its greatest masters were deficient in creative power, the true essence of genius; and it will be one of the objects in the following pages to suggest to the reader whether the French artist whose works are here reproduced has succeeded where his Batavian predecessors fell short.



Portrait of J. L. E. Meissonier, H.R.A.

The commencement of the present century probably marks the moment at which everywhere but in England the art of painting had touched its lowest level; and even in France, where the Revolution had stirred thoughts and stimulated hopes, David, Vernet, and Gros barely awakened the Art-loving public from the lethargy into which it had sunk. It was the literary, not the political revolt, which summoned French artists to take part in a struggle against the servitude to old forms and academic traditions, and inspired each painter to clothe his own inspirations in the dress which presented them as realities. The long and eager contest between the classicists and the romanticists is practically conterminous with the reign of Louis-Philippe, and to that period may be assigned a renascence in France of both Art and literature, which made itself felt throughout the civilised world.

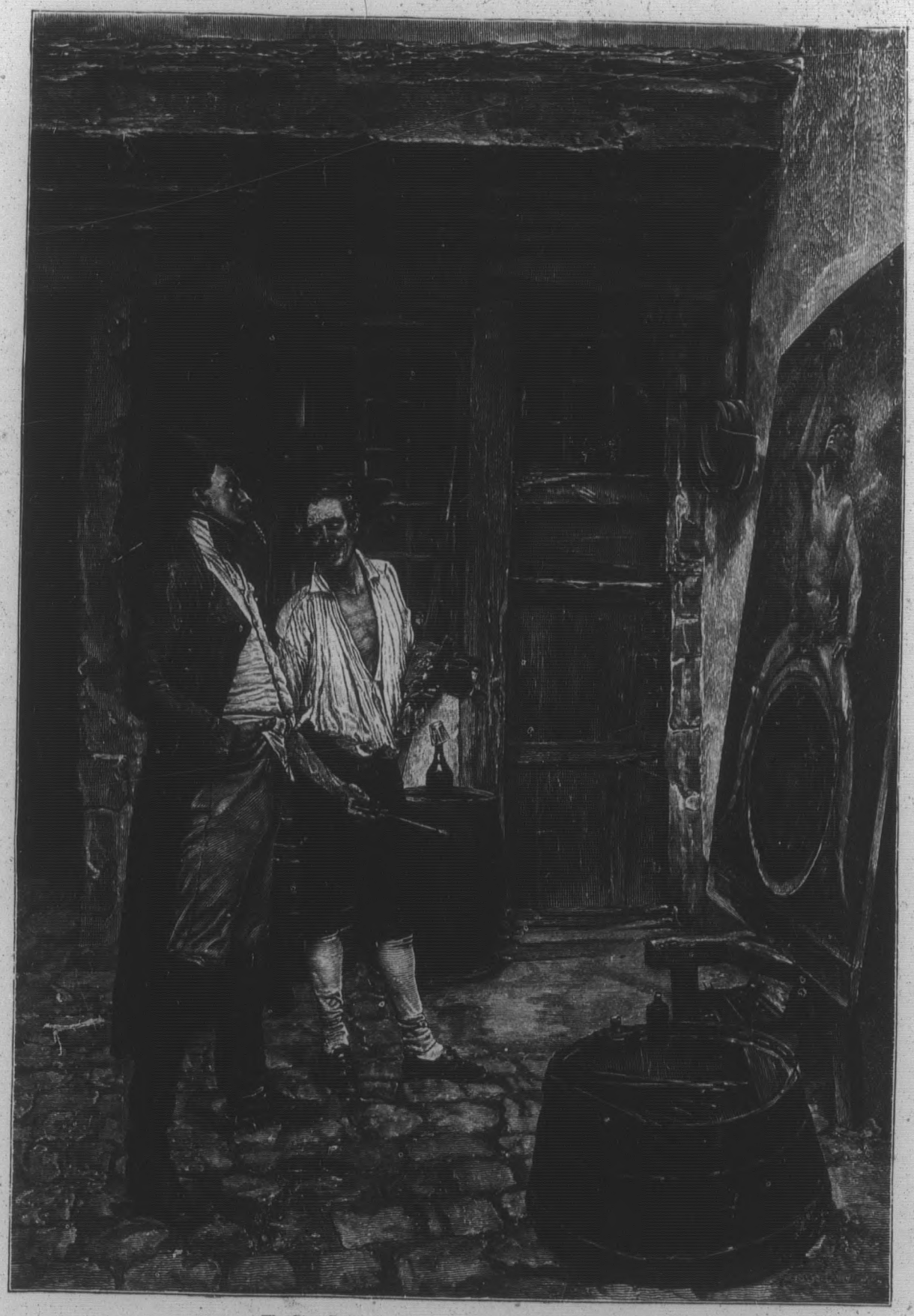
It was at the height of this controversy, of which he was to be an indifferent spectator, that Meissonier appeared before the public. Born at Lyons on Feb. 21, 1815, the son of a father who is alternately described as a dry-salter and a druggist, by inheritance and his surroundings J. L. Ernest Meissonier was without any of those predisposing influences which have determined the career of many a genius. His mother, who died when he was quite young, is said to have had some skill as a painter on china and ivory, and from her he may have inherited a delicate hand and an accurate eye; but the city of Lyons, forgetful of its

Art children, refusing them bread in life although giving them stones after death, preserves no evidence of Madame Meissonier's capacities. It is possible, however, that through his father also our artist may have inherited some Art tendencies. At the end of the seventeenth century (1695) there was born at Turin a child who was subsequently known in France as Juste Aurèle Meissonier, of whose early life no record survives. All that is known for certain is that whilst still young he had acquired reputation as a goldsmith, painter, sculptor, and architect, and that he left his native country and came to France. His merit was there soon recognised, and he was appointed goldsmith and designer in metal-work to Louis XV. In this branch of his art, his productions have acquired a distinctive value in the eyes of collectors. Unluckily for his fame he turned his talents in other directions, and profiting by his relations at court, took to portrait-painting. The value of his work can be tested by reference to the engraved portraits of the Vicomte de Turenne (engraved by Larmessin) and Baron Jacques de Bezenval (Drevet). These are two only out of many; but although there is reason for believing that many of the courtiers of Louis XV. sat to him, J. A. Meissonier is nevertheless refused a place among the worthies of French Art included in M. Bellier de la Chavignerie's Dictionary. This elder Meissonier, moreover, designed for the church of St. Sulpice the monument of Jacques de Bezenval, the colonel of the Swiss Guard, whose name has acquired a doubtful notoriety by reason of his son's pusillanimous conduct when in command of the anti-revolutionary forces round Paris in 1790. That he had definitely established himself in France, and that he died in 1750, is about all that we know for certain respecting Jules Aurèle Meissonier; but possibly having called attention to a point which seems so far to have escaped the notice of French biographers, we may arouse the interest of such as hold that the seeds of genius are not self-sown in the soil which brings them to perfection. When only a few years old, like his fellow-townsman and contemporary, Chenavard, he was brought by his father to Paris, where the latter opened a



Sketch for figure in '1807.' (*Engraving of original picture on p.* 17.)

shop in the Rue des Ecouffes, a small street lying between the Rue du Temple and the Hôtel de Ville, and near to the picturesque centre of old Paris. As an *externe* of a school in Rue des Francs Bourgeois, the young provincial lad would



The Sign-Painter. By permission of M. Lecadre & Cie.

have found himself, in his daily walks to and fro, constantly coming in contact with spots which recalled the most dramatic events of French history from the days of the Fronde. His school career, however, was not brilliant, and there is a legend

that he made himself conspicuous amongst his fellows chiefly by the sketches with which he covered his copy-books. Having got through his school years, he soon gave evidence that drugs, even when destined for others, were as distasteful to him as his



Fac-simile from the Artist's Sketch-book.

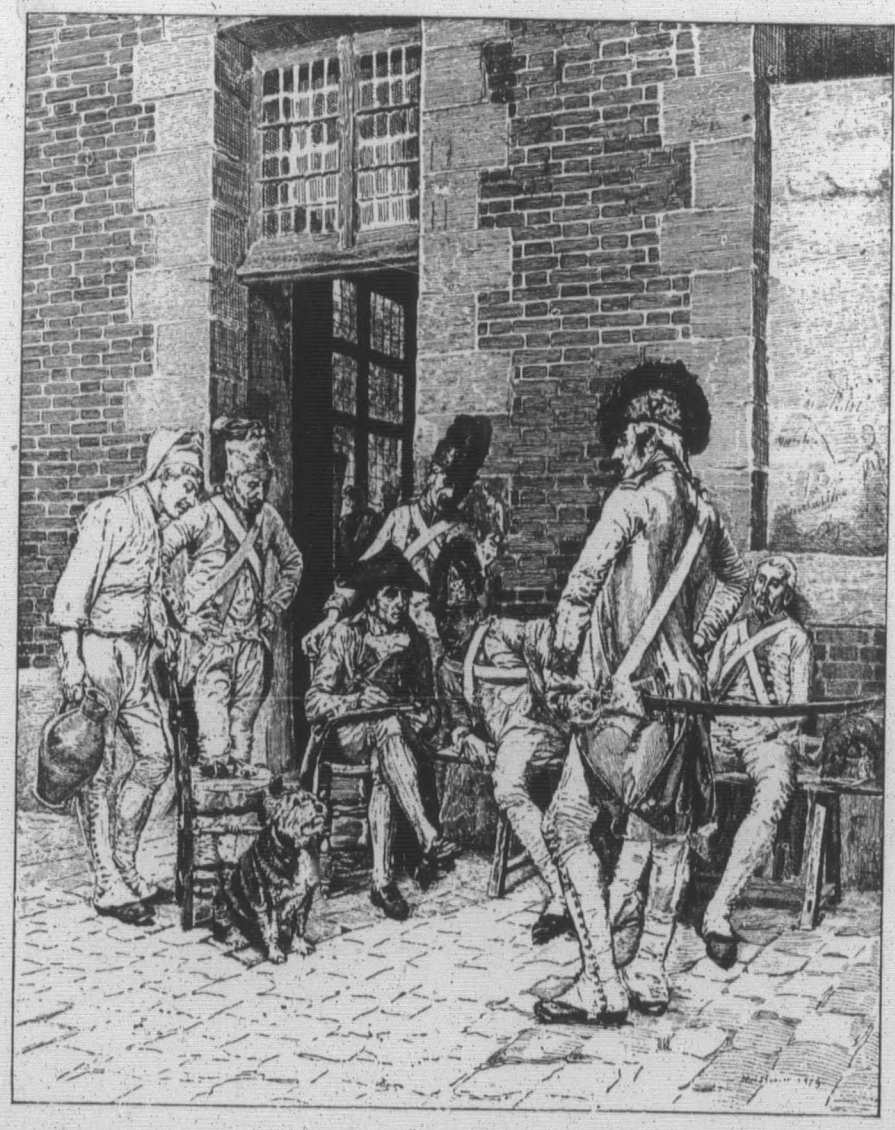
lessons had been. M. Jules Claretie, in writing about Meissonier some years ago, asserted that the young artist remained at Lyons until his nineteenth year, and that his early life was one of poverty and difficulty. There seems to be no other foundation to the latter surmise beyond the fact that his father the *droguiste* was for many years in a small way of business after his arrival in Paris, and that by his industry he at length established himself in easy circumstances. After a brief struggle with his *bourgeois* self-respect, M. Meissonier *père* consented in a half-hearted way to allowing his son to follow the drawing lessons of Jules Potier, an artist whom, with many another "Grands Prix de Rome," posterity has now wholly forgotten. Happily for the young Meissonier, he did not remain long enough with his master to acquire anything he needed to forget in later life. He passed almost as little time with Léon Cogniet, an artist of no small repute, as his ceiling decorations of the Louvre and other works abundantly testify. From his new master Meissonier may have acquired his liking for uniforms and horses and soldiers; but there is little else of the master traceable in the pupil's after-career. It is more probable that his best instructors were his fellow-students, Daubigny, Daumier, Steinheil, Dechaume, Trimolet, and other men who felt that they had their way to make, and that they had heads and hands with which to make it. The encouragement, moreover, which the lad had received from Tony Johannot, the most successful book-illustrator of the day, doubtless went far to remove the *droguiste's* scruples and to facilitate his entry into Cogniet's studio. It was, however, by Trimolet's advice that young Meissonier set himself seriously to study the Flemish and Dutch masters in the Louvre. In the intervals of his copyings he made water-colour sketches, and a little later, in association with Trimolet, he undertook the painting of fans, missals, Scripture cards, and emblems for the booksellers. There is, moreover, a story current that at this time Meissonier in conjunction with Daubigny was supplying the dealers with pictures for exportation at the rate of five francs a mètre. How long he and his friends lived on the proceeds of their work, supplemented by the slender allowance of fifteen francs a month made by his father, it is not necessary to inquire; but the period of his unrecognised labours could not have been long, for his career can be traced by his works from the time he had reached his twentieth year.

MEISSONIER AS A DESIGNER.

THE exact date of Meissonier's earliest work is difficult to fix, and on this point the artist's own memory has failed to put his biographers at one. According to the most received story it was about 1831 or 1832 that the young artist without friends or advisers made his first plunge into the publishing world. Armed with four little sepia drawings he presented himself one day at the shop of a publisher of a children's magazine, and proposed them as illustrations for a fairy tale. The editor, who was a man of sense as well as of taste, admired the drawings but was frightened at the expense which their engraving would have entailed. Meissonier's hour had not yet sounded, and it is not until 1835 that we find him employed at the publishing firm of M. Curmer, and associated with Wattier, Rogier, Deveria, Levasseur, and a number of other rising young men, to provide illustrations for the "Royaument Bible," or, to give the work its full title, "Histoire de l'Ancien and du Nouveau Testament, représentée par des figures, etc. Paris: L. Curmer, 1835." To this collection Meissonier contributed drawings representing 'Holophernes arriving in Judæa,' 'Judith before Holophernes,' and the 'Death of Eleazar.' The engravings were sent to this country to be executed, and the editor's prefatory note deserves to be reproduced in an article destined to bring Meissonier before English readers. "We claim," wrote M. Curmer, "to have erected a monument in honour of wood-engraving; from the wealth here offered it is possible to judge of the resources of this art. We have, however, been forced to have recourse to an English artist to carry out our object."

Without assigning any reason, M. Philippe Burty in his survey of Meissonier's career is disposed to give the first place in point of time to these illustrations of the Royaument Bible. Without doubt they were designed by the artist some time before they were published, and consequently their real date may be fairly assumed to be 1833 or 1834. It seems, however, probable that in the interval between his leaving L. Cogniet's studio and his first appearance at the Salon Meissonier may have worked in a desultory way for any

editor, and have been associated in more than one ephemeral publication. To this earliest period we should be disposed to assign the five little drawings made to illustrate the song of "The Old Bachelor" ("le vieux célibataire"). In the first we have him at his toilet *en déshabillé*, pomatum pot in hand, arranging his moustache, his wig lying on the table beside him; in the next he is at dinner with two of his so-called friends; in the third his housekeeper is "making a scene;" then come the troops of poor relations round his sick-bed, eager for his demise; and, last scene of all, the servants and nurses ransacking the room in which the scarcely cold corpse is lying. In this little series there is a touch of the moralist, which seldom reappears in Meissonier's work, and it is to be regretted that nothing is known of the conditions under which the work was executed.



Portrait of the Sergeant.

Strictly speaking this would be the juncture at which to turn aside from the consideration of Meissonier as a draughtsman and designer, to follow his career as a painter. We propose, however, to follow out the line in which he first attracted notice, before writing upon that in which he rapidly attained distinction. The work for Royaument's Bible brought fresh commissions from M. Curmer, who required designs for head-lines, vignettes, tail-pieces, etc., for his new edition of Bossuet's "Discours sur l'Histoire Universelle," to which he also contributed three large figure-studies of Isaiah, St. Paul, and Charlemagne, subsequently exhibited at the Salon in an enlarged form. About the same time he was engaged in illustrating Lamartine's "Chûte d'un Ange," the Republican's lachrymose tribute to the memory of a deceased queen. In like manner the sentimentalism of Bernardin de Saint-Pierre seems to have had considerable attractions for the painter, the key-note of whose art was a well-balanced common-sense. Those who are desirous of following his career step by step, and of discriminating his work from that of his collaborators, will recognise it by the monogram EM or ME, which for a long period he retained as his distinctive mark. It was, however, by the illustrations to "Paul and Virginia" and the "Chaumière indienne" that attention was first directed to Meissonier as a draughtsman. Perhaps in the love of microscopic description of tropical scenery with which Bernardin de Saint-Pierre's tales abound, the artist found an echo of his own prevailing note; at any rate, the landscape already known as the 'Bay of the Tomb,' and 'Le Docteur Anglais' returned home, and seated in his arm-chair smoking the pipe given to him by his friend the Pariah, at once placed Meissonier in a position in public esteem which each succeeding year was to more strongly accentuate.

These and other of the illustrations with which the volume abounds, moreover, gave evidence of the elaborate care which he was ready to bestow upon whatever he took in hand. The "Jardin des Plantes" on the one hand, and the "Bibliothèque du Louvre" on the other, afforded him sources of constant study. From the one he brought back the ideas of tropical life, and from the other the experiences of travellers and scholars. In the "Chaumière indienne," to which Meissonier contributed more largely than to "Paul and Virginia," he found scope for the display of the humorous side of his talent, and was able to give point and finish to the reminiscences of the "Docteur Anglais," who in his wanderings in the pursuit of truth had found himself in contact with every variety of authority from the Catholic Doctors and the Academicians of Paris to Indian Pandects and Fakeers.

M. Curmer next proposed to avail himself of his young friend's talents in connection with a brilliant collection of studies, "Les Français peints par eux-mêmes," on which Gavarni, Henri Monnier, and Trimolet were the principal artists engaged. Meissonier's contributions to these volumes, although lacking the breadth and individuality of his fellow-workers' drawings,

were remarkable for their versatility and neatness. The tail-piece to the study of the "Artist's Model" is interesting, not only as being a rare instance of Meissonier's treatment of



A Card-Player.

the female figure, but also as a clever shot at the careless indifference of successful artists to the hardships of their models' lives. The vignette to the "Agent de change" shows us at how early a period in his career Meissonier could depict a group, to each member of which he could assign a specific rôle and an individual character. The interior of a stable which serves as a headpiece to the "Sportsman Parisien," whilst indicating the artist's love for horses, is scarcely as successful in point of drawing as some of the other works, as, for instance, the bit of the Seine at Paris, its barges and riverside buildings, in the "Pêcheur à la ligne;" the old book-worm, or "Amateur de livres;" the "Gniaffe," or cobbler; the fiddler or the blind beggar in "Les Pauvres." The second series of "Les Français" was devoted to the provincials, and Meissonier's contributions to these volumes would almost make us fancy that he has had the opportunity of studying life in widely separated districts of his native country. The amphitheatre of Nîmes, shipping quays of Rouen and Le Havre, the iron foundries of Montbrison, the mountain grandeur of La Grande Chartreuse, and Arab life in Algiers are alike reproduced with striking fidelity by our artist, who at that time had probably seldom strayed beyond a few miles outside Paris. The execution of the works for "Les Français" occupied much of Meissonier's time between 1841 and 1843. M. Curmer, about the same time, first brought Meissonier into art relation with the Napoleonic legend. In 1840 the ashes of the hero, whose virtues Victor Hugo, Béranger, and other Republican poets had sung to the people, were brought from St. Helena in *La Belle Poule*, and their arrival in France was marked by a noteworthy outburst of fervour for the Bonapartist cause. The official account of the conveyance of the body from Longwood to the Invalides, although destined by its price for public use, was elaborately got up, and amongst the artists employed were Daubigny and Meissonier. The latter executed a careful and minute study of the entrance to the port of Le Havre, and of the scene on the quays of Rouen as the funeral cortège passed up the Seine.

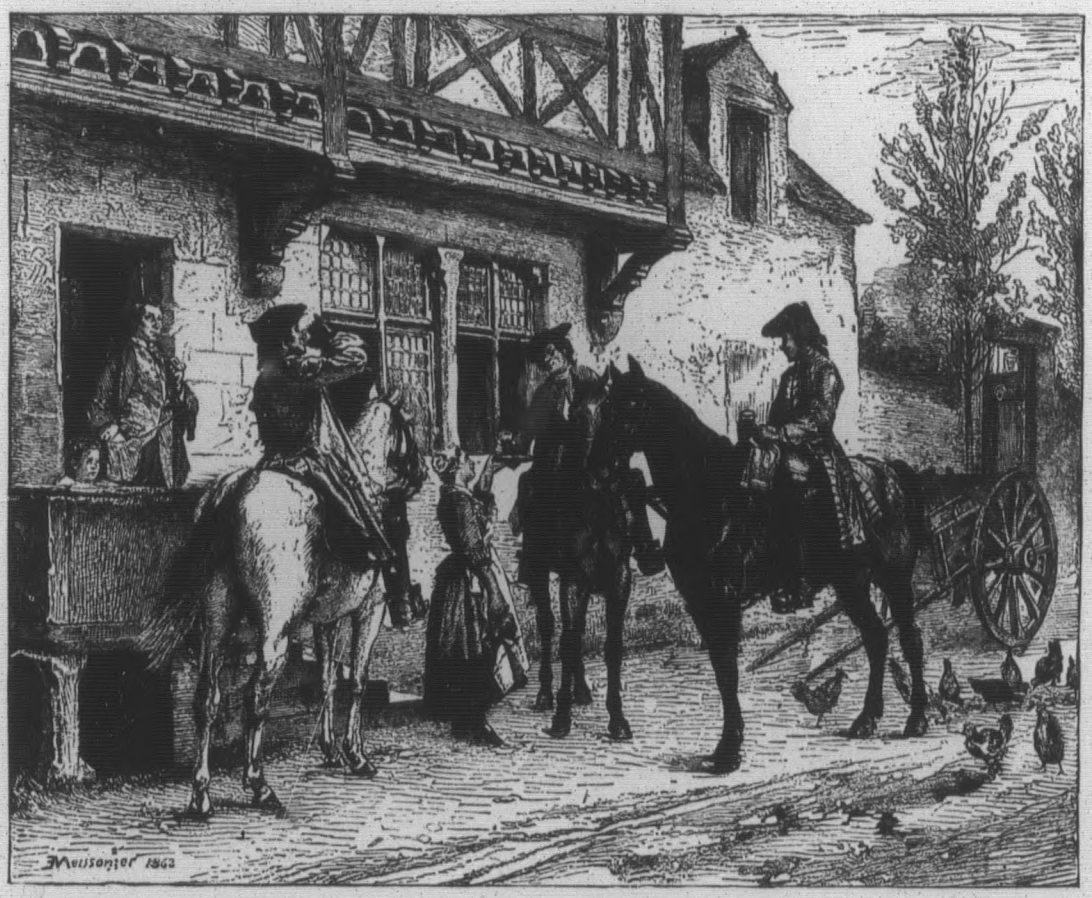
Although by so doing we violate the chronological sequence of our artist's work, it will be convenient to pursue to a close his connection with the publishers and illustrated books. Towards the close of 1845 he seems to have turned his back altogether upon the idyllic literature with which he had associated his pencil. Fénelon's "Ile des Plaisirs" is not the most entrancing work for youthful readers, but it long enjoyed popularity in France as a school prize. Meissonier's illustrations may have rendered the Archbishop of Cambrai's mild "Pastoral" a trifle more attractive, but to what extent the language gave him aid we are not competent to speak, never having seen a copy of the edition. This work, moreover, served to bring Meissonier into business relations with the publishing house of Hetzel, which at that time was taking a very prominent part in improving the quality of popular literature. By this firm our artist was at once (1845) employed to illustrate Stahl's most delightful children's tale, "L'Histoire d'une poupée et d'un soldat de plomb," and its success was such as to attract offers of employment of a similar kind from various quarters. He decided to try his hand on a work in which his careful studies of past century costumes would give him an opportunity of displaying his knowledge as well as his skill. M. Viardot's translation of Mendoza's picanesque novel, "Lazarillo de Tormes," is a fitting introduction to Le Sage's "Gil Blas," for, like it, the former and older work traces in lively style the career of a



A Study. (*From the Artist's Sketch-book.*)

scamp, who made his way in the world, and closed his adventures without being hanged. In this story Meissonier furnished nine humorous and delightful woodcuts, which were engraved

by Lavoignat. Of these the best perhaps is the last of the series, representing Lazarillo making his way to a wine-shop, arm-in-arm with his excellent friends the German troopers who formed part of Charles V.'s retinue. Ten years later Meissonier furnished a few drawings to the complete edition of Balzac's works, published in 1885 by M. Alex. Houssiaux, who completed the work which M. Hetzel had commenced. It would be interesting to know what were the causes which induced Meissonier to break off his connection with this publication. In the careful analysis to which Balzac subjects the motives as well as the acts of his personages, one would have supposed that Meissonier would have had complete sympathy. It is, however, only in the first two volumes of the edition that any of Meissonier's handiwork can be traced, and none of them, except perhaps 'La Femme Abandonnée,' a young woman seated in an arm-chair, exhibit any special effort to convey the writer's deeper meaning. The other Balzac characters upon which our artist tried his pencil include M. Guillaume ("La maison du chat qui pelote"), a typical commercial man of the less noble sort; M. de Fontaine ("Le bal de Sceaux"), that eminently respectable supporter of Church and State; the artist Schinner ("La Bonne");



The Halt. In the Hertford House Gallery.

and the notary Crotat ("La Femme de trente ans"). In each of these there is little beyond the technical skill displayed to attract us, and we may surmise that the work was dropped because the artist found himself so little in harmony with the author.

Meissonier, however, did not wait long before he found himself occupied with a work—Comte de Chevigné's "Contes Rémois"—at which he found himself thoroughly at his ease. These short stories in verse, modelled on those of La Fontaine, but subdued in accordance with the spirit of the time, offered abundant opportunities for the display of qualities of which so far Meissonier had afforded few proofs. We are indebted to Mr. G. Du Maurier, who is the fortunate possessor of a number of proof engravings of the "Contes Rémois," for those which we have selected. Of these perhaps the most humorous is one of which we give an illustration on the next page, called 'Le Prédicateur ennemi de la foule,' where we see a worthy curé fast asleep in his pulpit in the presence of an imposing array of empty seats. The architectural features of the old village church of Poissy in its unrestored state are skilfully rendered.

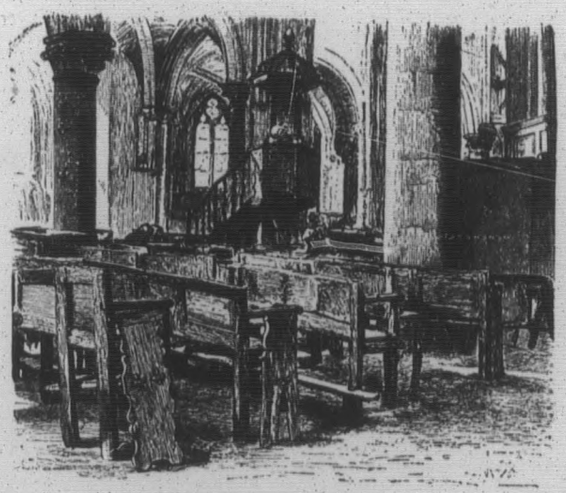
With the "Contes Rémois" Meissonier's career as an illustrator of books was brought to a close. It had extended over a period of thirty years, during which his reputation as a painter had been steadily advancing, and to his career in that character we now turn.

MEISSONIER AS A PAINTER.

WE do not know how frequently before 1834 Meissonier may have tried to get his pictures accepted by the jury of the Salon, for at the outset of his career, in common with eclectics of all times and nations, he was coldly looked upon by the arbiters of Art-destiny. What is more certain is that even after he had obtained an entrance, subsequent works were refused; to be hung, it is true, without demur later on, when his claims were recognised. Meissonier's own recollection of the date of his first appearance before the "Hanging Council" of the Exposition des Beaux-Arts is, moreover, somewhat indecisive of the question; but the most trustworthy of his biographers, M. Philippe Burty, seems to have ascertained to his own satisfaction that it was in a catalogue of the Salon of 1834 that Meissonier's name first appeared. On this occasion he was represented by two pictures—a water-colour drawing of a girl handing a flagon of beer to a soldier, and an oil picture which has been variously entitled 'The Visitors,' 'Les Bourgeois flamands,' and 'Une visite chez le Bourgmestre,' a work thoroughly imbued with Dutch feeling, and executed in the spirit of the old Dutch masters. In a small room with dark background three figures are seated on red leather chairs; they are evidently two visitors to the older man, who, in a black doublet, white ruff and skin, is seated beside a table, on which is a bottle of wine and some glasses. The ease in the attitudes of the three figures in this early work is not less noticeable than the clever arrangement of light and shade, and the gentle protest it seems to make against the master whom he had taken for a model. This most interesting, if not otherwise important work of Meissonier, is now to be found in Sir R. Wallace's gallery, and was amongst those lent by the latter to the Bethnal Green Museum. It naturally shows none of the finish by which the artist's subsequent work was distinguished, and is marked rather by the spirit of Rembrandt than of Terburg in its treatment of light. The water-colour sketch attracted the attention of La Société des Amis des Arts, which each year lays out a certain sum in the acquisition of the works of younger exhibitors at the Salon, and Meissonier's sketch was purchased for one hundred francs.



From the "Contes Rémois."



From the "Contes Rémois."

Another story would have us suppose, that it was the oil painting which was obtained for this insignificant sum, and that it passed into the hands of M. Poturle, at whose death it was purchased by Sir R. Wallace. In the following year, Meissonier was not represented at the Salon. The strife between the contending schools of Art, as of Literature, was then at the highest pitch, and it was felt that he belonged neither to those who allowed their talents to be guided by the tradition of Academic Art, nor to those who gave a free rein to their imagination. Meissonier's temperament, in fact, as much as his taste, kept him aloof from the quarrels of the classicists and romanticists in which his colleagues Delacroix, Decamps, Scheffer, Dupré, Boulanger and others had taken sides. He cared more for Ponsard and Emile Augier than for Victor Hugo and Alfred de Musset—hé painted their portraits and designed dresses for their plays. His favourite dramatists were essentially the representatives of the school of common-sense, striving to hold a middle course between the contending factions. Meissonier's attitude in this struggle is worthy of note, for at no recent period was the literary movement in France more closely mixed up with the artistic, each by turn being subjected to the influences and impulses of the other. If Meissonier did not go the length of some of his colleagues in his appreciation of the romanticists and their full-blooded enthusiasm, he was almost equally removed from the cold classicism of Demarne, Raffet, and Huet. His subjects, it is true, were for a long time limited in range—his thought was too often circumscribed by a narrow circle. He seemed to aim at attaining absolute excellence in a few types, rather than by an ever-widening imagination to bring within the range of his pencil fresh thoughts and ideas. The success, moreover, which from the outset of his career attended his efforts at the same time restricted them. His cavaliers and men-at-arms, his reading-men and drinking-men became so popular that his time was absorbed in providing variations of themes which had struck the popular taste. Nevertheless, Meissonier is never a servile copyist of himself. In the multitude of works bearing similar titles and dealing

with the same characters there is always some suggestion thrown in of the artist's passing mood or of his uppermost thought. It is in this that he differs from, and in the opinion of many, rises above his most distinguished Dutch predecessors, for whilst a figure of Dow or Mieris may catch a happy incident, or literally transcribe a passing event, there is underlying most of Meissonier's simplest figures the suggestion of an untold tale. It may not be one that he who runs may read, but it reveals itself bit by bit to those who, magnifying glass in hand, are content to unravel the artist's delicately concealed thoughts. Another distinguishing feature of Meissonier's work is its thorough reasonableness. When we look at his smokers, his students, his chess-players or his connoisseurs, we can fancy ourselves in a similar position. The costumes are not our costumes, but the thoughts and attitudes and sentiments are those of all time. His picture-dealers and engraving-hunters are not posing for the spectator, or acting the part of lay figures amongst an assemblage of stage properties; they are busy with their own affairs, unconscious alike of the artist or the public.



From the "Contes Rémois."

It was in 1836 that Meissonier, for the first time in public, struck the key-note of his future success. His 'Chess-players' was the first of a series of groups bearing the same title, distinguishable only by the increasing finish he was able to throw into his work. The best known of these is that which passed into the Delessert collection, and represents the interior of a richly-furnished apartment belonging to the middle of the last century. The artist's accurate study of the period he desired to recall is nevertheless subordinated to the central interest of the picture. The subject is a game of chess, and the players rather than their surroundings are brought into prominence. The expression conveyed by the face and attitude of the winning player, who has just made an unforeseen move, is masterly in the extreme. Another 'Partie d'échecs'—which, by the way, Meissonier for many years regarded as his best work—is now in the possession of Mr. Belmont, of New York, and probably, so far as the painting of the interior of the room goes, it is worthy of high place in public esteem; but the expression in the faces of the players falls short of that to be found in other varieties of this theme. To the 'Chess-players' series followed the various groups of gamblers, dice-throwers, piquet-players illustrating various periods of costume from the time of Louis XIII. to the eve of the Revolution, which in a moment swept away the brilliant uniforms, by turn useful and frivolous, transforming into hardy soldiers of the Empire the captains and courtiers in whom Versailles and St. Cloud had formerly delighted. The barrack-room then furnished Meissonier with subjects not less suited to his brush than did the library or the boudoir. Into these earlier groups, of which the scene was laid chiefly in the seventeenth century, he seldom introduced more than five characters, and the 'Soldiers playing Dice,' reproduced on page 10, is typical of this phase of his art. In Sir Richard Wallace's gallery there are two slightly varying treatments of the subject; one, known as the 'Dice-throwers' (painted in 1867) represents three men seated, the other two standing looking on. As in our illustration, the thrower, in yellow doublet and brown hose, is starting back in dismay at his ill-luck, whilst his adversary, who looks as if he were a professional gamester who could correct chance, is stretching out his hand for the box. In the 'Card-players' or 'Gamblers' of Sir R. Wallace's collection, a group painted in 1858, the two players are seated in the front of the picture, whilst the three spectators are standing at a distance round a large fire-place, in which the logs are brightly burning. In another treatment of the same subject, engraved by Le Rat, we have an admirable instance of Meissonier's husbandry of his resources. The members of the party are increased to six, they are grouped in totally different attitudes, but, although the characters are practically identical, and the accessories are but slightly modified, the impression of a completely original picture is conveyed. For example, there can be no denying that the motive of 'The Brothers Van de Velde,' of which we give a steel engraving, had already furnished the basis of 'Les Amateurs de Peinture,' exhibited in 1843, and was the work which fixed the artist in popular favour. In this latter work there are three figures introduced, the artist and his two visitors. One



From the "Contes Rémois."

of these, seated by the easel, is attentively watching the progress of the picture, whilst the other, not less interested, stands behind, leaning over the back of a chair. It will thus be seen that, tested by the strict definition of genre painting, every work from Meissonier's easel may fairly lay claim to originality. Each tells its own story with absolute completeness, and not seldom in a different way. He has no need of half-a-dozen scenes to illustrate the life of the gambler, the career of the toper, or the struggles of the student. In one little canvas a few inches square, by his consummate skill, which if not actual genius, is closely akin thereto, he can bring vividly before the spectator's eye the past, the present, and the future of his characters. In his single figures, of which we have selected our examples almost at random amongst the numerous varieties of each type, 'The Smoker,' which dates from 1848, or the 'Man Reading,' both etched by Rajon, are as complete as an essay by Steele or Addison from the old *Spectator*. Will Whimble might have sat for the former, and Sir Roger de Coverley, grown old and studious, for the latter. Meissonier's men-at-arms, his officers of the guard, his courtiers tell their stories of endurance, of adventure and of gallantry as skilfully and as thoroughly as Scott or Dumas. At every turn we come across types to whom we can fit our notions of the



Soldiers playing Dice. (*See page* 9.)

various heroes of romance from Quentin Durward to d'Artagnan. But with the heroines of fiction or of real life he has no sympathy. Nothing is, perhaps, more striking in Art, especially in French Art, than Meissonier's 'Misogynism,' for we can give no other term to his avoidance of female subjects. Here and there are a few works, especially amongst his earlier rural and wayside scenes, in which the girl from the village inn or hospitable farm is seen handing refreshment to the huntsmen or the travellers—and one of his very earliest exhibited works was a water-colour study of a serving-maid bringing beer for a thirsty traveller; but such departures from his general habit are few, and they became rarer as time went on, and the artist realised the limitation of his powers. For this reason the so-called 'Decameron' in the possession of Sir R. Wallace, is of such priceless value. It is an absolute contradiction to those who would hint that Meissonier is unable to convey grace of form or beauty of face. Nothing can well be more dainty than this scene, into which the artist has contrived to introduce portraits of some of his friends without doing violence to the spirit of Boccaccio's story. Of all the works of his earlier period it is the most crowded, and if not the most carefully finished, it is all the more a truthful rendering of an out-door Watteau-like gathering of handsome men and comely women under an Italian sky. This fidelity to local colour had from the outset of his career been one of Meissonier's leading characteristics. In his illustrations of

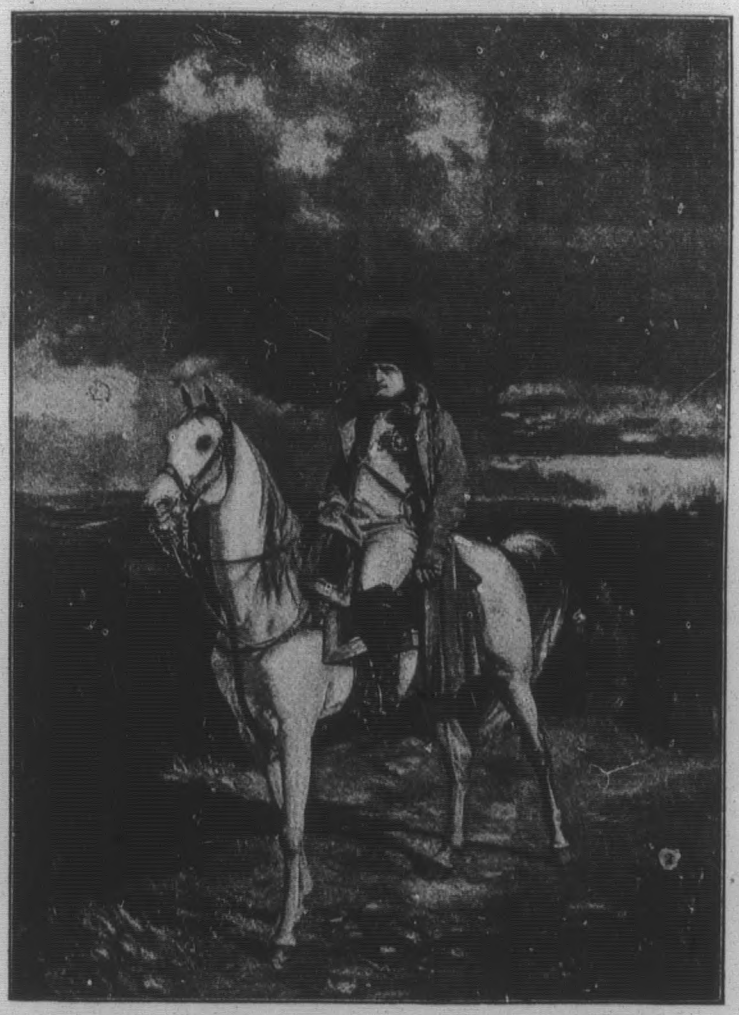


J. L. MEISSONIER, H.R.A. PINXT

DESCLAUX. SCULPT

THE BROTHERS VAN DE VELDE.

the "Chaumière indienne," and their subsequent elaborations into finished pictures, the accuracy with which he depicted the richness and marvels of tropical vegetation surprised every one, whilst it established once for all his point of departure from his Dutch masters. In his wayside scenes, which for the most part are gay with huntsmen or soldiers in gay uniforms, the horses and their riders, although forming the central points of interest, are not treated with less care and truthfulness than the landscape. In the 'Travellers halting' (1865) of the Wallace collection, looking up a long avenue of trees, the bright sunlight gleaming through the branches and falling on the back of one of the horsemen, is rendered with a fidelity which no effort of memory could explain; whilst the suffused light in 'Dimanche' (1850), 'Les joueurs de boules' (1854), and many similar works proves that to work in the open air and to seize with unerring eye and hand the most transient atmospheric effects, is to him as easy as to paint in the half-shadows and artificial lights of his studio. There is, moreover, in nearly all Meissonier's work, whether of groups or single figures, a noticeable peculiarity, which should be remembered—all his characters are in absolute repose, or at least in suspended movement. The only important exception in them that we can recall is the famous 'La Rixe,' which, painted in 1854, was hanging in the Salon on the occasion of the late Prince Consort's visit to Paris in 1855. The Emperor Napoleon at once realised the impression made by the picture upon his guest. He hastened to purchase it of the artist for twenty thousand francs, and to present it to his visitor, and it now hangs at Osborne House, a valuable *souvenir*, although somewhat inappropriately commemorating the *entente cordiale* of the two nations. As we give as the frontispiece a reproduction of this picture, 'La Rixe,' it is unnecessary to describe the vigorous group at length. It has been engraved, first in 1866, and more recently by Braquemond.



Napoleon I.

It is time, however, to pass on to notice other phases of Meissonier's art; but before touching upon that in which he has shown the greatest resource and versatility, we may here refer to one of the works which seems to stand somewhat apart. One of them, 'Un Souvenir de la Guerre Civile,' painted probably during or soon after the troublous days of 1848, would seem to suggest that Meissonier was more susceptible of political emotion than his companions imagined. This little canvas, only a few inches square, represents a barricade at the entrance of one of those streets (said to be the Rue de la Mortellerie) of old Paris which the Empire justly regarded as the strongholds of popular discontent. The soldiers have forced their way over the barricade, the dark street into which the eye penetrates is silent as the tomb, not a single window is open, not a trace of life appears, though corpses lie thick on the broken-down barricade. Just in the foreground is an old shoe lately worn, down at heel, eloquent of the wearer's miserable condition. Yesterday it seemed to him easier and perhaps nobler to fall fighting for freedom than to die of starvation in the gutter, but to-day, in face of the soldiery, and in sight of trials greater than his own, he has realised the truth of the saying, "Plutôt souffrir que de mourir," and has fled with the rest, leaving his old shoe behind him. Exhibited in 1851, when the rising tide of Imperialism was beginning to flow, the subject of the picture stood in the way of its success as a work of Art, and it subsequently crossed the frontier to Brussels, where it is now to be found in the Salon of Madame Van Praet, and our artist indulged in no more reminiscences of street-fighting. It is, however, said that he made a replica of this work which he called 'La Barricade,' and for some years remained in his studio. The story goes that this picture was given by the artist to his friend and colleague Delacroix. On the sale of the latter's pictures it was bought for 3,600 francs by M. Steinheil, Meissonier's brother-in-law, and by him offered to M. Reiset for the gallery of the Luxembourg, but for unexplained reasons was declined; and the picture was subsequently resold for 6,000 francs. Inasmuch, however, as the name of the present possessor of this so-called replica is unknown, and as there was abundance of time for original work to pass through similar stages before reaching the hands of M. Van Praet, there is no reason for supposing that Meissonier ever painted more than one souvenir of 1848. At any rate Meissonier was not an "Irreconcilable," for he speedily rallied, as an artist at least, to the Second Empire. On the

breaking out of the war in Italy, he without difficulty obtained permission to accompany the staff of the French army as painter in ordinary, and was well received at head-quarters. He had previously been qualifying for this change of style from genre, simple and subjective, to the higher level of historical genre, by reading M. Thiers' history of the campaigns of the First Empire, and by the not less careful study of the anatomy of the horse, and some of his pencil drawings made about this time are given, in order to show how conscientious was his work. As early as 1851 he had exhibited the 'Troupe en Marche,' a long line of horsemen dressed in picturesque Louis XIII. costumes, straggling over the rising ground; but the limits of the panel scarcely gave a fair idea of the artist's power in producing the effect of crowded soldiery. His Italian campaign was to open up to Meissonier new fields of fame, and fresh though bloodless triumphs. 'Solferino' was, at the time of its production (1860), a large canvas for Meissonier to work upon. It measured at least twelve inches by eight; but in this space the artist managed to introduce a likeness of the Emperor (Napoleon III.) which the most fastidious admit to be excellent, and at the same time to convey an idea of the battle-field extended at his feet. On a slight eminence, a few yards in advance of his staff, the Emperor is studying through a glass the scene around him. His horse, beyond pricking his ears at the sound of the distant cannon, shares the impassibility of his rider; but the orderlies and officers around scarcely show the same coolness, men and beasts seem alike eager to plunge into the fray, and are anxiously waiting for the commands of the silent, bent figure before them. A few steps behind the staff, Meissonier has introduced his own portrait, to show that he was present at the scene and can attest to its actual truth, whilst in the corner of the picture the bodies of Austrian soldiers, recognised by their white coats, show that a short time before the battle was raging on the spot the victors have now occupied. 'Solferino,' in the eyes of many competent critics, marked the culminating point of Meissonier's powers, and few even of his friends anticipated that he would, without danger to his reputation, attempt to revive with any suggestion of historical accuracy the battle-fields of a former generation.



Le Vin du Pasteur.

Up to this period he had given no sign of the direction in which his thoughts were working, when he suddenly broke upon the artistic world with the first of a series of pictures by which he has illustrated the "Napoleonic cycle." He was indeed known to have been heaping up innumerable cast-off uniforms of the old Imperial Guard, and to have ransacked the Rue du Temple for every military relic of the days of the Consulate and of the First Empire, but his friends paid no special attention to the indulgence of a taste which had grown with the means of gratifying it. In his early school days, too, he had doubtless often frequented the well-known haunts of the Paris *fripiers* which lay round his home and school, and had made himself familiar with many of the cast-off uniforms to which he was afterwards to give a new lustre. In some slight sketches, moreover, dating from the time he first set to work on 'Solferino,' or perhaps even earlier, we can trace a growing tendency to put forward the military side of French life, although possibly it may have been held in check by political convictions. His studies of sentries and outposts, his pictures of orderly officers and of foraging parties, of which we give some illustrations, owed much of their picturesqueness to the costumes of the Imperial Guard, and by degrees he seems to have been tempted to blend the strangely diversified materials into a harmonious whole. This seems to be the most reasonable explanation of his inversion of history. Unlike the historian or the novelist, he began his work with the *dénouement*. The first of the three great pictures illustrative of the Napoleonic story was that entitled '1814,' exhibited in 1864 under the title of 'Campagne de France' (see illustration opposite); subsequent writers, regardless of the date assigned, have associated it with the 'Campagne de Russie,' and the retreat from Moscow. It matters little, however, whether the snow-covered plains are those of Champagne or Wilna. The Grand Army has been forced to retire; Napoleon on his white horse, followed by his staff, is slowly retreating before his enemies. The deep-ploughed snow-ruts show that along that road his troops have been moving for many hours; but it is only when he recognises the uselessness of further resistance that the Emperor has turned his back upon his pursuers. In the background the seried lines of his troops seem to lose themselves in the distance; but upon the whole mass, as well as upon each individual figure, is impressed the sentiment of defeat, discouragement, and despair. Immediately behind the Emperor comes Marshal Ney, then Berthier, asleep in his saddle, utterly worn out, M. de Flahaut, Generals Drouot, Gourgand, etc. His 'Cuirassiers,' otherwise known as '1805' (1871), serves as the starting-point of



CAMPAGNE DE FRANCE. 1814. (*See page* 12.)

his illustrations of the Napoleonic legend, although the last to be painted. A regiment of cavalry is advancing regularly in line, the signal to charge has not yet been sounded; the Emperor is not distinguishable from his staff, which is placed on a slight eminence in the background. To the left the "Guides," with their pelisses flying in the air, are galloping forward to feel for the enemy, barely distinguishable in the distance; in the centre the infantry is massed awaiting orders; on the right the artillery is just about to open fire on the valley below, where a few wreaths of smoke are all that suggest the terrible scene about to be enacted. This picture, which was sold for an enormous sum—according to some authorities for 400,000 francs—went, like so many others of Meissonier's productions, to the United States, where, in a fire at New York, it was burnt in the store-room in which it had been temporarily deposited. In the third picture of the series, 'Friedland,' or '1807,' we have the triumphant defiling of the cavalry of the Guard before the Emperor, who in this picture occupies the central spot. The scene is bright, in spite of the barren stretch of land over which war in its most desolating shape has recently passed. Grouped around the Emperor are Bessières, Duroc, and Berthier; whilst just behind him General Nansouty is awaiting orders to advance the "Vieille Garde," of which the tall bearskins and white breeches are conspicuous on the left of the picture. Meissonier is said to have spent no less than fifteen years of labour on this picture: and it is easy to credit this statement in presence of the sixty-seven sketches made for it which were displayed at the collective exhibition of his works. Mr. Stewart, of New York, ultimately became its purchaser for 300,000 francs (£12,000). To these three important works should be added 'Moreau and Dessoles' (1876) on the morning of the battle of Hohenlinden, when still "all bloodless lay the untrodden snow," surveying the scene of the coming engagement from a rock under some trees. We can only refer incidentally to a number of smaller works, in which the motives of one or other of the three more important ones were introduced with slight variations of costume and surroundings; of these the most noteworthy were 'A Cavalry Charge' (1869), purchased by Mr. Probosco, of Cincinnati; 'Marshal Saxe and his Staff' (also in the United States); 'General Desaix à l'Armée du Rhin' (1867), and one or two others.

Like most of his confrères, Meissonier on various occasions has turned his hand to portrait painting. In many of his early pictures his friends and relations furnished him with models; and not a few of the well-known names in Paris life during the monarchy of July might be attached to personages Meissonier introduced anonymously into his works. A reference to these will be found in the catalogue of his collected works appended to this notice. His first portraits—described as such—so far as we can trace, were those of his wife and daughter, taken sitting in his studio at Poissy. There is nothing very striking in either the colouring or pose of the two figures, which were painted in 1854; but they bear the mark of being unmistakable, although somewhat prosaic likenesses. Amongst his other more noteworthy and successful portraits may be mentioned those of M. Alexandre Batta (1857), the Dutch violinist for so many years domiciled in Paris; La Baronne Thénard (1859), a pretty fair-haired woman, the daughter-in-law of the celebrated chemist and *savant* ennobled by Louis-Philippe; his son Charles in fancy costume of the period of Louis XIII., standing under a clump of trees (1864); Alexandre Dumas the younger (1867); M. Delahante and M. Thiers (1877), taken after his death; and M. Hetzel the publisher (1879). To these, however, must be added his portrait of Mrs. Mackay, the wife of the American millionaire, which was exhibited some two or three years ago in the Salon. The verdict of the critics and of the public was distinctly favourable, although doubtless it displayed that sharp accentuation of feature which, whilst giving character to a man's face, is opposed to the softness of a woman's. In that slight but interesting portrait of Colonel Félix Massue which is to be seen in Sir R. Wallace's gallery, one realises at once the excellence and weakness of Meissonier's portrait painting. The weatherbeaten soldier, in his green undress coat and with his wrinkled forehead, is almost photographic in its rendering of every detail; but it is at the same time absolutely wanting in those ideal qualities which give interest to the person. Some such deficiency may have marked the portrait of Mrs. Mackay, for when the artist brought it home, and received his promised honorarium (90,000 francs), the lady cut the canvas into strips and threw them into the fire. Evidently she had not read of Cromwell's instructions to Lely, or was unable to affect the easy *nonchalance* of Charles II. in presence of Riley's portrait of the royal but "scurvy" countenance.

It is, however, unfair to suppose Meissonier incapable of portraying, and often very gracefully, the female figure. In the majority of his works, it is true, the woman is altogether absent or plays a subordinate part in the background, bringing wine or beer to jovial horsemen or weary foot travellers. In one picture too, one of his earlier ones, 'Le Baiser d'Adieu' (1855), the lady more than divides the interest of the scene. Two lovers who have had a stolen interview outside the park walls are about to part perhaps for ever; the moment of separation has arrived, and in both figures passionate affection mingled with dismal forebodings is powerfully rendered. Still more noteworthy, and still less known, is a small picture, perhaps the only one in which Meissonier has ever treated the nude figure. It was exhibited in the collected exhibition of Meissonier's works in the Rue de Sèze, in 1884, where it was the object of much interest. In the catalogue it was simply described as 'L'Affaire Clémenceau.' The manner in which it came to be painted is worth relating. When Alexandre Dumas published in 1866 his well-known novel bearing that title, a hundred large paper copies were struck off for amateurs; one of these the author reserved for himself, and subsequently cut it up into separate pages, sending one page to each of the artists with whom he was on most friendly terms. Each answered the friendly challenge, Boulanger contributed a frontispiece, Victor Gérard the scene in Cimetière Montmartre, and so on. To Meissonier had been sent the page describing Clémenceau placed for the first time before his model, Mariette, who, standing on the couch, asks him how he wishes her to pose. The constraint of the artist before his modelling clay, as contrasted with the absolute simplicity of the model, is well conveyed, and although there is something heavy in the lines of Mariette's body, the form of the arm folded behind the head and the partial veiling of the face behind the arm are skilfully executed. In making his selection, if Meissonier was allowed any choice, his memory may have carried him back to the charming little sketch of 'Le Modèle,' in that case draped, and sitting to a painter not to a sculptor, which Meissonier had drawn at the very outset of his career for Curmer's edition of "Les Français," to which reference has already been made. If, however, the female

figure seems to have had but rarely inspired Meissonier's pencil, the grotesque varieties of Polichinelle seem to have attracted the artist from an early period. There are at least a dozen "treatments" of this quaint character—sometimes represented as a wooden doll, with human expression, at others as an animated being with body and mind alike awry. One of the earliest of the series was, it is said, painted by Meissonier as a joke upon the door in a friend's house. On the death of the father it was offered for sale, and purchased by Sir Richard Wallace, in whose gallery it is now to be seen. It is, from the ordinary standard of Meissonier's work, a large picture, containing the single figure in which the human or wooden elements are so cleverly mingled that it is difficult to decide whether "Polichinelle" be really man or marionette. The date, however, on the panel is 1860, and it is therefore subsequent to a similar figure holding a stick now in the possession of Madame Cottier; but the subject seems to have retained a strong hold upon Meissonier's imagination, for we find him repeating it down to the latest times, an excellent and highly-finished specimen having been exhibited only last year at the Hanover Gallery.

Enough has been said to give an idea of the position occupied by Meissonier amongst contemporary painters of *genre*. His keen powers of observation, his careful study of the "externals," by which successive periods of history are distinguishable, are not less remarkable than his delicacy of touch and the breadth of his most minute pictures. Théophile Gautier, who, on first condescending to notice Meissonier's exhibited works, dismissed them as "des dessus de tabatières," was at length brought to admit the surprising skill with which the artist obtained almost marvellous results from slight materials. Under his hand every accessory, no matter how trifling, from the fire-screen to the window drapery, combines to tell the story which centres in the figure or group. In one of his most celebrated pictures, 'La Lecture chez Diderot,' we have a clearer representation of "philosophic society" in the eighteenth century than we can obtain by careful reading or study. We seem to recognise Grimm, d'Holbach, d'Alembert, and others, as they assemble in Diderot's library to listen to the reading of the next article for the "Encyclopédie" or to discuss the subject of a new pamphlet in defence of free thought. In this picture the note of "lettered ease" is as strong as the note of dilettantism is apparent, when Meissonier transports us to the libraries of engraving collectors, or makes us visit as amateurs the studios of fashionable artists.



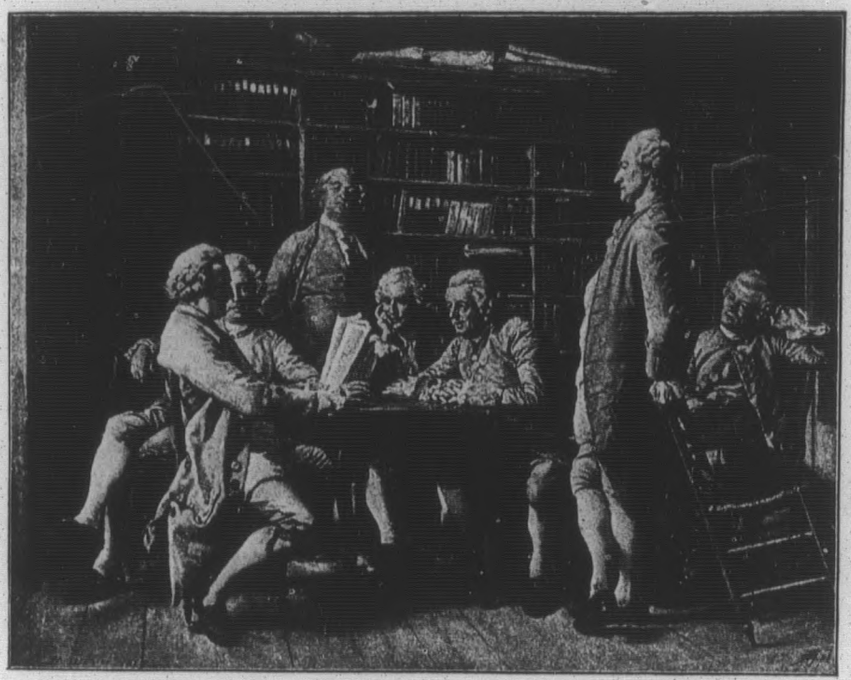
Confidences.

But *genre*-painting has not always and at all times occupied Meissonier's attention. We have already alluded to a few works which decidedly lie outside both the domestic and the historical varieties of this style; and although his future fame will rest, as does his present pre-eminence, upon these two phases of his art, there are still some few works which deserve a passing word.

It is perhaps hardly necessary to refer to his two early renderings of St. Paul and Isaiah, which were merely elaborations in oil of the designs for Curmer's Bible. These, with a figure of Charlemagne, were perhaps the nearest approaches to "Le Grand Art" which Meissonier ever made. He had the sense to see at once that his strength did not lie in that direction, and by the advice of his friends abandoned academic studies for ever. In the gallery at Versailles, however, are to be found four portraits copied from the originals by Meissonier in his earlier days. Many artists who subsequently became famous have contributed to this collection, which attracts far less notice than it deserves. The portraits executed by Meissonier are those of Marguerite de Lorraine, Duchesse d'Alençon; Louise de Savoie, Duchesse d'Angoulême; Christian II., King of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden; and Antoine Perrenot, Cardinal de Granville, who in Mr. Motley's "History of the United Netherlands" is represented less favourably that on the walls of the Versailles gallery. At a subsequent period (1845), Meissonier was to be found working in company with Français, a landscape painter, and introduced the figures into one of that artist's most successful works, 'Le Parc de St. Cloud.' He is also credited on more than one occasion with having helped others in like manner with their works, but the secret of his co-operation has been faithfully kept by him and them.

The various groups of Bravos, one of which is to be found in Sir R. Wallace's Gallery, have generally been executed on a larger scale than Meissonier's works, and it has been suggested by some writers that at one time, when under the more direct influence of Eugène Délacroix, Meissonier had in view an invasion of the field of historical painting. The mood, however, passed away, or the public preferred the smaller panels with which the artist had first taken up his place in the hierarchy of painters. It is difficult, nevertheless, to define

exactly the tendency of Meissonier's taste by his recently exhibited work. The subjects which interested him in early life are still treated again and again with an accuracy and deftness of which time has not robbed his hand. Occasionally, as in 'Un Voyageur,' now in the possession of M. Georges Petit, and in the still more important and more recent work, 'Le Postillon' (of which, through the courtesy of Messrs. Hollender and Cremetti, we are able to give an engraving), there are symptoms of more imagination than is to be found in the artist's earlier works. The former gives the front view of a horseman enveloped in his cloak, making his toilsome way along a deeply-rutted road, which the storm still blackening the sky has deluged with rain; there is a sense of loneliness and despondency thrown into the figure of the man, who with bent head and tight-drawn cloak is pushing his way through a desolate country, whilst the black outlines of the trees in the background harmonize with murky and threatening clouds overhead. In the 'Postillon,' on the other hand, all is genial and happy; the "jolly post-boy" of mature years has perhaps just taken a newly-married couple on their first stage in life's journey. He has received a liberal *pourboire*, and is now skilfully lighting his pipe as he quietly trots back along the level road skirting the Seine, beyond which the carefully cultivated hill-side has caught the subdued light of the setting sun. In this work, which is large in its proportions compared with most of Meissonier's works, we seem to catch, apart from the humour of the subject, an insight into his love for horses and for open air. For both, as may be gathered from a study of his works, he had shown even in his earliest days a strong sympathy; but he had apparently allowed himself to be guided by public taste, as much as by his own temperament, to devote himself to figure-painting and interiors.



La Lecture chez Diderot.

MEISSONIER'S BIOGRAPHY.

APART from his career as an artist, Meissonier may be said to have no life to which the public can claim to be admitted. His proverbial shyness and diffidence in everything outside his art have been stumbling-blocks to the majority of his self-constituted biographers, and explain in some measure their frequently antagonistic statements. It is said that when on one occasion M. Emile Bergerat called upon Meissonier to ask him for some details respecting his early life, the artist's sufferings were so obvious and painful to witness, that the "interviewer" was forced to desist. There are, however, certain incidents connected with his career to which reference may be made without overstepping those bounds which Meissonier's delicacy has prescribed.

Of his early life we have already spoken. Doubtless, like many of his contemporaries and fellow-students, he had to go through many little troubles; and he had to pass the *quart d'heure de Rabelais*, which he so feelingly represented in one of his earlier sketches ("Contes Rémois"), more than once. Although, as has been already suggested, it was Tony Johannot who first indicated to Meissonier the way to turn his talents to profitable use, it seems not impossible that the two artists who intellectually influenced Meissonier more than any others, Chenavard his fellow-townsman, and Steinheil, an Alsatian, were men with whose artistic work he had least in common. Chenavard, to whom his native city has just raised a statue, is best known by his decoration of the Pantheon, and his huge picture in the Luxembourg, 'La fin des religions,' exhibited in the Salon in 1869. Steinheil's work in like manner was chiefly decorative. Of the same age as Meissonier, he made his first appearance at the Salon two years later, and is best known by his decoration of the walls of the Sainte Chapelle at Paris, and by the painted windows of Strasburg Cathedral, which were in part restored and in part decorated after his designs and under his superintendence. For some years it is more than probable that Meissonier retained some sort of studio at Paris, in the neighbourhood of his old home. In an amusing farcical figure of an 'Incroyable' of the period of the Directory (painted in 1858), it is possible to read on the placards on the walls against which he is standing, "On demande un apprenti chez le citoyen Meissonier, peintre, Rue de l'Homme armé," a little street hard by the Rue des Ecouffes. But long before



'1807.' (*See page* 14.)

this we know that he had already established himself at Poissy, to which delightful spot, on the confines of the forest of St. Germain, he had from his earliest days been attached. In the bright and sunny picture entitled 'Le Dimanche,' the church spire of Poissy is clearly recognisable, and five years later the portraits of his wife and daughter were taken in his studio at his country house, and by this time his daughter was already grown up.

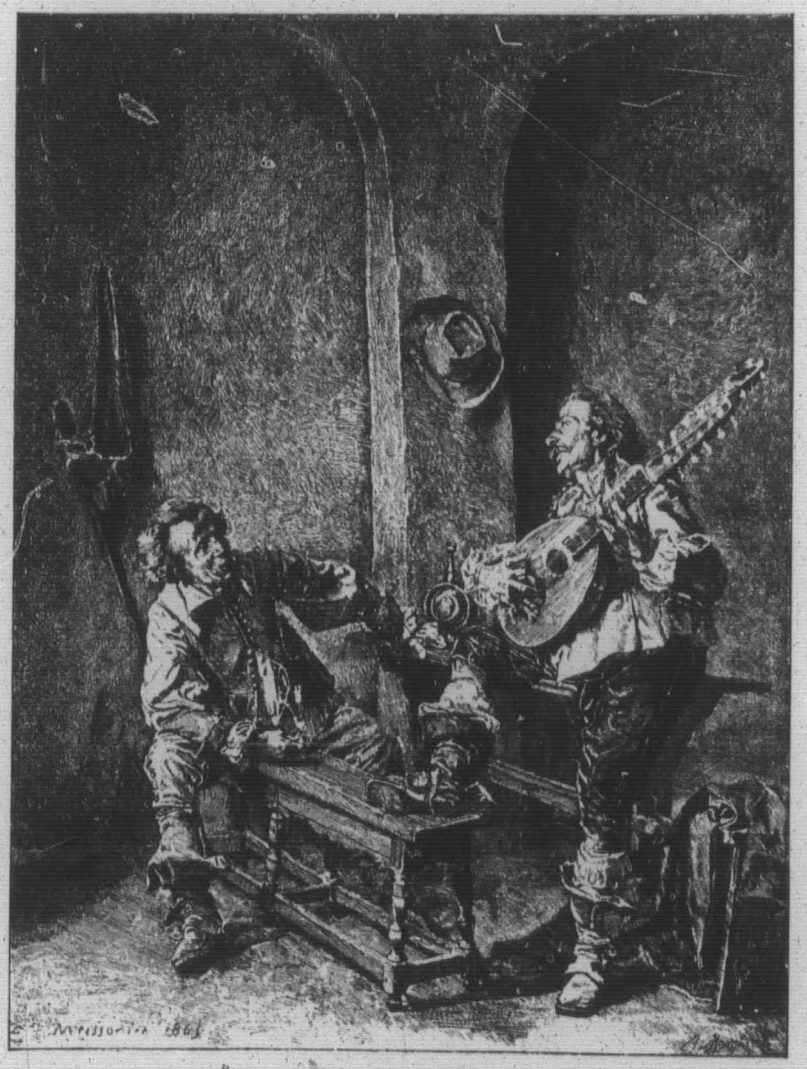
Meissonier's early marriage in 1838 to the sister of his friend Steinheil would seem to prove that even at that early period fortune was smiling upon him. In fact his career was as rapid as it was prosperous. Six years after his first work had been hung in the Salon, he obtained (1840) a medal of the third-class, the following year one of the second-class, and a first-class medal in 1843, and again in 1848. At the Exposition Universelle of 1855 he received a grande médaille d'honneur. On this occasion he selected as typical works of his talent only four pictures, of which the value has been but little eclipsed by his subsequent successes. These were 'La Rixe,' 'Les Bravi,' 'La Lecture chez Diderot,' and 'Les Joueurs de Boules.' In 1862 he was first made known to the English public at large. To the International Exhibition held in that year at South Kensington he sent four pictures—the single figure of Napoleon I. (of which an engraving is to be found on page 11), 'The Bravos,' belonging to the Comte de Morny, and two works which in the official catalogue were described as 'The Student' and 'Breakfast,' bits of which had been painted as early as 1852. It is perhaps not surprising that on this occasion Meissonier's work, overshadowed as it was by some of his greater contemporaries, attracted but slight notice from either English critics or the English public, although Plassan (his pupil) and Trayer, whose work had only an ephemeral success, were cited as representatives of the school of French *genre* painting. A few years later, however, Meissonier's claim to public recognition was fully admitted by our countrymen, and he received the rarely accorded distinction of being elected as an Honorary Royal Academician. In 1867, when he again obtained a grande médaille d'honneur at the Universal Exposition, Meissonier was represented by fourteen works, all of which, with the exception of 'La Lecture chez Diderot,' had been painted in the interval between the two International Exhibitions held at Paris. At the Vienna Exhibition of 1873, where he carried off the highest distinction awarded to foreign artists, he was represented by seven pictures, including 'Solferino,' the two Napoleonic episodes, '1807 and 1814,' two of his happiest open-air studies, 'La Partie de Boules' and 'La Route de la



Sketch for figure in '1807.' (*Engraving of original picture on page* 17.)

Salice;' 'two military scenes, 'Au Tournebride' and 'Petit Poste de Grand'garde;' and one guardroom scene, 'La Partie de cartes.' In 1878 another International Exhibition at Paris brought Meissonier's work into still greater prominence. On this occasion the end of one of the galleries was specially reserved for Meissonier, a like distinction having in previous exhibitions been accorded to Ingres and Delacroix. Unfortunately, he caused the wall, which was coloured in terra-cotta, to be gilded; but this eccentricity, which spoilt much of the effect of his pictures, in no wise lessened their popularity. He had by this time, however, exhausted all the favours which it was in the power of his brother artists to bestow, and in the distribution of honours stood aside in favour of his less fortunate colleagues.

In addition to these purely Art distinctions he was made in 1846 Chevalier, and in 1856 Officier of the Légion d'Honneur. Although the title of Imperial historiographer was unrecognised at the Tuileries, the Emperor was probably not averse to the idea of having his military exploits depicted in a way which might attract notice from future generations. It was, therefore, with little difficulty that, on the breaking out of the war in Italy, Meissonier obtained permission from the Emperor to accompany the French army, and he was thus enabled to be present with the staff during the battle of Solferino, a privilege of which, as we have seen, he made full use. Fourteen years later, when another great war threatened the frontier, his experiences were less pleasant. At the first symptom of hostilities in 1870, he set off to join the headquarters of the army of the Rhine, where he was cordially received by his military friends. The hopeful prospects of the campaign, however, were soon clouded; the disasters of Spicheren, Worth and Reichshoffen were followed by the advance of the German troops into Lorraine; and in presence of the realities of the situation, and of the dangers which were fast closing round Metz, Meissonier was urged to get back to Paris as quickly as possible. His friends did what they could to insure his safety, but it did not prevent him from being twice arrested on the road by his own countrymen as a spy. After some delay he reached Poissy in safety, but as soon as the danger of Paris being invested became apparent, he returned to his town house to discharge his duties as a citizen in the hour of danger and distress. During the siege he took an active part in organizing the corps of artists, who were conspicuous for their bravery and devotion on many occasions, and especially in that terrible and useless struggle at Buzenval, which cost Regnault his life, and deprived France of one of her most gifted sons. Meissonier throughout this period was colonel attached to the staff, having under his immediate orders J. L. Brown and Manet, the impressionists. There is, however, no record of his having been actually engaged in any of the sorties or skirmishes by which the monotony of the siege was from time to time broken. On the conclusion of peace he is reported to have asked the Government of National Defence to entrust him with a prefecture, and it is by no means impossible that he would have acquitted himself with credit, for it is said that he never is so happy, not even in his studio, as when exercising the functions of mayor of his little village of Poissy. Although he had on the fall of the Empire unhesitatingly rallied to the Republic, he had so little sympathy with the more advanced section of "patriots," that when, in 1873, Courbet (whose name had been connected with the destruction of the column in the Place Vendôme) sent in his pictures for exhibition at the Salon, Meissonier, as one of the jury, strongly opposed their admission.



The Guitar-Player.

Another distinction which he appreciated was his election in 1861 to the Institut, where he succeeded in the twelfth *fauteuil* Abel de Pujol, whose 'Renaissance des Arts' ornamented the ceiling of the library of the Tuileries, destroyed in 1871. Pujol had succeeded Baron Gros in 1835, so that the twelfth *fauteuil* will have been worthily occupied throughout the greater part of the nineteenth century.

In person Meissonier is not taller than M. Thiers, but he is less strongly built, his large head and broad shoulders being supported by short and slender legs. His bushy beard and whiskers give him a fierceness wholly belied by his gentleness of manner and by his shyness in the presence of strangers.

The greater part of the year he passes in his country-house

at Poissy, the additions and embellishments of which mark the progressive stages of his successful life. Immunity from municipal restrictions has allowed the artist to give free scope to his fancy in the exterior of his country quarters, and seems to have led him back to the style of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Judged by any strict standard, Meissonier's architectural designs might be open to criticism; but the general effect is pleasing, and the arrangements suggest that next to his pictures his horses occupy his thoughts, for his stables vie with his studios in completeness and comfort. Both, however, are for him workshops, for although now over seventy years of age, he will devote hours of his time to the study of the anatomy of the horse, with as much energy as if he were only starting on his career in life.

In Paris, his magnificent house at the corner of the Avenue de Villers and the Boulevard Malesherbes, of which a sketch is given at page 25, is in many respects a duplicate of the house at Poissy, the studios and the stables in both being the most important features. Externally it differs, especially in the space it covers, from most of its neighbours; and in ornamentation the Paris house even exceeds the costly magnificence of his country residence. In both the furniture and fittings, from the panellings of the galleries and the woodwork of the staircase (that of the Paris house is said to have cost 400,000 francs) to the silver plate on which he is served, Meissonier's taste and design are everywhere visible. At each house he has two studios: a larger, in which he receives acquaintances and such of the public as are duly introduced, and a smaller one, more remote, to which only intimates are admitted. All these rooms are filled with arms, accoutrements, costumes, and draperies of every period of French history, from the fifteenth century onwards, collected in every quarter of Paris, and usually in view of some specific work upon which the painter has been at one time engaged. In one corner may be seen a heap of clothes worn by the cavaliers of the time of Louis XIII.; in another a collection of bits and bridles brought together by Murat, King of Naples; in a third are specimens of the regimental uniforms of the French army from the days of the Directory. To the ordinary visitor, however, of far greater interest are the numerous wax figures modelled by Meissonier himself—a practice to which are due the roundness and solidity of his panel-work—for it should not be lost sight of that it is only on very rare occasions that Meissonier uses canvas for his pictures.



The Smoker.

Numerous stories are current in Paris of the way in which Meissonier carries on his work, and of the pains he will take to obtain absolute correctness. Reference is made elsewhere to the sufferings to which his model for 'La Rixe' was subjected; but he was equally ready to submit himself to all sorts of trouble in order to attain his ideal of exactness. It is related of him that whilst the picture, '1814,' was being painted, Meissonier obtained permission to borrow temporarily from the Musée des Souverains the identical cloak which Napoleon wore in his retreat from Russia. A facsimile of this garment was then made; and, sitting upon a wooden horse in his studio, the artist would study in a mirror for hours the fall of every fold, and would then reproduce every crease in his portrait with microscopic exactitude. Another biographer or friend relates how, during the painting of this same work, Meissonier constructed a miniature landscape covered with models of waggons, tumbrils, cannons, and the other *impedimenta* of an army, which were drawn across his landscape covered with some white powder, suggestive of recently fallen snow. Similar preparations were made for his still unfinished picture, 'La France Vengeresse,' or whatever may be the title by which the work, if ever completed, will be known. In addition to the numberless "properties" round each of his studios, with their faces to the walls, are scores of sketches, and pictures in various stages of completion, the value of which, even in their unfinished state, has been estimated at 2,000,000 francs. As a rule, however, Meissonier's eager temperament forces forward his work until anybody but himself would be satisfied with the results achieved. To complete a picture on which he has once set to work, he will rise at the most unreasonable hours and paint on it feverishly throughout the day, never leaving his studio, and scarcely pausing to take his meals. When an idle fit



J.L.E.MEISSONIER, H.R.A. PINX?

C. CAREY, SCULP?

WAITING AN AUDIENCE.

LONDON: J. S. VIRTUE & Co? LIMITED.

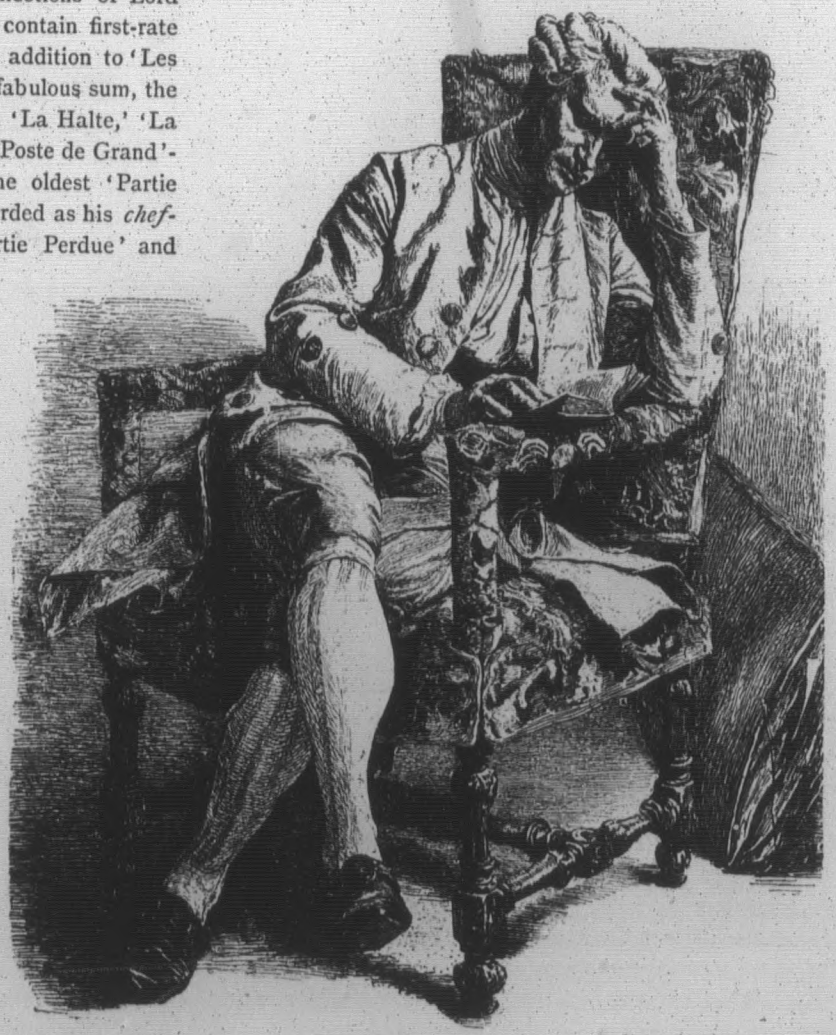
sees him he will lounge about his stables dressed like a Newmarket trainer, inspecting each horse in succession, and after a long ride in the woods or open country, will return to spend the evening, playing billiards with his brother artist Bouguereau, or occasionally will look in at the "Mirlitons" for an hour or two.

Meissonier has throughout his life been an essentially home-keeping painter. For many of his subjects it was easier to construct either by arrangement or from his imagination the setting of his figures. His out-door scenes were to be found in the forest glades and open terraces of St. Germain, and that not a few of them were begun and completed on the spot is clear from the accuracy with which his open-air effects are rendered. Beyond his "Italian Campaign" in 1856, we have no distinct traces of any distant journeys, except those to the Riviera in 1869 and again in 1874, to which his studies at Antibes and elsewhere bear witness; and a trip to Venice in 1882, of which the outcome is to be found in the 'Madonna del Bacio' and in 'Le Chant,' which betrays a careful study of Venetian colouring and pose.

In spite, however, of his attachment to Paris and its neighbourhood, few French artists have perhaps received wider or more sustained patronage from foreigners. Some of his best and most highly-finished works are to be found in the United States, whilst in our own country, Belgium, Holland, and Austria, a very respectable display of his works might be made from private galleries. In this country, Sir Richard Wallace alone possesses sixteen specimens illustrative of the principal phases of Meissonier's work, whilst the collections of Lord Rothschild, Mr. John Fowler, and others, contain first-rate examples. Turning to the United States, in addition to 'Les Cuirassiers,' for which was paid an almost fabulous sum, the Stewart Gallery contained at its dispersion 'La Halte,' 'La Suite d'une Querelle de Jeu,' and 'Le Petit Poste de Grand'-garde;' Mr. Belmont is the owner of the oldest 'Partie d'échecs,' which at one time Meissonier regarded as his *chef-d'œuvre;* Mr. Stebbins possesses 'Une Partie Perdue' and the 'Coup de l'Etrier;' Mr. D. O'Mills, 'L'Antichambre,' 'Marshal Saxe and his Staff,' and another 'Coup de l'Etrier,' in which the wine is being handed by a young woman, whilst in Mr. Stebbins's variation the servant is a youth in Louis XV. costume; Mr. W. Astor has a 'Fumeur,' and Mr. Stevens, the owner of Millet's 'Cardeuse,' has a courtier in Louis XIII. costume, asleep in the great cardinal's antechamber. All these are in New York; but in Philadelphia, Chicago, Boston, Cincinnati, and elsewhere, important examples of Meissonier's work are to be found. At the Hague the Nimmendor collection contains 'Deux Lansquenets;' Heer Jacobson possesses a 'Liseur,' which is the artist's own portrait; and Heer Steengracht is the owner of 'La Partie gagnée,' an excellently finished work.

The prices paid for Meissonier's pictures will bear comparison with those obtained for the works of the most successful masters; but it is not surprising to find them subjected to violent fluctuations. One of his earliest and least successful pictures, 'St. Paul,' was bought by M. Curmer, in 1840, for 600 francs, and resold a few years later at a greatly increased price to M. Alex. Dumas. In the following year (1841) the 'Partie d'échecs' was purchased for 2,000 francs by M. Paul Périer. A long interval separates these prices from 'Les Trois Amis,' purchased by Mr. Blodgett, of New York, for 30,000 francs, and which was repurchased a few years later for 60,000 francs for a Vienna collector, whom, however, it never reached, having been lost with the ill-fated steamship *Ville du Havre*. At a public sale in Paris, the 'Petit Hallebardier' in 1860 fetched 5,700 francs; 'Reitres playing Cards' was sold in the Wertheimer sale in 1858 for 28,000 francs to Prince Demidoff; 'The Painter at his Easel' (Lehon sale, 1861) for 11,200 francs; and at Khalil Bey's sale the 'Amateurs de Peinture' was purchased by M. Léon Say for 31,800 francs. In London 'The Sentinel,' in 1872, fetched 970 guineas. In New York, at the Johnstone sale (1876) the 'Soldiers at Cards,' from the Demidoff collection, fetched 11,500 dollars; 'Marshal Saxe and his Staff' 8,600 dollars. And at the Lathom sale (1878) the 'Amused Cavalier,' measuring 7¼ inches by 5 inches, was bought for 3,100 dollars. In 1882 Mr. Ruskin's single figure (see page 11) realised the enormous sum of £6,090. But the highest price ever paid for a Meissonier was 400,000 francs, that given by M. Sécrétan for the 'Friedland' in 1878.

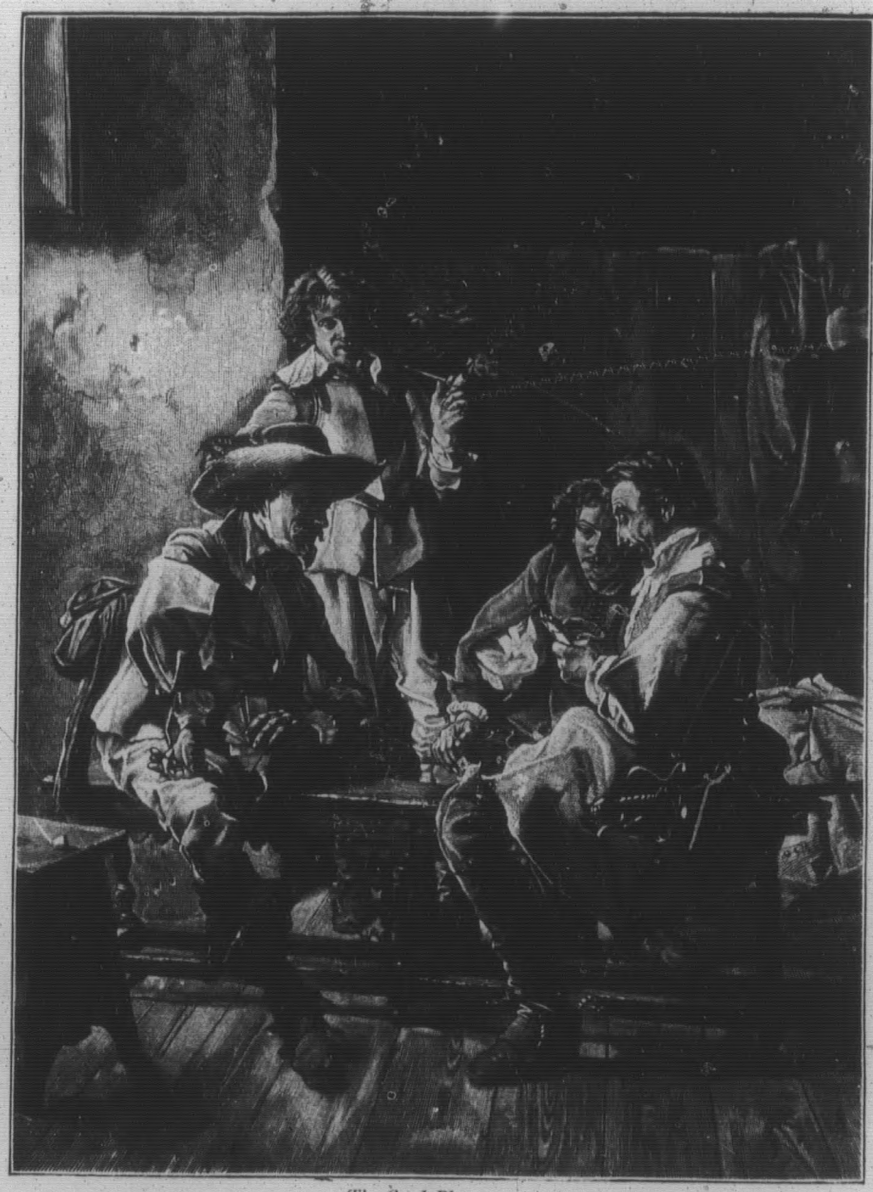
Although it does not enter into the scope of the present notice to offer any estimate of our own on Meissonier's position as an artist, it may not be out of place to refer to some of the



A Man reading.

criticisms to which his work has given rise at various times. He has not achieved it without a severe struggle, and in spite of much opposition.

Forced to admit the cleverness of his technique, his own countrymen declared that his powers were even more circumscribed than those of the Dutch masters whose methods he followed. At first they said that he was unable to represent action, and in reply he produced 'La Rixe,' the tavern brawl, and to obtain the necessary result with absolute fidelity he caused his model to be held by two stout fellows from whom he was



The Card-Players.

to try to free himself whilst Meissonier painted. The story goes that the model played his part so well that he died from the effects of his efforts to get free. The story is probably mythical, but at all events it silenced the critics. They next declared him incapable of rendering the true historic *genre*, in answer to which he produced his 'Lecture chez Diderot,' by many considered his masterpiece. Again his critics returned to the charge, and declared that although he might skilfully render the subdued light of park avenues and forest glades he was unable to render the full blaze of the sunlight. In answer he produced 'Le Portrait du Sergent' (see page 5), which for technical skill and subdued humour is reckoned amongst his greatest successes. The scene is laid in a barrack yard, apparently at noonday, for not a corner seems to escape from the searching rays of the sun. The sergeant's vanity has been appealed to, and regardless of the half-suppressed laughter of his men, he allows the painter to transfer to canvas his air of self-satisfied importance. In connection with the 'Portrait du Sergent,' a reproduction of 'Le Peintre d'Enseignes' (the sign-painter) is also given at page 3 in order to show at once Meissonier's variety of style and economy of thought.

To return, however, to the controversies to which our artist has given rise. The connection between Meissonier and his Dutch masters was obviously the point upon which all earlier criticism of his would turn; and we have abundant evidence that not a few French critics looked with scant approval upon a school which sacrificed grand art to miniature painting. "Under the pressure of circumstances"—the circumstances being the taste of the picture-buying public—"art grows little," wrote M. de Vieil-Castel in 1852. "M. Meissonier," he added, "is an artist of great talent. MM. Plassan and Fauvilet, his imitators, are refined and graceful, but they are founding a school which will be lost in a dry and minute miniaturism. The school of Meissonier studies the arrangement of surroundings, the costumes of every epoch, the texture of stuffs, and the history of armour; in a word *une nature morte*, to which 'la Nature vivante' is only introduced as an accessory." But a year later, the same critic was forced to admit that Meissonier's 'Young Man reading' (painted in 1853) possessed qualities of a higher order, that the fineness shown in the treatment of details had not interfered with the general breadth of the work, and that in the management of the light the artist had achieved a complete mastery over difficulties of his own creation. Later writing of the display made by the French artists at the first Exposition Universelle (1855), M. de Vieil-Castel accused the French school of favouring a "theory destructive of all Art by the absurd pretension of liberating it at once from all rule and all idealisation." The new school of the Trivial, he declared, protested by its tendencies against the possibility of impressing on poetry and imagination the brand of reality. In Edmond About, who, nevertheless, hinted that such minute works were in reality *tours de force*, Meissonier found a more sympathetic critic,

and one who encouraged him to show his talent on a larger canvas. In 'La Rixe' and 'Les Bravos' About recognised the same perfection of finish that formed the charm of Meissonier's more minute works, with the addition of vigour and energy. A few years later Théophile Gautier, who had dismissed Meissonier's early pictures as "des dessus de tabatières," admitted that the careful finish of his work was due to the fine and clear rendering of objects reduced to small dimensions, and not to minute or finicking laboriousness. On the contrary, he declared that Meissonier showed breadth of treatment, accentuating his figures with touches of real life and feeling. The same critic writing at a later date says, "Meissonier has employed in his *genre* painting all the serious qualities of *le grand art*. He is a master to be named in his own particular style immediately after Ingres, Delacroix, and Decamps; he has his own originality and style; whatever he essays to do he does thoroughly. He is endowed with the serious qualifications of a true painter, drawing, colouring, delicacy of touch, and completeness of treatment. The merest trifle acquires importance under his brush, and is quickened by that power of an art which throws meaning and expression into the desk, the chair, or the book, which without it is only a decorative accessory." M. Chesneau, moreover, the delicacy of whose criticism is only equalled by his wide knowledge of contemporary Art, declared that Meissonier's work, "elaborated in search of an ideal perfection, by long and conscientious labour, bears witness to a superhuman patience, an unconquerable desire to excel, and a persistence of purpose most rare in themselves, and in him happily combined with a constant study of the expression of feeling, and of the workings of the mind." Another well-known critic, M. René Médard, thus sums up Meissonier's position as an artist: "He made his début by some microscopic pictures which one was obliged to examine closely, and it was then only that one realised Meissonier. The most severe critics, magnifying-glass in hand, admitted that none drew better than he, that his figures were irreproachable, his draperies perfect, that his Lilliputian personages were wanting neither in form, dignity, nor elegance. He painted true gentlemen, as *distingués* as Lauzun and as slight as scarabæi; he showed fifty French guards, very life-like and stirring, on a canvas where two cockchafers would be ill at ease. One quality which Meissonier possesses in a rare degree is the research into the intimate character of the time in which he makes his personages move. It is not a man of to-day whom he clothes with the vestments of another time; there is a perfect accord between the physiognomy, the carriage, the costume of him as represented, and the accessories with which he enriches his picture. Above all, whilst carefully elaborating, he never forgets the principal subject of his work, and whatever the charm of the details which make part of the scene, it is always the man who plays the principal part and who first attracts attention."



Causerie.

By the side, however, of these favourable appreciations of Meissonier's personal talent, it must be admitted that not a few of his fellow-countrymen deplored the influence which he exercised over contemporary French Art; for although he might with justice claim de Neuville and Détaille for his pupils, he must be regarded as still more directly responsible for that group of painters of which Plassan and Chavet were the most proficient, whose art was without any æsthetic value. Meissonier has been, as it were, the parent of those "ravandeurs de la friperie" from Louis XIII. to the Directory. As one of these critics said, "Il est directement coupable de l'abus des modèles à mollets de goujats et à nez en trompette, des soubrettes qui époussètent des groupes en faux Saxe, des Marquises qui rêvent au pot-au-feu qu'elles écumaient hier, des reitres moins disposés à assassiner les attardés qu'à consommer un litre à quinze."

If we turn from French to English criticism of Meissonier's work, we find a similar divergence of opinion, although the artist had already obtained the highest distinctions in his own country before his merit was recognised here. At the London Exhibition of 1862, his four pictures attracted little notice from the critics; and five years later Mr. O'Neil in discussing the outcome and tendency of French Art, reproached the school of which Meissonier was the chief with contenting itself with "subjects of the most trivial nature, requiring none of the highest powers of the mind in their elucidation . . . . . When, however, they attempted anything of a wider range, as Meissonier, in his picture 'Solferino,' the result is a failure. Meissonier's art is always too positive, metallic, hard and deficient in air; and his faults are all the more conspicuous when he attempts to arrange a composition of more than a few figures." That time has not modified this estimate of Meissonier's position in the eyes of some critics, is shown by the opinion expressed by the editor of "Men of the Victorian Era," a well-

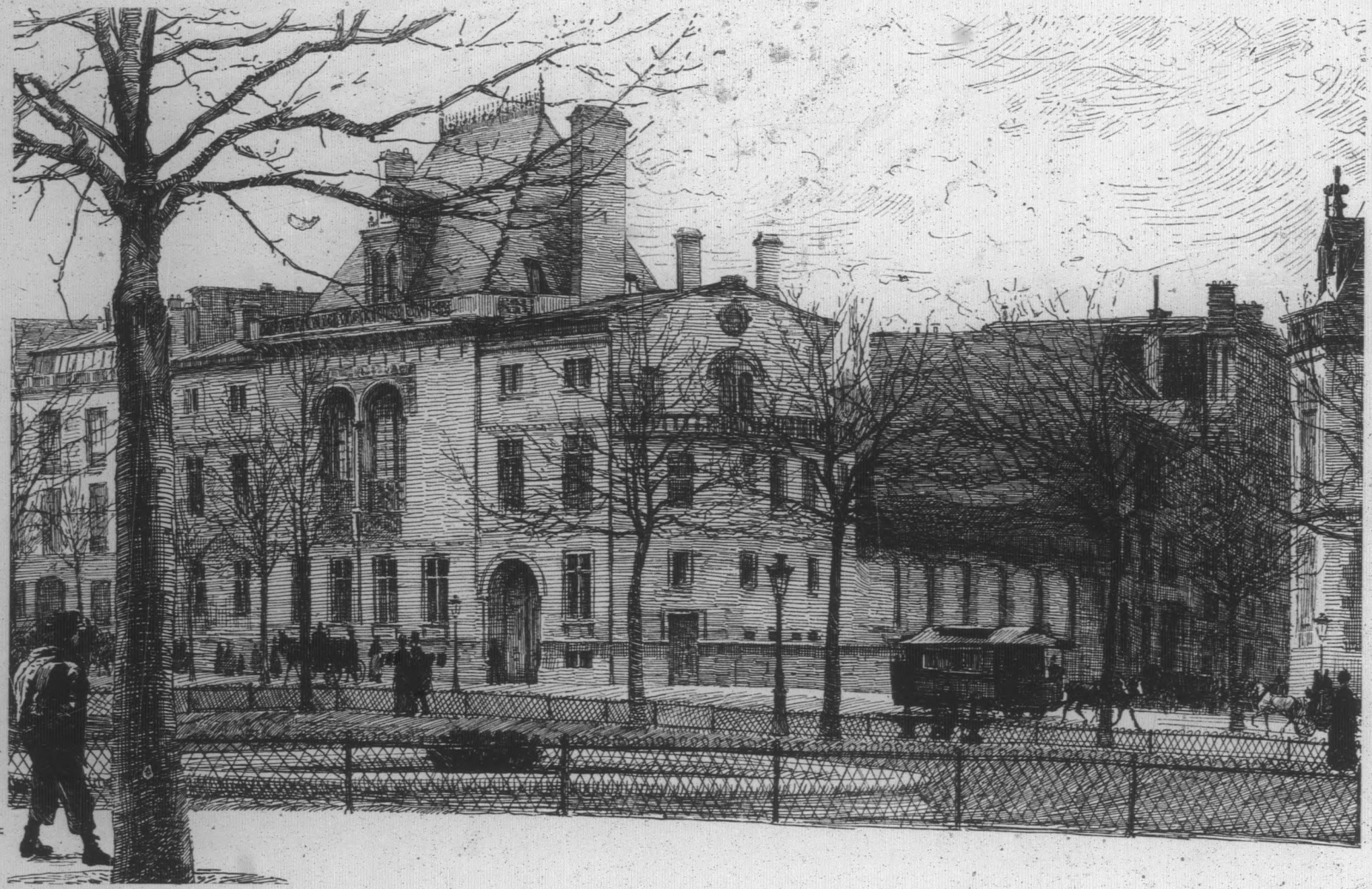
known Art critic, who briefly dismisses Meissonier's work as "finicking." As, however, the same editor altogether ignores Decamps, whom the world at large recognises as a painter of the highest rank, we may hope that Mr. Humphry Ward's verdict on Meissonier is not to be taken as his last word on contemporary French Art.

On the other hand we find Mr. Hamerton writing in one of his articles on contemporary French artists, "The immense



A Study of Horses. (Fac-simile of the Artist's Original Drawing.)

reputation of Meissonier is justified by the perfection attained by him in the kind of art he has chosen." Perfection in Art is so rare that when we meet with it we are sure to take notice of it, and though Meissonier's pictures are very small, they are not likely to be passed over in the most crowded exhibition. The mere fact of their littleness seems to have helped their reputation by increasing the marvel of the work; but there is nothing new or exceptional in this; the engravers of book illustrations and the painters of miniatures have long worked on a scale still smaller. What really is new and exceptional in Meissonier is a certain largeness of grasp and vivacity of accent, degenerating into excessive

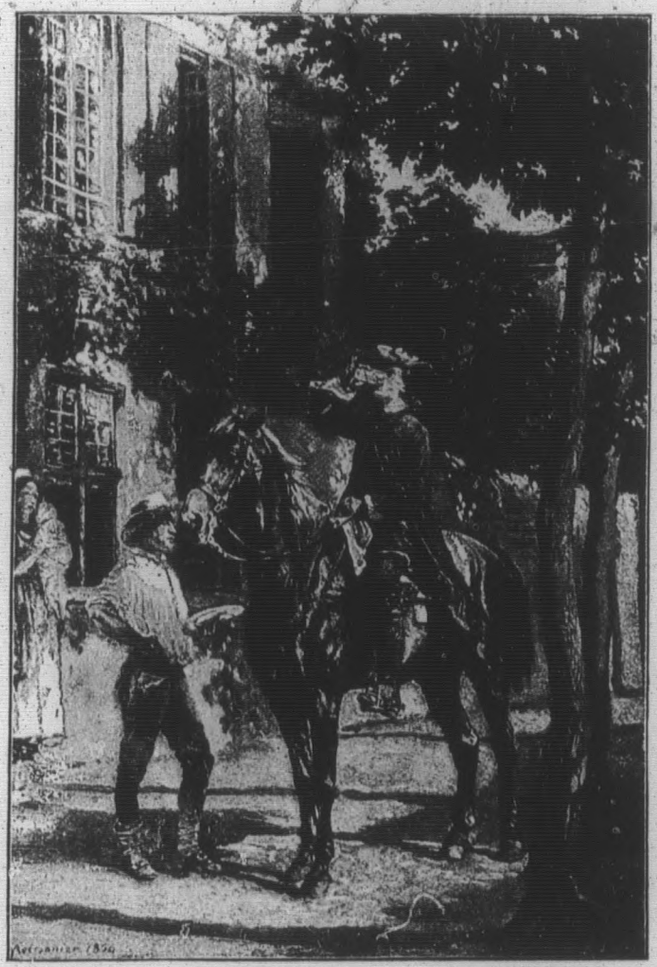


MEISSONIER'S HOUSE IN PARIS. FROM THE BOULEVARD MALESHERBES. (*See page* 20.)

staccato at times when *staccato* is not wanted." Elsewhere Mr. Hamerton expresses his preference for such works as 'La Lecture chez Diderot,' where gentlemen of the last century meet in conversation; or in such single studies as 'The Smoker' (a favourite also with Theophile Gautier), which "for subtlety of quiet expression is as good as the best faces of Rembrandt, as good, for instance, as 'The Burgomaster Six;' of such single studies, 'Waiting an Audience' (of which we give a steel engraving by C. Carey, a pupil of Tony Johannot) is an excellent instance, combining refined humour with fine purpose."

In the United States, where the taste for Meissonier's work is amply proved by the enormous prices paid by picture-collectors, the writers on Art do not shut their eyes to the shortcomings of Meissonier's talent, whilst according him full credit for the qualities he undoubtedly displays. This balance of opinion is well expressed by Mr. Eugene Benson, one of the most accomplished Art critics.

"The marvellously elaborated pictures of which Meissonier is the supreme master in France were unknown as an object to French painters before Meissonier was noted by his efforts to represent nature as seen through the small end of a telescope. His aim was a reaction against the dominant masters of his time; by his indefatigable tenacious talent, his microscopic vision, he was enabled to surpass the Dutch masters in everything but colour. . . . . Meissonier without an idea, without a passion, without anything but a wonderfully trained hand and an uncommon perception of actual objects, applied himself to produce pictures that should 'flabbergast' a public tired of emotions and ideas and revolts, but interested in everything mechanical and laborious, and obviously conscientious. He may be said to be a Dutch painter, *plus* the instruction of the photograph. Meissonier is an example of a modern artist wholly independent of the actual life of his time; an artist who has given no place to *woman* in his works, no place to the ideal, no place to the disturbing facts of his own efforts. I know of but one picture in which he represents a woman—and that woman is a dame of the eighteenth century—and her gallant. Consummate as is the executive talent of Meissonier, he cannot be taken as a type of the artist. His aim is too limited, his purpose too material."



The Halt.

It is unnecessary to multiply quotations of this nature. By the aid of the illustrations given with the text each reader will decide for himself to what extent the praise and the criticism awarded to the artist's work is justified. The pictures here reproduced practically represent the whole of Meissonier's Art career, and with the exception of the Polichinelli series, embrace the various ways in which he has thought fit to reveal his powers to the world.

We do not claim for Meissonier grandeur of style or sublimity of genius. The outward embodiment of the thought, rather than the thought itself, is too predominant at all times in his work. His creative power seems limited to a degree rarely found among painters of his technical power. He has little sentiment and no tenderness, but an almost similar charge may be brought against Gérôme. On the other hand, he is absolutely free from sentimentalism or tawdriness. "Voir en grand, exécuter en petit" seems to have been the aim of his art, and it would be difficult to find among the ranks of ancient or modern painters the name of one who, by careful and laborious work, has more completely achieved his object, or to whom may be more truly applied the motto—

"Maximè mirandus in minimis."

LIST OF MEISSONIER'S WORKS.



EXHIBITED AT THE SALON.

Bourgeois flamands. Un sujet aquarelle 1834
Joueurs d'échecs. Le petit messager 1836
Religieux consolant un malade 1838
Le docteur anglais,—La chaumière indienne . . 1839
St. Paul. Isaïe. Le liseur 1840
La partie d'échecs 1841
Jeune homme jouant de la basse. Un fumeur . . 1842
Un peintre dans son atelier. Deux portraits d'homme . 1843
Corps de garde. Jeune homme regardant des dessins. Partie de piquet 1845
Trois amis. Partie de boules. Soldats. Trois portraits 1848
Un homme fumant 1849
Le dimanche. Souvenir de guerre civile. Joueur de luth. Un peintre montrant des dessins. Portrait . 1850
Homme choisissant son épée. Jeune homme travaillant. Bravi 1852
A l'ombre des bosquets. Chants d'un jeune poète. Un jeune homme lit en déjeunant. Paysage . . . 1853
Une rixe (gravée en 1866). Les bravi (Sal. 1852). La lecture. Les joueurs de boules sous Louis XV. Le dimanche (Sal. 1850). Jeune homme travaillant (Sal. 1852). Jeune homme lit en déjeunant (1853). Un homme dessinant. Portraits de Mme. and Mdlle. E. M. (Exposition Universelle) 1855
La confidence. Un peintre. Un homme en armure. L'attente. Amateur de tableaux chez un peintre. Un homme à sa fenêtre. Jeune homme du temps de la Régence. Portrait d'Alexandre Batta. Joueurs d'échecs 1857
L'Empereur à Solferino. Portrait de M. L. Fould. Un maréchal ferrant. Le joueur de flûte, ou le musicien. Un peintre. Portrait de Mad. Henri Thénard . . 1861
L'Empereur à Solferino (Musée du Luxembourg), Campagne de France "1814." Les Autrichiens à Lodi . 1864
Suites d'une querelle de jeu. Portrait de M. Charles Meissonier. Une chanson 1865
L'Ordonnance 1865
Lecture chez Diderot. Le capitaine. Cavaliers se faisant servir à boire. Corps de garde. Portrait de M. G. Delahante. L'avance. Renseignements. Le General Desaix à l'armée du Rhin (Exp. Universelle) 1867
Une halte, 1814. Le Maréchal Ney (dessin) . . . 1867
Portrait d'Alexandre Dumas 1877
Cuirassiers (1805). Un peintre Venitien. Sur l'escalier. Un philosophe. Le portrait du sergent. Le peintre d'enseigne. Moreau et Dessoles avant Hohenlinden. Portrait de Mme. * * *. Antibes. Joueurs de Boules. Le chemin de la Salice. Les deux amis. Petit poste de grand'garde. Vedette. Dictant ses Mémoires (Exposition Universelle) 1878
M. Victor Lefranc 1883
Mrs. Mackay 1884

In 1884, the jubilee year of Meissonier's career as an artist, an exhibition of his works was held at the gallery of M. Georges Petit, in the Rue de Sèze, and the proceeds realised were devoted to charitable purposes. Never had so complete a collection of the artist's works been brought together; but large as it was, it represented scarcely a quarter of the pictures which he had completed and sold since his first appearance at the Salon in 1834. In the following list, the dates following the titles refer to the year in which the pictures were painted and the names to their present owners as far as can be ascertained:—

EXPOSITION MEISSONIER, 1884.

1. Bourgeois flamands, 1834 . . Sir R. Wallace.
2. Partie d'échecs, 1835 . . . Mlle. Jeanne Meissonier.
3. Un hallebardier, 1846 . . . Baron G. de Rothschild.
4. Le violoncelliste, 1841 . . . M. E. H. Krafft.
5. La partie d'échecs, 1841 . . M. Fr. Hottinguer. (Portraits of M. Dromond and M. Em. Béranger.)
6. Les amateurs de peinture, 1843. M. le Baron Hottinguer. (Portraits of M. Steinheil and M. J. Decaisne of the Institut.) (Exhibited under title of 'Un peintre dans son atelier.')
7. La barricade, 1848 . . . . M. von Praet, Brussels. (Exhibited 1850 as 'Souvenir de guerre civile.')
8. Le dimanche, 1850 . . . . M. le Duc de Narbonne.
9. Le maréchal ferrant, 1850 . . M. Bianchi.
10. Un peintre montrant des dessins, 1850 . . . . . Sir R. Wallace.
11. L'homme à l'épée, 1851 . . . M. van Praet.
12. Troupe en marche, 1851 . . . — (Cavalier of the time of Louis XIII.)
13. Liseur (leaning against a window), 1851 . . . . . —
14. Le hallebardier, 1851 . . . La Princesse de Broglie.
15. Le déjeuner, 1852 . . . . . M. von Praet.
16. Les Bravi, 1852. . . . . Sir R. Wallace.
17. Jeune homme travaillant, 1852. —
18. A l'ombre des bosquets, 1853 . Sir R. Wallace. (Chants d'un jeune poète.)
19. La garde civique, 1853 . . . M. Faure.
20. Le liseur près de la fenêtre, 1853 . . . . . M. von Praet.
21. Le fumeur (noir) . . . . . Mad. de Cassin.
22. Les joueurs de boules (à St. Germain), 1854 . . . . . M. Ch. Heine.

23. L'amateur d'estampes, 1854 . M. Hulot.
24. Cavalier (Louis XIII.), 1854 . Mme. Lefèvre.
25. Le baiser d'adieu (two lovers), 1855 . . . . . —
26. La rixe, 1855 (see Frontispiece) H.M. the Queen.
27. Mdme. and Mdlle. Meissonier, 1855 . . . . . The Artist.
28. Le fumeur (rouge), 1855 . . . Mr. John Fowler.
29. Un liseur (rose) seated, 1856 . —
30. L'attente, 1857 . . . . . The Artist.
31. Le liseur (blanc) standing in front of a window, 1857 . . M. von Praet.
32. La confidence, 1857 . . . . M. John Siltzer.
33. La partie d'échecs, 1857. . . M. le Baron Schröder.
34. Le joueur d'échecs (sepia drawing of preceding), 1857. . . —
35. Fumeur (gris), 1857 . . . . Mdme. Angelo.
36. Liseur (seated), 1857 . . . . Mdme. de Cassin.
37. Un bravo, 1857 . . . . . M. Lévy Crémieux.
38. Un incroyable, 1858 . . . . Baron E. de Rothschild.
39. Le joueur de flûte (gris), 1858 . M. Aimé Pastré.
40. Un écrivain, 1858 . . . . . —
41. Partie gagnée, 1858 . . . . M. Steengracht.
(Nine figures, amongst which are portraits of M. Marchal, M. Willems, and Ch. Meissonier.)
42. Partie perdue, 1858 . . . . Sir R. Wallace.



The Postillion. By permission of Messrs. Hollender & Cremetti. (*See page* 16.)

43. Mons. Polichinelle (standing), 1858 . . . . . Mdme. Maurice Cottier.
44. Le petit homme rouge, 1858 . M. Tretiakoff.
45. Le joueur de guitare, 1858 . . Baron A. de Rothschild.
46. Amateur de tableaux (standing), 1859 . . . . . —
47. La lecture chez Diderot, 1859 (see page 16) . . . Baron E. de Rothschild.
48. Gentilhomme Louis XIII., lisant (standing), 1859 . . . M. Ang. Dreyfus.
49. La Baronne Thénard, 1852 . . Mdme. la Baronne Thénard.
50. Le vin du curé, 1860 . . . . —
51. Les amateurs (water-colour), 1861 . . . . . M. le Duc d'Aumal
52. Solferino, 1860 . . . . . Luxembourg Gallery
53. Les amateurs de peinture (four figures), 1860 . . . . . Mdme. la V. de Tredern.
54. La partie de cartes, 1860 . . Mr. Gordon Bennett.
55. Polichinelle (seated), 1865 . . M. Faure.
56. Un philosophe, 1862 . . . . Mr. David Price.
57. Le graveur (portrait of Charles Meissonier), 1862 . . . . The Artist.
58. Le bibliophile, 1862 . . . . M. le Baron Springer.

59. L'Empereur Napoleon I. (on foot in the snow), 1863 . . . M. E. Lepel-Cointet.
60. 1814. (Napoleon on a white horse on a knoll), 1863 (see page 11) . . . . . M. Defoer.
61. La vedette, 1864 . . . . . Mdme. de Cassin.
62. Ch. Meissonier (costume Louis XIII.), 1864 . . . . . The Artist.
63. 1814. Campagne de France, 1864 (see page 13) . . . . M. Delahante.
64. La halte, 1864 . . . . . Mr. Stewart.
65. Le cavalier à la pipe, 1864 . . M. Geo. Petit.
66. Un officier (Louis XIV.), 1865. Mr. James Duncan.



The Standard-Bearer.

67. Une chanson (two men), 1865 . M. le Baron de Greffulhe.
68. La suite d'une querelle de jeu, (two men lying dead), 1865 . Mr. Stewart.
69. Le rieur, 1865 . . . . . M. Defoer.
70. Un noble Venitien, 1866. . . M. Gambart.
71. Polichinelle au tambour, 1866 . M. le Baron Edm. de Rothschild.
72. Cavalier, Louis XIII. (asleep), (water-colour), 1867 . . . . Mdme. de Cassin.
73. Mousquetaire, Louis XIII. (water-colour), 1867 . . . . M. Lévy Crémieux.
74. La lecture du manuscrit, 1867 . M. Ed. André.
75. Le rendezvous, 1867 . . . —
76. Fumeur (rouge), seated, 1867 . —
77. Antibes (study), 1868. . . . Mr. Lefèvre.
78. Antibes (study), 1868. . . . Mr. Lefèvre.
79. Au Tournebride, 1868 . . . M. F. Bischoffsheim.
80. Petit poste de grand'garde, 1869 Mr. Stewart.
81. Chemin de la Salice, 1869 . . M. Péronne.
82. Les joueurs de boules à Antibes, 1869 . . . . . M. Defoer.
83. Blanchisseuses (souvenir d'Antibes), 1869. . . . . The Artist.
84. Montant l'escalier, 1869. . . M. Reitlinger.
85. Un hallebardier, 1870 . . . Mr. John Fowler.
86. L'affaire Clémenceau (water-colour), 1870 . . . . . M. Alex. Dumas.
87. Un peintre, 1870 . . . . . —
88. Phœbus et Borée (a rendering of Æsop's fable), 1870 . . . M. G. Lutz.
89. Recherche littéraire (water-colour, 1871) . . . . . M. Gambart.
90. Fumeur (at the barrack door), water-colour, 1874 . . . . M. G. Petit.
91. Un assez mauvais drôle, 1874 The Artist.
92. Le portrait du sergent, 1874 (see page 5) . . . . . M. le Baron Schroeder.
93. La sentinelle à Antibes, 1874 . M. A. Leroux.
94. Le porte-drapeau, 1875 . . . Mr. James Duncan.
95. Moreau et Dessoles à Hohenlinden, 1876 . . . . . M. Isaac Pereire.
96. Sous le balcon, 1877 . . . . M. Boucheron.
97. Portrait de M. A. Dumas, fils, 1877 . . . . . M. Dumas.
98. 1814 (grisaille), almost identical with No. 60, 1863 . . . . La Duchesse de Lesto.
98A. Sur l'escalier, 1877, water colour . . . . . M. Duppy.
99. M. Thiers (on his death-bed), 1877 . . . . . The Artist.
100. La vedette (Louis XIII.), 1878. M. Pierre Duché.
101. 1805, 1878 . . . . . —
102. Le sculpteur Gemito, 1879. . Segr. Gemito.
103. Portrait de M. Hetzel, 1879 . M. Hetzel.
104. Un gentilhomme, 1879 . . . Mr. Gordon Bennett.
105. Polichinelle à la rose, 1879 . . M. G. Petit.
106. Frisant sa moustache, 1880 . M. Tabourier.
107. Le voyageur, 1880 . . . . M. Defoer.
108. L'Empereur (Napoleon I.), water-colour, 1880 . . . . M. Lippmann. (Pendant la bataille.)
109. Portrait de M. Victor Lefranc, 1881 . . . . . M. V. Lefranc.
110. San' Marc (Madonna del Bacio), 1882 . . . . . The Artist.
111. La vedette (Louis XIV.), 1883 M. le Duc d'Aumale.
112. Le chant (boy in green velvet singing to organ-player), 1883 The Artist.
113. Le guide (troop of dragoons), 1883 . . . . . Mr. Crabbe.
114. Les Tuileries, May, 1871, 1881 (exhibited 1883) . . . . . The Artist.
115. Portrait of M. Chenavard, 1883. Lyons Museum.
116. Après le déjeuner . . . . . M. le Baron Springer.
117. Les deux philosophes . . . —



MEISSONIER'S STUDIO AT PARIS. (*See page* 20.)

118. Le docteur Guyar, 1884 . . . —
119. Les petites-filles (Jenny and Charlotte) de l'artiste . . . Mdlle. Meissonier.
120. Le petit fumeur . . . . . M. le Baron G. de Rothschild.
121. Portrait de M. Quidant . . . M. Quidant.
122. Un officier (leaning against a doorway,) water-colour . . —
123. Le hussard (study) . . . . —
124. Les trois amis (seated round a table) . . . . . —
125. Portrait de M. Lecaudey . . M. Lecaudey.
126. Le savetier, water-colour . . M. Lévy Crémieux.
127. Le liseur (study by open window) M. Malmiet.
128. Le dessinateur (copying a picture by Boucher). . . . M. Alex. Dumas.
129. Les deux artistes (unfinished) —
130. Portrait of Mdme. Sabatier (unfinished) . . . . . —
131. Le récit du siége de Bergen-op-Zoom . . . . . —
132. La vedette (second empire). . The Artist.
133. Portrait de Mdme. Steinheil (unfinished) . . . . . The Artist.
134. Mdme. Lucrèce, a poor Antibes woman . . . . . The Artist.
135. L'aide-de-camp . . . . . The Artist.
136. Coubra (the artist's Siberian dog) The Artist.
137. Nadèje (her companion) . . . The Artist.
138. Route de la Salice, 1868. (M. Meissonier on horseback) The Artist.
139. Venitiens (man and woman) . The Artist.
140. Intérieur d'église. Sketch for a larger picture of the interior of Saint Mark's, at Venice . The Artist.
141. Le Docteur Lefebvre . . . . The Artist.
142. Les Tuileries, May, 1871 (water-colour sketch). . . . . The Artist.
143. L'attente, 1869 . . . . . Mr. Niven.
144. Portrait of M. John Lemoinne. M. John Lemoinne.
145. 1807 (see page 17). Twenty-seven studies for the picture . The Artist.
146. Paris, 1870-1, 1884 . . . . The Artist.

Sketch for a large picture. To the right the horizon is lurid with the flames and smoke. Regnault, killed at Buzenval; the frère Anthelme, who accompanied the ambulance into the midst of the danger; Captain Després, Colonel Dampierre, and others who sacrificed their lives, are introduced into this allegorical sketch, of which the picture has never been exhibited.

Etchings and Engravings.

Meissonier's own etchings are rare, and eagerly sought after; but with the single exception of 'The Smoker' (1843), an elderly man in Louis XV. costume, seated, hat on head, in an arm-chair, they are seldom found even in the most complete collections of contemporary works. As might be expected, the engraving is of marvellous delicacy, but in the few we have seen there is nothing poor or scratchy, and the genèral effect is broad and full. For the use rather of amateurs than for the general reader, we append a list of Meissonier's etchings, so far as they can be ascertained; but we are unable to say that it is altogether exhaustive.

2. Il Signor Annibale. M. Regnier, of the Comédie Français, in the character of Annibale, in Augier's comedy of *L'Aventurière*.
3. Les Reîtres. A body of seven men-at-arms, somewhat ragged in their attire, and not all with head-coverings: a noisy crowd of roisterers (two states).
4. Le Sergent rapporteur. A sergeant of the watch dictating to his comrade, who is seated at a table writing (one state).
5. M. Polichinelle. Standing on his left leg and violently agitating the other: his hands are crossed behind his back, and hold in them a knotted stick. This is the largest of all Meissonier's etchings; the figure of Polichinelle covering 130 millimètres.
6. L'Homme à l'épée. A man drawing a sword.

(These six are the only known etchings by Meissonier.)

La Sainte Table. Placed in the midst of an architectural motive; two angels hold the ends of a long scroll, which they unroll; above, the ciborium rests on an altar, vaguely suggestive; three angels floating on the left (one state only).



From the "Contes Rémois."

Le violon. A violin placed on a table in profile; said to have been designed for a visiting card for M. Vuillaume (two states).

Le petit fumeur. A man standing, one hand in his pocket, smoking (one state).

Le vieux fumeur. Differs from the preceding in being only seen in bust, whilst the face is that of a much older man (one state).

Les apprêts du duel. A young man, in close-fitting leather jerkin, carefully examining the temper of the sword he holds in his hand; on the table before him another sword, a cloak, and a plumed hat (three states).

Les pêcheurs à la ligne. A boat moored to a pile; a young man in his shirt sleeves and a straw hat watching the float of his line; in the background another youth fishing; in the middle distance willows and trees; in the far distance a cottage. This etching is signed on the stern of the boat ME, 1841.

Le fumeur (1843). A middle-aged man smoking a long pipe, seated in an arm-chair, legs crossed; on a table beside him are a glass and jug of beer (three states).

L'Amateur d'estampes. Designed as a frontispiece to Baron Roger de Portalis' work (three states).

The following list of Meissonier's etched and engraved works will, it is hoped, be found complete:—

LINE ENGRAVINGS.

L'Adoration . . . . . Orrin Smith.
'1814' . . . . . J. Jacquet.
Portrait du Sergent . . . . . ,,
L'Audience . . . . . Ch. Carey.
Partie d'échecs . . . . . Blanchard.
Les bons amis . . . . . ,,
Le connoisseur . . . . . ,,
La rixe . . . . . Clenay.
Religieux auprès d'un malade, or The Last Prayer . . . . W. Strelnich.
The Critic, or Art Connoisseur, otherwise known as The Brothers Vandevelde . . . . . Desclaux.

ETCHINGS.

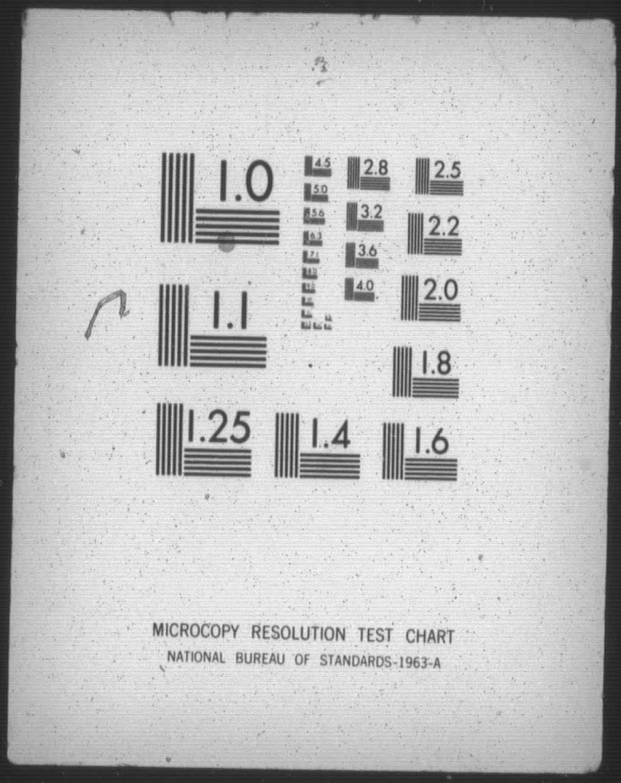
La rixe . . . . . Bracquemond.
La vedette . . . . . Le Rat.
Les joueurs de cartes . . . . ,,
La confidence . . . . . H. Vion.
La lecture chez Diderot . . . Mongin.
,, ,, ... Mouzies.
La chanson . . . . . Mongin.
Le duelliste . . . . . Gilbert.
Le fumeur . . . . . Rajon.
Le liseur . . . . . ,,
Le peintre . . . . . ,,
Un incroyable . . . . . Gaucherel
Le cavalier . . . . . Courtry.
L'amateur d'estampes . . . . ,,
Le liseur . . . . . Jacquemard.
(Executed at Mentone in 1874—three states.)
Défilé des populations Lorraines avant S.M. l'Impératrice à Nancy . . . . . Jacquemard.
(After a drawing made by Meissonier in 1866 (six states); in the last some of the heads in the crowd retouched in dry point).
La halte . . . . . Flameng. } Published in *La Gazette des Beaux-Arts.*
La lecture . . . . . ,, }
La chanson . . . . . H. Vion.
Soldat dormant . . . . . Gaucherel.
Sentinel, 1792 . . . . . ,,
Napoleon (small plate) . . . Le Ruet.



The Studio at Poissy. (*See page* 20).

PRINTED BY J. S. VIRTUE AND CO., LIMITED, CITY ROAD, LONDON.


METRIC 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15


1.0
1.1
1.25
1.4
1.6
1.8
2.0
2.2
2.5
2.8
3.2
3.6
4.0
4.5
5.0
5.6
6.3
7.1
MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART
NATIONAL BUREAU OF STANDARDS-1963-A

24:1